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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OR

BRITISH REGISTER

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New Series.

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PREFACE

TO THE THIRD VOLUME.

IN commencing the Third Volume of our NEW SERIES of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, we take leave—perhaps at the hazard of being deemed obtrusive—to offer a few words, on our own account, to the public. We have no disposition, in general, to talk about ourselves; for, besides that there prevails (we understand) a considerable distaste in the world to read upon such subjects, they are, of all others in the world—as every author knows—who has tried the experiment—the most difficult and unmanageable to write about. But there are occasions when it becomes almost the unavoidable duty of men conducting a literary speculation of some magnitude, to remind their friends of what their pretensions—great or small,—to patronage, are; as well as to return those friends thanks for the favours which they have received.

To begin, then, with the latter task, as the most grateful. We have to return thanks for that patronage which has enabled us—starting with our NEW SERIES as we did; at a period of unexampled depression in the Book-trade—to congratulate ourselves, from the commencement of our labours, upon a steadily, and, of late upon a rapidly, increasing circulation. It would be ridiculous to publish any documents, as apparent evidence of this fact. On such evidence the public can never have any check; and that circumstance alone would be a sufficient reason for our not proposing it; even if it were not the case—as we regret to say it is—that the gross fallacies daily set forth to the same purpose, have long made such declarations worthless in the eyes of persons of experience and judgment. The evidence of our prosperity we wish to be found—that is, as far as the public is concerned in finding it at all—not in statements got up as to the sale of our Magazine, but in the quality and character of our Magazine itself,—in the increased talent which that success enables us to employ in our original papers; in the information, foreign as well as domestic, which it enables us to provide upon all general, interesting, and particularly upon scientific subjects; and in the general, typographical arrangements of the work—a point which, in these days, becomes of no mean importance;—all these advantages having been afforded—as far as, in the opinion of our friends, they may have been attained—with a very trifling alteration, indeed, it will be recollected, to our price.

We commenced our NEW SERIES, as we have already observed, under circumstances of some difficulty. The Magazine had, up to that time,

been produced at a very cheap rate; but then it was certainly pretty stupid. In fact, there does seem to be a spell upon the *gratis* contributors: they would be invaluable, if they could write; but, unhappily, it generally happens that they cannot. It was obvious that, in the improved state of literary periodical publications generally—weekly newspapers invading the once high occupation of reviews—and three-penny *brochures* digging out, wholesale, all those mines of various information, which, in a more golden day for Magazine writing, used to make up the celebrity of our own publication, and “The Gentleman’s”—it was clear that, under such an altered state of things, the Magazine must alter too,—or it must die. The voyages to Brighton and Margate of “Philo-Aquaticus;” the historical and interminable queries of “An Investigator;” the inventions of “Humanitas” for catching mice, not by their necks, but their tails; or the poetic effusions—united—of all the initials, from A to Z, in the alphabet,—could not stand against such writers as were dashing and skirmishing, in “Blackwood’s Magazine,” or the “New Monthly,” or even in the “London.”

Under such circumstances, and having, both from our capital and our connexions, the means of commanding the best writers of the day, we determined to change the system of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE: and we are gratified in being able to say that our experiment has been successful. Of the names of our contributors, custom forbids us to speak;—we trust, however, that their writings will speak for them; and thus much we will venture to say—the truth of which will be sufficiently ascertainable by those, who will not be backward in proving it an exaggeration, if it be so—that they consist not only of the most esteemed writers, who have distinguished and are distinguishing themselves in the first periodicals of the day—but from a list, which, taken in its collective strength, no similar publication will be found able to excel.

Of course, a system like this—as it was not commenced without risk—so it will not be maintained without exertion. But the risk has succeeded; and the exertion—in success—will not fall off. Nor can we safely state that our new course has not given offence to some. We speak not of our rivals in public attention—but to some who were our constant and esteemed subscribers. There are persons to whom the tone of our politics has been displeasing. Others have regretted the substitution of our present more humorous, poetical, or literary dissertations, for those “matter-of-fact” discussions, which—as a late correspondent reproaches us—used to be the staple commodity of the Magazine.

“Who builds” (as the proverb says) “in the way where all go by,
Shall make his house too low or too high.”

To the first class of these objectors, we scarcely hope to answer quite satisfactorily; for we cannot hold out any prospect of our departure from opinions, which have been—be they correct or erroneous—founded upon our best view of public advantage. We pin our political faith, not upon

individuals, but upon facts and principles. We have no party—nothing to gain from one interest, or to apprehend from the other. Our broad object, as we have already declared, is the general good; our endeavour always to give our aid to that party which seems most in need of it. Under such feelings, it will not be deemed extraordinary, if we frequently find ourselves in the situation of opposing the wealthy, who are our natural friends and supporters—and siding with the poor, from whom we can gain nothing. The general good, however, it is that forms the safety—and the only real safety—of any country. Those advantages which one part of society holds at the expense, and, unfairly to the detriment of, the rest, are pregnant to themselves, no less than to their opponents, with danger and with mischief; and our aim—for which we challenge the strictest scrutiny—though it may be by the freest discussion to elicit truth, will never be to kindle discord, to agitate or to inflame.

Above all, we trust that our Magazine will never be found a vehicle for that low malignity—that spirit of private detraction—that base and scandalous style of personal slander—whether we treat on politics, literature, or education—which is too prevailing a vice—we regret to say so—of the present day.

We desire here not to be mistaken. We set up no charge of personality ourselves; nor acquiesce in any of the vulgar ones which, from interested and obvious motives, have been attempted to be set up, in some quarters, by other people. We object to no discussion, however severe, of any man's public conduct. We see no crime in the amplest canvas of his political or literary claims, nor to the freest declaration of opinion upon them; to the comment, in fact, upon any thing, which a man's own act has brought before the public eye. But we deprecate and detest the thought of pandering to an appetite, which naturally rules to royalty among the bad, and which has an existence, perhaps, even in the very best examples of human nature; the searching into private life for anecdotes and misfortunes, to feed the ear of malice or unthinking curiosity—with a species of attack against which the most cautious man in society has no shield, and by which the most honourable and virtuous may be distressed, and made the butt of vulgar insult. We trust, in the same way, that, in our general dissertations, we shall ever be found to speak reverently of those authorities which custom maintains—and which, while they are maintained, he violates good breeding who refuses his respect to. Our principle will be this, upon every emergency—that the course generally received is right, until it shall be shewn that it is wrong; and, whatever our differences may be, for this we pledge ourselves to the utmost—that they shall be managed always in a spirit of courtesy, of fairness, and of liberality.

Therefore, if we cannot convict those who think differently upon political subjects from us, we hope to conciliate them; if we do not get them to read us, we at least hope for their candid construction and esteem.

But those who merely dislike the general change of system in our Magazine, we hope to do better with; and to assure them that, along with some matters of literary amusement, and perhaps instruction, which they had not before, we shall continue to give them at least as "much matter-of-fact" as they possessed under the reign of our predecessors. For the truth is—"all is not gold,"—our matter-of-fact friends will be aware of this,—“that glisters;” and a very great deal of the “fact” which used to delight them in this Magazine, we are very much afraid was apochryphal. There never could have been, we suspect, all that great number of extraordinary oysters, and hens with one leg, and gooseberries as big as pumpkins—with which they used to be delighted, month after month, in the way of “fact;” and the discussions of “A.” and “B.” about curing smoky chimnies, and managing household servants, the world may be assured had absolutely no truth in them: for—here is the proof—chimnies continue to smoke, and housemaids to be slatternly, to this day.

We do, therefore, intreat these, our good friends—many, for instance, who have personally written to us—to look at us again. We do think that they will find, in the way of serious discussion, *more*, a great deal, in the Magazine now than they even used to find before. And for the Wonders—why they ought to be noticed; and we have engaged a gentleman every month, to write a “Letter to a Friend in the Country” upon that particular subject, which we publish for the comfort of our provincial correspondents. And, besides—as we wish to hit all tastes as well as we may—we hereby give notice,—that we will do something, now and then, about curing the tooth-ache, and pickling onions, in the small-letter paragraphs at the end.

For the rest—having detained our readers long enough—we have only to assure them, in sober earnest, that no branch of information or amusement shall be neglected in the Magazine. An addition has recently been made to our foreign correspondence, which will enable us to give increased novelty and interest to our article of “Varieties;” and the various matters of domestic information, for which our work has long been esteemed—the Medical, Agricultural, Meteorological, and Commercial Reports—the Biographical Memoirs—Proceedings of Learned Societies—Lists of Promotions, Patents, &c. &c.,—will continue to be derived from such sources as form the most perfect guarantee for their correctness and authenticity. With which assurance we take our leave, with every respect, of the Public for this time; wishing them all, according to the phraseology of the season, “a Happy new year.” And to our SUBSCRIBERS especially—towards whom a little partiality may be excusable—very sincerely adding, “a great many happy returns” (provided they continue to subscribe) of the same salutation.

1st January 1827.

THE
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VOL. III.]

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THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND.

It is a heartless task, even for the most zealous advocate, to plead the cause of any set of men, whose personal conduct, however unquestionable their political claims may be, must, in the public mind, create a prejudice against them. Human nature is always slow to recognize—however obvious the fact may be—either title or virtue in the thing which it dislikes; and men may reasonably be difficult of belief, when any individual comes forward complaining of injustice, whose general bearing they know (practically) to be that of violence and offence.

And in this predicament—whatever may be the excuse set up for it—it is impossible to deny that the Catholics of Ireland now stand. Were England the only party concerned, the cause of “Emancipation” might be carried to-morrow. Our Catholic countrymen—the poorest of them—are too far educated and informed, for us to be very apprehensive of their being charmed with seditious insolence, or biassed by priestly craft. Their complaints, until of late years, were little heard, because, individually, they felt little inconvenience from their disabilities. And, as a body, they had no “leaders,” because they were hardly numerous enough to be created into an “aggrieved faction,” by brawling on behalf of which, obscure people might erect themselves into notice. In Ireland, however, the pressure of the “exclusions” operated differently; and the temper in which they were treated, therefore, took a different aspect. The heavy amount of interests at stake, made the trade of emancipation, there, a game worth following; and these are not times, even in Ireland—thanks to the effect of our “general education”—in which, when an opportunity offers for six men to ride into consideration upon the shoulders of sixty thousand, such directors are backward to be found. So that, in Ireland, the fact being, that the “wrongs” of the Catholics have (perhaps fortunately) placed a good number of persons on horseback, who must walk on foot again whenever those wrongs cease to be discussed, it becomes tolerably certain that their discussion will never cease, short of their redressal. And, however obstinately England may persist to exercise her power of refusing concession, as long as “rent” can be collected, and the cost of holding meetings, at which speeches can be made, sustained, she has small chance of being delivered from importunity.

For ourselves, we cannot stir one step upon this subject, without plainly declaring, that we protest against any inference, that we couple or

mix up the question of "Catholic rights" with the conduct of the Catholic leaders, or even with the conduct of the Catholics themselves. Whatever excuses may go to palliate the conduct of the Irish Catholics within the last five years, we have no choice but to avow our disapprobation of that conduct, and our more than disapprobation of the individuals by whom it has been advised. We have not a word to say in favour of Catholicism as a system; and we take it to be an error which time—and not a very long time—will be sufficient to disperse. We look upon Mr. O'Connell and his friends as disturbers, on whom the law should keep its eye; and—for any thought of growing authority, or ascendancy, attaching to their creed—we would hazard the peace of England almost upon the bare suspicion of any such event to-morrow. But we believe it has been shewn, by all history, and all experience, that men's opinions—it matters little upon what subject—are seldom to be changed by coercion, and still less by advice or importunity. The conduct of the Catholic is repulsive, and his faith (we think) is that of ignorance and error; but he labours for the common sustenance, and he has fought for the common safety. The true question is, then, not whether we like his demeanour?—for he will hardly improve it, on being told that we do not. Nor yet, whether what he demands (ungraciously enough) will benefit him?—for of that it is for himself to judge. But the question is, whether we are withholding from the Catholic—no matter how his *manners* seem to us—that which is his *due*? For we have no right to punish insolence with the penalty belonging to treason; or to refuse payment of a creditor's money (especially where it has been long owing), because we quarrel with the way in which he happens to bring in his bill. If we withhold from the Catholic even the slightest privilege—the smallest point of freedom or immunity—more than we are compelled to bar him from, for the public safety and the public good; then, at once, without more argument, we are doing him injustice, and he is entitled to relief.

Our opinion is favourable to the removal of many of the restrictions which now affect the Catholics; but it does not extend to the conceding quite all the liberties which they claim; nor does it arise from any expectation of immediate advantage to be gained by such concession to Ireland.

It seems frivolous to us, for instance, and almost impertinent, that Catholics should talk of being allowed to "practise as lawyers" in our Protestant Spiritual courts; and still more unreasonable that they should think of holding "beneficial offices"—say teacherships, or church-livings?—in the universities of Oxford or Cambridge. To talk of grounding any such "claim" upon the fact that those universities were "founded by Catholics," is just as absurd as if Dr. Doyle were to claim a right to turn the Protestant clergy out of three-fourths of the churches and Cathedrals in England, and convert them into chapels for Roman Catholic worship—for they also were "founded by Catholics."

In the same way with respect to the sacrament of marriage, which the English Catholics complain can only be legally solemnized by a Protestant clergyman. Looking at this point fairly, marriage partakes so materially of the nature of a civil contract, that it becomes highly convenient, with reference to civil interests *merely*, that some fixed rule should be laid down for its execution. And, for the satisfaction of scrupulous consciences, there is the immediate remedy—the ceremony may be performed *twice over*—performed by a Catholic clergyman, either after the solemnization of the Protestant rite, or previous to it.

A third point—and one of far more consequence—upon which we are opposed to the demands of the Catholics, rests upon the plain expression; and, as it seems to us, unavoidable interpretation, of a very important document in their cause—the Catholic Bishop's Ordination oath. If it is said that we stand here upon a “question of words,”—then we must answer, that to the giving up of “words” (which have no meaning), there can be no rational difficulty or objection; and that when we—who are the stronger party—are prepared to concede so much which has real meaning to the Catholics, it looks suspicious any pride or refusal on their part about giving up a very little (which is said to have no meaning) to us. The oath, however, sworn by every Catholic Bishop to the court of Rome on his appointment, shall speak for itself. And it stands thus: “I, from this time forward, will be obedient to my Lord the Pope, and to his successors.”—

To this there is no objection.

“The counsels with which they trust me *I will not disclose to any man.*”—

To this, we will not *take* any objection.

“I will assist to maintain the *royalties* of St. Peter *against all men.*”—

This might, perhaps, be a little doubtful.

“I will carefully preserve, defend, and *promote* the rights, privileges, and *authorities* of the Pope.”—

Even this we will suppose to be meant merely in a *spiritual* sense; though, seeing that spiritual objects are attained—and always have been—by temporal means, we are not so clear as we could desire to be, about the “great gulph” which parts an ecclesiastical from a civil ministry.

But our immoveable objection arises upon the next clause:

“I will not be in *any action, council, or treaty*, in which any thing prejudicial to the person, right, or power of the Pope is contrived; and, if I shall *know* any such things *treated of*, by *any whomsoever*, I will to the utmost of my power *hinder* them, and with all speed *signify* them to the Pope.”

Now the question here is not a question of expression. In the old Latin copy of the oath before us, the line,—“prejudicial to the power of the Pope, &c. is *contrived*,” would read more strictly “is *plotted*”—the latin word used being “*machinentur*.” But there is a plain, direct, and obvious undertaking, in the whole meaning of the paragraph, to “*hinder*,” and “*give information of*,” all policies treated for purposes hostile to the advantage of the Catholic faith. Thus much, then, seems certain.—(We are coming now to the question of admitting Catholics—or making them eligible to be admitted—to the Privy Council.)—That right of admission could never be enjoyed by Roman Catholic subjects universally; because *Catholic Bishops*—of their own act—must, we apprehend, be shut out and exempted from it. No man who had taken the oath which we have just copied, could—as it seems to us—without *direct perjury*, afterwards take the *Privy Counsellor's* oath; because, having already sworn to communicate and disclose, to a particular individual, *everything* (upon a particular subject) which should come within his knowledge, he would there have to swear, most deeply and unequivocally, never to disclose *any thing* to *any* individual, or upon *any* subject, of that which should come within his knowledge. The words of the Privy Counsellor's oath are these:—

“You shall *keep close and secret* all such matters as shall be *treated, disputed, detailed, or resolved on* in council, without *disclosing* the same, or *any part* thereof.”—

And even "if any matter which is propounded shall touch any person sworn of the council, you shall in nowise open the same to him, but keep it secret."

Now, if this be a question of "words," it is such a question of words as Catholic honour and Catholic conscience are very deeply interested in properly arranging; and nothing can be more clear, we apprehend, than that, while the Ordination oath remains in its present state, no Catholic Bishop could *take*—much less *keep*—the Privy Council oath. But we go beyond this;—we think, upon a very little consideration, it will appear incontrovertible that Catholics must be excluded from the Privy Council altogether. Because, practically, we know that the duty of "confession" *must* place that which is in the knowledge of every Catholic—especially where the interests of religion were at stake—within the knowledge of his priest. And it seems hardly questionable, that whatever knowledge the priest acquires under such circumstances, he must find it his duty to communicate that knowledge to his superior, the Bishop;—who is already sworn to "signify the same," with "all possible speed," to the Pope. To admit any Roman Catholic nobleman or gentleman, therefore, into a council, in which matters directly important to Protestant safety and Protestant advancement, at home and abroad—matters "clearly prejudicial to the power of the Pope"—may, in all ordinary probability, be treated of, while there exists a prescribed and certain line of communication open, by which the views of that council will be conveyed to the power most vitally interested in frustrating them,—and through that power, in all probability, directly to a foreign enemy—to do this would be to go to an extent of liberality—or, more properly speaking, of rashness—for which we say, unhesitatingly, we are not prepared. Independent of the two objections which present themselves more immediately to any such admission—*first*, that (to shorten the channel of mischief) it is by no means improbable that a nobleman, who was a Privy counsellor, might, *at once*, have a *Bishop*, personally,

* A good deal of fencing, and, we might almost say, quibbling, appears to have been used in the course of the examination before the House of Lords, as to the statement or production of this "Catholic Bishop's oath;" and Dr. Doyle, who does not produce the *oath*, states a clause lately inserted, which he thinks removes all possible objection to it:—

"*Hæc omnia, et singula eo inviolabilius observabo, quo certior sum nihil in illis contineri quod fidelitati mee erga Serenissimum Magnæ Britannia et Hibernia Regem ejusque ad Thronum successores debite adversari possit;*"—

which Dr. Curties, the titular Bishop of Armagh, translates thus:

"I so much the more willingly take this oath, because I see that it contains nothing but what is *perfectly consonant* to the duty I owe to the Serene King of Great Britain."

Dr. Curties, however, gives the oath itself; from which we extract, in the reverend gentleman's own words, the following passage:—

"*Neque ero in consilio, vel facto, seu tractatu, in quibus, contra ipsum Dominum nostrum, vel eandem Ecclesiam, aliqua sinistra vel prejudicialia personarum, juris, honoris, status, et POTESTATIS eorum machinentur. Et si talia a QUIBUSCUNQUE tractari vel procurari novero, IMPEDIAM hoc pro posse; et quanto citius potero SIGNIFICABO eidem Domino nostro, vel alteri per quem possit ad ipsius notitiam pervenire.*"

Now, if any person deems this oath "perfectly consonant" with the oath and duty of a British state-minister, or Privy-counsellor, we will only say at present—with that person we are at issue.

for his spiritual director; in which case much of the circuit of information is spared, and the communication with the foreign court is direct and ready:—and, *secondly*, that, subject merely to the understood and admitted obligation of “confession,” we do not see how any Catholic could conscientiously take the Privy Council *oath*—or any other oath—by which he would swear never to “confess”—or, in other words, to “disclose”—any thing of that which shall pass in his hearing to any human creature!

We know perfectly well that this is not a line of argument likely to be popular; and that politicians always make the most impression when they look at only one side of the subject. Indeed it is curious to see how completely the convenience of that course, in public affairs, is recognized, by the very parties who would shrink, with the greatest horror, from it, in any matter of private inquiry. The noble and learned Lord who occupies the woolsack, and who is understood, of all men in the country, to have made up his mind the most irreversibly against the claims of the Catholics, is proverbial—and perhaps honourably so—for the difficulty which he finds in making up his mind, in the most trifling claims of individual right. If our speculations are to tend, however—even remotely—to any practical or profitable purpose, that object can only hope to be advanced by our exhibiting, not merely the arguments on one side of the case, but a balance of the difficulties or advantages attendant upon both; and therefore, on the one hand, while we are favourable to the conceding nearly all the material eligibilities demanded by the Catholics; on the other, we are bound to say, that there are some which we should refuse to yield them. And, moreover, disposed as we are for the safety and benefit of Ireland, to go to the very farthest point that we dare, in favour of the Catholic body, yet it would be disguising the difficulty of our case if we were not distinctly to avow, that we look for very little of that sudden advantage to Ireland, from such a course, which some of the more thorough-going advocates of emancipation so confidently anticipate.

Now we should be ready, were it in our power, to grant to the Catholics, immediately, their admission to the House of Commons and to the House of Peers; their elective franchise in England; and full corporate rights in Ireland. We would allow them to claim silk gowns at the bar; and all the Judgeships, except the highest in Chancery, and those of the Ecclesiastical courts; and, in short, give them every material privilege which they claim, excepting only the rights of sitting in the Privy Council; of being chosen to the highest active offices of State, and to the first commands in the army and navy. And yet we have no belief that, if all this were done to-morrow, Ireland would *at once* be materially benefited—or even that the factious clamour, which makes the thought of that country so loathsome to the souls of all people in this, would be likely to cease.

We are quite at a loss to understand how any immediate benefit, in the way of “conciliation,” can be expected to accrue—from the granting to one fierce and irascible body, that power, which another body, nearly as fierce and unmanageable, has for years been striving, life and soul, to keep from them. For any relief expected to the worn-out ears of the people of England!—Out of the “Emancipation” itself, on the contrary, new matter—in profusion—for trading orators to make harangues about; would arise. Something—and this would not be a trifle—would have to be said in the way of triumph, for what had been

gained. Something, too, on the possibility—and this might very fairly lead to a fresh dispute—on the possibility of taking, by special pleading, a little more than had really been conceded. A great quantity of argument would still be marketable—purely because so much had been granted—in disputing for the remainder which was still denied. And the division of the “loaves and fishes”—the complaint that, after right to office was admitted, appointment to it was withheld—that some Protestant was made attorney general, when the post ought to have been given to a Catholic—or that some Catholic was raised to the dignity of constable, merely because he neglected his religious duties, and had been three Sundays together absent from mass—these would be grievances, not only to go on in discussion incessantly for many years, but such as something might be said from time to time upon, absolutely to eternity.

The evils too, unhappily, under which Ireland labours, are too many and too real to be cured, as by a charm, by the passing of any single bill through the English Houses of Parliament. We have never looked at “Emancipation” as at a question which, in that country, would merely affect the few: but its success this hour would not, in one moment, give peacefulness and education to the lower classes of the Irish—temperance and charity to the few resident gentry—or a disposition to live among those *by* whom they live, to the wealthy absentees. A soil, which its owners have abandoned to mercenary strangers to rack and make their profit of—upon which not even any stranger will live, who has a competence to live any where else. A population so dense and crowded, as to be lowering the market for labour—to ruin—upon each other: desperate from having no evil—scarcely even death as an evil—to fear; and lawless, even from that very perfect destitution, which leaves them nothing to hope for, nothing to protect. A disregard, common to all ranks, of neatness, decency, and of that peculiar quality which, in England, we call “comfort.” Crimes of a nature the most savage and ferocious; a constant trust in falsehood, and in some jobbing, crooked policy; and an almost insane propensity about the whole people—their wants absolutely apart—to acts of violence and fury. These causes of ill—relieved by some few bright qualities (but scarcely useful)—the virtues of a barbarous age—are the great features which present themselves to a stranger in his first view of the state of Ireland: and these are not calamities which the removal of Catholic restrictions (alone) can cure.

The mistake of the argument, however, here—as upon too many other subjects—seems to us to be the pressing always for immediate and extreme results. If we can do little, by any single measure, for the relief of Ireland in the present, a time must come, at which we shall have to lay a groundwork for improvement to that country in the future. Admit the statement, that the Catholic restrictions do not, “in fact,” touch one in five thousand of the Irish population; yet, do we not know that, “in fact,” it is not for “fact” alone—for reality—and for something which may be “had and received”—that men cut one another’s throats by thousands? How many more than the “one in five thousand,” in any society, are really affected by their admissibility, or non-admissibility, to posts of power and distinction? and yet, who would venture to propose an Act of Parliament in England, by which the meanest mechanic was to be shut out from his right of competing for that power and distinction? The first step—begin when we will—taken towards improving

the resources and condition of Ireland, must be the annihilation—cause and effect—the tearing up by the roots, and casting forth—of that accursed *Party spirit*, which no man but one who has lived in Ireland can credit the extent of. Our first step must be to make the country *habitable*—endurable to others than those who have no power to escape from it. For it is trash to talk of Absenteeism—of the non-residence of the wealthy—as other than as a stab to the very heart of prosperity in Ireland. Does she not want, to degradation and to starving, that better order of labour—that more profitable employment—which would arise from the expenditure of large sums annually, in objects of convenience, of luxury and splendour? Does she not want, still more pressingly, the presence and example of a class of persons, whose tastes (at least) convenience, habits and advantage, are interested in the maintenance of order, moral sense, and general security, about them? She will never obtain this advantage—she never can obtain it—while every village, every parish, in her dominions, is the hourly scene of personal and party discord; or while the bare suggestion of religious or political discussion raises her whole population—like the sound of a *tocsin*—in fury, and thirst for bloodshed, from one end of the country to the other. Ireland is a fertile country—a cheap country—blessed with a mild and wholesome climate; governed (as far as transactions between man and man are regulated) by equitable laws: what foreigner—for ease, for economy, or retirement—takes up his residence in Ireland?

As Irish society stands now, neither creed or dogma form any real matter of consideration; the name—the mere nominal distinction—Catholic or Protestant—is enough. Those who are the most regardless upon the religious part of the question, do not hate each other the less savagely—the less part thought of mercy or forbearance—on the political part of it. Every Catholic, as the law at present stands, is born a *marked* and an *excluded* man: this fact alone, though he possessed the virtues of an apostle, is enough to blast his moral sensibilities, and warp and influence his conduct throughout life. His Protestant neighbour—no more than his equal in wealth, in lineage, or in acquirement—perhaps his inferior in every one of these—is born to rule over and surpass him! And there is no strength in human sufferance to submit to this. From students, they come together to the Bar; ten years are passed, and the Protestant must step before his Catholic rival—take precedence of him in the court—give the law to him from the Bench, in his profession. In political life, the first may sit within that House, from which the last must be excluded. As a churchman, he succeeds to high dignities, to wealthy revenues and emoluments, which his proscribed neighbour may never hope to enjoy; but which his proscribed neighbour must help to pay for. Now, where the common chances of fortune produce this inequality, the loser forgives the triumph; but we repel the insolence of a superiority, which—apart from merit or exertion—is provided for by law. A man, without wealth—without talent—character—without visible superior pretension of any kind, cannot be tolerated—merely in virtue of his belonging to a particular class, or faction—to bestride, and overbear, and bully, and soak up all countenance or authority from the otherwise more naturally powerful, and more meritorious individuals who surround him. Wherever any unfair *job* of this kind is attempted, wherever a system of favoritism (backed merely by superior force, or undue influence) is contrived to be introduced, the unfailing conse-

quence is, that it gives birth, not merely to a state of constant discord and of party warfare, but to a warfare of the meanest malevolence, of the most dishonourable fraud and artifice; of insult—slander—treachery—in short, a warfare which brings every baser passion of our nature into play. Thus it is that an Irish political quarrel exhibits features which fill every man but an Irishman with astonishment: there is a savage ferocity about all its details which shocks him, and always a spirit of low stratagem—of falsehood or equivocation—from which he recoils.

It is folly, or wilful sophistry, to speak of these dissensions as agitating the higher classes of Ireland only. The quarrel of the master must become the quarrel of the servant, even where the interests of both were not identified, and the same. Who is there can doubt, that the rich Catholic must have influence with, or over, his poorer neighbour or dependant? That he will use that influence, by all means—lawful, or unlawful—to counteract the power that unjustly galls and presses upon him? That the Catholic peasant, on his part, will think and act in concert with his Catholic landlord, whom he sees shut out from his natural place and birthright, for the maintenance of their common faith? Our first object then should be, if we have a thought seriously to benefit Ireland, to cut off that source of eternal feud and quarrel—that scourge to all prosperity in the country—the distinction and preferment of one class of its inhabitants to another. If that object cannot be obtained entirely, then our aim should be, to obtain it as nearly as possible; to abolish all preferences, as far as the very boldest policy will permit, so as to give to the Catholics the greatest possible interest (consistent with security) in maintaining our existing system, if we cannot give them a disposition to be entirely content with it. And this is what we would understand by the term “Emancipation.”

For the extent, then, to which farther concession might be carried, we have already intimated our belief, that to seats in the Privy Council, and to some few situations of high and direct authority in the state, it would be incongruous that Catholics should be admitted. We cannot admit into those particular councils of a State, the very essence of the proceedings of which is *secrecy*, an individual whose first principles of faith would render the keeping secret those proceedings a spiritual *crime*.* But to the concession of all the other material immunities demanded—the admission to both Houses of Parliament—(councils the proceedings of which, however important, are not directly secret)—the right to places, generally, of honour and profit in the law—and to the privilege and freedom of all corporations; to all these admissions we are disposed readily to consent, nor can we find any danger capable of arising out of them, even deserving to be mentioned.

For, admitting all the worst religious tenets ascribed to the Catholics to be founded in fact, and that we have every danger to apprehend as far as concerns their will, we cannot see how these new privileges would give them the power of doing any mischief.

Catholic barristers, for instance, are excluded from receiving silk gowns;—how is it—unless a danger is created wherever people have cause given them to be satisfied—that the same man is more politically dange-

* The course which, since this paper went to press, the English government has found it expedient to resolve on with respect to Spain, is one in which the “power” of the Pope is more than likely to stand very seriously “prejudiced.”

rous in a silk gown than in a stuff one? The silk gown gives no title—not even any claim—to farther promotion. Judges and attorney generals are as commonly taken from the stuff gown as from the silk; and the advanced rank depends for its value entirely upon the man: for the silk gown inevitably *beggars* any barrister, who has not sufficient public estimation to support it. The real difference between the silk gown and the stuff one is simply this—that the gentleman who wears the first takes double the amount of fee, upon any given brief, which is taken by the second. And, although much general inconvenience is known to be sustained in the course of legal business, by keeping any counsel *behind* the bar whose popularity entitles him to *promotion*: it is difficult to perceive how the tranquillity of a country can be interested, in compelling Mr. Donovan to be content with half-a-crown, where Mr. O'Shaughnessy receives five shillings!

Let us take for the next point the case of the Judgeships. Why should we close against the Catholics (in England and Ireland together) thirty places of honour and profit, which it is impossible to call parts of direct political authority? The office of Judge is to a lawyer an honourable retreat from active labour; it is a rank which stamps—or ought to stamp—as meritorious the individual who receives it; and it has a pecuniary value of from four to eight thousand pounds a year. There seems to be no reason why such an office should not be as competently filled by a person of one religious persuasion as by a person of another? The office of Judge embraces the performance of no political duty, in the execution or neglect of which the security of the State could be suddenly endangered; and a sudden peril—one which should do much mischief at a blow, and before it can be checked or remedied—is all that we are entitled, in the consideration of a question like this, to guard against. And, for undue prejudice or partiality in private cases—suppose any such disposition likely to manifest itself—how would it be more difficult of correction and punishment in a Catholic Judge than in a Protestant one? No one supposes the danger of misconduct from a Protestant Judge throwing the country into insecurity or confusion. We know that such conduct might—and certainly would—lead to the ruin of the offender himself; but we should find it difficult to point out any course by which it would be likely to be the ruin of the State.

Then, for the third point of restriction which we propose to get rid of—the law which excludes Catholics from sitting in both Houses of Parliament—we think that exclusion will be the most impracticable for defence of all the three. In the first place, it is assumed by the opponents of Emancipation, that, if once Catholics were eligible to the House of Commons, not a single Protestant member—or at least scarcely a single one—would ever again be returned from Ireland. Now we do not well understand from what *data* this consequence is inferred. When one-half of the Protestant members of the House of Commons are already voting in favour of the Catholics of Ireland, why is it so impossible that wealth and character should continue (as they have always done in elections) to maintain their sway; and that some Catholics in Ireland should vote in favour of Protestants, who had merit to deserve their votes—not to say any thing of power to command them? We hardly think too favourably of Irish stability, nor yet, wrecked as the national character has been, too confidently of Irish principle; but yet

we scarcely believe that, if they had the right to elect Catholics to-morrow, the voters of Ireland would displace *all* the Protestants who have supported their cause in the House of Commons. And, for those Protestants who have opposed their claims there, *they* obviously stand in still less danger; because, if there had been any earthly power to exclude them, they would all have been turned out long ago.

The real probability is, that the number of Catholic members returned by Ireland would never exceed thirty or forty; the number returned in England would proceed only from the holders of a few close boroughs, perhaps there might be a dozen, probably not so many. But, even suppose every member returned by Ireland to be a Catholic—what are their numbers? one hundred—not quite a sixth, of the whole strength, or number, of the House. Added to the systematic “Opposition,” it is said, the force of these new members would be overpowering! It would amount—in a House composed of six hundred members—to a hundred and thirty, or to a hundred and fifty at most. But, even set aside the comparative strength or weakness—these terrors are founded on a fear of what the Catholics could do, united with the “Opposition?” Does any man out of Bedlam believe, that the “Opposition” in the House of Commons—that is to say, the monied and aristocratic party out of office for the time being—would join the Catholics of Ireland to overturn the Protestant religion, and pull down the State? Of what would such persons suppose the House of Commons to be composed—that assembly which governs and protects the interests of the whole people of Great Britain?—Of what do they take it to be made, who suppose that, by the influence of forty, or fifty, or sixty fresh members of a particular persuasion, it can be brow-beaten, or persuaded into acts contrary to the well-doing of the community? What a particularly imbecile, as well as disloyal, “six hundred,” we must have contrived to select from the whole mass of the British population, if such could be the case! Such a House ought not to be “reformed,” but to be “turned out of window.” We would venture to pronounce, that there is not a common club of journeymen carpenters, sitting at the sign of the “The Three Compasses,” in any street between Hyde Park Corner and Ratcliff Highway, who would not laugh at the notion that their measures were likely to be influenced by the admission of a tythe of Catholic joiners within their pale. It is unnecessary for us to labour a point so clear as this; but the real fact, we strongly suspect, would be—that, to the weight of the Opposition, the Catholics would, for a long time, add nothing. Every body knows that the strength of the Parliamentary Opposition does not lie in its numbers, but in its character—not in the vote of Mr. Moore or of Mr. Harvey: but in the voices of Mr. Brougham, of Mr. Tierney, of Sir Francis Burdett, and of some dozen other individuals, whose talents or honour (as the quality may be) give confidence to the country in the opinions which they support.* Now, from these persons, the great odds are, that the *enragé* Catholics first elected would receive, after the first half session, little or no countenance at all. Mr. O’Connell, as

* Again, we may refer to the events which have occurred since this paper was written. The support of the “Opposition” leaders to the course pursued by Ministers with respect to Portugal, was not merely constitutional and ample—it was instantaneous—enthusiastic.

the active agent of a rather desperate and very ill-treated cause," is looked at with a very different eye by the Whigs of England, from that with which—pursuing the same conduct—he would be regarded if he were the representative of a fairly-dealt-with party, and a member of the British House of Commons. A very considerable failing in the Irish character generally, is a want of that quality which we designate by the name of "tact;" and we strongly suspect that the first generation of Irish Catholic members would have those among them who would be very excessive about the interests of Ireland; and (by consequence) very unpopular. Their merciless speeches would cease to be reported in a week; their questions would be cut in a month; and in two sessions we should see them turning Ministerialists, to avoid desertion and insignificance altogether. The event would be—when they found their senses—that the Catholic members in the House of Commons would enjoy precisely that quantity of influence which properly belonged to them. By their exertion, the interests of Ireland (in detail) might perhaps be more accurately looked after than they are at present—which no one can doubt would be a circumstance of advantage.

And it is not by the apprehension of trifling difficulties, or of merely possible contingencies, that we should be deterred from doing an act which is one of general policy and justice. There never was a law passed, never a principle admitted, in which the existence of some imperfection might not be shewn. We ask for no faith in the intentions of the Catholics of Ireland; we will take their case in the most difficult view; we will suppose that they have no respect for oaths, and that they believe they can obtain absolution from them; that they refuse to renounce particular tenets, merely from pride—not because to do so would be a waver of their faith, but because it would be a desertion from their party; and, taking all this to be true—of which we do not believe any thing like one-half to be true—still, in what way can the Catholics of Ireland be more dangerous to us, after they are emancipated, than they are at present?

Surely no individual of common mind or education, can fancy, in these days, that it is possible either to improve, or to convince men, so long as we proscribe them? Let the pride of such people, or their principle, be their impelling motive, what does it matter, when we see that they are impelled—and impelled into a course which we have no earthly hope of arresting? We believe the impelling motive of the Catholics to be a mixed one; and we are glad to believe so, for it mends our case. A Catholic gentleman can hardly turn to Protestantism (as the law stands)—even though his reason should incline him to do so—without incurring the suspicion of interested motives. It is hardly possible for him, under any conviction, to desert the cause to which he has been born; which his ancestors have maintained; and which his friends, round him, are suffering for; while the law of the country renders him a *gainer* by the exchange. The very existence of the Penal Laws against Catholics, must confirm a Catholic of high and honourable feeling to his side; and, so far from finding any thing disheartening in this view, we repeat, that we are well pleased to take it—well pleased if we have only to satisfy the honourable scruples of a man, instead of having to over-convince his bigotry or his superstition. But the very centre-stone of our position—no matter what we have to satisfy—is still—as it has been from the begin-

ning—this—in Ireland, nothing can be done without concession to the Catholics : and England runs no risk in making such concession.

In Ireland, unity can never be attained without some measure approaching to Emancipation ; unless it were by the other decisive measure of Extermination—which the spirit of the times will not permit us to apply. Six millions of persons—or five—or four—will never be persuaded—though they might be fried—into a quiet resignation of their civil rights. This very fact, that we must not be “ executive,” it is that makes our attempting to be “ unjust,” so peculiarly absurd. If we might hang or drown the whole five millions of Irish Catholic population ; or—what would be better—bane all the men with Prussic acid, keeping alive the female children, and the grown women under forty ; then, whatever might be thought of the humanity of our project, there would be some show of common sense and reason in it. But, what folly—“ more gross than ever ignorance made drunk ”—would be that of any military commander, who should voluntarily march into the field of battle, at the head of an army of twenty thousand men—knowing one brigade, of seven thousand among them, to be disaffected to himself, and to the cause they had to fight for ?

Then, for the risk which England would encounter, in granting to the Catholics those concessions which we have described—except some little ebullition of triumph (which would be offensive, perhaps, to the eyes and ears of Irish Protestants) in the outset—a little vulgar insolence from falling demagogues, which men of sense would smile at—and a few bonfires (not of houses) among the peasantry, which a posse of extra constables would put down—what more should we have to fear from the people of Ireland (emancipated) than we have to fear at present ? The same means—the same physical force—would keep the country then that keeps it now. We should still have the bayonets of the military to repress violence ; the sentence of the judge, and the hand of the hangman, to punish offence. We do not shrink from the mention of these remedies ; let them be used—so they be used justly ; let them be used firmly and freely : we are better content that fifty men should die for wilfully violating the law, than that five hundred thousand should be kept in bondage or surveillance from an apprehension that they may violate it. If we have strength to keep Ireland down now—with every Catholic in it necessarily disaffected to our system—why not, at least, have equal power to keep it, when all the moderate party of the Catholics—to put our hopes upon the most modest footing—would have cause to be content ?

For, eligibility to trust and office, it must be recollected, does not give men election to trust and office ; and we should no more make a Catholic lawyer Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas than we do a Protestant, without first being well assured that he was a fit man for such a situation. The Catholics, after they were eligible to elevation, would still have to earn their elevation, like other people, by their talents, or by meritorious service ; impertinence and dullness—after it had obtained all the eligibility in the world—would remain practically just in the same place where it is at present. And, for any apprehension of the increase—of the progress—of Catholicism in these days, when reason and education are rapidly advancing in every quarter of the globe !—when Catholicism in Spain and Portugal—even out of the operations of the late

disastrous war—has received a wound, which it may linger on with, but from which it never can recover—when, in France, the same seeds of knowledge have more than taken root—have shot up, and will never be eradicated, whatever may be the transient absurdities of bigots in power for a time—when, by a singular example of the generalizing spirit of intellect, the very same party—the liberal party—which in England is calling for Catholic Emancipation, is in Spain, at the very same moment, fighting—to the loss of life and country—against those very abuses which Catholicism most prizes and esteems most dear!—to talk of any apprehension of the advance of Catholicism in England or Ireland, under such circumstances, is literally to talk of an event so opposite from all ordinary probabilities, as to seem to convey an imputation of apathy or weakness upon the Ministers of our British Protestant Established Church.

For what can there be to us Protestants, so seducing in the apparently absurd dogmas of the Roman Catholic faith—what can there be so attractive about the chains which it puts upon a man, both mind and body—that we should think the members of our own Established Church—with all their attributes of wealth, supremacy, and talent—unable to make head against it? Into the value of the Roman Catholic's Creed it is not our intention now to enter; in a religious view, we shall never use the freedom of discussing its worth at all: but to us it does seem as impossible that darkness should resist the daylight, as that the Catholic faith should resist the progress of knowledge and education. We desire neither to print sermons for the people of Ireland, nor to attack them by missionaries; all we demand is—that, which in the long-run cannot be prevented—that the people should be taught to *read*. We care very little about their reading the Scriptures in the first instance—if there be any question raised upon it. Let them read only the “Farmer's Magazine,” Cobbett's “Cottage Economy,” the “Complete Letter-Writer,” the “Whole Duty of Man,” or even the “Footman's Directory.” This reading alone will bring with it a great deal of knowledge: if it only brought a little—having a *little*, they will soon contrive to have *more*. Cobbett's book, above all others—the “Cottage Economy”—well distributed in Ireland, would do ten times more good in that country—we speak it with no irreverence—than the distribution of the Scriptures. No peasant will read the contents of that book without being excited to search farther. The running stream might as easily be bound in fetters, as that natural operation of the human mind be prevented. The peasantry of Ireland are acute enough—stupidity is the last of their failings—on all matters where once they see their interests concerned. And for the effect of Concession—would it be possible, we ask, for Catholic gentlemen to *sit in an assembly like the House of Commons*, and go on there, either maintaining the superstitions of a dark and barbarous age, or justify the wilfully keeping their poorer countrymen in hopeless and degraded ignorance?

We know that the Catholic cause is guided badly; that it is urged in one quarter by bold and furious enthusiasts; and, in another, sought to be made a stepping-stone by pretenders, whom it would be a waste of attention even to name. But by every act of justice, let it be remembered, which we perform—by every step which goes to the redressal of real and well-founded complaints—so much is done towards putting down impudence and quackery into the obscurity which such qualities properly inhabit.

And—we dislike in general arguing from what are called “facts,” for the cause and effect, as regards these, is always liable to be disputed—but surely the system of coercion—as far as we can dare to try it—has been long enough, and obstinately enough, tried in Ireland. It has cursed the Protestant inhabitant of that country—who looked for advantage from it—with the hourly fears, as well as with the hideous passions, which belong to an oppressor. To the Catholic it has given the blood-thirsty, vindictive, treacherous spirit of a man, who feels that he is injured, and feels that no fair—no honest, candid means of redress, or of relief, are open to him. It is this system which has brought us to the misery, of hearing one portion of a people publicly adjured by the hatred which they bore to another portion!—and answering that adjuration. It is under this system that we have heard the painful bodily affliction—the deep and calamitous personal suffering—of at least a brave and open—of a firm and noble political opponent—made the subject of laughter—of ribald jest—of horrible exultation, merriment, and triumph. It is under this system that we have seen a public petition presented against a gentleman *eighty years of age*,—and one who, in his day, it is well known, was used to put up word for no man,—to remove him from a post, which he could scarcely hope to occupy a great while longer, upon the published statement that his *age and infirmities* made him *unfit* any longer to discharge the duties of it.

Acts like these arise out of feelings which Englishmen cannot comprehend. It is no wonder; for those feelings are the fruits of a political system, which—Heaven be praised!—has been unknown to us. It is only by abolishing and putting an end to that system which makes the two parties in Ireland—Catholic and Protestant—the *born* enemies of each other, that we can ever hope to eradicate those feelings, or cut down that accursed poison-tree of party-spirit, which blasts and withers all the wholesome existence of Ireland, and of Irishmen—rendering their society an offence, and their country a desert.

Catholic Emancipation will not produce a result like this instantly; but, *until* Emancipation is granted, that result can *never* be produced. When attained, that result will not cure all the evils and miseries of Ireland! but it will allay the burning fever that consumes her, and allow to other remedies the chance of operation and fair play. At least, the fury—lawlessness—the disaffection of the general population of the country—will then no longer be, as it is now—the boast, and—the *RELiance*—of a large class of its inhabitants!

The length to which this article has already extended itself—joined to the impossibility of competently discussing the Catholic Question within the limits of any single essay—compels us to close our argument for the present, though we leave many important circumstances connected with it untouched. We are no friends to the Catholic faith or system. None will be better content than we should, to see not a wreck or a fragment of that religion remaining; and upon some of the tenets and usages upheld by it—viewed with reference to their effect merely upon the temporal interests of mankind—we may hereafter take occasion to observe. But it is because we are convinced that it is in the very nature of every creed which is held by six millions of men, to gain additional strength and compactness from the restraints imposed upon it, that we are disposed to weaken those restraints—to untwist the string that holds the faggot—to withdraw the pressure which binds the Catholics toge-

ther. And it is because we do not understand the strange anomaly of alarming us about the advance of bigotry and priestcraft at one extremity of a kingdom, while we are instituting prosecutions to check the march of open infidelity at the other, that we apprehend no proselytism from the utmost exertions of the Roman Catholic clergy, except of such sucklings as would become followers of Richard Taylor, or Joanna Southcote.

In this view, therefore, it is, finally, that we intreat our readers to look at the Catholic Question—to look at it as a whole, not as a series of unconnected *items*—to attend to the grand result, not to the working of isolated parts. We intreat them to consider in what a position—how contrary to nature—the existing system places all parties in Ireland! Catholic ministers going from house to house, exhorting and influencing the Catholic tenant to break his solemn compact with his Protestant landlord; Protestant landlords marching up their Catholic tenants, to vote for that member as *their representative* in Parliament, who stood pledged to maintain the exclusion of all Catholics from the rights and privileges which their fellow-subjects hold for ever!

Let the gentlemen of England ask their own hearts and senses, if any system under which men are placed in a situation such as this, can ever prosper? We ask them—do they believe that, while the people of Ireland have no leisure for any other employment but to hate and curse each other, any improvement in the state of that country can rationally be hoped for? Our own object has been to take a view, less of the legal quibbles incident to the Catholic Question, than of its broad and general bearing. The exact extent to which we think concession should be carried, we have not opportunity *here* to lay down in detail; but we have stated our principle, that such concession should be large—free—ample—such as would give almost every thing that the Catholics demand, and every thing from which the security of this country, in its operations with foreign powers, does not necessarily exclude them. Our main anxiety has been to establish the *principle* of relief. To shew that no real danger can result from that course; and that, as regards Ireland, without it, practically, we may dismiss the question of improvement altogether. With our last line we repeat, that, of apprehension from the consequences of Emancipation, no particle approaches us. If England is strong enough to keep down Ireland now, and still to persevere—as she has so long persevered—in a course of wrong; she has at least the same strength to maintain that unhappy country with, if she were to try the experiment of doing justice.

THE RETROSPECT.

I HAVE not heard thy name for years;
 Thy memory ere thyself is dead;
 And even I forget the tears
 That once for thy loved sake were shed.

There was a time when thou didst seem
 The light and breath of life to me—
 When e'en in thought I could not dream
 That less than mine thou ere couldst be:—

Yet now it is a chance that brought
 Thy image to my heart again;
 A single flower recalled the thought:
 Why is it still so full of pain?

The jasmine, round the casement twined,
 Caught mine eye in the pale moonlight;
 It broke my dream, and called to mind
 Another dream—another night.

As then, I by the casement leant;
 As then, the silver moonlight shone;—
 But not, as then, another bent
 Beside me—I am now alone.

The sea is now between us twain,
 As wide a gulph between each heart;
 Never can either have again
 An influence on the other's part.

Our paths are different; perchance mine
 May seem the sunniest of the two:
 The lute, which once was only thine,
 Has other aim, and higher view.

My song has now a wider scope
 Than when its first tones breathed thy name;
 My heart has done with Love—and hope
 Turned to another idol—Fame.

'Tis but one destiny; one dream
 Succeeds another—like a wave
 Following its bubbles—till their gleam
 Is lost and ended in the grave.

Why am I sorrowful? 'Tis not
 One thought of thee has brought the tear:
 In sooth thou art so much forgot,
 I do not even wish thee here.

Both are so changed, that did we meet
We might but marvel we had loved :
What made our earliest dream so sweet ?—
Illusions—long, long since removed.

I sorrow—but it is to know
How still some fair deceit unweaves—
To think how all of joy below
Is only joy while it deceives.

I sorrow—but it is to feel
Changes which my own mind hath told :—
What, though time polishes the steel,
Alas ! it is less bright than cold.

I have more smiles, and fewer tears ;
But tears are now restrained for shame :
Task-work the smiles my lip now wears,
That once like rain and sunshine came.

Where is the sweet credulity,
Happy in that fond trust it bore,
Which never dreamed the time would be
When it could hope and trust no more ?

Affection springing warmly forth—
Light word, light laugh, and lighter care ;
Life's afternoon is little worth
The dew and warmth of morning air.

I would not live again Love's hour ;
But fain I would again recall
The feelings which upheld its power—
The truth, the hope, that made its thrall.

I would renounce the worldliness,
Now too much with my heart and me ;
In one trust more, in one doubt less,
How much of happiness would be !—
Vainer than vain ! Why should I ask

Life's sweet but most deceiving part ?
Alas ! the bloom upon the cheek
Long, long outlives that of the heart.

L.E.L.

LOVE'S LAST MEETING:

[Modernized from an old Manuscript, found among the Records of the Medical School at Bologna.]

THE days of my youth! the days of my youth!—how deeply do your recollections dwell within my soul!—how vividly does memory recall you, and the deeds to which you gave rise!—your bright hopes, your burning wishes, your blight of heart, your absolute despair! He who receives a stunning blow early in life, will probably, through physical strength, rise, after a time, from under it; and, if he be thrown into full collision with the world, the wound will heal over, though, from time to time, the scar which it leaves will ache. In his breast there will be the reverse of the oasis of the desert; for, however the larger portion of the soul may bloom—to what extent soever it may be fertile—there will be always one spot of barren and burning waste, to contrast with and to check the flowering meads around it.

Oh, Florence! thou whited sepulchre of outward beauty—thou inward charnel-house of all my happiness—of my soul's hopes!—how bitterly do I hate what others love so much—thy streets of palaces, and thy flowing Arno! With what a leaden heart have I looked down, from thy surrounding amphitheatre of hills, upon thy fair villas, glittering among the dusky olives; and thy noble church, rising like a crown, to complete this scene of queenly beauty! What, indeed, is the loveliness of a natural object, if the associations connected with it be sad? If the tidings be mournful, of what avail is the speaker's voice?

When I went again to Florence, after long years, it was recalling into new life the great, the *one* misfortune of my youth. My heart beat against my side with the tumultuous throb of re-awakened agony; I felt once more the desolation of a bruised spirit. Alas! how strong are the impressions of local memory! A sick shudder came over me as I passed the house where — !

Beauty beamed upon her brow—Love flashed from her eyes, and mantled on her glowing lips. The full confidence and utter unreserve of young affection, gave to her the dignity of their own singleness and simplicity. What, indeed, is more holy than female love in its first force and purity—before the world has chilled it, or repetition sullied the exquisite bloom of its unity and abandonment! It is one of the highest and most intense of the mysteries of human nature—one of the most beautiful of its phenomena—the most engrossing of its impulses! The sophisticated may sneer at its simple feelings—the corrupt may mistake its purity for coldness; but that very simplicity is the cause, at once, and the effect of its strength and condensation: the very purity of the flame betokens its intense heat!

How beautiful she was!—Beauty! oh, beauty! which maketh the senses drunk, and the spirits reel under thy influence—which, like the wild honey of the ancient story, art delicious to the taste, but maddening to the brain!—how thy force and thy sweetness, are they not increased when we behold thee in the woman of our soul's love! Here is her picture! How lovely are their features!—their fine outline—their rich development—their placid expression! How the eye feasts upon them!—how the soul is fed by the deep, calm thoughts which that countenance exhales! Yet does not this treasured image more excel the most ill-favoured of the daughters of Eve, than it falls short of the

same face when lighted with the fire of love's heaven—when the cestus of affection added to it the lustre of its charm-conferring spell! In my bosom hast thou been nestled for years; the pulses of my heart have beat under thee; thou hast been to me what the figure of his patron-saint is to an anchorite—a treasure far more than earthly! Yet couldst thou but for a moment possess that look of love which those eyes were wont to shed upon me—that smile, which spake of fondness, as the glance did of intensity,—I would be content to part from thee for ever,—aye, even though my heart should burst in the effort it would need!

Truly have I compared the feelings with which I regard this image to those excited by devotion. “Buried love” has all the force and warmth of earthly passion, freed from all the grosser particles of earth;—it has all the ethereal purity of spiritual adoration, with a fervour and reality superadded, which, alas! our corporeal nature can scarcely ever feel towards that which is *only* spiritual. Our thoughts are turned towards a being whom we have adored when in the flesh, who now is raised to a state more exalted and purer than our own. The passion we feel for the woman, is tempered by the reverence with which we regard the spirit; and the two feelings united, form, probably, the highest and best which enter into the bosom of humanity.

The moon was struggling through a swift rack which drifted over her; her light fell fitfully upon the stream, and on the distant dome of the cathedral; the water rushed past our feet, as though swelled by the torrents from the mountains;—but we heeded not the gloom; we did not note the marks of recent tempest; our hearts communed with each other—*we were together!*

We parted that night in youth, in health, in high hope. For once, “the course of true love seemed to run smooth.” It is true, we could not yet be united; I was as yet only a student at Bologna, and I had a mother and sister who mainly depended on my exertions for support. But, in a few years, my studies would be finished; I should be settled in a sphere of humble usefulness; my hopes, my wishes, were fixed on domestic enjoyments—on that happiness which is to be tasted nowhere but in a happy home! It is one of the frequent effects of a strong and virtuous passion in early life to accelerate, by many years, that taste for simple and domestic pleasures, which all men feel as they approach the decline of years. I have since been a wanderer—I have travelled over a large portion of the earth; but, if the hopes of my youth had been realized, I should have been happy—oh! more than happy—in the narrow circle around my humble home—for *she* would have been its centre.

We parted that night in youth, in health, in hope—I never saw her again alive!

It was midnight; I was returning home from the lecture which I had been attending—for I had lately devoted much of my time to the prosecution of my studies, as a celebrated professor of medicine was, at that time, resident in Florence. As I approached the Piazza di St. Maria Novella, I perceived an unusual crowd and bustle in the street, and I advanced hurriedly to ascertain the cause—for that square held all that was most dear to me on earth! My eager inquiries, as to the cause of alarm, were speedily answered. When I entered the Piazza, I perceived several houses in flames—her's was one of them! I rushed through the crowd who flocked round the place;—a man inspired with such feelings

as those which instigated me, can make his way through any obstacle. I gained the door; smoke and flames were pouring through the aperture as from the crater of Vesuvius. I pulled my bonnet over my brows, and rushed up the stairs. On the first landing the chamber of Beatrice was to the left—that of her mother to the right. I turned to the left—the room was vacant! I began to hope she had escaped—I rushed into the opposite room. As I entered, I stumbled over something on the floor: it was her body, with that of her mother in her arms!—She had sunk in attempting to save her. It was only now that I perceived the terrible density of the smoke—to remove her was the only hope left. In an instant I bore her through the smoke, and flames, and crumbling ruins into the street.—She was dead!

What were my feelings? Heaven only knows! In its mercy it has decreed that a blow like this shall numb the heart it crushes. Those who have gone through the ordeal can give no account of it; those who have not, can form no idea of it. The first thing which made any impression upon me was a fellow-student, who was to me as a brother, pointing out the effect which the indulgence of my despair had upon my mother and sister. “They have claims upon you,” he said;—“the nearest, the most holy—live for them!” The truth of what he said struck me to the heart; and, like most persons whose minds are shaken by some great sorrow, I rushed from one extreme into the other. I had passed the few days which had elapsed since *the night* in a state of alternate desperate despair and stupor. I could not now restore myself to calmness. I needed a violent resolution, and I formed one. I determined, in despite of all my friend could say to dissuade me, to resume my studies at once; and I determined to accompany him that very evening to a lecture which the professor was to give.

It was the first time I had been in the fresh air since the catastrophe had happened. The state of the atmosphere, the aspect of the heavens, were precisely similar to what they had been when I looked upon them with her. The clouds racked over the moon—the Arno looked dark and troubled, and rushed by with a moaning noise. When I had last seen these sights—when I had last heard these sounds—she was my side. Oh God! where was she now? Those who have suffered a great affliction can, I am sure, full well recall to mind the impression of cutting pain which the contrast between the present time and a few short days before has made upon them. Every thing in the external world, every thing on the surface of society, seems to be proceeding in its usual train. No length of time has passed to account for so vast a change; a few days only have elapsed—but life is closed for them: one expanse of impenetrable gloom is all that the future is to them!

We walked hastily onward—I had no inclination to loiter on the way. We entered the room just as the lecture was beginning. A crowd of students had gathered round the table on which the “subject” lay. I joined them; and having, by degrees, penetrated the circle, I carelessly cast my eyes upon the body which lay before me.—It was *her's*!—The room reeled round with me—I fell senseless!

TASTE.

A THOUSAND persons have asked me—"What is Taste?" I answer—as far (which perhaps is not far) as a definition can convey a meaning—Taste is the faculty of perceiving, and appreciating, the approach to, or deviation from, perfection, in all things.

This, power though doubtless nature has a hand in it, is chiefly the gift of cultivation—as a proof of which we find it possessed almost exclusively by the higher classes of society; and by hardly any in such general perfection as by the English. It is displayed in their houses, grounds, estates, animals of all sorts, equipage, servants, table, manners, and innumerable other things too minute to mention, but all showing the quality as much as the most important. For true taste is not only the gold coin to be used on great occasions, but it is also the silver continually called into play, and spent upon the most trifling objects. Its possessor will not merely be a judge of the merits of a painting, of a singer, or of a statue, but will be equally a critic of the framing of the one, the dress of the other, or the drapery of the third.

And this it is which makes taste so invaluable a possession: of all others, perhaps, the most important qualification for the true enjoyment of existence; for although it subjects its possessor to a variety of annoyances from which the herd of mankind is free, yet it is the property chiefly distinguishing the man from the brute, opening to him pure and copious springs of unpalling enjoyment, and supplying him with a strong bias towards the *agrémens* of life.

The man of taste will find something to admire in almost every corner of the globe—he can never be long *ennuyé*, for although he may by accident be thrown into situations diametrically opposite to his nature, and into the company of persons whose every look, word and gesture must be grating to his feelings, yet he will commonly escape the one and avoid the other, as it were instinctively, and, by contrast, even gain something in the occasional collision.

Taste is the discriminating talisman, enabling its owner to see at once the real merits of persons and things, to ascertain at a glance the true from the false, and to decide rightly on the value of individuals.

Nothing escapes him who walks the world with his eyes touched by this ointment—they are open to all around him: to admire or to condemn—to gaze with rapture, or to turn away with disgust, where another shall pass and see nothing to excite the slightest emotion. The fair creation of nature and the works of man afford *him* a wide field of continual gratification. The brook, brawling over its bed of rocks or pebbles half concealed by the over-hanging bushes that fringe its banks—or the great river flowing in unperturbed majesty through a wide vale of peace and plenty, or forcing its passage through a lofty range of opposing hills—the gentle knoll, and the towering mountain—the rocky dell and the awful precipice—the young plantation and the venerable forest—are alike to him objects of interest and of admiration.

So, in the works of man, a foot-bridge, thrown across a torrent, may be, in its way, as gratifying to the man of taste as the finest arch, or most wonderful chain-bridge in the world; and a cottage of the humblest order may be so beautifully situated, so neatly kept,

and so tastefully adorned with woodbine and jessamine, as to call forth his admiration equally with the princely residence of the British landholder, in all its pride of position and splendour of architecture.

In short, this faculty is applicable to every object—and he who finds any thing too lofty or too humble for his admiration, does not possess it. It is exercised in the every-day affairs of life as much as in the higher arts and sciences.

The *true* connoisseur is the *universal* connoisseur—who will admire beauty in all the animal creation—elegance—in equipage, dress, and style, as well as in person and manners—the picturesque, in the wilderness of nature as well as in the aptitude of art—music, in the murmur of a stream, and the wild moanings of an autumnal gale, as well as in the cathedral conclave, or the Philharmonic Society. And, in the less intellectual affairs of the table, the man of taste will not be more insensible to the rational enjoyment of a well-served dinner, nor to the quality of the wines and elegance of the dessert, than to the manners and conversation of his companions at the social board.

O most invaluable of all possessions! thou who teachest the true enjoyment of prosperity, and whisperest consolation in adversity—who in the one wilt select our associates from the flower of society, and in the other wilt teach us to avoid the degradation into which, without thee, we must inevitably fall—precious companion in crowds, and most refined sweetness of solitude—in wealth the wand of happiness, and in poverty the spring of comfort and content—grant that I may never be insensible to thy influence, and that I may never wilfully sin against thy chastening dictates!

A. N.

THE PALM-TREE.

..... Has his heart forgot, so far away,
Those native scenes—those rocks and torrents grey;
The tall bananas whispering to the breeze;
The shores—the sound of those encircling seas
Heard from his infant days—and the piled heap
Of holy stones, where his forefathers sleep?

BOWLES.

It waved not through an eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby;
It was not fanned by southern breeze,
In some green isle of Indian seas;
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep:

But fair the exiled palm-tree grew,
'Midst foliage of no kindred hue;
Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Uprose that stem of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at his feet.

Strange looked it there !—the willow streamed
Where silvery waters near it gleamed ;
The lime-bough lured the honey-bee
To murmur by the Desert's tree ;
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music filled that garden's bowers ;
Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colours flung ;
And bright forms glanced—a fairy shew—
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, 'midst the throng,
Seemed reckless all of dance or song :
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been ;
Of crested brow, and long black hair—
A stranger, like the Palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms :
He passed the pale green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut-flowers his eye ;
But when to that sole Palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame !

To him, to him, its rustling spoke,
The silence of his soul it broke !
It whispered of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile ;
Aye, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan !

His mother's cabin-home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay ;
The dashing of his brethren's oar ;
The conch's wild note along the shore ;—
All, through his wakening bosom swept :
He clasped his country's tree, and wept.*

Oh ! scorn him not !—the strength, whereby
The patriot girds himself to die—
Th' unconquerable power, which fills
The freeman, battling on his hills—
These have one fountain, deep and clear,—
The same whence gushed that child-like tear !

F.H.

* This incident is, I think, recorded by De Lille, in his poem of "Les Jardins."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND COOKERY.*

THE multiplication of books, upon all subjects, in the present day, amounts to a feature in the history of the time. No sooner does one original publication—no matter of what character—succeed, than the town is inundated with fifty speculators, breaking their necks which shall be first in imitation of it. Thus we have Brummagem Scotts writing novels; and Brummagem Byrons making verses; and Brummagem newspapers out of number; all outvying each other in doing wretchedly, that which somebody else has already made a hit by doing well. And so—from matters of fancy coming down to matters of fact—no sooner did Mrs. Rundall and Dr. Kitchener acquire a name by their standard works upon “roasting and boiling,”—than new “Cookery Books” sprang up faster than the mushrooms which they were to ordain the pickling of, in every publisher’s window in town: of which last extemporaneous creations, the volume now before us—“Domestic Economy and Cookery, for Rich and Poor,” in 700 pages, price nine shillings—presents rather an interesting specimen.

We make it a principle never to comment upon any book in this Magazine (except in the “small letter” notice at the end), unless it be a book very admirably excellent, or very particularly bad: and therefore it may be as well to set out on this occasion by stating, that the work now in question is not only “very particularly,” but rather *too bad*. Because, if a great accumulation of worn-out recipes upon the “aptest” manner of dressing beef-steaks, is to be exposed in booksellers’ shops, at the price of “nine shillings,”—a cost, by the way, at which we confess we do not well see how the “Domestic Economy” for “Rich and Poor” is to find its way readily into the hands of the *last* class of persons, to whose attention it is recommended—is it not too much to demand that the book—if there is neither novelty nor talent in it—should be got up with some share of human reason, and common sense, and respectability. Now, how far the “Domestic Economist” brings himself within the limit of this very open principle,—as “Reviewing” at length is a little out of our *métier*—a few *extracts* from the more comprehensible and unculinary parts of the book shall “fructify.”

In the first place, the “Domestic Economy” purports to be written by a “Lady;” and, we suppose, we need not ask whether she is a Married lady, for she sports the style of the *ring* in the her first page. The immediate topic is some unheard-of possible extension of the powers of “butchers’ meat” in affording sustenance. And the “Lady,” after intreating the use of all the faith her readers can afford, breaks out as follows:

“I once saw a French family, consisting of six grown persons, a child, and a jackdaw—who, by-the-bye, *was the heaviest of the eight upon the meat*—dine on one pound of lean veal, made into a rich *ragoût*, with mushrooms, morels, &c. and *goose fat*—the properties of which I have amply enlarged upon. This may astonish *my country folks*, as I assure them it did me: and, in the expectation that the *moral of it* may impress itself on others as it did on myself, I place it thus forward, as being the first thing that *opened my eye* to the advantages of French cookery. I may farther add, that this entire family was enjoying perfect health; and had never *heard* of many of those disorders which, under the different appellations nervous, bilious, &c., are too prevalent in this country.”

This style is certainly peculiar, for a lady; but we suspect that the authoress of the “Domestic Economy” knows that her *forte* lies particularly in it: for as soon as we get into the common phraseology in which people talk about matters of business, we fail in our English so fatally, as to become unintelligible.

As for example. After complaining that “the poor” will not understand,

* Domestic Economy and Cookery, for Rich and Poor; by a Lady. Longman’s London, 1827.

"That *three* pounds of *one* sort of meat may be had for the same price as *one* of another—"

A proposition which, in justice to "the poor," we declare we think very few of them would be hardy enough to contradict;—and assuring them that

"They may make wholesome beer for themselves, at *one-eighth* of the price which they pay for poisonous porter—"

A statement which we are afraid is perfectly untrue—our "Domestic Economist" proceeds to break out into the following very eloquent—but, to us, perfectly incomprehensible—*tirade*:

"In cookery, *generalization* has certainly been recommended, but very little practised; because that art, though indebted to some *professional men*, as Dr. Hill (Mrs. GLASSE), Dr. Hunter, and Dr. Kitchener—for the three best cookery books we have at present, engages still less than any other the attention of those, whose education renders them best calculated to simplify and improve."

Now, what the word "generalization" means here—unless as far as it is exemplified by making Mrs. Glasse a "professional man"—puzzles us—almost as much as it does to guess what we should understand by the following sentence:

"Not that cookery is in itself any *ways* inferior to many *others*," [other sciences, we presume] "in what they" [those who are "calculated to improve"] pride themselves in excelling; but they neglect it from the very reason that should have induced them to lend their assistance to it—namely, its universal practice; and, in this consideration, I perhaps may be excused when I say, that I *treat more of universals*, than the *few who have restricted that term to themselves*," &c.

Now these "universals" are worse to us than the "generals:"—but we go on.

"It is *worse* than ridiculous to hear the English *boasting* of their charitable and benevolent institutions, and *valuing* themselves on a comparison with the virtuous and unobtrusive frugality of the French, when there is twice as much wasted by their menials as would, if fitly administered, maintain in *honest independence* the wretches whose *name* is a sanction for *drunkenness* in a tavern, or *dissipation* at a masquerade!"

What are these persons—of what class—who have a claim to be "*maintained in honest independence*," and whose "*names*" are a "sanction" for "*drunkenness*" in one place, and "*dissipation*" in another? for we profess ourselves at a loss even to imagine!

The lady then proceeds to ascribe the "manifest decline of cookery," visible in the present age, to "the fall of the Roman Catholic religion;" as the frequency of fasts, meagre days, &c. "forced the people to exert their ingenuity." In which, if there were any force, the science of cookery ought, by all analogy, to have been higher, all over the world, three centuries ago, than it is now;—higher now in Ireland than in England;—higher in Italy than in France;—and highest of all in Spain—where it is as nearly as can be detestable. The following exquisitely probable anecdote is here appended in the shape of a note.

"The monks on the Continent at this moment are reported the best of cooks. I may say that I never saw a better dressed or better served dinner, than one that was begged, cooked, and served, by a mendicant friar. He came to Rome once a week, went his rounds, and brought his gleanings to an abbate who patronized him. The door was then shut, the outer cloak thrown off, and half a dozen bags, plump as their carrier, displayed themselves to the enraptured eyes of the benevolent host. Suffice it to say that, for a dinner of ten dishes, no one ingredient was wanting, not even oil. The receipt for one of them—baked curds—I regret I have lost. I shall refer to the receipts for a quarter of kid, dressed à l'Isaac, which was *truly savoury*. I had an opportunity of witnessing several sights of the kind, being introduced by the friendly abbate, as the *Sorella* —!" &c.

Truly has it been said, that travellers *do see* strange things.—But this story is yet nothing to one which follows. We are now on the fitness and necessity of ladies informing themselves, as to their husbands' affairs.

"If example be required, I will produce that of a lady, of *more* than patrician birth,

and of a mind as elevated as her rank. *Suspecting, from several circumstances, the embarrassed state of her husband's affairs, she went into the steward's office, and, locking the door after her, declared that she would not quit the place till he made her acquainted with her real situation. Her suspicions being more than confirmed, she prevailed on her husband to go and pay some visit, and then immediately dismissed the carriages, horses, servants, hounds—[these last were, of course, sent packing]—and at his return received him with open arms—[open house too, it would appear, for any thing that was left in it]—to a state of peace and comfort,” &c. &c.*

“The creditors, by wisely trusting their honour and discretion, saved their own money, and prevented the ruin of the family—”

This is certainly the true sort of generosity—where a man is a gainer by the charity which he gives away—

“It was, however, a long and painful task of fourteen years: with less labour, the fortune might have been triply earned—”

As Hamlet says of Guildenstern's compliment, “We do not well understand that.”

“Had the lady been a *merchant's daughter*, in all probability the family would have been ruined; for what judgment or feeling can be expected,” &c. &c.

Here is a declaration, for a book printed at the back of Fetter-lane, and published in Paternoster Row!

We leave fried mutton, however, now, for the work of legislation; and various substitutes are suggested, for the ordinary articles of food in consumption, when these last happen to be dear or scarce. Though “servants,” it is truly observed—in shewing the obstinacy with which such discoveries are resisted—“suffer with great difficulty, even trifling reductions.”

“*Snails and frogs*—[we are alluding now to some late time of distress]—might have greatly assisted us at that period.” “I regret this prejudice—[against them]—very much; as in this country, so liable to consumption—[physiologically ‘consumption’]—they might be of great service. I give receipts for preparing them; and should recommend that broths be made of them for consumptive patients; and, if necessary, WITHOUT THEIR KNOWLEDGE.”

We need hardly intreat our consumptive friends to be upon their guard! If any one of them has a pond—or even a suspicious duck-pond—within a mile of his house, let him remove upon the sudden, before he swallows, unwittingly, the produce of it. We trust, moreover, that all consumptive persons—in mere gratitude for the exposure of this iniquitous plot against them—will in future push this Magazine in every direction. N.B. Those who are likely soon to die, can make it a condition in their wills that their heirs shall take it for ever.

“Beech mast, acorns, and horse-chestnuts, by steeping, might be made useful for food.”

This is very true; and it would be no fraud now upon the hogs, for they are fed with barley-meal and potatoes.

“Ass and horse-flesh might be used.”

But this is rather confined, we apprehend, to “times of scarcity.”

“The physician of one of the embassies to China told me, that he had seen children lying upon the sides of tanks, gathering every thing that had life, and putting what they collected into little boxes, to prevent their escape: the produce was put into the rice pot.”

We have observed the same gathering principle exercised in some parts of Europe; but the “produce” was never (within our knowledge) applied exactly to the same purpose.

The “poor,” it appears, have peculiar tastes, which the world in common, we dare say, are not aware of—

“I find that poor people (the women especially) prefer *porter negus* to porter.” And “*gruel* to either!”

But the fact is, that—

“What one-half of the community pays any price for, the other will not eat for pay.”

And then comes another delicious *morceau*, in the shape of an anecdote. The “rice pot” (literary) never picked up a richer bit than this—

“A gentleman, travelling to Scotland, found in Aberdeen the *turbot so cheap*, that he determined to remain some time there; and, wishing his servants to enjoy the luxury with him, he ordered *turbot and lobster sauce* for them all. Some days after the coachman gave up his place, feigning some necessity to return to London. Another—[probably the footman]—appeared, to take his leave. The master asked what was the matter. The servants said, that though their master could live upon fish, they could not. *So he very properly discharged them.*”

Beech mart and horse-flesh, however, are not our only substitutes for beef and mutton—

“Sauces and ketchups are, also, a great saving and comfort to the lower *classes*; particularly to *artisans*, who labour from morning till night,” &c. &c.—“To this *valuable class*, I anxiously wish to give instruction with respect to proper diet. Were they to use soups, and *little ragoûts*, seasoned with *ketchups*, they would be better fed than upon chops and porter.”

A similar hint is before conveyed, in page 13, that the “poor” might make their own “*soy*.” But we wonder that our Domestic Economist should have omitted to recommend *turtle* to their consideration! It is true that, not having been accustomed to it, indeed, they might not like it at first; but, with a couple of glasses of iced punch between every other mouthful, they would soon be able to get it down; and it would be—if they *could* be brought to it—a most palatable and nutritious food.

Any little change, indeed, of this kind, we have no doubt would soon become the more grateful and agreeable to “the poor;” because, certain it is—even to an extent we protest we know nothing of—that they are monstrously ill-treated under the existing regime.

“It is a notorious fact, that the poor pay much more than the rich. As to tea, which is one of their greatest comforts, if a poor woman goes to buy it, she *approaches the counter as if it were for charity*, and receives for her money the most *abominable trash*. When the poor go to market, they are absolutely *blackguarded* into buying; and, though they are forced to pay much more than the middling classes, they receive, as if it were a charitable contribution, *the meat that is absolutely thrown at them!* In their *coals*, they are in the same manner *brow-beaten* and cheated. What wonder is it that they are *degraded below savages and slaves!*”

We ought almost to apologize to our readers; but there is such an obvious veracity about the *anecdotes* in this book, that we absolutely must have one more of them—

“For the honour of humanity, I am glad to have found some noble actions of *servants*. One instance I shall relate, of a servant who was cook in the family of an officer, the son of a nobleman, who went to a *very particular friend* of her mistress’s, and, after exacting the *strictest secrecy*, told her that her mistress was in the utmost want; that she pretended, before her husband, that she could make *every thing meet*, but that it was impossible; that she would *order dinner* before him, but, upon getting him to *go out*, she would countermand it, saying that she was *too ill* to eat,—‘and shall I, madam,’ continued the faithful creature, ‘see her living upon *gruel*, and we, her servants, taking our *tea and hot dinners*, and not dare to speak of it to any one!’ By the conduct of this faithful servant, the poor mistress was *preserved a little longer*, though *she certainly fell a sacrifice in the end!*”

The sufferings of those persons who have ten thousand pounds a year are indeed great; but we had not imagined their state had been so desperate, as that any of them absolutely died of hunger. We live, however—as the proverb says—to learn; and we have no doubt that our readers, as well as ourselves, will have learned a good many things from the “Domestic Economist,” which they had never learned before.

It is impossible for us, as we observed in the beginning, to go at length into

such a book as this. And with the "cookery" recipes we have not troubled ourselves: for *two* reasons—first, because it would be too tedious to make proof, by actual experiment, of their quality; and next, because nothing can be more simple or easy, from the vast number of cookery books already in print, than for any person to extract a sufficient number of *unobjectionable* ones. But a new book, which depends upon competition, fortunately (and fairly) for publications which have already acquired standing, becomes subjected to this test—either it has *some* novelty—some original matter—contained in its Instructions, or it has not. Now, if there is *any* novelty in the book before us, the extracts which we have already given may seem to shew of what character, or value, that novelty is likely to be. If there be *no* novelty in it—nothing more than has appeared in other works—then, upon what merit—as a mere compilation (disfigured with a great deal of nonsense)—is it presented to the public? Our opinion is, that the book—good or bad—has not been written by a female.

SONG OF A SEA-FAIRY TO A LAND-FAIRY.

COME unto our coral caves,
 Where winds ne'er blow,
 But the smoothly-stealing waves
 Like soft songs flow!
 We have many a pearly shell,
 Where you may enhoused dwell
 Safe as in the perfumed chamber
 Of the lily or red rose,
 And be fair and sweet as those:—
 We have paths, too, paved with amber,
 And your tiny feet may tread
 On golden sands unto your bed,
 Or on thickly-sprinkled pearls,
 White as are the teeth of girls
 In their tender virginhood.
 We have grots of shining spar,
 Light as lit with moon and star,—
 Vast of arch and high of dome,
 Where the Triton-people come
 To disport them, in still seas;
 With such pastimes as most please
 Creatures made for happy ease.

Come—by this they have begun;
 For the wan, way-wearied sun,
 Turns the beauty of his smile
 From the green hem of your isle!
 Faster than his smile doth fade
 Comes black Night, with cloud and shade,
 To dusk the western world, whilst he
 Upon the silent, shining sea,
 Wafted in the sea-horsed car
 Of the great Jove of the deep
 (Sedge-haired Neptune), still doth run,
 With swift wheels, along the steep
 Declining waters, to the far
 Unseen chamber of his rest,
 In the day-delighting east—
 There to pause, until the call
 Of Hesper, coming from the hall

Of the young, impatient Day,
 Bid him take his wonted way
 Through that bright arch, which doth span
 Wider than the eye of man
 Can o'ermeasure, though it strain
 Over earth and over main.

Come—ere yet his westering wheels
 Dip in the gold-sprinkled sea,

And dusk Night, like Comus, reels
 From his lewd lair, lustfully !—

We have fields of emerald-green

(Such as are by seamen seen

When they plunge into the sea,

In some sick-brained fantasy,

Dreaming their home-fields they see),

Wherein many an unknown flower

Blooms, and feels no seasons's power,

But are ever sweet and fair,

Though the sun shines never there,

But only the pale-lidèd moon

(Coming forth to hear the tune

Of nightingale, by waters near

Warbling to the dull Night's ear)

Blesses them with milder beams,

As devote to her deep streams !—

There you may those flowers behold,

Which *our* spring has dropt with gold ;

Others shining, night and day,

With a silvery, star-like ray,

Making every step you tread

Bright, and soft, and essenced :—

Daisies white, like water-stars,

Beaming brighter than the spars

That, when Neptune is a-bed,

Light his sea-cave overhead :

Lilies, white as thy cool hand ;

Violets, sweet as those on land,

And as delicately blue

As the fair veins running through

Thy white brow, that whitest wonder

Fields among whose verdant weed

Harmless creatures sport and feed,

Gliding wave and billow under ;

Where, indeed, no monstrous thing,—

Dolphins, rudely gambolling ;

Rough sea-lions, roaring thunder ;

Slimy serpent, and sleek seal ;

Savage sea-wolf, sinuous eel ;

Crocodiles, which covert keep,

Dealing death when feigning sleep ;

Water-throwing whales, that make

Ocean vibrate like a lake ;

Crafty sharks, that slyly steal

To snatch their savage, sudden meal ;

Wild sea-horses, spurning strong

The sands, as fierce they scour along,

Till the frothing waters foam ;—

None of these will, wanton, come

In the pearly paths which lead
 To your coral cell, or tread
 Where your feet will ever stray,
 To affright you, night or day !
 Nothing noxious there will move,
 Only such things you may love :—
 Timid mermaids, p'rhaps, may there
 Comb the pearls from their sleek hair,
 And, remote from rude alarms,
 Nicely dress their modest charms :—
 These are Ocean's gentlest daughters,
 And disturb not its still waters—
 Waters clear, of cleanly tide,
 Through whose depths may be descried
 All the stars which course the sky,
 All that stand there fixedly ;
 All that under water moves—
 Sluggish shells, and finny droves ;
 Every harmless thing that there
 May please, but not affright my Fair !

Come, sweet Fay, and follow me
 To the deepest-sanded sea,
 Where you may by day conceal
 Charms you would not all-reveal,—
 Safe among the finned droves,
 As among a flight of doves
 (Such as Venus, with much pains,
 More by love than luring, trains
 To teach her Loves their winged way
 From the groves of Paphia) ;
 And when Night grows dark again,
 And the Fairies' moon doth reign,
 And the dark Hours' lonely bird
 Over land and sea is heard,
 Creep from chamber of your house,
 Until morning to carouse
 In the camp of Oberon,
 Till his nightly sports be done,
 And the first voice of the day
 Bid us to our homes away !

Come—and ask no more persuading !
 Every fay and fairy maiden
 Have by this their court begun—
 Now the wan and weary sun
 Bathes his brow in the fresh sea,
 Sinking there, and so must we :—
 See the light-sailed Nautilus
 Waits to be a barque for us ;
 And the fays and fairies slim,
 From their halls and sea-shells hollow,
 Call us with their choral hymn,
 And a gentle whoop and halloo,
 Crying, "Follow, fairies, follow !" "

ON THE WANT OF MONEY.

It is hard to be without money. To get on without it is like travelling in a foreign country without a passport—you are stopped, suspected, and made ridiculous at every turn, besides being subjected to the most serious inconveniences. The want of money I here allude to is not altogether that which arises from absolute poverty—for where there is a downright absence of the common necessities of life, this must be remedied by incessant hard labour, and the least we can receive in return is a supply of our daily wants—but that uncertain, casual, precarious mode of existence, in which the temptation to spend remains after the means are exhausted, the want of money joined with the hope and possibility of getting it, the intermediate state of difficulty and suspense between the last guinea or shilling and the next that we may have the good luck to encounter. This gap, this unwelcome interval constantly recurring, however shabbily got over, is really full of many anxieties, misgivings, mortifications, meannesses, and deplorable embarrassments of every description. I may attempt (this essay is not a fanciful speculation) to enlarge upon a few of them.

It is hard to go without one's dinner through sheer distress, but harder still to go without one's breakfast. Upon the strength of that first and aboriginal meal, one may muster courage to face the difficulties before one, and to dare the worst: but to be roused out of one's warm bed, and perhaps a profound oblivion of care, with golden dreams (for poverty does not prevent golden dreams), and told there is nothing for breakfast, is cold comfort for which one's half-strung nerves are not prepared, and throws a damp upon the prospects of the day. It is a bad beginning. A man without a breakfast is a poor creature, unfit to go in search of one, to meet the frown of the world, or to borrow a shilling of a friend. He may beg at the corner of a street—nothing is too mean for the tone of his feelings—robbing on the highway is out of the question, as requiring too much courage, and some opinion of a man's self. It is, indeed, as old Fuller, or some worthy of that age, expresses it, "the heaviest stone which melancholy can throw at a man," to learn, the first thing after he rises in the morning, or even to be dunned with it in bed, that there is no loaf, tea, or butter in the house, and that the baker, the grocer, and buttermilk man have refused to give any farther credit. This is taking one sadly at a disadvantage. It is striking at one's spirit and resolution in their very source,—the stomach—it is attacking one on the side of hunger and mortification at once; it is casting one into the very mire of humility and Slough of Despond. The worst is, to know what face to put upon the matter, what excuse to make to the servants, what answer to send to the tradespeople; whether to laugh it off, or be grave, or angry, or indifferent; in short, to know how to parry off an evil which you cannot help. What a luxury, what a God's-send in such a dilemma, to find a half-crown which had slipped through a hole in the lining of your waistcoat, a crumpled bank-note in your breeches-pocket, or a guinea clinking in the bottom of your trunk, which had been thoughtlessly left there out of a former heap! Vain hope! Unfounded illusion! The experienced in such matters know better, and laugh in their sleeves at so improbable a suggestion. Not a corner, not a cranny, not a pocket,

not a drawer has been left unrummaged, or has not been subjected over and over again to more than the strictness of a custom-house scrutiny. Not the slightest rustle of a piece of bank-paper, not the gentlest pressure of a piece of hard metal, but would have given notice of its hiding-place with electrical rapidity, long before, in such circumstances. All the variety of pecuniary resources, which form a legal tender on the current coin of the realm, are assuredly drained, exhausted to the last farthing before this time. But is there nothing in the house that one can turn to account? Is there not an old family-watch, or piece of plate, or a ring, or some worthless trinket that one could part with? nothing belonging to one's-self or a friend, that one could raise the wind upon, till something better turns up? At this moment an old-clothes man passes, and his deep, harsh tones sound like an intended insult on one's distress, and banish the thought of applying for his assistance, as one's eye glanced furtively at an old hat or a great coat, hung up behind a closet-door. Humiliating contemplations! Miserable uncertainty! One hesitates, and the opportunity is gone by; for without one's breakfast, one has not the resolution to do any thing!—The late Mr. Sheridan was often reduced to this unpleasant predicament. Possibly he had little appetite for breakfast himself; but the servants complained bitterly on this head, and said that Mrs. Sheridan was sometimes kept waiting for a couple of hours, while they had to hunt through the neighbourhood, and beat up for coffee, eggs, and French rolls. The same perplexity in this instance appears to have extended to the providing for the dinner; for so sharp-set were they, that to cut short a debate with a butcher's apprentice about leaving a leg of mutton without the money, the cook clapped it into the pot: the butcher's boy, probably used to such encounters, with equal coolness took it out again, and marched off with it in his tray in triumph. It required a man to be the author of *THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL*, to run the gauntlet of such disagreeable occurrences every hour of the day. There was one comfort, however, that poor Sheridan had: he did not foresee that Mr. Moore would write his *Life*!*

* Taylor, of the Opera-House, used to say of Sheridan, that he could not pull off his hat to him in the street without its costing him fifty pounds; and if he stopped to speak to him, it was a hundred. No one could be a stronger instance than he was of what is called *living from hand to mouth*. He was always in want of money, though he received vast sums which he must have disbursed; and yet nobody can tell what became of them, for he paid nobody. He spent his wife's fortune (sixteen hundred pounds) in a six weeks' jaunt to Bath, and returned to town as poor as a rat. Whenever he and his son were invited out into the country, they always went in two post-chaises and four; he in one, and his son Tom following in another. This is the secret of those who live in a round of extravagance, and are at the same time always in debt and difficulty—they throw away all the ready money they get upon any new-fangled whim or project that comes in their way, and never think of paying off old scores, which of course accumulate to a dreadful amount. "Such gain the cap of him who makes them fine, yet keeps his book uncrossed." Sheridan once wanted to take Mrs. Sheridan a very handsome dress down into the country, and went to Barber and Nunn's to order it, saying he must have it by such a day, but promising they should have ready money. Mrs. Barber (I think it was) made answer that the time was short, but that ready money was a very charming thing, and that he should have it. Accordingly, at the time appointed she brought the dress, which came to five-and-twenty pounds, and it was sent in to Mr. Sheridan: who sent out a Mr. Grimm (one of his jackalls) to say he admired it exceedingly, and that he was sure Mrs. Sheridan would be delighted with it, but he was sorry to have nothing under a hundred pound bank-note in the

The going without a dinner is another of the miseries of wanting money, though one can bear up against this calamity better than the former, which really "blights the tender blossom and promise of the day." With one good meal, one may hold a parley with hunger and moralize upon temperance. One has time to turn one's-self and look about one—to "screw one's courage to the sticking-place," to graduate

house. She said she had come provided for such an accident, and could give change for a hundred, two hundred, or five hundred pound note, if it were necessary. Grimm then went back to his principal for farther instructions: who made an excuse that he had no stamped receipt by him. For this, Mrs. B. said, she was also provided; she had brought one in her pocket. At each message, she could hear them laughing heartily in the next room at the idea of having met with their match for once; and presently after, Sheridan came out in high good-humour, and paid her the amount of her bill, in ten, five, and one pounds. Once when a creditor brought him a bill for payment, which had often been presented before, and the man complained of its soiled and tattered state, and said he was quite ashamed to see it, "I'll tell you what I'd advise you to do with it, my friend," said Sheridan, "take it home, and write it upon parchment!" He once mounted a horse which a horse-dealer was shewing off near a coffee-house at the bottom of St. James's-street, rode it to Tattersall's, and sold it, and walked quietly back to the spot from which he set out. The owner was furious, swore he would be the death of him; and, in a quarter of an hour afterwards they were seen sitting together over a bottle of wine in the coffee-house, the horse-jockey with the tears running down his face at Sheridan's jokes, and almost ready to hug him as an honest fellow. Sheridan's house and lobby were beset with duns every morning, who were told that Mr. Sheridan was not yet up, and shewn into the several rooms on each side of the entrance. As soon as he had breakfasted, he asked, "Are those doors all shut, John?" and, being assured they were, marched out very deliberately between them, to the astonishment of his self-invited guests, who soon found the bird was flown. I have heard one of his old City friends declare, that such was the effect of his frank, cordial manner, and insinuating eloquence, that he was always afraid to go to ask him for a debt of long standing, lest he should borrow twice as much. A play had been put off one night, or a favourite actor did not appear, and the audience demanded to have their money back again: but when they came to the door, they were told by the check-takers there was none for them, for that Mr. Sheridan had been in the mean time, and had carried off all the money in the till. He used often to get the old cobbler who kept a stall under the ruins of Drury Lane to broil a beef-steak for him, and take their dinner together. On the night that Drury Lane was burnt down, Sheridan was in the House of Commons, making a speech, though he could hardly stand without leaning his hands on the table, and it was with some difficulty he was forced away, urging the plea, "What signified the concerns of a private individual, compared to the good of the state?" When he got to Covent-Garden, he went into the Piazza Coffee-house, to steady himself with another bottle, and then strolled out to the end of the Piazza to look at the progress of the fire. Here he was accosted by Charles Kemble and Fawcett, who complimented him on the calmness with which he seemed to regard so great a loss. He declined this praise, and said—"Gentlemen, there are but three things in human life that in my opinion ought to disturb a wise man's patience. The first of these is bodily pain, and that (whatever the ancient stoics may have said to the contrary) is too much for any man to bear without finching: this I have felt severely, and I know it to be the case. The second is the loss of a friend whom you have dearly loved; that, gentlemen, is a great evil: this I have also felt, and I know it to be too much for any man's fortitude. And the third is the consciousness of having done an unjust action. That, gentlemen, is a great evil, a very great evil, too much for any man to endure the reflection of; but that" (laying his hand upon his heart,) "but that, thank God, I have never felt!" I have been told that these were nearly the very words, except that he appealed to the *mens conscia recti* very emphatically three or four times over, by an excellent authority, Mr. Mathews the player, who was on the spot at the time, a gentleman whom the public admire deservedly, but with whose real talents and nice discrimination of character his friends only are acquainted. Sheridan's reply to the watchman who had picked him up in the street, and who wanted to know who he was, "I am Mr. Wilberforce!"—is well known, and shews that, however frequently he might be at a loss for money, he never wanted wit!

the scale of disappointment, and stave off appetite till supper-time. You gain time, and time in this weather-cock world is every thing. You may dine at two, or at six, or seven—as most convenient. You may in the mean while receive an invitation to dinner, or some one (not knowing how you are circumstanced) may send you a present of a haunch of venison or a brace of pheasants from the country, or a distant relation may die and leave you a legacy, or a patron may call and overwhelm you with his smiles and bounty,

“As kind as kings upon their coronation-day;”

or there is no saying what may happen. One may wait for dinner—breakfast admits of no delay, of no interval interposed between that and our first waking thoughts.* Besides, there are shifts and devices, shabby and mortifying enough, but still available in case of need. How many expedients are there in this great city (London), time out of mind and times without number, resorted to by the dilapidated and thrifty speculator, to get through this grand difficulty without utter failure! One may dive into a cellar, and dine on boiled beef and carrots for temperance, with the knives and forks chained to the table, and jostled by greasy elbows that seem to make such a precaution not unnecessary (hunger is proof against indignity!)—or one may contrive to part with a superfluous article of wearing apparel, and carry home a mutton-chop and cook it in a garret; or one may drop in at a friend's at the dinner-hour, and be asked to stay or not; or one may walk out and take a turn in the Park, about the time, and return home to tea, so as at least to avoid the sting of the evil—the appearance of not having dined. You then have the laugh on your side, having deceived the gossips, and can submit to the want a sumptuous repast without murmuring, having saved your pride, and made a virtue of necessity. I say all this may be done by a man without a family (for what business has a man without money with one?—See *English Malthus and Scotch Macculloch*)—and it is only my intention here to bring forward such instances of the want of money as are tolerable both in theory and practice. I once lived on coffee (as an experiment) for a fortnight together, while I was finishing the copy of a half-length portrait of a Manchester manufacturer, who had died worth a plum. I rather slurred over the coat, which was a reddish brown, “of formal cut,” to receive my five guineas, with which I went to market myself, and dined on sausages and mashed potatoes, and while they were getting ready, and I could hear them hissing in the pan, read a volume of *Gil Blas*, containing the account of the fair Aurora. This was in the days of my youth. Gentle reader, do not smile! Neither Monsieur de Very, nor Louis XVIII., over an oyster-pâté, nor Apicius himself, ever understood the meaning of the word *luxury*, better than I did at that moment! If the want of money has its drawbacks and disadvantages, it is not without its contrasts and counterbalancing effects, for which I fear nothing else can make us amends. Amelia's *hashed mutton* is immortal; and there is something amusing, though carried to excess and caricature (which is very unusual with the author) in the contrivances of old Caleb, in “*The Bride of Lammermuir*,” for raising the wind at breakfast, dinner, and supper-time. I recollect a ludicrous instance of a disappointment in a dinner which happened to a

* In Scotland, it seems, the draught of ale or whiskey with which you commence the day, is emphatically called “taking your morning.”

person of my acquaintance some years ago. He was not only poor but a very poor creature, as will be imagined. His wife had laid by fourpence (their whole remaining stock) to pay for the baking of a shoulder of mutton and potatoes, which they had in the house, and on her return home from some errand, she found he had expended it in purchasing a new string for a guitar. On this occasion a witty friend quoted the lines from Milton :

“ And ever against *eating* cares,
Wrap me in soft Lydian airs !”

DEFOE, in his *Life of Colonel Jack*, gives a striking picture of his young beggarly hero sitting with his companion for the first time in his life at a three-penny ordinary, and the delight with which he relished the hot smoking soup, and the airs with which he called about him—“ and every time,” he says, “ we called for bread, or beer, or whatever it might be, the waiter answered, ‘ coming, gentlemen, coming ;’ and this delighted me more than all the rest !” It was about this time, as the same pithy author expresses it, “ the Colonel took upon him to wear a shirt !” Nothing can be finer than the whole of the feeling conveyed in the commencement of this novel, about wealth and finery from the immediate contrast of privation and poverty. One would think it a labour, like the Tower of Babel, to build up a beau and a fine gentleman about town. The little vagabond’s admiration of the old man at the banking-house, who sits surrounded by heaps of gold as if it were a dream or poetic vision, and his own eager anxious visits, day by day, to the hoard he had deposited in the hollow tree, are in the very foremost style of truth and nature. See the same intense feeling expressed in Luke’s address to his riches in the *City Madam*, and in the extraordinary raptures of the “ Spanish Rogue” in contemplating and hugging his ingots of pure gold and Spanish pieces of eight : to which Mr. Lamb has referred in excuse for the rhapsodies of some of our elder poets on this subject, which to our present more refined and tamer apprehensions sound like blasphemy.* In earlier times, before the diffusion of luxury, of knowledge, and other sources of enjoyment had become common, and acted as a diversion to the cravings of avarice, the passionate admiration, the idolatry, the hunger and thirst of wealth and all its precious symbols, was a kind of madness or hallucination, and Mammon was truly worshipped as a god !

It is among the miseries of the want of money, not to be able to pay your reckoning at an inn—or, if you have just enough to do that, to have nothing left for the waiter ;—to be stopped at a turnpike gate, and forced to turn back ;—not to venture to call a hackney-coach in a shower of rain—(when you have only one shilling left yourself, it is a *bore* to have it taken out of your pocket by a friend, who comes into your house eating peaches in a hot summer’s-day, and desiring you to pay for the coach in which he visits you) ;—not to be able to purchase a lottery-ticket, by which you might make your fortune, and get out of all your difficulties ;—or to find a letter lying for you at a country post-office, and not to have money in your pocket to free it, and be obliged to return for it the next day. The letter so unseasonably withheld may be supposed to contain money, and in this case there is a foretaste, a sort of actual possession

* Shylock’s lamentation over the loss of “ his daughter and his ducats,” is another case in point.

taken through the thin folds of the paper and the wax, which in some measure indemnifies us for the delay: the bank-note, the post-bill seems to smile upon us, and shake hands through its prison bars;—or it may be a love-letter, and then the tantalization is at its height: to be deprived in this manner of the only consolation that can make us amends for the want of money, by this very want—to fancy you can see the name—to try to get a peep at the hand-writing—to touch the seal, and yet not dare to break it open—is provoking indeed—the climax of amorous and gentlemanly distress. Players are sometimes reduced to great extremity, by the seizure of their scenes and dresses, or (what is called) *the property of the theatre*, which hinders them from acting; as authors are prevented from finishing a work, for want of money to buy the books necessary to be consulted on some material point or circumstance, in the progress of it. There is a set of poor devils, who live upon a printed *prospectus* of a work that never will be written, for which they solicit your name and half-a-crown. Decayed actresses take an annual benefit at one of the theatres; there are patriots who live upon periodical subscriptions, and critics who go about the country lecturing on poetry. I confess I envy none of these; but there are persons who, provided they can live, care not how they live—who are fond of display, even when it implies exposure; who court notoriety under every shape, and embrace the public with demonstrations of wantonness. There are genteel beggars, who send up a well-penned epistle requesting the loan of a shilling. Your snug bachelors and retired old-maids pretend they can distinguish the knock of one of these at their door. I scarce know which I dislike the most—the patronage that affects to bring premature genius into notice, or that extends its piecemeal, formal charity towards it in its decline. I hate your Literary Funds, and Funds for Decayed Artists—they are corporations for the encouragement of meanness, pretence, and insolence. Of all people, I cannot tell how it is, but players appear to me the best able to do without money. They are a privileged class. If not exempt from the common calls of necessity and business, they are enabled “by their so potent art” to soar above them. As they make imaginary ills their own, real ones become imaginary, sit light upon them, and are thrown off with comparatively little trouble. Their life is theatrical—its various accidents are the shifting scenes of a play—rags and finery, tears and laughter, a mock-dinner or a real one, a crown of jewels or of straw, are to them nearly the same. I am sorry I cannot carry on this reasoning to actors who are past their prime. The gilding of their profession, is then worn off, and shews the false metal beneath; vanity and hope (the props of their existence) have had their day; their former gaiety and carelessness serve as a foil to their present discouragements; and want and infirmities press upon them at once. “We know what we are,” as Ophelia says, “but we know not what we shall be.” A workhouse seems the last resort of poverty and distress—a *parish-pauper* is another name for all that is mean and to be deprecated in human existence. But that name is but an abstraction, an average term—“within that lowest deep, a lower deep may open to receive us.” I heard not long ago of a poor man, who had been for many years a respectable tradesman in London, and who was compelled to take shelter in one of those receptacles of age and wretchedness, and who said he could be contented with it—he had his regular meals, a nook in the chimney, and a coat to his back—but he was forced to lie three in a bed,

and one of the three was out of his mind and crazy, and his great delight was, when the others fell asleep, to tweak their noses, and flourish his night-cap over their heads, so that they were obliged to lie awake, and hold him down between them. One should be quite mad to bear this. To what a point of insignificance may not human life dwindle ! To what fine, agonizing threads will it not cling ! Yet this man had been a lover in his youth, in a humble way, and still begins his letters to an old-maid (his former flame), who sometimes comforts him by listening to his complaints, and treating him to a dish of weak tea, "MY DEAR MISS NANCY !"

Another of the greatest miseries of a want of money, is the tap of a dun at your door, or the previous silence when you expect it—the uneasy sense of shame at the approach of your tormentor ; the wish to meet, and yet to shun the encounter ; the disposition to bully ; the fear of irritating ; the real and the sham excuses ; the submission to impertinence ; the assurances of a speedy supply ; the disingenuousness you practise on him and on yourself ; the degradation in the eyes of others and your own. Oh ! it is wretched to have to confront a just and oft-repeated demand, and to be without the means to satisfy it ; to deceive the confidence that has been placed in you ; to forfeit your credit ; to be placed at the power of another, to be indebted to his lenity ; to stand convicted of having played the knave or the fool ; and to have no way left to escape contempt, but by incurring pity. The suddenly meeting a creditor on turning the corner of a street, whom you have been trying to avoid for months, and had persuaded you were several hundred miles off, discomposes the features and shatters the nerves for some time. It is also a serious annoyance to be unable to repay a loan to a friend, who is in want of it—nor is it very pleasant to be so hard-run, as to be induced to request the repayment. It is difficult to decide the preference between debts of honour and legal demands ; both are bad enough, and almost a fair excuse for driving any one into the hands of money-lenders—to whom an application, if successful, is accompanied with a sense of being in the vulture's gripe—a reflection akin to that of those who formerly sold themselves to the devil—or, if unsuccessful, is rendered doubly galling by the smooth, civil leer of cool contempt with which you are dismissed, as if they had escaped from your clutches—not you from their's. If any thing can be added to the mortification and distress arising from straitened circumstances, it is when vanity comes in to barb the dart of poverty—when you have a picture on which you had calculated, rejected from an Exhibition, or a manuscript returned on your hands, or a tragedy damned, at the very instant when your cash and credit are at the lowest ebb. This forlorn and helpless feeling has reached its *acmé* in the prison-scene in Hogarth's *RAKE'S PROGRESS*, where his unfortunate hero has just dropped the Manager's letter from his hands, with the laconic answer written in it :—"Your play has been read, and won't do."* To feel poverty is bad ; but to feel it with the additional sense of our incapacity to shake it off, and that we have not merit enough to retrieve our circumstances—and, instead of being held up to admiration, are exposed to persecution and insult—is the last stage of human infirmity. My friend, Mr. Leigh Hunt (no one is better qualified than he to judge)

* It is provoking enough, and makes one look like a fool, to receive a printed notice of a blank in the last lottery, with a postscript hoping for your future favours.

thinks, that the most pathetic story in the world is that of Smollett's fine gentleman and lady in goal, who have been roughly handled by the mob for some paltry attempt at raising the wind, and she exclaims in extenuation of the pitiful figure he cuts, "Ah! he was a fine fellow once!"

It is justly remarked by the poet, that poverty has no greater inconvenience attached to it than that of making men ridiculous. It not only has this disadvantage with respect to ourselves, but it often shews us others in a very contemptible point of view. People are not soured by misfortune, but by the reception they meet with in it. When we do not want assistance, every one is ready to obtrude it on us, as if it were advice. If we do, they shun us instantly. They anticipate the increased demand on their sympathy or bounty, and escape from it as from a falling-house. It is a mistake, however, that we court the society of the rich and prosperous, merely with a view to what we can get from them. We do so, because there is something in external rank and splendour that gratifies and imposes on the imagination; just as we prefer the company of those who are in good health and spirits to that of the sickly and hypochondriacal, or as we would rather converse with a beautiful woman than with an ugly one. I never knew but one man who would lend his money freely and fearlessly in spite of circumstances (if you were likely to pay him, he grew peevish, and would pick a quarrel with you). I can only account for this from a certain sanguine buoyancy and magnificence of spirit, not deterred by distant consequences, or damped by untoward appearances. I have been told by those, who shared of the same bounty, that it was not owing to generosity, but ostentation—if so, he kept his ostentation a secret from me, for I never received a hint or a look from which I could infer that I was not the lender, and he the person obliged. Neither was I expected to keep in the back-ground or play an under-part. On the contrary, I was encouraged to do my best; my dormant faculties roused, the ease of my circumstances was on condition of the freedom and independence of my mind, my lucky hits were applauded, and I was paid to shine. I am not ashamed of such patronage as this, nor do I regret any circumstance relating to it but its termination. People endure existence even in Paris: the rows of chairs on the Boulevards are gay with smiles and dress: the saloons, they say, are brilliant; at the theatre there is Mademoiselle Mars—what is all this to me? After a certain period, we live only in the past. Give me back one single evening at Boxhill, after a stroll in the deep-empurpled woods, before Buonaparte was yet beaten, "with wine of attic taste," when wit, beauty, friendship presided at the board! Oh no! Neither the time nor friends that are fled, can be recalled!—Poverty is the test of sincerity, the touchstone of civility. Even abroad, they treat you scurvily if your remittances do not arrive regularly, and though you have hitherto lived like a *Milord Anglais*. The want of money loses us friends not worth the keeping, mistresses who are naturally jilts or coquets; it cuts us out of society, to which dress and equipage are the only introduction; and deprives us of a number of luxuries and advantages of which the only good is, that they can only belong to the possessors of a large fortune. Many people are wretched because they have not money to buy a fine horse, or to hire a fine house, or to keep a carriage, or to purchase a diamond necklace, or to go to a race-ball, or to give their servants new liveries. I cannot myself enter into all this.

If I can *live to think, and think to live*, I am satisfied. Some want to possess pictures, others to collect libraries. All I wish is, sometimes, to see the one and read the other. Gray was mortified because he had not a hundred pounds to bid for a curious library; and the Duchess of ——— has immortalized herself by her liberality on that occasion, and by the handsome compliment she addressed to the poet, that “if it afforded him any satisfaction, she had been more than paid, by her pleasure in reading the *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*.”

Literally and truly, one cannot get on well in the world without money. To be in want of money, is to pass through life with little credit or pleasure; it is to live out of the world, or to be despised if you come into it; it is not to be sent for to court, or asked out to dinner, or noticed in the street; it is not to have your opinion consulted or else rejected with contempt, to have your acquirements carped at and doubted, your good things disparaged, and at last to lose the wit and the spirit to say them; it is to be scrutinized by strangers, and neglected by friends; it is to be a thrall to circumstances, an exile in a foreign land; to forego leisure, freedom, ease of body and mind, to be dependent on the good-will and caprice of others, or earn a precarious and irksome livelihood by some laborious employment: it is to be compelled to stand behind a counter, or to sit at a desk in some public office, or to marry your landlady, or not the person you would wish; or to go out to the East or West-Indies, or to get a situation as judge abroad, and return home with a liver-complaint; or to be a law-stationer, or a scrivener or scavenger, or newspaper reporter; or to read law and sit in court without a brief, or be deprived of the use of your fingers by transcribing Greek manuscripts, or to be a seal engraver and pore yourself blind; or to go upon the stage, or try some of the Fine Arts; with all your pains, anxiety, and hopes, most probably to fail, or, if you succeed, after the exertions of years, and undergoing constant distress of mind and fortune, to be assailed on every side with envy, back-biting, and falsehood, or to be a favourite with the public for awhile, and then thrown into the back-ground—or a jail, by the fickleness of taste and some new favourite; to be full of enthusiasm and extravagance in youth, of chagrin and disappointment in after-life; to be jostled by the rabble because you do not ride in your coach, or avoided by those who know your worth and shrink from it as a claim on their respect or their purse; to be a burden to your relations, or unable to do any thing for them; to be ashamed to venture into crowds; to have cold comfort at home; to lose by degrees your confidence and any talent you might possess; to grow crabbed, morose, and querulous, dissatisfied with every one, but most so with yourself; and plagued out of your life, to look about for a place to die in, and quit the world without any one's asking after your will. The *wiseacres* will possibly, however, crowd round your coffin, and raise a monument at a considerable expense, and after a lapse of time, to commemorate your genius and your misfortunes!

The only reason why I am disposed to envy the professions of the church or army is, that men can afford to be poor in them without being subjected to insult. A girl with a handsome fortune in a country town may marry a poor lieutenant without degrading herself. An officer is always a gentleman; a clergyman is something more. Echard's book *On the Contempt of the Clergy* is unfounded. It is surely sufficient for any set of individuals, raised above actual want, that their characters

are not merely respectable, but sacred. Poverty, when it is voluntary, is never despicable, but takes an heroic aspect. What are the begging friars? Have they not put their base feet upon the necks of princes? Money as a luxury is valuable only as a passport to respect. It is one instrument of power. Where there are other admitted and ostensible claims to this, it becomes superfluous, and the neglect of it is even admired and looked up to as a mark of superiority over it. Even a strolling beggar is a popular character, who makes an open profession of his craft and calling, and who is neither worth a doit nor in want of one. The Scotch are proverbially poor and proud: we know they can remedy their poverty when they set about it. No one is sorry for them. The French emigrants were formerly peculiarly situated in England. The priests were obnoxious to the common people on account of their religion; both they and the nobles, for their politics. Their poverty and dirt subjected them to many rebuffs; but their privations being voluntarily incurred, and also borne with the characteristic patience and good-humour of the nation, screened them from contempt. I little thought, when I used to meet them walking out in the summer's-evenings at Somers' Town, in their long great-coats, their beards covered with snuff, and their eyes gleaming with mingled hope and regret in the rays of the setting sun, and regarded them with pity bordering on respect, as the last filmy vestige of the ancient regime, as shadows of loyalty and superstition still flitting about the earth and shortly to disappear from it for ever, that they would one day return over the bleeding corpse of their country, and sit like harpies, a polluted triumph, over the tomb of human liberty! To be a lord, a papist, and poor, is perhaps to some temperaments a consummation devoutly to be wished. There is all the subdued splendour of external rank, the pride of self-opinion, irritated and goaded on by petty privations and vulgar obloquy to a degree of morbid acuteness. Private and public annoyances must perpetually remind him of what he is, of what his ancestors were (a circumstance which might otherwise be forgotten); must narrow the circle of conscious dignity more and more, and the sense of personal worth and pretension must be exalted by habit and contrast into a refined abstraction—"pure in the last recesses of the mind"—unmixed with, or unalloyed by "baser matter!"—It was an hypothesis of the late Mr. Thomas Wedgewood, that there is a principle of compensation in the human mind which equalizes all situations, and by which the absence of any thing only gives us a more intense and intimate perception of the reality; that insult adds to pride, that pain looks forward to ease with delight, that hunger already enjoys the unsavoury morsel that is to save it from perishing; that want is surrounded with imaginary riches, like the poor poet in Hogarth, who has a map of the mines of Peru hanging on his garret walls; in short, that "we can hold a fire in our hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus"—but this hypothesis, though ingenious and to a certain point true, is to be admitted only in a limited and qualified sense.

There are two classes of people that I have observed who are not so distinct as might be imagined—those who cannot keep their own money in their hands, and those who cannot keep their hands from other people's. The first are always in want of money, though they do not know what they do with it. They *muddle* it away, without method or

object, and without having any thing to shew for it. They have not, for instance, a fine house, but they hire two houses at a time; they have not a hot-house in their garden, but a shrubbery within doors; they do not gamble, but they purchase a library, and dispose of it when they move house. A princely benefactor provides them with lodgings, where, for a time, you are sure to find them at home: and they furnish them in a handsome style for those who are to come after them. With all this sieve-like economy, they can only afford a leg of mutton and a bottle of wine, and are glad to get a lift in a common stage; whereas with a little management and the same disbursements, they might entertain a round of company and drive a smart tilbury. But they set no value upon money, and throw it away on any object or in any manner that first presents itself, merely to have it off their hands, so that you wonder what has become of it. The second class above spoken of not only make away with what belongs to themselves, but you cannot keep anything you have from their rapacious grasp. If you refuse to lend them what you want, they insist that you *must*: if you let them have any thing to take charge of for a time (a print or a bust) they swear that you have given it them, and that they have too great a regard for the donor ever to part with it. You express surprise at their having run so largely in debt; but where is the singularity while others continue to lend? And how is this to be helped, when the manner of these sturdy beggars amounts to dragging you out of your money, and they will not go away without your purse, any more than if they came with a pistol in their hand? If a person has no delicacy, he has you in his power, for you necessarily feel some towards him; and since he will take no denial, you must comply with his peremptory demands, or send for a constable, which out of respect for his character you will not do. These persons are also poor—*light come, light go*—and the bubble bursts at last. Yet if they had employed the same time and pains in any laudable art or study that they have in raising a surreptitious livelihood, they would have been respectable, if not rich. It is their facility in borrowing money that has ruined them. No one will set heartily to work, who has the face to enter a strange house, ask the master of it for a considerable loan, on some plausible and pompous pretext, and walk off with it in his pocket. You might as well suspect a highway-man of addicting himself to hard study in the intervals of his profession.

There is only one other class of persons I can think of, in connexion with the subject of this Essay—those who are always in want of money from the want of spirit to make use of it. Such persons are perhaps more to be pitied than all the rest. They live in want, in the midst of plenty—dare not touch what belongs to them, are afraid to say that their soul is their own, have their wealth locked up from them by fear, and meanness as effectually as by bolts and bars, scarcely allow themselves a coat to their backs or a morsel to eat, are in dread of coming to the parish all their lives, and are not sorry when they die, to think that they shall no longer be an expense to themselves—according to the old epigram:

“Here lies Father Clarges,
Who died to save charges!”

VILLAGE SKETCHES.

No. V.

A Christmas Party.

THE wedding of Jacob Frost and Hester Hewitt, commemorated in my last, took place on a Monday morning; and, on the next day (Tuesday), as I was walking along the common—blown along would be the properer phrase, for it was a wind that impelled one onward like a steam-engine—what should I see but the well-known fish-cart sailing in the teeth of that raging gale, and Jacob and his old companions, the grey mare and the black sheep-dog, breasting, as well as they might, the fury of the tempest. As we neared, I caught occasional sounds of “herrings—oysters! oysters—herrings!” although the words, being as it were blown away, came scatteringly and feebly on the ear; and when we at last met, and he began in his old way to recommend, as was his wont, these oysters of a week old (note that the rogue was journeying coastwise, outward-bound), with a profusion of praises and asseverations which he never vented on them when fresh,—and when I also perceived that Jacob had doused his old garments, and that his company had doffed their bridal favours,—it became clear that our man of oysters did not intend to retire yet awhile to landlordship of the Bell; and it was soon equally certain that the fair bride, thus deserted in the very outset of the honey-moon, intended to maintain a full and undisputed dominion over her own territories—she herself, and her whole establishment—the lame ostler, who still called her Mistress Hester—the red-haired charity girl, and the tabby cat, still remaining in full activity; whilst the very inscription of her maiden days, “Hester Hewitt’s home-brewed,” still continued to figure above the door of that respectable hostelry. Two days after the wedding, that happy event seemed to be most comfortably forgotten by all the parties concerned—the only persons who took any note of the affair being precisely those who had nothing to do with the matter; that is to say, all the gossips of the neighbourhood, male and female—who did, it must be confessed, lift up their hands, and shake their heads, and bless themselves, and wonder what this word would come to.

On the succeeding Saturday, however, his regular day, Jacob re-appeared on the road, and, after a pretty long traffic in the village, took his way to the Bell; and, the next morning, the whole *cortège*, bride and bridegroom, lame ostler, red-haired lass, grey mare, and black sheep-dog, adorned exactly as on the preceding Monday, made their appearance at church; Jacob looking, as aforetime, very knowing—Hester, as usual, very demure. After the service there was a grand assemblage of Master Frost’s acquaintances; for, between his customers and his playmates, Jacob was on intimate terms with half the parish—and many jokes were prepared on his smuggled marriage and subsequent desertion;—but he of the brown jerkin evaded them all, by handing his fair lady into the cart, lifting the poor parish girl beside her, and even lending a friendly hoist to the lame ostler; after which he drove off, with a knowing nod, in total silence; being thereunto prompted partly by his wife’s intreaties, partly by a sound more powerful over his associations—an impatient neigh from the old grey mare, who, never having attended church before, had begun to weary of the length of the service, and to wonder on what new course of duty she and her master were entering.

By this despatch, our new-married couple certainly contrived to evade

the main broadside of jokes prepared for their reception ; but a few random jests, flung after them at a venture, hit notwithstanding ; and one amongst them, containing an insinuation that Jacob had stolen a match to avoid keeping the wedding, touched our bridegroom, a man of mettle in his way, on the very point of honour—the more especially as it proceeded from a bluff old bachelor of his own standing—honest George Bridgwater, of the Lea—at whose hospitable gate he had discussed many a jug of ale and knoll of bacon, whilst hearing and telling the news of the country side. George Bridgwater to suspect him of stinginess !—the thought was insupportable. Before he reached the Bell he had formed, and communicated to Hester, the spirited resolution of giving a splendid party in the Christmas week—a sort of wedding-feast or housewarming ; consisting of smoking and cards for the old, dancing and singing for the young, and eating and drinking for all ages ; and, in spite of Hester's decided disapprobation, invitations were given and preparations entered on forthwith.

Sooth to say, such are the sad contradictions of poor human nature, that Mrs. Frost's displeasure, albeit a bride in the honey-moon, not only entirely failed in persuading Master Frost to change his plan, but even seemed to render him more confirmed and resolute in his purpose. Hester was a thrifty housewife ; and although Jacob was apparently, after his fashion, a very gallant and affectionate husband, and although her interest had now become his—and of his own interest none had ever suspected him to be careless—yet he did certainly take a certain sly pleasure in making an attack at once on her hoards and her habits, and forcing her into a gaiety and an outlay which made the poor bride start back aghast.

The full extent of Hester's misfortune in this ball, did not, however, come upon her at once. She had been accustomed to the speculating hospitality of the Christmas parties at the Swan, whose host was wont at tide times to give a supper to his customers, that is to say, to furnish the eatables thereof—the leg of mutton and turnips, the fat goose and apple-sauce, and the huge plum-puddings—of which light viands that meat usually consisted, on an understanding that the aforesaid customers were to pay for the drinkables therewith consumed ; and, from the length of the sittings, as well as the reports current on such occasions, Hester was pretty well assured that the expenditure had been most judicious, and that the leg of mutton and trimmings had been paid for over and over. She herself being, as she expressed it, “ a lone woman, and apt to be put upon,” had never gone farther in these matters than a cup of hyson and muffins, and a cup of hot elder-wine, to some of her cronies in the neighbourhood ; but, having considerable confidence both in the extent of Jacob's connexions and their tippling propensities, as well as in that faculty of getting tipsy and making tipsy in Jacob himself, which she regarded “ with one auspicious and one dropping eye,” as good and bad for her trade, she had at first no very great objection to try for once the experiment of a Christmas party ; nor was she so much startled at the idea of a dancing—dancing, as she observed, being a mighty provoker of thirst ; neither did she very greatly object to her husband's engaging old Timothy, the fiddler, to officiate for the evening, on condition of giving him as much ale as he chose to drink, although she perfectly well knew what that promise implied, Timothy's example being valuable on such an occasion. But when the dreadful truth stared

her in the face, that this entertainment was to be a *bonâ-fide* treat—that not only the leg of mutton, the fat goose, and the plum-puddings, but the ale, wine, spirits and tobacco were to come out of her coffers, then party, dancing, and fiddler became nuisances past endurance, the latter above all.

Old Timothy was a person of some note in our parish, known to every man, woman, and child in the place, of which, indeed, he was a native. He had been a soldier in his youth, and having had the good luck to receive a sabre wound on his skull, had been discharged from the service as infirm of mind, and passed to his parish accordingly; where he led a wandering pleasant sort of life, sometimes in one public-house, sometimes in another—tolerated, as Hester said, for his bad example, until he had run up a score that became intolerable, at which times he was turned out, with the work-house to go to, for a *pis aller*, and a comfortable prospect that his good-humour, his good fellowship, and his fiddle, would in process of time be missed and wanted, and that he might return to his old haunts and run up a fresh score. When half tipsy, which happened nearly every day in the week, and at all hours, he would ramble up and down the village, playing snatches of tunes at every corner, and collecting about him a never-failing audience of eight and ten-year-old urchins of either sex, amongst which small mob old Timothy, with his jokes, his songs, and his antics, was incredibly popular. Against Justice and Constable, treadmill and stocks, the sabre-cut was a protection, although, I must candidly confess, that I do not think the crack in the crown ever made itself visible in his demeanour until a sufficient quantity of ale had gone down his throat, to account for any aberration of conduct, supposing the broadsword in question never to have approached his skull. That weapon served, however, as a most useful shield to our modern Timotheus, who, when detected in any outrageous fit of drunkenness, would immediately summon sufficient recollection to sigh and look pitiful, and put his poor, shaking, withered hand to the seam which the wound had left, with an air of appeal, which even I, with all my scepticism, felt to be irresistible.

In short, old Timothy was a privileged person; and terrible sot though he were, he almost deserved to be so, for his good-humour, his contentedness, his constant festivity of temper, and his good-will towards every living thing—a good-will which met with its usual reward in being heartily and universally returned. Every body liked old Timothy, with the solitary exception of the hostess of the Bell, who, having once had him as an inmate during three weeks, had been so scandalized by his disorderly habits, that, after having with some difficulty turned him out of her house, she had never admitted him into it again, having actually resorted to the expedient of buying off her intended customer, even when he presented himself pence in hand, by the gift of a pint of home-brewed at the door, rather than suffer him to effect a lodgment in her tap-room—a mode of dismissal so much to Timothy's taste, that his incursions had become more and more frequent, insomuch that "to get rid of the fiddler and other scape-graces, who were apt to put upon a lone woman," formed a main article in the catalogue of reasons assigned by Hester to herself and the world, for her marriage with Jacob Frost. Accordingly, the moment she heard that Timothy's irregularities and ill example were likely to prove altogether unprofitable, she revived her old objection to the poor fiddler's morals, rescinded her consent to his admis-

sion, and insisted so vehemently on his being unordered, that her astonished husband, fairly out-talked and out-scolled, was fain to purchase a quiet evening by a promise of obedience. Having carried this point, she forthwith, according to the example of all prudent wives, began an attack on another, and, having compassed the unordering of Timothy, began to bargain for uninviting her next neighbour, the widow Glen.

Mrs. Martha Glen kept a baker's and chandler's shop in a wide lane, known by the name of the Broadway, and adorned with a noble avenue of oaks, terminating in the green whereon stood the Bell, a lane which, by dint of two or three cottages peeping out from amongst the trees, and two or three farm-houses, the smoke from whose chimneys sailed curiously amongst them, might, in comparison with that lonely nook, pass for inhabited. Martha was a buxom widow, of about the same standing with Mistress Frost. She had had her share of this world's changes, being the happy relict of three several spouses; and was now a comely rosy dame, with a laughing eye and a merry tongue. Why Hester should hate Martha Glen was one of the puzzles of the parish. Hate her she did, with that venomous and deadly hatred that never comes to words; and Martha repaid the obligation in kind, as much as a habitually genial and relenting temper would allow, although certainly the balance of aversion was much in favour of Mrs. Frost. An exceedingly smooth, genteel, and civil hatred it was on both sides; such an one as would have done honour to a more polished society. They dealt with each other, curtsied to each other, sate in the same pew at church, and employed the same charwoman—which last accordance, by the way, may partly account for the long duration of discord between the parties. Betty Clarke, the help in question, being a sharp, shrewish, vixenish woman, with a positive taste for quarrels, who regularly reported every cool inuendo uttered by the slow and soft-spoken Mrs. Frost, and every hot retort elicited from the rash and hasty Martha, and contrived to infuse her own spirit into each. With such an auxiliary on either side, there could be no great wonder at the continuance of this animosity; how it began was still undecided. There were, indeed, rumours of an early rivalry between the fair dames for the heart of a certain lame shepherd, the first husband of Martha; other reports assigned as a reason the unlucky tricks of Tom Martin, the only son of Mrs. Glen by her penultimate spouse, and the greatest pickle within twenty miles; a third party had, since the marriage, discovered the jealousy of Jacob to be the proximate cause, Martha Glen having been long his constant customer, dealing with him in all sorts of fishery and fruitery for herself and her shop, from red-herrings to golden pippins; whilst a fourth party, still more scandalous, placed the jealousy to which they also attributed the aversion, to the score of a young and strapping Scotch pedlar, Simon Frazer by name, who travelled the country with muslins and cottons, and for whom certain malicious gossips asserted both ladies to entertain a lacking *penchant*, and whose insensibility towards the maiden was said to have been the real origin of her match with Jacob Frost, whose proffer she had accepted out of spite. For my own part, I disbelieve all and each of these stories, and hold it very hard that an innocent woman cannot entertain a little harmless aversion towards her next neighbour without being called to account for so natural a feeling. It seems that Jacob thought so too—for on Hester's conditioning that Mrs. Glen should be excluded from the party, he just gave himself a wink

and a nod, twisted his mouth a little more on one side than usual, and assented without a word; and with the same facility did he relinquish the bough of misletoe, which he had purposed to suspend from the bacon rack—the ancient misletoe bough, on passing under which our village lads are apt to snatch a kiss from the village maidens: a ceremony which offended Hester's nicety, and which Jacob promised to abrogate; and, pacified by these concessions, the bride promised to make due preparation for the ball, whilst the bridegroom departed on his usual expedition to the coast.

Of the unrest of that week of bustling preparation, words can give but a faint image—Oh, the scourings, the cleanings, the sandings, the dustings, the scoldings of that disastrous week! The lame ostler and the red-haired parish girl were worked off their feet—"even Sunday shone no Sabbath day to them"—for then did the lame ostler trudge eight miles to the church of a neighbouring parish, to procure the attendance of a celebrated bassoon player to officiate in lieu of Timothy; whilst the poor little maid was sent nearly as far to the head town, in quest of an itinerant show-woman, of whom report had spoken at the Bell, to beat the tambourine. The show-woman proved undiscoverable; but the bassoon player having promised to come, and to bring with him a clarionet, Mrs. Frost was at ease as to her music; and having provided more victuals than the whole village could have discussed at a sitting, and having moreover adorned her house with berried holly, china-roses and chrysanthemums after the most tasteful manner, began to enter into the spirit of the thing, and to wish for the return of her husband, to admire and to praise.

Late on the great day Jacob arrived, his cart laden with marine stores for his share of the festival. Never had the goodly village of Aberleigh witnessed such a display of oysters, muscles, perriwinkles and cockles, to say nothing of apples and nuts, and two little kegs, snugly covered up, which looked exceedingly as if they had cheated the revenue, a packet of green-tea, which had something of the same air, and a new silk gown, of a flaming salmon-colour, straight from Paris, which he insisted on Hester's retiring to assume, whilst he remained to arrange the table and receive the company, who, it being now about four o'clock P. M.—our good rustics can never have enough of a good thing—were beginning to assemble for the ball.

The afternoon was fair and cold, and dry and frosty, and Matthews's, Bridgwaters', Whites' and Jones's, in short the whole sacmerage and shopkeepery of the place, with a goodly proportion of wives and daughters, came pouring in apace. Jacob received them with much gallantry, uncloaking and unbonneting the ladies, assisted by his two staring and awkward auxiliaries, welcoming their husbands and fathers, and apologizing, as best he might, for the absence of his helpmate; who, "perplexed in the extreme" by her new finery, which happening to button down the back, she was fain to put on hind side before, did not make her appearance till the greater part of the company had arrived, and the music had struck up a country dance. An evil moment, alas! did poor Hester choose for her entry! for the first sound that met her ear was Timothy's fiddle, forming a strange trio with the bassoon and the clarionet; and the first persons whom she saw were Tom Martin cracking walnuts at the chimney-side, and Simon Frazer saluting the widow Glen under the misletoe. How she survived such sights and sounds does appear wonderful—but survive them she did—for at three o'clock, A. M., when our reporter left the

party, she was engaged in a sociable game at cards, which, by the description, seems to have been long whist, with the identical widow Glen, Simon Frazer and William Ford, and had actually won fivepence-halfpenny of Martha's money; the young folks were still dancing gayly, to the sound of Timothy's fiddle, which fiddle had the good quality of going on almost as well drunk as sober, and it was now playing solo, the clarionet being *hors-de-combat* and the bassoon under the table. Tom Martin, after shewing off more tricks than a monkey, amongst the rest sewing the whole card-party together by the skirts, to the probable damage of Mrs. Frost's gay gown, had returned to his old post by the fire, and his old amusement of cracking walnuts, with the shells of which he was pelting the little parish girl, who sate fast asleep on the other side; and Jacob Frost in all his glory, sate in a cloud of tobacco smoke, roaring out catches with his old friend George Bridgwater, and half a dozen other "drowthy cronies," whilst "aye the aye the ale was growing better," and the Christmas party went merrily on.

M.

THE RETURN OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

[From the French of the President Henaut.]

WHEREFORE regret those happy days,
 When Love was lord the wide world o'er?
 Our hearts from Time's dull tomb can raise
 Those days, and all their bliss restore:
 Let us love—let us love—and again behold
 The happy times of the Age of Gold.

The flowers still flourish in our fields,
 As beautiful as then they were;
 The rose the same sweet odours yield;
 The birds the same bright plumage bear:
 Let us love—let us love—and again behold
 The happy times of the Age of Gold.

Still in the spring the nightingale
 Sings in the flower-enamelled meads;
 And still the brooks love's same sweet tale,
 Whisper amidst the answering reeds—
 Let us love—let us love—and again behold
 The happy times of the Age of Gold.

Still Zephyr breathes, and still doth he
 For Flora feel unchanging love;
 And still doth th' enamoured bee
 Amongst the fair young lilies rove:
 Let us love—let us love—and again behold
 The happy times of the Age of Gold.

H. N.

WAR :—ITS USES.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

I BELIEVE, Mr. Editor, it is Lady Mary Wortley Montague who says that she considers the world as having now attained the age of FIFTEEN; and that our wars remind her of the boxing matches of schoolboys, who fight without very well knowing for what. I do not remember this lively lady's words; but I have no doubt that she has said in ten syllables as much as such a dull dog as I am would require ten lines for. "At some future day," I think she goes on to say, "the world will arrive at the age of FIFTY or SIXTY:" and then, I presume, we shall discover that all this was very foolish; and, like Pyrrhus, be content to sit down to our wine, and be happy.

How many lustrums go to a minute of the world's life, is a problem in calculation which the Phœnix and the Sun fire-offices have not yet pretended to solve; and therefore I should be much obliged to Mr. Morgan, or Mr. Babbage, if they could throw any light upon the matter.

The divine gentlemen, indeed, have at times offered us a variety of calculations on the subject; but the worst of it is, that they do not agree. They go on squabbling about the Millenium, which answers, I suppose, to about FOURSORE of this tedious, halting, snail-paced globe, or to a hundred and thirty (for aught I know), if it was originally built on the proportional model of old Parr. Probably that is the very reason why this said Millenium is not yet arrived, as it ought to have done a long time ago.

When it is to come, I really cannot inform you: yet when it does come, I shall be very sorry; though I have been a good deal fatigued and deafened in my life-time with "gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder." The fact is, Mr. Editor, that I am on half pay; so that while old "FIFTEEN" is at this vagary, there is nothing left for us, her children, but to go on beating each other's eyes to a state of caliginosity and nigrescence. For in time, we must hope, the *old* fool of FIFTEEN will begin again to divide itself against itself; gaining just as much by that operation (but that is between you and me) as Beelzebub would do if he was ass enough to try the same experiment: eating off its own head, mining its own intestines, crimsoning its own green waters, obscuring its own fair sunshine with fiery and sulphureous vapours; sinking, burning, cutting, slaying, hacking, hewing, marauding, thieving, plundering, bombarding, trumpeting, spearing, shooting, thundering, smoking, starving, fortifying, besieging, drumming, ravishing, taxing, debating, bullying, diplomatizing, cannon-founding, ship-building, making treaties, breaking treaties, digging up villanous saltpetre, tailoring uniforms, amputating legs, trepanning skulls, issuing brevets, and persuading itself that it is a noble, glorious, chivalrous, brilliant, honourable, generous, enviable, immortal thing, to put on a fool's coat, sell itself to slavery for a guinea, and run its head into the mouth of a cannon for a shilling, whenever it is ordered.

What a glorious thing is war! What are its causes, what are its proceedings, what are its effects, what are its uses? Are these all the categories which the question involves?—the *quo*, *quomodo*, *quando*, *quare*, and all the other Q's which the Magister and his followers have regimented? No What are its beauties, its blessings, its delights, its

pains, its deformities, its gains, its losses, its?—Heavens ! there is no end to the categories. I guess that I have not time to be so lengthy. Besides, the Aristotelian logic is apt to be inconvenient to us, degenerated dogs of these evil days, who have not learnt how to dance horn-pipes in fetters. Pray, Mr. Editor, allow us to reason and arrange in our more gentleman-like modern ways !

The beauty of boxing is plain and palpable. Crimson is the most beautiful colour in the rainbow, in the first place. A black eye produces variety in the human face divine ; and variety, all the world knows, is one of the great sources of beauty. Consult Burke, if there is any doubt. Besides, have not all the poets written about black eyes ? Had not Juno black eyes—even when there were no boxing matches ? Ask Homer. Read the Koran : you will find that the houris (dear creatures ! I wish I had a few) had black eyes. “ Eyes of the gazelle,” (not the *gazette*, Mr. Compositor,) says Lord Byron : of the antelope, says another : stag’s eyes, says a third. Black eyes, says Solomon ; black eyes, says Hafiz. Look at Spain—look at Italy—as well as Persia : do not they even *make* their eyes black—like the boys at Eton ? It is a hollow case.

Such is the beauty of boxing. But that is the physical beauty : there is a moral beauty, besides, in the institution.

The boxings of the *young* fools of fifteen, are typical of events to come : they serve also for the education and organization of the *old* fool of FIFTEEN. Who shall doubt the moral beauty of boxing, when it levels a lord with a link-boy, a duke with the driver of a stage coach ? Men are born equal by nature ; aristocracy is a tyranny : *abas le tyran* ! Teach him to box, at Eton ; send him to the Fives Court ; conduct him to Crib, and Molyneux, and the Chicken, that he may learn to respect the rights of man.

Perhaps, Sir, you think that I am jesting ? I never was more serious in my life. I say, Sir, that the moral beauty of boxing consists in its being generative of courage ; and I sincerely hope that it will never be abolished—at least not till OLD FIFTEEN gives up war-making. I assure you, Sir, upon my honour, that I served in the Peninsula, and that the only men of honour and spirit in the army were the Eton men ; at least they topped the whole—though we had some good officers, too, from the other great schools. But as sure, Sir, as you saw a fellow ducking in action, making himself snug under a merlon, or sideling along by a hedge, you would have found that he was brought up at a country school. There was one regiment, Sir, where every officer ran away, and left the men drawn up in face of the French : I found ten of them, Sir, hid in a gravel pit. Every man of them had been at private schools. I dare say they never boxed in their lives. One of our Eton lads, Sir, rallied the men, and led them on by himself. The fact speaks volumes—as they say.

Well, Sir, does it not follow that no man can have any courage who has not been well boxed and boxed well ? What if you kill a stupid fellow, now and then ? that shews game, Sir,—game on both sides. And then the young Fifteens get accustomed to the sight of blood ; which, let me tell you, Sir, is a very good thing.

It is another great advantage of boxing that it makes boys quarrelsome and honourable : that is, tender of their honour—susceptible. What would an officer be without his honour ? The true man of spirit and

honour is the man who imagines that every body means to insult him : who is always on the watch, therefore, for an affront ; and who never forgives till he has washed it out in his enemy's blood. That is what I call true honour ; and if a man of this noble spirit happens to make a little slip of the tongue, he defends it with his life, as a man of honour ought. Is not this the way, too, that my friend Lady Mary's OLD FIFTEEN makes war ? And how shall young Fifteen learn what is right and honourable, if he does not begin with boxing ?

Now, Sir, it is another great merit of the system of boxing, that it tries the spirit of a fellow. A little boy comes from his mamma's apron-string, and we try him by means of the big lads, who are reposing on their well-earned laurels. He is boxed all round ; pitted against the steady hands ; and we learn to know his calibre and his bottom : we fit him for promotion and prepare him for the army—for the reality of war. Nothing is to be done with such a fellow unless you thrash him well, particularly if he is a Lord : and another great advantage is, that the *emeriti*, the big boys, have the pleasure of seeing how he stands it. How should they learn to delight in carnage, else ; and what would OLD FIFTEEN do if they did not ?

How are boys to settle their quarrels, if they do not box ? No more than OLD FIFTEEN can, without gunpowder. And why does OLD FIFTEEN quarrel ? Why, to be sure, because he knows that his arsenals are well filled, and his men well drilled. Depend upon it, Sir, that personage never thinks of quarreling unless he can bear it out. There is just the beauty of boxing ! It makes young Fifteen quarrelsome ; and how would the world get on without quarreling, I should be pleased to know ? It has never done that yet. Nay, how would OLD FIFTEEN get on without bullying ? Did not England bully Copenhagen ? Napoleon bully Spain and the Pope ? Does not Leadenhall-street bully all India ? Are not Lady Amherst and Dr. Abel bullying the Birman empire ?

And here is another advantage of boxing, in young Fifteen, Mr. Editor : it makes a coward pass for a boy of courage ; and, consequently, he learns to do the same when he is a man.

But I shall dismiss young Fifteen, because I am afraid of becoming lengthy. As to OLD FIFTEEN, what we shall do when he comes to fifty, heaven only knows ! Promotion is slow enough as it is ; heaven forbid that he should ever live to be eighty ; for then, indeed, will Othello's occupation vanish.

But he does some foolish things in the midst of his wisdom. Let Lady Mary sift out the good and the bad, as she can best : that is her affair ; I give you my commentaries in the lump. One mighty foolish thing—that cannot be denied—is, that he does not every where follow the same rule that he does in New Zealand. Only consider how the roads are cut up with those cursed bullocks : look at the rascally drivers, and thieves of peasants, and the infernal broad wheeled waggons, hampering the passage of our guns, and all the tag-rag and bobtail of commissaries' clerks. Many a good victory does he lose every day, because the country has been cleared and the supplies cannot come up. *The enemy should be eaten.*

Beat him first, and eat him afterwards. And consider how a man would fight when he saw his dinner before him !—the reward of his victory ! Only consider an army without incumbrances ; not even hos-

pitals. Why should our tombs be "the maws of crows and kites?"—Far more honourable would be a sepulchre in the enemy's body. On the principles of political economy, the present system is bad. Consider the quantity of produce that is wasted: the quantity of beef and bread consumed to rear animals, only that you may afterwards kill and bury them!

The truth is, that Signor FIFTEEN takes occasional fits of retrogradation; or is wiser in certain places than in others: in times and places both. He had more sense at thirteen than he has now—somewhat more still at ten—or I am much mistaken. He sentimentalizes, here and there, and now and then, which is abundantly silly; as if war was not war. Bless my soul! when he had invented gunpowder, he had just touched the point of perfection; and, like a fool, he has surrendered all the advantages.

Defenceless women and children!—forsooth—that is the cant. Why, the very beauty of a place is to be defenceless; because we march into it. When he was ten, among the Jews, he understood these things better. Think of the convenience of getting women and children for nothing—of getting slaves without sending to Sierra Leone for them, and having to squabble with Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Macaulay. No wages, no month's warning, no mutinies in the kitchen and the servants' hall. Think, Sir, what noble opportunities we have lost; all the consequences of losing sight of the first principles of just, glorious, and necessary war.

There is no end of the follies of OLD FIFTEEN; but let us look a little after his wisdoms; for, heaven be praised, there is always a compensation of good and evil in him, whether he is making war or love—laws or leather breeches. Think of full pay, bat and forage-money, rations, two horses, an orderly, coals and candles, wine allowance, and all the delights of glorious reviews, glorious quarters, glorious wine! Dear OLD FIFTEEN, I hope you will soon begin again to the old work; to be the admiration, the delight, of the dear, dear sex, to carry them off from all competition by means of a red rag and an ounce of gold bullion. To be tailored at once, in an hour, into a gentleman, a soldier, and a man of honour—to have nothing to do—good Lord! I should never have done.

And war it is that brings us taxes: and what should we do but for taxes? are they not the spur to industry, the stimulus to commerce, the reward of the brave, the cause of the circulation of money—which is nothing when it stagnates—the estate of tax-gatherers, and the exchequer, and the custom-house, and the excise office, and the tax office, and the stamp office, and all the offices and officers? And are not taxes the absolute produce of war? Do they ever flourish as they flourish in war?

Not to speak of the necessity of diplomacy;—and what need should we have of diplomacy, without war? And diplomatists—they could not enjoy themselves with twelve thousand a year and a service of plate, and a pension of four thousand, if there was no diplomacy? and there could be no diplomacy if there was no war.

And then what would Lord Palmerston do if there was no War-office? and all the clerks; to say nothing of Mr. Barrow, and Mr. Croker, and the Admiralty, and the Navy-board, and the rest of it. Why, Sir, OLD FIFTEEN would fall to pieces; he would pine, languish, melt down, fuse away to nothing—the order of things would be subverted.

Then, Sir, there would be no officers, no army; we should all be Jesuits; we should get under the Pope and the Lord Chancellor; the parsons, and the doctors, and the lawyers, would rule us: we should do nothing but pray, and take physic, and go to law. No, Sir, I do not want to be governed by the Pope, and to have a millenium. And if the Chancellor was to get the command, we should never have the day of judgment at all; for he would never be able to make up his mind about it.

Sir, I ask you as a candid man, and I will abide. We must have kings! that, I hope, Sir; you grant; as I know you are not a radical. Would you have a king to be a parson? why that would be rank popery, to begin. You would not have him a doctor, I am sure; for he would be soon shaving and blistering all his subjects. The prime minister would be an apothecary, and the Chancellor a midwife; and a pretty midwife he would make, Sir, when he does not deliver a suit in a century.

No, Sir, a king must not be a parson, nor a doctor. Suppose him a lawyer! Why, Sir, he would levy twenty battalions of bumbailiffs and sheriffs' officers; there would be no men left out of prison in the country! Gallowses would grow up like poplars; and I should like to know which would be cheapest, a thousand suits of the uniform of the Guards, or a thousand suits in equity. Why, Sir, the people would soon be stripped stark naked. There would not be a suit of clothes in the country shortly; for we should be dressed up in law suits, and trimmed with red tape.

As to a king being the editor of a journal, even of your journal, Sir, I suspect that the sale would soon fall off, and the worthy publisher would look very blue. Why then, Sir, a king must be a soldier: nothing else can he or shall he be; and therefore, Sir, OLD FIFTEEN must keep on in the old way: he must keep up war, depend upon it.

If it had not been for war, we should have had no saltpetre for our hams. We should have no courage, which is of more consequence still. We should soon turn into sheep, and the foxes would eat us up; the very rats would make their nests in us. It is war that makes the courage of a man, as it makes his honour, and his generosity, and all his fine sentiments and his humanity.

War, Sir, war! It is war that gives us our colonies: and it is our colonies that give us tea, coffee, and rum-punch, and maintain the bulwark of our island, our navy.

War, Sir! it was by war that OLD FIFTEEN propagated religion. Did he not propagate Mahomet, and Flanders, and old Saxony, and Paraguay? Lord, Sir! I should never end if I was to describe the blessings of war, if it was only in this particular case.

And how do you civilize nations—and what would the world be without civilization? Have we not civilized America, and taught Paris a great moral lesson? And did not Old Rome civilize Britain, and all the world? The sword—the sword, Sir, is the true engine of civilization. A ton of gunpowder is worth ten tons of sermons, even though they should be Mr. Irving's. The cannon-law—(cannon with two n's, Mr. Corrector)—is the law of nations: it is law, gospel, civilization, moralization, commerce, humanization, colonies, tea, sugar, rum, and every thing else. All good is founded on war—all benefits spring from it. OLD FIFTEEN understands his trade better than Lady Mary thought for.

Sir, I relieve you from more advantages, lest I should suffocate you.

Else I might shew you how war makes us rich, in many ways—how it makes proctors, with bills five yards long—prize-agents, army-agents, commissioners, contractors, stock-jobbers—and bankrupts, who are the richest of all people, since they live splendidly on less than nothing, which is much more clever than living on nothing—a thing likely to be my case shortly.

For what do nations go to war? A foolish question enough! For what, but that they may fight; and they fight that they may make peace—without which they could not make war again: for, if it was not for that, peace would be a very bad thing. *Per-se*, it is bad; but, being accessory to war, it is good. *Bellum, pax rursum*—then war again—and so on.

But this is another matter, in which OLD FIFTEEN is duller now than he was at thirteen. The Romans managed it all without peace. Ah! those were glorious days! Now, too, we must find reasons for war; or, if we cannot find them, we must invent them. That is the curse of sentiment again, which is the disease of the age. These original noble old thieves never troubled themselves about “reason;” they made war when they pleased, and left any body else (that pleased) to guess the reason.

I could tell you a good deal about the Romans; but it makes me melancholy whenever I think of those times. Besides, I have something else to do; because I must tell you of the reasons for going to war in these degenerate and piping times of reason and justice.—“But dinner waits, and I am tired;” says your reader, so am I. H. I.

STANZAS.

O HEART! thou child of sun and shade,
I value thee but as the shrine,
Wherein the sweetest gifts are laid
That ever fell from lip, betrayed
To thoughts whereof it felt afraid—
And these are thine!

O! hide thy wealth from worldly eyes
That fascinate with shame and sin,
That seek the things they cannot prize,
And ask me where this love-pearl lies,
And drain my meanest arteries:—
It is within.

Ah! thou, whose looks my moonlight make,
Whose truths upon thy tongue lie curled,
And now and then with witcheries wake
My soul,—shall blood of thine e'er slake
The thirstings of this human snake?
I dread the world!

Can we not launch a spirit-bark
Until the tide of tears shall cease,
And make it as Affection's ark,
Where some untired, redeeming spark
May find us through the trackless dark—
A thing of Peace?

Or if the moonless wave should bear
Our hearts where not a hope can fly,
There's triumph in such lone despair;
And all our mutual lifetime there
Shall be a long and pensive prayer
That we may die!

S.L.B.

FULL-LENGTHS, N^o. III.—THE TAX-GATHERER.

WE have somewhere heard or read of a laudable custom existing in some foreign states, by which all the public executioners are gathered into one family compact, and from which stock government always looks for and meets with a due supply of rope-men and wheel-men, making of the younger branches turnkeys and assistants. It is a most wise ordination—a splendid invention to blunt the naughty prejudices of the world—to make the otherwise sufferers smirk and whistle in the sour, hard-lined face of public opinion. Thus hangmen are great and invulnerable in their connexions; each may trace “a long *line* of ancestry.” Moreover, he has a living world of his own, ample enough to supply all the wants of mutual recognizance, sympathy and praise, which poor human nature, whether breaking stones in the highway, or cracking filberts in a regal hall, desires and pines for. With what delicate, yet peculiar care, must the education of the future hangmen be directed; what parental lessons on tender-heartedness and the locality of the jugular, must be needful, in order to sustain the renown of the house, and to make, as Dryden has it, a gentleman “die sweetly.” How ideas of self-importance must grow up with the young rogues! how they must leer at and speculate on the unhangd part of the community! perhaps some little Caligula in corduroy wishing, in all the yearnings of early genius, that the whole township had but one neck. How complacently these puny varlets must play at marbles in the parth-way of a field of hempseed; what significant looks they may send after the passengers! Can any one doubt the benefit, both political and social, of such constant intermarryings of the families of these humble branches of the executive? We think not.

It is now, perhaps, high time that we speak of our Tax-gatherer; we have, indeed, from the first, been making an indirect, crab-like advance to him: some men are not to be run at full butt; and, we think, no man less so—here we put it to the candour of our readers—than a Tax-gatherer. We have spoken of the republican coalition—the Owen, New-Harmony-like establishment of foreign hangmen. We think a hint might be taken from it for the benefit of our Tax-gatherers; they are an ill-used race; a reviled, abused *genus*. We feel for their privations; our pen weeps ink over their injuries. We roundly assert, that Tax-gatherers should, like the unassuming law-officers before noted, make head against the mocks and scoffings of the world—they ought to consolidate—to become one body.

We have said Tax-gatherers were an injured race; our proof, like a dutiful page, follows close upon the heels of, and gives his weapons to, the knight Assertion. There are two broad ways—not to mention the hundred alleys, the sweet green lanes—to a man's comfort and good opinion: firstly, the road of praise to his covering of flesh; secondly, the highway of approbation to its intellectual co-mate. Are there such ways to a Tax-gatherer?—alas! we think not. Or if there be, are they travelled—are they gone over?—never. The Muckslush-heath of honest Brulgruddery is not less frequented. Our proof is ready. We once more put it to our readers—at least, to our housekeeper-readers, for we are not to be tricked by the gratuitous candour of the tenants of lodgings for single gentlemen, “within twenty minutes walk of ‘Change”—but we put it to those experienced persons, who really know what the face of a Tax-gatherer is—who have stared at it, pondered on it, speculated on

every feature and line of it—we put it to them, whether they ever saw a handsome Tax-gatherer? We would not be dogmatic, but we think not. Now, is not this an afflicting state, that a man should, by absolute prejudice, be thus “curtailed of his fair proportions?” for it matters not, let the humble compiler of the revenue be bright and glistening as Sol, he is set down and noted as foul and murky as Erebus. We repeat it: no Tax-gatherer was ever thought, save by his wife, a good-looking man. (We much doubt whether a pawnbroker, knowing his customer, would advance a single doit on his miniature.) We now aim at proof the second. Did any of our readers (housekeepers again) meet with a really urbane, amiable, and milky-hearted Tax-gatherer? If so, were ever his good qualities brinted?—No. His highest praise has been couched in “the man is well enough:” a great eulogium certainly, if philosophically solved—but philosophy rarely mingles in our transactions with Tax-gatherers: there, all is £. s. d. and matter-of-fact.

Let us, however, take “one victim:” let us set out with our Tax-gatherer on his morning’s round.

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Well, the Tax-gatherer has for the last hour been the unresisting victim of two battledores, a negative and an imperative; he has been struck from house to house by “Not at Home” and “Call Again.” And here let us for a moment sympathize with the feelings—(if he hath any feeling left)—of the poor pedestrian, than whom the unclosed door no sooner reveals to the giggling servant, or to the daughter, who has come skipping and shaking her curls along the passage, and perhaps dwelling on the last note of *Di Tanti Palpiti*, or of *Arne’s Monster Away!*—no sooner does the Tax-gatherer stand confessed, than the inhabitant looks blank—the visage lengthens—a business-like seriousness over-spreads the face, and either set of the above three syllables drop heavily as bullets from the lips of beauty: sometimes, indeed, the transaction may be enlivened by a querulous shrillness of voice, a sudden bodily whisk of the party called upon, and at length, the conference be impressively terminated by a slamming-to of the door. Indeed, a curious man might find some employment in remarking on the entrance of a Tax-gatherer into a retired and quiet street, how many of these portal concussions should attend him on his route. And then narrowly to observe the features of the visited, when they glance from the face of the Tax-gatherer to the missile in his hand; that dreadful little book—that key to the *History of England*—and, like that history, the record of so many departed sovereigns. How the parties recoil from that puny volume! they shrink back as they look on its unloosed brazen clasp, as though the jaws of a griffin were distended before them. If the man stood ready at the threshold, to hurl into the dwelling-house a Congreve-rocket, the habitant could not behold either the Tax-gatherer or his instrument with greater trepidation. Ingenuity might be goaded to find pertinent similitudes to the book of a Tax-man, with so many and such conflicting attributes is it endowed by its beholders. A sleeping snake, the paw of a leopard, the bill of the butcher-bird, are all common and inexpressive similes. Its sober and harmless-looking covers, of humble sheep, are, in imagination, transformed into the skin of a tyger, that has desolated a village, swallowing a rajah, his body-guards, men, women, and young children; or to that of a swine that has “eaten her nine farrow:” its pages are held to be veritable leaves from the upas-tree:

there is also thunder in their rustling. Hard lot to be deemed thus terrible, both in person and in agents. We feel for the Tax-gatherer; we feel for the slights which are put upon him, the ready white lie which is hourly served up to him. Even infants that can scarcely stammer, the mere babes of the poor housekeeper, are taught to note his person well—to become deeply acquainted with his coat and gaiters, in order to give the “not at home” without error or prevarication.

But, say our readers—and doubtless feelingly they say—a day of reckoning does come. Truly, it does; but the Tax-gatherer is almost the only man to whom the taking of money is not altogether a pleasurable process. Alas, the coin told into his hand awakens no delirious throb which, communicating with the neighbouring arteries, by some means (we are no anatomist) arrives at the heart, and awakens that internal music, which the eyes and mouth of a plodding dealer frequently indicate to be stirring within him. The payment is too often embittered by comment; whilst counting out the money, there are some grievous interpolations. It may be, too, that he is the unwilling hearer of divers snatches of sentences, which an ill-minded man might brand as disaffected, nay, as being dwarf cousin-germans to the blood-streaked giant, Treason. Perhaps he has to deal with a sturdy old gentleman, who has magnanimously kept up a consistent growl against all parties, for the last forty years; a man, of substance, but close withal: one who was never guilty of any shew or extravagance, save in the binding of the nine hundred volumes of Mr. Cobbett in extra-calf. Must we not sympathize with the poor Tax-gatherer as the servant, closing the door, leaves him closetted with this antiquated malcontent? Why does not Wilkie strike off such a scene? Let us fancy the man of office a thin—(thin men of office are, we allow, anomalies)—meagre, unassuming person—his antagonist, rotund and red-faced: the first recognizing glance of the parties is, with the short, fitful grunt of the householder, worth all the remainder of the meeting. It is not to be supposed that the official visitor quits this house with feelings too much pampered with kindness and courtesy. His next interview may be with some bitter-witted wight, marvellously deep in history; who, to while away the time whilst the receipt is being written, asks our humble revenue officer, if he ever heard of Wat Tyler? and then, without waiting for a reply, adds, “he was a blacksmith, and with his hammer once knocked out the brains of a Tax-gatherer”—at the same time looking our subject full in the face, to discover whether sympathy for the departed, or a feeling of self-preservation preponderates.

There are, to be sure, a few bright moments in the practice of our Tax-gatherer. Some of these may be in his visit to a rare old lady, whose husband was loyal to the very eye-brows, and who was, in some way or other, disposed of for the benefit of his country—or perhaps her great-grandfather was footman at the palace, or breeches-maker to one of the young princes. These persons are, however, we grieve to record it, rare as unicorns. Our Tax-gatherer is also, in some few places, consulted as—next to the newspaper—the greatest oracle. Some quiet, lone, political widow, who has little else to do but to keep her eye on the movements of Messrs. Peel, Huskisson, and Canning, holds no mean opinion of our subject: this loquacious dame always dives into the very depths of finance, and perforce takes our Tax-gatherer along with her. After buffeting with him all the conflicting billows of our home and

foreign policy—after duly touching on the price of sugars, the imperial measure, and Catholic Emancipation, she startles him with this subtle question—"when does he think the window-lights will come off?" This is a query of some weight, and our Tax-gatherer begs leave to defer his solution until the next meeting. Our officer does not, however, quit the widow, without first gallantly acquiescing in her acute deduction, that "if tobaccos fall, snuff *must* come down."

Yet, what are these few blissful moments of relaxation compared to the many days of hard enduring of our Tax-gatherer! What, if for a brief—alas! how brief—space his mental eye reposes, on what Mr. Burke calls "the soft green of the soul," displayed by meek and placable woman, what "antries vast" he meets with in the ruder sex! How his loyalty is shocked and jarred by base and disaffected comparisons! One customer, whose knocker our Tax-gatherer could swear to, even to the minutest scratch or perforation, having many a time surveyed it for fifteen minutes in a shower, shocks, beyond expression, the patriotism of his official visitor. He declares, whilst bringing forth his rate by sixpences, that, "for his part, he is always paying—he knows not where the money goes to:" he then, with a groan and much physical determination, thrusts the receipt into his fob; and then concludes his homily, by declaring that "he hears America is very prettily governed for five hundred a year, and potatoes are just as dear there as in England." These, and a thousand like these, are what our man of the little book is doomed to suffer.

It may be urged, that we have endowed our Tax-gatherer with too much meekness—that he is a collector for a romantic tale—and that our real, mundane, gaitered—(he mostly wears gaiters)—Tax-gatherer, is of a more repelling and dogmatic kind. Is it to be wondered at if, in the end, he really become so? Let the above narrated exigencies account for the transition. If a man's heart be soft as the back of a glow-worm, there are buffetings and affronts which will render it repulsive as the mail of the armadillo; if the features of the young Tax-gatherer display candour and good-nature, can we wonder if the cheeks of the more experienced collector be wholly official; be, in fact, like the royal arms, adorned with a *Dieu et mon Droit*? Verily, Tax-gatherers are not the folks that carry away the enviable posts of this world.

We trust we have done some little service to the Tax-gatherer. And yet, perhaps, we may not be altogether considered a candid advocate, being a housekeeper of twenty years' standing, and the parent of ten small children.

We will conclude by repeating, that a Tax-gatherer is to be compassionated. In the metropolis, indeed, and in large cities, his fate may be more endurable; but, in a provincial district, where he calls on every inhabitant, it is an employment not befitting mere mortal bones and sinews. We have said, that a Tax-gatherer is shunned; and, in a manner, generally maltreated; so rooted in us is this opinion, that we should hold the man to afford a splendid instance of magnanimity and absence from vulgar prejudice, who could have it indisputably authenticated, that he, ever, during his official visit, invited the Tax-gatherer to take—wine and cake.

THE HOUR;

A PERSIAN SONG.

SWEET Spirit ! ne'er did I behold
 Thy ivory neck, thy locks of gold ;
 Or gaze into thy full dark eye,
 Or on thy snowy bosom lie ;
 Or take in mine thy small white hand,
 Or bask beneath thy smilings bland ;
 Or walk, enraptured, by the side
 Of thee, my own immortal bride.

I see thee not—yet oft I hear
 Thy soft voice whispering in my ear ;
 And when the evening breeze I seek,
 I feel thy kiss upon my cheek ;
 And when the moonbeams softly fall
 On mead and tower, and flower-crowned wall,
 Methinks the Patriarch's dream I see—
 The steps that lead to heaven and thee.

I've heard thee wake, with touch refined,
 The viewless harp-strings of the wind ;
 And on my ear their soft tones fell,
 Sweet as the voice of Israfel !*
 I've seen thee, in the lightning's sheen,
 Lift up for me heaven's cloudy screen,
 And give one glimpse, one transient glare,
 Of the full blaze of glory there.

Oft, 'midst my wanderings wild and wide,
 I know that thou art by my side ;
 For flowers breathe sweeter 'neath thy tread,
 And suns burn brighter o'er thy head ;
 And though thy steps so noiseless steal,
 And though thou ne'er thy form reveal,
 My throbbing heart and pulses high
 Tell me, sweet Spirit, thou art nigh.

O for the hour, the happy hour,
 When Azrael's† wings shall to thy bower
 Bear my enfranchised soul away,
 Unfettered with these chains of clay !
 For what is he whom men so fear—
 Azrael ! the solemn and severe—
 What but the white-robed priest is he,
 Who weds my happy soul to thee.

Then shall we rest in bowers that bloom
 With more than Araby's perfume,
 And list to many a lovelier note
 Than swells th' enamoured Bulbul's‡ throat ;
 And gaze on scenes so fair and bright,
 Thought never soared so proud a height,—
 And one melodious ziralect §
 Through heaven's unending year repeat.

H. N.

* Israfel, the angel of music.

† Azrael, the angel of death.

‡ Bulbul, the nightingale.

§ Ziralect, a song of rejoicing.

LETTER UPON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL, FROM A GENTLEMAN IN
LONDON TO A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

Give me a brick, Sir, for my bolster ;
An annourer is my upholster. *Counter-Rat.*

WAR—"horrid war!"—has driven all other matters out of men's heads here since the 12th of this last month. In the House of Commons, Mr. Hume, and his calculations together,—with one long, simultaneous, unceremonious groan—even from the Opposition,—have been voted a "*bore*." Corn disputes, currency questions, and measures of economy, and all such fitting topics for a "piping time" of leisure, have been sent pell-mell to the devil. The whole of the leading people on the *côté gauche* have behaved nobly ; and Mr. Baring, as the representative of the mercantile interest, in a most sound and constitutional speech,—and Mr. Brougham, as the organ of the Whig aristocracy, in a short speech, the effect of which, however, was absolutely tremendous,—both agreed, that to doubt the capability of England to sustain a war, or the propriety of its instantly, under the existing circumstances, making active preparations for one, would be to compromise our own safety as an independent nation, and to disgrace ourselves in the eyes of Europe for ever. All the speeches on this occasion—except the opening, upon the "message"—were short. The general feeling seemed to be, that it was time now to be acting—not shaping sentences, and talking. Mr. Brougham's speech was one of the most impressive that ever I heard even him deliver. There was not one word in it that was not straight to the point ; and the manner was even more powerful than the substance spoken. I certainly never saw or heard any man—except, perhaps, Kean the actor, in some of his most successful efforts—whose points seemed visibly to *tell* upon his audience—falling like the huge strokes of some vast machine that drives piles, or beats out native iron—like those of the member for Winchelsea. The thing—as a mere exhibition—is worth travelling an hundred miles to see. It is not eloquence—unless thunder be eloquence. It is real power, of the most terrific calibre, applied to and moving the real affairs of life.

Of course, it would be absurd here to attempt any speculation as to the probable results of the impending contest ; but the very jobbing in the Greek Committee never was more transparent than the necessity for undertaking it. How far circumstances should have led us to interfere two years back, when the French first occupied Spain, may be matter of question ; but, as that measure has operated, I am quite sure we ought not to regret any emergency which (in good time) re-raises the point between ourselves and France. There is a fable, about "a bitch that lent her kennel." I don't recollect whether it is in *Æsop* or *Phædrus* ; but it is a very good one ; and it seems to me to have been written very much with a view to cases like the present. I can't give the precise words ; but it goes something to the following effect :—

"A bitch that was heavy with whelp came to another bitch, who had a convenient kennel, and begged leave, because she was poor and houseless, to lie in, and bring forth her puppies in it. The wealthy bitch, who was of an easy temper, consented, and gave up her kennel, allowing the other to take possession. In about two months, however, the owner of

the dwelling, thinking it was time to return home, called at her kennel, to request that the new tenant would remove. The latter received her with great courtesy—expressing much gratitude for the favour that had been shewn her—but begged the indulgence of only one more month, as her puppies were yet young and feeble—unable to go abroad, and to shift for themselves. To this farther delay the mistress of the kennel consented, though to her own personal inconvenience; and went away, relying, at the time appointed, to find her house clear, and set in order for her reception. But she reckoned without her host; for, when she returned, at the end of the third month, and declared that ‘she was sorry to disturb any body, but could absolutely wait no longer’—‘Then, in that case,’ said the strange bitch, looking to her puppies, who were now grown up fierce and strong, and able to back their mother—‘in that case, come on! and get possession how you can—for, I promise you, you shall never again set foot in this kennel, unless you are strong enough to turn me out of it—me, and my litter of pups.’”

Now France is the bitch that has borrowed the kennel; she has got possession of Spain—getting that, peaceably, by negociation, which she could never (we should say) have got by war. She need never want an argument or excuse—as long as arguments or excuses will serve—for keeping possession of it; and, in the meantime, she fixes herself and her interests more firmly in the country every day. By-and-bye, we shall plainly request her to “turn out;” and it is not quite impossible that, when we put the question, “Peace or war! are you prepared to evacuate Cadiz?” she may reply, “I am prepared to do so, *provided* you will, on the same day, walk out of Gibraltar.” Now, I confess, I should like to see this question—if it is to be one—set at rest as *soon* as possible. The intention of the French king may be sincere—I think it must be sincere. Princes are not bound quite by the same ties that attach individuals; but the Bourbon family can hardly forget—not perhaps that it was England that replaced them on their throne—but that England sheltered and sustained them, in their seemingly hopeless reverse of fortune. On France, too, as a country, we have claims. We were moderate with her—and not “light-fingered”—in our day of victory. From the very hour after the battle of Waterloo, upwards, England was her friend and her protector—not her foe. All this seems to assure us, that France can have no disposition to go to war with England; but—I am very much of Macbeth’s opinion—something inclined to “make assurance doubly sure;” and I think we might as well now, in Spain, wait upon the French, as it were, to the door—see them at Bayonne—and then all parties will be satisfied, and there will be no occasion for any “assurance” at all. I do not believe that France has, or has had, any intention of seizing Spain; but it is written, that you shall not lead nations—any more than “men”—“into temptation;” and, if any such caprice were to occur to her, it would be a monstrous convenience to commence operations upon it, with the disputed ground *already in her possession*.

Next to the Spanish question, the law of LIBEL has been the most popular late subject of discussion. All the world almost has been indicting or indicted; and there have been two cases tried—one, an indictment by M. Bochsa, against the *Examiner* newspaper, tried before the Lord Chief Justice in the Court of King’s Bench;—and the other, an action for damages against the *Times*, in the matter of “the idiot Smith,” tried

before the Chief Baron in the Court of Exchequer; upon which a few words, I think, might be said with advantage to the public.

The facts of both cases I assume to be in every body's recollection. M. Bochsa, who is a harp-player and musical composer, was appointed one of the principal directors in a new scientific institution, under "fashionable patronage," which is called the "Academy of Music," and of which the Archbishop of Canterbury (I believe) is a patron. The *Examiner* newspaper, which thought the whole institution—as I think it—rather a tweedle-dum sort of affectation, expressed some surprise that M. Bochsa, who (as it stated) was a "fugitive felon," and had been condemned in France to the galleys, to be branded, &c., should be associated in any undertaking with one of the first dignitaries of the church of England. M. Bochsa then indicts the *Examiner* newspaper. The publication of the paragraph complained of, and its offensive character, are proved. These proofs, in a case of indictment, are sufficient to constitute LIBEL; and they are *all* the proof at which the court will look. No evidence of the *truth* of the paragraph complained of can be received; because the statement, although it be *true*—if it be calculated to injure—is nevertheless a LIBEL. Accordingly, the jury is not permitted to declare any thing, but that "an offensive paragraph"—(they know not why or wherefore)—"has been published;" and the judge then convicts Mr. Hunt, who will receive sentence, by fine or imprisonment—or both—to any extent or amount that the Court of King's Bench shall think fit.

The second case is an action for damages—not an indictment. And here, evidence of the truth of the statement published may be received, and will form an answer (or "justification") to the action. But, then, that "justification" or proof of truth—by the practice of the court—must be to the LETTER. Your statement must not only have a foundation in truth, but all the circumstances of it must be strictly borne out; or you have a verdict against you; the effect of which practice is, that no man, whatever his caution, could ever write an account of any transaction which he had not (at least) seen with his own eyes, without being saddled with costs and damages, if the account were offensive, and an action for LIBEL were brought against him. In the present case, the facts were shortly these. In January 1825, a Staffordshire magistrate, of the name of Broughton, heard that an idiot, or lunatic, named George Smith, who had been confined for many years in the private house of his brother and sister, was treated with great neglect and inhumanity—a variety of particulars being stated to this effect, some of which were exaggerated, and into which it is not necessary that I should enter. Mr. Broughton, who is a clergyman as well as a magistrate, upon this, proceeded to the house of the Smiths; and there found such a state of things, as he thought made it his duty to take the lunatic at once out of the hands of his relatives, and to send him to the county asylum for security. The whole impression upon this gentleman's mind—as appears afterwards, from his own evidence on the first trial—was of a very unfavourable description. Then, subsequent to this public proceeding by the magistrate, and when the affair of the lunatic was, of course, already bruited through the country, a paragraph, purporting to be a general account of the case, appeared in a paper called the *Salopian Journal*; in which the neglect of the Smiths towards their relative was described with a variety of circumstance, and at considerable length. For that paragraph an ac-

tion was brought against the *Salopian Journal*, in which the plaintiff obtained £100 damages. Another action against the *Birmingham Journal*, for copying that paragraph (and, I rather think, adding some remarks), was tried at Gloucester, and the verdict was for £400 damages. Subsequently, a third action is brought against the *Times*, for copying the *Birmingham Journal*. The *Times* does not “justify,” or offer to prove the truth of the copied statement; because the *Birmingham Journal*, in the former action, had tried to “justify,” and the justification had been incomplete. The verdict for the plaintiff, however, against the *Times*, (in the court at Westminster), was only for £5; and ten of the jury were disposed to give him only a farthing.

Now it will occur to every body, I think, who reads Mr. Hunt’s case (the *Examiner*), that the law of LIBEL in this country stands in a most extraordinary position. The power which it gives to courts in cases of indictment is terrific; and, at the same time, the law itself is so absurd—so monstrous—that it needs only to be a little more hotly acted upon than it has been, and there can be no doubt that it *must* be altered. The peculiarity of the law of LIBEL, applicable to cases of indictment—and that in which it differs from the law of every other known offence—is that it brings the defendant into court—not to be tried—but to be convicted. It is not merely that the plaintiff’s proof of the publication of something calculated to injure or provoke him, shall constitute the offence—but that it shall conclude the trial. The *Examiner* has stated that M. Bochsa is a “convicted felon.” On the trial that single statement is proved; and the defendant cannot *open his mouth*—and he *must* be found guilty. Mr. Hunt has stated that M. Bochsa was convicted of felony; the *Times* newspaper, on the day after Mr. Hunt’s trial, publishes an extract from the *Moniteur* of February the 17th, 1818, purporting to be a report of the sentence pronounced by the Court of Assize of Paris upon Nicholas Bochsa, for seven distinct forgeries. The conclusion of that report runs thus: “The court pronounces Nicholas Bochsa guilty of all these forgeries” (there being still others, upon which he is not tried), “and condemns him to twelve years of forced labour—to be branded with the letters T. F.,” &c. &c.; and yet, if Mr. Hunt had offered the record of that very conviction and sentence, as evidence in the Court of King’s Bench, to justify that which he had said, he could not, BY LAW, have been *heard*, even so far as to say that they existed.

Then what a precious state of affairs will this law—if it be only well acted upon—place us in! It is a LIBEL to say that a man has been convicted of felony, who *has* been convicted of felony; and you cannot be heard—nor even allowed to produce his conviction—in your defence. There is not a thief sentenced to be transported at the Old Bailey, who has not a clear case of indictment—and the certainty of a verdict—against every newspaper that publishes his trial; and Heaven knows what would become of the people who print the “Dying Speeches,” if it were not that dead men bring no indictments, any more than they tell tales; for even the rope which cuts short Thomas Huggins’ or Alexander Spriggins’s breath, is no estoppel to his right of action.*

* The restriction does not stop here. It is not at all confined to newspapers—if the law is to be acted upon. The law laid down in Sir Francis Burdett’s case *distinctly* was, that *putting a letter into the post* amounted to “publication;”—in which case, any

And the defendant, too, in a case of LIBEL—here lies the monstrous incongruity—is treated by the Court in a manner entirely the reverse of that which it treats a man upon his trial for every other crime. In every offence but LIBEL, five-sixths of the crime is taken to lie—as it must lie—not in the simple *act done*—but in the spirit, or circumstances, under which that act was committed. A man on his trial for Murder has the *act* of having done that which caused death proved against him. But this is not “murder;” and he proceeds at once to *explain away* the act—to change its apparent signification. He shews that the blow which killed was accidental—that death was not intended—that there was a fair fight—that what he did was in self-defence;—and the act of “killing,” which, done maliciously, *might* have been “murder”—as the malicious publication of an offensive fact may be LIBEL—is reduced to “manslaughter,” or he is entirely acquitted.

So, in a case of robbery. The prisoner took the goods: this is the *act*—like the act (in libel) of publication. But he shews that the goods were his own, and had been got from him by fraud—that he was on such terms with the prosecutor as gave him some constructive right in the property;—and the value of the offence is changed. So, in forgery: the writing of a man’s name is proved—but the prisoner shews that he had an authority to write it. But, in LIBEL, the mere dry, single *act*—the “publication” being shewn—no explanation can be heard from the defendant—no defence—no account of the really important point, the MOTIVE. But we proceed to conviction.

Now, why not let an indictment for LIBEL go to the jury like any other indictment? Why not let the truth of the statement complained of be *shewn*—not as, of itself, a necessary justification, however fully it may be made out—but as shewing the defendant’s intent—being his defence; and leaving the jury to consider—as they do of every other defence—whether it amounts to a justification or not? This is not proposing to make the truth of any statement—of necessity—its defence; because we know that there are abundant cases in which the “truth” is no honest or fair subject of publication;—as, for instance, in the case now pending of Madame Vestris, the actress; who, whatever her private habits may be, has never obtruded those habits upon the public; and whom no one will suppose a common pennyless blackguard ought to be allowed to make money of, by putting forth a mass of scandalous filth, under the title of her “Memoirs.” But still, though you will not let the “truth” amount to a *claim* (under indictment for LIBEL) for necessary acquittal, why not let it form (where it can be shewn) that which it is—a matter for *consideration*?

The real legislative answer to this—and it is an answer which I am not quite prepared to deny—is the possible inconvenience in a case of political libel. The press is an engine of terrific power; and if you give to juries the power of choosing, it is possible that some jury may, at some time or other, acquit a man whom it is material for the public peace to have found guilty. But then—if we grant this tremendous licence to courts of law—giving up, in fact, as regards LIBEL, the

any man who wrote to his friend in the country that he had seen Mr. So-and-So, their mutual neighbour, tried and convicted of forgery, might as certainly (though the fact were true) be indicted for a libel, and must as certainly be found guilty—as Mr. Hunt has been found guilty of a libel upon M. Bochsa.

safety of trial by jury altogether—what a paramount necessity does this create for the most absolute freedom from prejudice—the most cautious moderation always—on the part of the judge! And this point (with which I must wind up) brings me to a few words upon the seeming inclination of the Lord Chief Baron's mind upon the subject of LIBEL, as expressed the other day, in the trial against the *Times*, in the Court of Exchequer.

In the first action, in the matter of the idiot Smith—tried against the *Birmingham Journal*, at Gloucester—the verdict was for the plaintiffs, with damages £400. It struck most persons, I believe, as a very extraordinary verdict; not at all of necessity, because they believed all the circumstances which the paragraph complained of had stated against the Smiths—but because there was not the smallest ground for supposing the existence of any *malice* in the defendant. On the “justification” set up, it was sworn by Mr. Broughton, the magistrate, a man of consideration, and a clergyman, and on whose veracity there could be no impeachment,—that he found the lunatic, at his first visit, in a most wretched condition—such as induced him immediately to order his removal to the county asylum, where his health and condition very rapidly improved; and this statement was corroborated by two or three perfectly respectable and apparently disinterested witnesses—one of whom was the keeper of the asylum, who fetched the patient from the house of his relatives. Now, after these events, I should say it was the absolute duty of any journalist—if newspapers for any useful purpose ought to be permitted to exist (which is a question that I will not stop to discuss here);—that, having before him so many unquestionable facts, any newspaper editor would have exposed himself to a fair charge of cowardice—and probably to suspicion of corruption—who had omitted to publish an account of the case. If such a case was not to be published, to what end does a newspaper exist? I am far here from losing sight of the interests of the Smiths. No case can be more pitiable than that of a family upon whom (under such circumstances) the care of a human being bereft of reason devolved. But we cannot lose sight of the *common* advantage. No persons suffer a heavier affliction than those upon whom the keeping of lunatics devolves; but all experience has shewn us, that there is no earthly duty in which persons require more vigilance exercised over them, and more attention. All people who have the guardianship of those who have no means of resistance, live in danger of themselves. The cases are endless—every day recurring—in which keepers of schools—masters of workhouses and prisons—tradesmen taking parish-apprentices—masters of ships at sea—possessors of slaves abroad—and, more than *all*, keepers of lunatics at home—are found either offending, or negligent of their duty. Now here is a case in which strange circumstances are publicly reported: the newspaper writer is cognizant of some most important and undisputed facts. If it so happens that he mixes up in his account some incidents which turn out to be untrue—is not the most that can be fairly said, that he has made use of some reports which *strict caution* would have avoided? And this is an error to have given—against an original writer—£50 damages for; not against a man who “copied,” in the course of business, £400.

But now hear the Chief Baron of the Exchequer: his Lordship is of another way of thinking. The £400 damages gained against the *Bir-*

Birmingham Journal encourages the Smiths to bring actions all round the kingdom; and, among others, one against the *Times*;—in which his Lordship treats the case as if it were one of the most *atrocious*—one of the “blackest,”—as Mr. Scarlett said of an action brought once by Messrs. Day and Martin of Holborn,—ever presented to a jury. The *Times* cut two paragraphs out of a country newspaper; and the Chief Baron says such an act is an “offence against God and man!”—The jury may as well “open their houses at night to house-breakers, as not prevent the proprietors of newspapers, when they repeat such atrocious libels as these!”—It is his Lordship’s duty to tell the jury, that “the law implies malice from a man’s acts.”—When they *warrant* such an inference, I presume?—though that they may very easily be made to do, where he is not permitted (as in a proceeding by indictment) to explain them.* The general respectability and honesty of a libeller, moreover, is a reason why he should pay two thousand pounds instead of one. “The *Times*,” his Lordship says, “is a highly respectable paper—in general very free from libel; but, if a paper *be* highly respectable, its readers therefore give the more credit to any libel which may be found within its columns.” This is rather hard; but the best point is to come. The *Times* merely copied the article in question from another paper. At worst, it only—being “in general very free from libel”—cut out a paragraph from a country paper too negligently, without taking the caution to be sure that what was there stated was strictly true. Now mark what follows! His Lordship—the very Chief Baron, who is insisting upon never-varying punctuality, and tewing the *Times* so mercilessly for its little omission on this occasion of duty—goes on, the very next moment, in the teeth of all caution and punctuality, to pronounce against the *Times* itself a most grievous and unquestionable LIBEL! In a case tried some years ago against the *Observer* newspaper, for a paragraph copied from a country paper, and headed “Infamous Conduct of an Attorney!” I recollect it laid down in the strongest terms by the judge who tried, that the heading of the paragraph—which was not copied from the country paper, but added by the *Observer* itself—was the most scandalous and unjustifiable portion, and merited the heaviest punishment, of the whole libel. Now, the Chief Baron—*misere succurrere!*—let his Lordship pity the imperfection of our common nature!—the Chief Baron, sitting as a judge, actually goes on to charge the *Times* (in his charge to the jury) with the heavy offence of—absolutely and directly—having added the Heading at the top of *their* paragraph—from the *Birmingham Journal*, which is “BARBAROUS OUTRAGE!” He inveighs against the act as an addition which “made the paragraph the defendant’s own,” and “pledged their credit to its veracity.” And it is not until the end of his summing up,

* Lord Chief Justice Best (of the Common Pleas)—who, though he is considerably hotter than Cayenne pepper, always seems to me to have a peculiarly free and liberal feeling of common-sense, and justice, and manly reason, running through his law—has lately adverted to this point of “malice,” in one or two actions for libel which have come before him. In “*Stockley v. Clement*,” for instance, a few days back only, his Lordship observes, “that he does not see how the law can *imply* malice where the *circumstances* of the case are not such as, in some degree, to raise the presumption that malice existed.” But there are a class of lawyers who are “reputed wise,” as *Gratiano* puts it, “for saying nothing;” who are always perfectly content to lay down the most self-evident absurdity, if it can only be proved that a given number of “authorities” have laid it down, or abided by it, before them.

that his Lordship is reminded by the defendant's counsel—that he is entirely *wrong* as to all this wickedness he has been accusing the *Times* of;—and that the words “BARBAROUS OUTRAGE,” as well as all those in the body of the libellous paragraph, are *not added*, but *copied* from the *Birmingham Journal*!

Then only suppose—if such a thing may be supposed without irreverence—an action brought against the Chief Baron of the Exchequer for this libel on the *Times*; and *me*—in the character of the Chief Justice of any court we please—“summing up” to the jury:—

“Gentlemen of the Jury!—This is an action, brought by the plaintiffs, the proprietors of the *Times* newspaper, against Sir William Alexander, Knight, Chief Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer, for a LIBEL. You have heard the offending matter read; and I think you will agree with me, that ‘it is a libel of such *atrociousness*, that its equal is not often seen.’ It is ‘*an offence against God and man*,’ for any person to sit upon a bench and utter charges of this description, without being sure that they are well-founded. It may be said here, that ‘what the defendant did was the effect of accident, and that you have no proof that he acted with malice;’ but ‘it is my duty to tell you that the law *implies malice* from a man's acts,’ where they are such as are likely to produce mischief. The defendant, no doubt, is a highly respectable and honourable person—a person whose learning and qualifications are undoubted, and whose conversation is ‘in general very free from libel.’ But this very respectability and high character of the defendant only increases the extent of the evil; for, if a gentleman be ‘*highly respectable*,’ those who hear him speak, only ‘give the more credit’ to ‘any libel which may be found’ in his discourse.—Gentlemen! ‘you may as well *open your houses at night to house-breakers*, as not punish’ persons in high trust and office, when they are guilty of uttering such ‘*atrocious libels*’ as this which has been brought before you!”

I won't say any more upon this point; because—the dwelling of common-sense is in towns and cities; and a Westminster Jury, after his Lordship's heavy charge, gave £5 damages, instead of £400—and wanted to give A FARTHING! But will not the Chief Baron feel—upon mature reflection—that the temper which he displayed upon this occasion, carried generally into proceedings under the existing law of libel, must defeat its own purpose?—For that it would inevitably lead to a modification of the libel law, as too absurd and too oppressive for the affairs of society to go on under?

Speaking of libel, I see that Mrs. Rochfort—“*late*” Wilson—as they write it in the play-bills at the theatres, when Miss Kickup, the Columbine, has married Mr. Flipflap, the Clown, is going on regularly sending her “threatening letters” round, menacing people with filthy accusations, and so forth—if they do not send her money—£200, and so forth. This Jezebel now is out of the jurisdiction of the English courts at present; but she is a woman—no one would prosecute her (criminally) if she were within it. There are no such thick-and-thin protectors of petticoats as the English! I wish rather, however, we could get *Mister Wilson* napping; for there would be no scruples about giving him a little exercise in the Tread-mill—or a slight rustication—*Rus in urbe*—in Coldbath-fields; and it would be of incomparable service to him.

A strange untoward accident has happened in Norfolk. Two gentle-

men—one a clergyman—being out shooting until late in the evening, met each other in a wood—mutually fired—wounded each other desperately—and both ran off crying out “I have shot a poacher!” Now this is very shocking; and the last sort of event that we could laugh at. But, each running off, and crying out “I have shot a poacher!”—what the deuce did either of them take upon themselves to “shoot poachers” for? I rather think, if either had “shot a poacher,” he would have stood a very fair chance of being hanged for it.

We have medical books written now, and legal, and even philosophical—for the use of the unenlightened)—purposely divested of “technical” expressions: I wish somebody or other would induce the MILLINERS to write in a language that mortal man might comprehend. The *Belle Assemblée* magazine, for example (of the contrary style), which is potential in all matters of costume and fashion, gives the following paragraph, which, I protest, entirely exceeds me:

“WALKING DRESS.—(This I believe is for the last month.)—A pelisse of *gros de Naples* of a pomegranate-red. A full wadded *rouleau* finishes the skirt next the feet; over this *rouleau*, at a suitable distance, and down *each side* of the *front*, is a trimming, *en volan*, pinked at the edge, and set on in a *serpentine wave*; the trimming headed by a narrow *rouleau*. The pelisse fastens close down the front with *full rosettes* of *gros de Naples*. The body is made plain, with a narrow *pelerine* cape, partially *scolloped*, and trimmed at the edge in a correspondent manner to the sides in front of the skirt. The sleeves are *en gigot*, but not very full. A *falling collar* of fine India muslin, trimmed with British lace, encircles the throat, and is fastened in front with a *rosette* of broad pink ribbon. With any other red this would be *incongruous*, but one great quality in the beautiful and becoming *pomegranate-red* is, that it is suited to every colour. The bonnet worn with this pelisse is correspondent to it, and is finished by a narrow *rûche* at the edge of the brim; the trimming on the crown is of the same material, and is put on in *arcades*, which are edged with a narrow *rûche*, of a shade lighter. The strings are in a *loop* of ribbon, variegated with pomegranate-red and green chequers on a white ground.”

What a fool is a philosopher! Now have I no more notion what “rouleau”—and “volan”—and “rûche”—and “pelerine”—and “arcades,” mean, than I have comprehension of the doctrine of transubstantiation! And yet I suppose there is not a cook-maid in the house but could explain every line of the paragraph—and argue on it—if it were read to her.

By the way, the engravings—portraits of “Lady Susan” this, and “Lady Jane” the other—in this Magazine of Modes, are really exquisite: they are the best specimens of the kind that are produced. And I don’t mean at all to decry the business of the “volans,” &c.: for I know a family of young ladies, who—although they *buy* the book, always *copy out* all the descriptions of the quilted petticoats, and so forth, by way of amusement.

Elliston, the actor, has appeared among the list of bankrupts (in last night’s gazette) in the character of a bookseller. And his chattels have been sold by auction, moreover, at his house in Stratford-place: his two “suits of armour”—one of steel, and one of brass—being bought by George Robins—to the surprise of every body—(unless it were to sell

again)—what George Robins could want with the *latter*. There were some jokes in the newspapers—not much amiss—about the comments of the Jews who attended the sale, and the “bottles” in the wine-cellar being all found *empty*; but for my own part, I think it a wonderful proof of Elliston’s moderation, that he had not drank the bottles and all. But we should not let a man slip too fast—even if he does happen to be falling—while he has any pretensions to stand at all—out of public favour. And Elliston’s debts—if the case be fairly looked into—make a very poor matter of accusation indeed against him! He has traded, within the last five and twenty years, as a manager, and builder, and buyer and seller of theatres, to the amount of full a *million* of money; and, after all the architects, and bricklayers, and carpenters, and lamplighters, and tailors, and decorators, and such artists (independent of actors) with whom he has been dealing, have been making large profits—a hundred, or a hundred and fifty thousand pounds upon this extensive outlay of capital—now, he is deficient—how much?—Five and twenty thousand pounds! Elliston’s habits of personal carelessness and irregularity have left him few friends;—and I never knew a “good companion” in all my life, who did not eventually fall into the same predicament;—but for his bankruptcy, there has been no personal or fraudulent extravagance operating to produce that; because, if we look at what he has *paid* upon the cost of his various speculations (independent of what he owes)—and at what he has *received* from them—we shall soon see that, so far from having aided his personal expenditure by contracting debts—a very large portion of his private property, or personal theatrical earnings, must have been handed over from time to time, as he went on, to the various persons with whom he was dealing. Besides, with all his rash trading—as a play-house manager, he knew his business. He left the proprietors of the Drury Lane building a better *theatre*—and a theatre in better *repute*—than that which he took from them. I hope to see him make money yet.

But the *Morning Post* is my darling authority in all subjects of theatrical discussion! Those criticisms—is it possible that there is any body in the world who has not read them?—in which—from the crack performance of a Prima Donna, down to the peculiar twist of a candle-snuffer—the gentle “small letter” seems to want epithets always to express the exuberance of its delight;—as, for example, to take the journal of last Friday:—

“*Royal Academy of Music*”—(this is the place where M. Bochsa was!)—“The pupils of this institution performed a concert on Wednesday evening, to shew their patrons what progress they had made. The first act commenced with Mozart’s *fine* Sinfonia, No. 2, which was given *with a spirit scarcely credible*! The next performance was a concerto on the violin by *young Mawkes*, who displayed a *vast deal of talent*! Miss Dorrell performed a very difficult concerto on the piano-forte in *capital style*. It is evident that her master has *exercised her left hand well*! for she executed some *brilliant* passages *exceedingly* neat and distinct. Miss Childe sung ‘Ah! che forse,’ with a *taste, style, finish*,” &c.—(what follows may be conceived!) “It was observed by a *professor* present, that she was a *child* by name—and a *child* in appearance—but a *woman* in *talent*! Dr. Crotch was at the *helm*, guiding his bark of *tyros*—to whom we *wish success and prosperity*.”

A dulcet pun that, upon the “WOMAN” and “CHILD!” The salt of

this writer's wit (as an Irishman would say) is all sugar. But "Dr. Crotch," and the "helm," and the "tyros," enable us to conclude "tropically" (as Lord Hamlet calls it), which, in a poetical style, is apposite and judicious.

Our admiration, too, is not confined to the "Academy of Music:" on the contrary, at Drury Lane, it appears, by the same paper, that "The delectable Stephens made her first appearance last night!"

And even at the "Adelphi," we learn—"the receipts of the first four nights of the '*Flying Dutchman*' have exceeded those of '*The Pilot*!'—The disappearance of the Phantom-ship is nightly accompanied by *the cheers of the audience!*"—who appear presently to consist, among others, of "the Countess of Howth, the Marchioness of Sligo, the Marquis Clanricarde, Lord Blaney," &c. &c. I rather think, myself, that the "*Flying Dutchman*" must have *flown away*—for I never see him now in the bills; but, to be sure, I never look—which may account for it.

Christmas-Day has passed over; and we are in the season when the streets are impassable with crowds of urchins, clad in their "best clothes," and come to "make HOME hideous" for what are called the "holidays." God knows! the schoolmasters, I believe, are the only people who find the six weeks after the 20th of December a holiday! It is quite impossible to endure the infliction, I think, of children—that is to say, of BOYS—I don't dislike GIRLS; but I would as soon be left in a room alone with a rattle-snake as with a boy of ten years old! I was obliged to call at a friend's house, about four days ago, who lives a few miles out of town; and, before I could get from the lower gate, though I kept the straight path,—through the shrubbery, I felt myself seized by the tail of my coat; and a voice like a penny trumpet in fits yelled out,—"*You shall DRAW me in that cart!*"—the house-dog had refused to do it already! By the way, it may be as well to mention—now I am speaking of Christmas—that those persons are in error who buy *turkies* too large or too fat. Poultry should be full of flesh, but never *fat*: the *fat* of all fowls is both unpleasant and unwholesome. And—*nota bene*—if you are *ill* at this season, there is no occasion to send for the doctor—only *stop eating*. Indeed, upon general principles, it seems to me to be a mistake for people, every time there is any little thing the matter with them, to be running in such haste for the "doctor;" because, if you are going to die, a doctor can't help you; and, if you are not—there is no occasion for him.

There is no suiting all interests in a great metropolis like this. Crowded streets, which passengers curse, make fortunes to the shopkeepers who live in them; and what would comfort him who rides a-horseback, he who walks a-foot—like Macheath's second wife—"would take ill." But it is hard that those who ride a-horseback are not agreed even among themselves. I spoke with a hackney-coachman the other day, who was driving me down the Haymarket, over the stones; and asked his "most exquisite reason" why he did not go down Waterloo-place, over the McAdam? His choice astonished me the more, because I would rather myself drive a valuable horse four miles over the McAdam than three over the stones, and I know I should shake him less: he would last longer, and keep sounder on his feet, at such a rate of work. But the rogue nonsuited me in a moment, when I put this point to him. *Ne sutor*—! Men are apt to know their *own* business better than we give them credit for. His answer was, "that the draught was *lighter* over the

stones than over the McAdam, except in very dry weather indeed; and that, for the matter of *shaking*—his horses were shaken as much as they could be before he ever had them!" Thus we see—those who can see—the wisdom of Providence! The misfortune that seems to overwhelm us to-day, becomes a shield against that which might impend to-morrow! "Upon the ground," says Rowe, in some part of his play of "Jane Shore,"—and the reflection that follows always seemed to me to be admirable;—"Thy miseries can never bring thee *lower*!"

All the second-rate newspapers I see are full of puffery about a novel, published by Saunders and Otley, called "Almack's." One assures us that it is written by "Lady Foley;" another, that "Lady Westmoreland" denies it, &c. &c.; and all agree that it is the production of a "peeress." I don't know who it *is* written by; and—for being written by a "peeress"—it is bad enough to have been written by six. More pitiful nonsense I never recollect to have dipped into.

Miss Porter's novel ("Honor O'Hara") is out. It is not so good as some that the lady has done before.

An evening paper says that Mr. Gillies' tale of the "Siege of Antwerp" (German Tales, lately published in Edinburgh) is in preparation as a melo-dramatic play at Covent Garden. Another (I think the *Sun*) says, that they are not doing very well yet at Drury Lane. The houses are so thin on some nights, that they seem to have adopted the motto of the French (Subscription) Theatre: "*On ne reçoit pas d'argent à la porte.*"

The second volume of M. Ouvrard's Memoirs, is out; and contains a great deal of matter which present circumstances render very interesting. While the recent events in Spain and Portugal, has made every man (in England, at least) very anxious, to judge whether we were overreached or not two years ago, when we suffered the French to enter Spain—just at this moment, M. Ouvrard's book, written long *before* the occurrence of these events could have been contemplated, comes out, bearing the strongest testimony to the fair and pacific intentions of France at the time of the "Occupation," and to the personal deep anxiety of the Duke d'Angouleme that Ferdinand should give the Spanish people a Constitution. The "second volume" of the Memoirs pursues the history of the author's "contracts," but abounds in bold and vigorous novelties of the general state of Spain, and of the various parties which have held power there, since the beginning of the year 1824. All the evidence is honourable, in a very high degree, to the Duke d'Angouleme; who appears to have conducted himself as temperately as it was possible for a man in his situation to do.

The new conundrum of "Bread seals"—as the ladies call the little epigrammatic impressors that their work-boxes are always full of now—pleases me mightily. Nothing could be more stupid than the old style of *affiche*—an initial—carefully engraved in a hand always perfectly unintelligible; or a crest—necessarily out of its place, nine times in ten, in female correspondence—because nothing could be more un-"germane" than a "bloody dagger," alarming every body it met, on the outside of an order for minikin pins! or a "fiery dragon," threatening a French mantua-maker for some undue degree of tightness in the fitting of a sleeve! and then the same emblem, running through the whole letter-writing of a life, became tedious. But now every lady has a selection of axioms (in flour and water) always by her, suited to different occasions.

As—"Though lost to *sight*, to memory dear!"—when she writes to a friend who has lately had his eye poked out;—"Though absent, forgotten!" to a female correspondent, whom she has not written to for perhaps the last three (twopenny) posts;—or, "*Vous le méritez!*" with the figure of a "rose"—emblematic of every thing beautiful—when she writes to a lover. It was the receiving a note with this last seal to it that put the subject of seals into my mind; and I have some notion of getting one engraved with the same motto, "*vous le méritez*," only with the personification of a *horsewhip* under it—instead of a "rose"—for peculiar occasions. And, perhaps, a second would not do amiss—with the same emblem; only with the motto "*Tu l'auras!*" as a sort of corollary upon the first, in case of emergency! At all events, I patronize the system of a variety of "posies;" because, where the inside of a letter is likely to be stupid, it gives you the chance of a joke upon the out.

Two-thirds of the distinction between wit and impertinence—it always struck me—lies in the *character* of the individual by whom the given matter happens to be uttered. All the world has been most affectingly delighted with the conversations about "acting," lately retailed, between Buonaparte and Talma; and the true knowledge and taste for the drama, &c. displayed in them by the former, &c. &c.

"Come!" said the leader of men—or this is the purport (for I quote from memory) of what he is reported to have said—"to my levee in a morning. You will there see kings, who have been deprived of their crowns; soldiers, who are ambitious candidates for sovereignty; princesses, who have lost their lovers, &c. &c. All this is undoubtedly Tragedy. I am myself incomparably the most tragic person in existence. But you will see, in the demeanour of these personages, no rage—no fury—no violence—no seeming despair. All bear themselves calmly, like other people," &c. From which the really admirable *soldier* is held to have deduced, that the style and manner of Tragedy upon the stage should not "overstep the modesty" of that which was seen in the Tuilleries. Now Comic acting I take to be so perfectly *national*—so *local*—that it is impossible to try or discuss it with any reference to general principles. No Englishman can have more than a very imperfect view of the merits, or demerits, of a French actor of humorous, or what we call "low" comedy, as compared with those of an actor of the same school in his own country. But Tragedy stands in a different situation. Tragedy belongs not to nations, but to *nature*: the passions of rage and grief are every where (even in their expression) pretty nearly the same; and, therefore, as we may have an opinion—for the world—with respect to Tragedy, I think that what Buonaparte is related to have said—unless it is to be taken in a very limited line of application indeed—would only shew that he had bestowed no consideration upon the subject that he talked about.

Because every body knows, I take it, in the first place, that it would be perfectly absurd to justify or applaud any exhibition or representation upon the stage—any more than one would applaud such a presentation in a picture—*merely* because the thing presented was perfectly *natural*. No attributes or qualities are more *natural* than those of heaviness, clumsiness, ugliness, or vulgarity; but when we produce a "hero" upon the stage, we endeavour to exhibit, not that merely which *may be* "Nature," but that which is nature in its most striking and curious shape—the thing observe what a vast number of these persons, who cry out for "cheap

which, under powerful impulse and excitement, the more marked and distinguished specimens of "our nature" are capable of becoming. For instance, I saw *Richard the Third* quite "in nature," as I saw him when Mr. Young acted the character a few nights since—which he did very ill. Or, I see him equally "in nature," if I see him represented ASLEEP; but that is not the *situation* in which I desire to see him. Nature is necessary perhaps on the stage, to the justification of every thing; but, *of itself*, it justifies nothing.

So, the "real potentates" of tragedy, of Buonaparte's chamber—they are no doubt the personages of tragedy—but they are not yet in *tragic situations*. They are tyrants—captives—warriors; but the audience-chamber is not their scene of tragic action. They are the puppets; but they are not wound up:—they are the straws that will dance upon the electric plate; but the "charge" is not yet applied which puts them into motion. Persons may be permanently wretched, but they cannot be permanently "tragic." The stage, or the poet, selects them at the *peculiar moment* when they happen to be so. And here is the error. Buonaparte is not tragic while he converses with M. Talma about exits, and entrées, and gold lace. But I will make him tragic in a moment—it is but to change the scene—only, with it (mark!) how I shall change his quiescent aspect!

I will take him—not talking about "acting" to M. Talma in the Louvre;—but sending off L*****—in the teeth of all probability, and even of all hope—with threats that the *messenger* could scarcely listen to without admiration,—and arguments so insane, as could impose upon no human creature out of a madhouse but the proposer,—on a last desperate mission—such as even desperation itself could hardly have thought to wait the answer of—to NEGOCIATE with Alexander (and seven hundred thousand Russians in arms) *after* the destruction of Moscow! I will take him—not talking of himself as "the most tragic person in the world"—but beginning to doubt very horribly how much longer he should be any person in the world—tragic or not tragic—at all. I will take him as he stands in that very curious work of Segur's—driving from him, on the retreat out of Russia, those messengers who brought him accounts of the *real* state of his affairs. It is the very identical condition of *Macbeth*:

"Bring me no more reports—let them fly all!"

And, like the last, it is said there was a *fate* in which he trusted;—a fact not unlikely; for the minds of men so circumstanced must be wound up—if not to a species often of frenzy—yet to a state of feeling of which individuals ordinarily situated can have little comprehension.

"Provisions for forty thousand men, and forage for the horses!" (He writes the arrangements which are to *mislead* his troops collected at Witepsk).—"Sire, there are not supplies for two thousand men, and to collect an ounce of forage is impossible." . . . "The division of Ney, with sixty thousand men!"—"Sire, the Marshal has not two thousand men in arms." . . . "The division of Marshal Ney, with sixty thousand men, will cover the passage of the Beresina!"

These are the moments in which I will take him—those of hurry—bankruptcy—confusion—ruin!—when he dictated despatches, every syllable of which was false; commanded services, notoriously impossible; and disposed of corps, which he knew were no longer in existence. I will take him, surrounded—not by Generals soliciting crowns; but by

Generals—like Murat—furious at losing them !—Hearing the news—not of fresh kings dethroned, and waiting humbly on his order ; but of kings in arms again—roused to revenge, and thundering at the gates of Paris ! I will take him, in the midst of snow and ashes, *bivouaced* amid the wreck of his “ Old Guard,” on the field of Borodino (I forget whether he re-crossed it) at midnight. I will take him in flight—ruined—ashamed—disgraced—leaving his friends to their fall—his soldiers to destruction ! This will *look* like TRAGEDY ! Then I will take him, once more—meeting his ministers in the cabinet at Paris ;—once again—Abdicating ;—once more—at Waterloo ;—and, after Waterloo, he ceases to be Tragic, for all the higher purposes of the theatre, again. It is but the difference of a day, or an hour. I only take my choice of the *situation* : the character is the same.

HOW TO GET INFORMATION. An odd accident occurred in the Court of Exchequer the other day, when Baron Garrow (I believe it was Sir W. Garrow) was sitting at *Nisi Prius*. A strange, huge, half-farmer, half-horse-jockey-looking man, dressed in double great-coat, dark topped boots, and breeches hanging very loose about his lower person (with his hands, crammed to the very bottom of the pockets of them), was called to prove some fact in a cause ; and it was not discovered, when he was first put into the witness box, that he was considerably more drunk than a person under such circumstances might be desired to be. The counsel for the plaintiff, however, began to examine him.—“ Your name is John Hawkins ?” The witness made a face, as if, like the Ghost in Hamlet, “ addressing himself to speak ;” but answered, eventually, only with a *nod*.—“ Do you know the defendant, Thomas Wilson ?”—The witness nodded again. “ And the plaintiff, William Waters ?”—A third *nod*. “ Well, now then, did you see them both at Kingston fair, on the 15th of November ?”—“ My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury,” said the gentleman in the top-boots, “ if you’ll give *me* leave—I’ll tell you all about it !” This offer “ dissolved,” as Mrs. Malaprop says, the proposer’s “ mystery.” And, after the usual expression of merriment—as a little joke makes a great laugh always in a grave assembly—the learned Judge very good-humouredly took up the parole.—“ Witness !—witness ! attend to me,—what have you drank this morning—d’ye hear ?”—“ I haven’t had a drop within my lips since I came into Court.”—“ Aye—but, what did you drink at the public-house, *before* you came into Court ?”—“ At the public house, before I came into Court ?”—“ Yes—at the *last* public house ?”—“ Humph ! Why, what I drank there was one pint of mulled porter—that’s just what I called for.”—“ Well—a pint of porter ; but that was not all ? Come, it was a cold morning, you know—what did you *put into* your porter ? Did not you put a glass of brandy—or was it a couple of glasses of gin ?” The witness paused for a minute, and looked at the speaker, as though he did not very distinctly see him ; then buttoned the front of his coat, and turned the quid in his mouth with his tongue ;—and answered—not at all insolently—but like a man that felt the joke was being carried rather too far :—“ Why, then, since you’re so partic’lar to know all about it—you’d better send to the public-house, and ask.”

Consistency. While all the world—excepting the mere agricultural people—are making an outcry about the “ Corn Laws,” it is curious to observe what a vast number of those persons who cry out for cheap food, will do nothing but *cry out* for it. They make a great fuss, that

the grazier shall be compelled to take a penny a pound off his beef, and then suffer the butcher to put three-halfpence on. It is scarcely adverted to, what a number of people there are, who while they grumble lustily about "taxes," and the "times," have still an affection at the same time—some out of stupidity, but many from impertinence—for paying always what they call "the highest price." This is not to speak of the crowd of other idiots, who are *compelled* to pay *any price*, because their negligence or extravagance prevents them from being able to pay in ready money. A man opens a shop, to sell goods at low prices, at No. 55, Oxford-street; and one to sell the same goods at high prices, at No. 56; and one, at the end of the year, has as much trade as the other. These last description of speculators it is who every day sustain enormous "losses," and yet go on, and thrive as well as their neighbours, who *lose* nothing at all. It is only a conventional mode of conducting business; both the buyer and the seller *mean* to cheat each other; and the only question is—which, in the long run, will succeed.

The manner in which "Intelligence" is given in newspapers—especially "Sporting Intelligence"—is sometimes amusing. I copy the following paragraph from the *Globe and Traveller*:

"GALLOPING MATCH.—On Wednesday Mr. Bullock undertook, for a stake of 200 sovereigns, to ride eight horses 82 miles in four hours and a half. The first horse did 10 miles to Barnet in 34 minutes and a few seconds; the second horse reached Hatfield (the other 10 miles), in 35 minutes; the third went eight miles to Woolmer Green, in 25 minutes; the fourth did to Baldock, 10 miles, in 34 minutes; the fifth reached Girford, 11 miles, in 34 minutes; and the sixth went to Bugden, 12 miles, in 37 minutes. Three hours and 19 minutes it took to do the 60 miles in; and the other 22 were rode, so that the match was won by a quarter of an hour."

Now from the punctuation of the last two lines—"the other 22 were rode, so that, &c."—it would seem that the first part of the distance had *not* been rode. But this is the least part of the curiosity of the paragraph; because, upon the historian's own words, either he must have mistaken the matter from beginning to end, or he leaves out of his *description* the *most extraordinary part of the whole race*. Now, if the distance of 82 miles was to be performed in four hours and a half, and the match was won by "a quarter of an hour," then, the 82 miles were performed in *four hours and a quarter*. And, if it took three hours and nineteen minutes to do the first 60 miles in—then, if the account be true, the last 22 miles must have been performed in four minutes *less* than one hour; which is an increase of speed hardly credible! At the rate of 60 miles in 3 hours and 19 minutes, to do the 22 miles, would take 1 hour and 13 minutes,—whereas it is said to have been done in 56 minutes!—At the most rapid rate accomplished in any part of the match—say, from Girford to Bugden, 12 miles in 37 minutes—the 22 miles would take 68 minutes; so that the speed must have been raised more than TWENTY PER CENT. upon this, to do it in 56. Or say, that the first 12 miles of the 22 were done in 37 minutes, the last 10 must have been accomplished in 19! Either the account is totally wrong, or the most curious part of the match is omitted to be described.

A LITERAL INTERPRETATION. Monsieur Louis, the "French giant," who is near seven feet high, going down to Portsmouth two days since, took a place in the Mail, and found himself (as might be supposed in so

confined a description of vehicle), not over conveniently accommodated. Add to this, the bulk of M. Louis's person, besides proving a source of annoyance to himself, was a serious affliction to the three individuals (even of more reasonable dimension) who were his fellow-passengers. French good humour, however, is not easily at fault; the Monsieur screwed himself into the smallest possible compass; so as not, in fact, to occupy more than two-thirds of the entire coach—and all went on in general silence, if not in general contentment, until the Mail reached the end of the first stage,—When he observed—that as the coach was so narrow, he would get out a little, “to *stretch his legs*.”—But this proposal was too much.—“Ah! for Heaven's sake, Sir, spare me that!”—cried an old lady who had been sitting opposite, and whose endurance, at length, was utterly exhausted.—“Be assured, that your legs are of a *length* perfectly intolerable already!”

The accounts of the Waterloo Bridge Company, for the last year, have been published. From which it appears that the returns of this edifice, which cost A MILLION AND A HALF of money, are about seven thousand pounds a year—or seven shillings for each hundred on the whole outlay. An evening paper, however, holds out to the company some prospect for reimbursement. It observes that “Government has never yet *paid any thing* for calling the bridge ‘Waterloo Bridge!’”

The French papers, during the whole of the latter part of the last month and the earlier portion of this, have been filled with strange accounts of almost nightly robberies, attended with violence, and often with murder, in the streets of Paris. I should almost be inclined to think that some of these stories were invented or exaggerated; for, those who know the police of Paris, will scarcely conceive how such thefts could be committed there and the plunder disposed of. But that murder, or maltreatment, should often accompany robbery, where it does take place at Paris, will not be surprising to any one who has observed the French scheme of criminal judicial arrangement.

For, in the commission of crime, as in all other proceedings, there is a disposition about the human mind to be biassed by the circumstances immediately about it, and by taught, or pre-conceived, opinions: and in England, there is a deferential aversion to the sight of Death in every shape among the people, which arises in a great degree, I suspect, from the circumstance of its being always treated with great reverence and solemnity by the public authorities, and kept, with all the matters connected with it, as much as possible from before the eyes of the multitude. All our arrangements, in fact, tend to this last object. We *see* less of Death, than perhaps any people in Europe. We have no drunken feasts over the body of the dead—as in Ireland. No public exposure in the street for charity, &c., as was the case in France, and still is in many Catholic countries. The burial of our poor is prompt, decent, and certain. The robbery of graves—convinced as we are that a certain advantage results from the practice—is vigorously repressed, and punished by the law. And the slightest appearance of crime—the finding of a body—though but that of an infant—with marks of violence upon it—or any evidence, however slight, which seems to shew that murder has been committed—becomes the subject, instantly, of the most unwearied, indefatigable canvas, by every engine of judicial power, all over the country. No MURDERER can ever be safe in England, until he has been tried, and acquitted.

And, even in our Executions—our only public exhibitions of death—we cautiously avoid the infliction of any seeming torture upon the victims, or the public shedding of blood, which is the custom in France. I know that some objection has been taken to these spectacles, as they exist; and that it is said (with perfect truth, occasionally) that pockets are picked even under the gallows. But I do not go quite this length myself; and indeed I should rather say that a salutary impression is produced by our public executions—as they are arranged. An execution, of course—like every other public spectacle—becomes a focus of assemblage to the idle, the dissolute, and the unprincipled; but they look at it with a feeling of horror, of which they cannot divest themselves, though they *affect* to do so. I do not think there is a thief but quails in his inward heart, every time he passes a gibbet, and sees a man hanging upon it. The sight does not prevent thieving; but I think it *abates* it. Pockets are picked under the gallows; but it may be observed—that picking pockets is *not* an offence for which people are brought to the gallows. Thieves are great calculators.

But, in Paris, to return to my argument—Death seems to be made familiar to the people *on purpose*; and devices are imagined by which they shall be made accustomed to hold it in disregard, and as of no weight. Dead bodies are openly *sold*, as “subjects” for dissection, in the city—any person may purchase the thing that we shudder here to look at, for the cost of a few shillings. Again—murder, and obvious murder—excites no proceeding—no emotion on the part of the criminal law. Unless some individual applies to put the law in motion, it stirs very little of itself. The late murder of the two poor people—the Akehursts—at Fetcham, has, without the interference of any one interested, excited the most formidable exertion all through England. Hand-bills are circulated—rewards offered—officers travelling the country—magistrates every where corresponding and on the alert. In Paris, a man might be found dead in the streets, with his skull split; and, unless some private individual stirred in the affair, the body would be exposed for two days, at the end of which it would be buried; and the assassin (if he pleased) might attend the funeral.

And, even above all this—as tending to weaken the surprise and aversion—the dislike of the *nerve* which humanity acknowledges at scenes of blood and horror—I object to that regular establishment in the city—the Morgue—into which men, women, and children walk—in and out—as they would in and out of a market in this country, and which actually seems provided in order that the population of Paris shall accustom itself, from childhood, to the contemplation of Murder or Suicide from day to day. It is impossible that any people can look, from day to day, at a succession of human bodies—constantly with such marks upon them as shew that they *must* have been assassinated, or self-destroyed—see the remains of MAN exposed, coarsely and slovenly, to the gaze of all—and the causes of his death—though obvious to every one—treated, by AUTHORITY, as not worth inquiries or consideration—no human beings can receive impressions of this character from childhood, and arrive at maturity with that—as it were *instinctive*—horror of the thought of violent or bloody death, which makes many a needy wretch, in England, who would rob and plunder, without remorse, recoil—though without understanding the impulses which withhold him—from *shedding the blood* of his fellow-creature.—But I will speak of this again.

History of the Commonwealth of England, from its Commencement to the Restoration of Charles II, Vol. II, by W. Godwin; 1826.

—Godwin writes a History of the Commonwealth—of a period of political conflict, when the principles of monarchy and republicanism were in fierce encounter—when presbyterians and independents, though not united in opposition, were both opposed, the one to an episcopal hierarchy, the other to hierarchies of every kind;—he writes a history of *any* period, whose hostility to the institutions of society, both civil and religious, are on record? Why not? His readers will be his judges, and closely will they scrutinize his performance. This he knows, and his knowledge of this is almost a guarantee for the exercise of a rare quality in historians, common-honesty. Nor is this the only presumption in his favour: more than thirty years have rolled over his head since the memorable period of his early publications—years spent in retreat—in close study and indefatigable industry. Time, which brings with it a succession of less turbulent fancies, and more acquaintance with realities, has dispersed his visions of perfectibility without bereaving him of all anticipations of progressive amendment. He has, at all events, not suffered his talents to rust by disuse; and the task he has undertaken is one eminently calculated to check the tendency of his younger days towards theoretical conclusions. At every turn he has evidence to weigh, and his “Age of Chaucer,” and “Lives of the Phillips,” prove him to possess a spirit of research, and a patience of judgment, qualified to weigh that evidence, and entitle him to the respect of his cotemporaries.

The present volume extends to the death of Charles, and completing the personal history of that luckless monarch, embraces his full conclusions on the character of Charles. Those conclusions are very decidedly unfavourable; but the judgment he pronounces is carefully built upon the best existing evidence. In the course of our reading, we never met with a book where less is hazarded; every event is backed by authorities; and the deductions of the writer are such as every unbiassed person must draw from the same premises. The Journals of the House are constantly before him—a source of information which has been hitherto singularly neglected. The volume is not one of controversy; it is a new narrative, resulting from the study of the original materials. Hume's narrative has been well sifted by Brodie; but Godwin has nothing to do with either Hume or Brodie. You would not know that he had read either one or the other.

We will very briefly sketch Glamorgan's case, as it is represented in Hume and Godwin. Every body knows Hume's

story; but every body will not read Godwin's, deserving as it is of being read by every lover of truth. Glamorgan (afterwards Marquis of Worcester, and better known by his “Century of Arts”) was a Catholic, and a person of considerable influence in Ireland. He was a favourite with Charles; and, after the battle of Naseby, when Charles turned his last thoughts to Ireland for aid, employed by him. According to Hume's version, Ormond, the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, was directed to conclude a peace with the Catholics, and Glamorgan was to make a kind of supplementary treaty—conceding to the Catholics such conditions as it might not be prudent for Ormond's name to appear in. Glamorgan was, however, to act in subordination to Ormond; he was to consult him—to do nothing, in short, without his advice and consent. Glamorgan, a hot-headed fellow, suffered his zeal to outstrip his commission; and he finally concluded a treaty with the Catholics at Kilkenny, on terms which neither Charles nor Ormond could sanction. The treaty and its terms became public; and Ormond, with the concurrence of Digby, secretary of state, threw Glamorgan into prison. The clamour of the English parliament about the treaty was great, and the King was charged with a design to deliver up the Protestants to the Catholics. Charles assured them, that Glamorgan's commission extended only to the raising of troops; and that in every thing which he had stipulated for the religion or property of the Catholics, he had exceeded his orders, &c. Though this declaration, says Hume, seems agreeable to truth, some historians represent this innocent transaction as a stain on the memory of the unfortunate prince.

Hume, however, must have felt his own representation to be somewhat unsatisfactory; for in a note he says, Dr. Birch has written a treatise on this matter; but it is not my business to oppose any facts in that gentleman's performance. It was, however, his business to consult the authentic documents of that gentleman's publication, and to make a fair use of them. Hume's note is a very elaborate one, attempting to invalidate Birch's story—full of evasion—never once coming to the essential point.

Now what is Godwin's account? That Ormond was empowered to negotiate a treaty—one that might be published—with the Catholics, on condition of their furnishing 10,000 men. That Glamorgan was privately commissioned—with the most ample powers—to command by sea and land—with blank patents of nobility, from marquises to baronetcies—with a promise of the King's daughter, £300,000, and a dukedom—to make large concessions to the Catholics, any thing indeed to secure their

assistance; and in other commissions again and again confirmed—Charles assuring him, should he exceed his commission, or violate any law, that he would, on the word of a christian and a sovereign, support him. That Charles wrote to Ormond, commending Glamorgan to his confidence, without breathing a word of the extraordinary commission with which he was furnished. That Glamorgan pursued the objects of his commission without consulting Ormond, and granted to the Catholics all they desired.

That the papers containing the conditions of the treaty were discovered, and Ormond and Digby threw him into prison, really believing him to have acted without authority. What was Charles's conduct? To Ormond and Digby his public letter expresses amazement at the audacity of Glamorgan's conduct. In his private letter to Ormond, he assures him, on the word of a christian, he never intended Glamorgan should act without his approbation, much less without his knowledge. To Glamorgan himself, in a letter which was to be seen by Ormond and Digby, he says, "he must tell him, he has much exceeded his instructions; had he consulted with Ormond, all might have been helped." To Glamorgan, as soon as he was released, in a private letter sent through his cousin, Sir John Winter—referring him first to the bearer for satisfaction, why he had not done in every thing as Glamorgan desired, he says, "want of confidence was so far from being the cause, he was every day more confirmed in the trust he had in him—it not being in the power of any to make him suffer in his opinion by ill-offices." This was in February 1646—the discovery of the treaty had occurred in the previous December, and Glamorgan was confined but a very few weeks. In April the King writes again—"As I doubt not but you have too much courage to be dismayed at the usage you have had, so I assure you my estimation of you is nothing diminished by it, but that it rather begets in me a desire of revenge and reparation to us both." In July a third letter was written, in which the King expresses an earnest hope, that he may once come into the hands of him and the Nuncio—"since all the rest, as I see, despise me. And, if I do not say this from my heart, may God never, &c."

Of the April letter Hume himself speaks, and remarks, that it was written after there had been a new negotiation entered into between Glamorgan and the Irish—the King's assurance therefore relates, says he, to this recent transaction:—thus, taking no manner of notice of the February letter, which is just as explicit, and indisputably refers to the *first* transaction, and his treatment by Ormond and Digby. Such is Hume's fairness.

"It was necessary," says Godwin, "upon this matter, to insert these letters somewhat at length, both as tending eminently

to develop the character and habits of the writer:"—certainly, for this purpose quite indispensable; but then, he adds, "and as reflecting a strong and instructive light on the nature of the kingly functions and office"—a little bit of nonsense, of which we assure our readers there are very few specimens in the volume.

Le Barbier de Paris; par M. Charles P. de Kock; 1826.—This tale fell accidentally into our hands the other day. It is the production of a M. de Kock, evidently of the school of Pigault Lebrun, and the author already, we believe, of six or seven novels—of which, we imagine, little or nothing is known in this country. We ourselves have but a slight acquaintance with them—of "*Sœur Anne*" we have a favourable impression—but if the rest be at all equal to the one before us, we may wonder once more, at the strange caprice with which literary celebrity gets distributed. The story is admirably put together, and told in an animated, but easy style. The life and vigour pervading the whole, is exceedingly attractive. The vivacity springs very much from the piquancy and rapidity of the dialogue, through the means of which much of the story, and much of the character is conveyed. Our own tale-writers, who are multiplying every day, may take an useful hint. They are too much disposed to indulge in the narrative; and when they venture to dialogize, it is generally for the purpose of discussing points—doctrines, principles and politics—and very apt indeed are they to prose in long speeches, almost as bad as French tragedies.

The tale of *Le Barbier de Paris* turns upon the profligate intrigues of a wealthy noble, whose chief agent is the Barber—both of them meet with their deserts.

The scene is laid in the reign of Louis XIII., not particularly for any historical purpose, but mainly because, by throwing the manœuvres, which the writer delights to describe, into the obscurity of a distant age, he is better able to give them an air of probability. He has the opportunity of representing the state of Paris two centuries ago, which he makes use of with almost as much care and research as our own great novelist, in exhibiting the condition of London in the reign of James. Contrary to the manners of his class, the Barber is not at all a coxcomb, or a babler—quite the contrary, reserved and repulsive. There is a cause for this, of course. The only inmates of his house are an old housekeeper, full of superstitions; and a young girl, left upon his hands by the murder apparently of her parent, in the immediate neighbourhood of his house. She is supported by the Barber, but never permitted to leave the house. He prosecutes his business assiduously, and carries himself like a man well to do

in the world. The story opens with the Barber's impatience for the arrival of a visitor. The visitor comes—the Marquis of Villebelle; and the conversation between them discovers that the Barber has formerly been the Marquis's confidential agent in conducting his intrigues. The object of his present visit, after a lapse of years, is to re-employ him in the same way. He has tracked a very beautiful girl to a certain point, and he now commands the Barber to find her out, and take her, by fair means or foul, to a retired place of his in the suburbs—a place fitted up in a style of luxurious elegance a little too *modern*. This delicate commission the Barber has too much respect for appearances to execute himself; but among his customers is one whom he has employed in odd jobs before, and over whom just now a long account of some seventy or eighty shavings gives him some authority. This personage plays henceforth a conspicuous part through the tale. He is at every body's service, and is employed by all, and plays booty to all; a low gambler and bully, vain and boastful, essentially a rogue and coward. The Barber's commission is at once accepted. Chaudoreille discovers the lady; no difficulty occurs; she accedes; she knows the character and story of the Marquis, and the Barber's too. Confident in her charms, she trusts to her power of fascinating the Marquis to her own terms. She does no such thing; his admiration soon cools, and he abandons her; she rages with a double disappointment. She is an Italian, and, Italian like, is resolved upon revenge.

In the mean while, a youth, a student at Paris, catches through the window a glimpse of the orphan at the Barber's; falls desperately in love; and makes a variety of attempts to approach her. At last, in the character of a country girl wanting service, he gets admission to the old housekeeper and her young charge. An intimacy grows up between them—he is, of course, very entertaining—he tells the old lady ghost stories, and sings the young one love songs; and the intercourse is kept up by evening visits, till one wet night he is persuaded, by the united intreaties of the women, to pass the night with them, and is to share Blanche's bed. Blanche is delighted; she has been shut up with the old woman, now to her sixteenth year; is of extreme simplicity and frankness, with all her affections ready to expand, and a companion of nearly her own age seems a charming thing. A scene follows of very felicitous execution. The youth is tempted by the apparent opportunity; but his better genius rules the hour. An explanation takes place, and at, perhaps, in spite of nobler resolutions, a critical moment, the Barber knocks, and demands admittance. Chaudoreille has been the marplot. A compact ensues; the Barber consents to the nuptials of the young people, on con-

dition that the lover takes her forthwith to a distant province, where the young man, who is his own master, has a small property. All seems propitious.

Before the day of marriage, however, Chaudoreille being by circumstances driven into difficulties, to extricate himself gives the Marquis, who is ever on the look-out for a new object, intelligence of Blanche. No sooner does he hear of her, than he resolves to see her; and, eluding the Barber's watchfulness, he does see her, and resolves to carry her off. The Barber resists; but money, to the accumulation of which he is devoted, melts his scruples, and he aids him. Poor Blanche is deluded by some story of her lover's being obliged to fly on account of a duel, and is hurried off the same night to a castle of the Marquis's, in the heart of the country.

The next day the luckless lover discovers his misfortune, but can get no satisfaction from the Barber. He meets with Chaudoreille. Chaudoreille engages to learn the fate of Blanche, and appoints a meeting the following day. The lover falls into a fever, and is unable to keep the appointment. In the mean while, the jealous and enraged Italian, who has her eye constantly upon the Marquis's actions, discovers through Chaudoreille the deportation of Blanche. She effects an entrance into the Barber's house, and, getting possession of certain papers and documents of importance to her scheme, she sets out, accompanied by Chaudoreille, for the Marquis's castle. By this time the lover recovers, and, after losing many days in fruitless inquiries, he pays the Marquis a visit, at the very castle to which Blanche was taken, knowing nothing about the Marquis's conduct, but meaning to ask his aid—he is not quite a stranger to him—in recovering his lost bride. The plot thickens. The Marquis misleads the lover, and repels the Italian. He makes no progress with the wretched Blanche. The Barber comes, and urges him to violence. He attempts it, but his nerves fail, and Blanche is saved. The next night, the Italian again forces herself upon the Marquis, who is closeted with his agent. She seats herself between them. She is come for vengeance. She produces her evidence—her tale is complete. Blanche proves to be the Marquis's own daughter, by a lady to whom he had been passionately devoted, and whose memory he still fondly cherishes. The person by whose murder she was thought to have been left in the Barber's hands was the Barber's own father, whom he had always treated infamously, and finally murdered. On the impetus of sudden indignation, the Marquis shoots the Barber on the spot, and then rushes to his daughter's chamber. She is alarmed, expecting another attack, and throws herself out of the window into the lake below. The Marquis hears the appalling splash; the door is locked; time

is lost; he flies to the water by another way; plunges in to rescue her; and, at the same moment, on the opposite bank, the lover springs in. Together they bring her to the bank, in agony, in despair—all too late.

Roman Tablets; containing Facts, Anecdotes, and Observations, on the Manners, Customs, Ceremonies, and Government of Rome, by M. de Santo Domingo; 1826. Published by T. F. Hunt, Burlington Arcade.—Though very far, upon the whole, from being ill-written, the book has disappointed us. It was suppressed by an act of authority in Paris, and the author fined and imprisoned. A translation, unusually well executed, has just been published, under the notion that a suppressed work every body must be eager to read. The writer has made very free with the Jesuits, and their influence just now being paramount at court, they have employed it in attempting to crush the writer. Cunning, past finding out, as this society is supposed to be, it is fast over-reaching itself. Persecution will not do. It is almost proverbial to say, it defeats its own object. It is natural for a sufferer to wish to silence the man who exposes him to ridicule, by exercising the power which nature or station furnishes him; and naturally are all of us disposed to go what seems the shortest way to work; but in this matter experience has long been sufficiently ample to teach all but the wilfully blind. If men will not learn, let them take the consequence.

For our own parts, the perusal of the book has added very little to our impression of the wiles of the Jesuits, or the corruptions of the court of Rome; nor have we, with the translator, risen from it with any particular, at least any new disgust against the Catholic religion. The strongest impression upon our minds, at this moment that we lay aside the book, is, that the writer's first object has been to produce effect. Through the volume there is conspicuously an air, not of "pungent irony," as he is pleased to call it, but of elaborate caricature. He is for ever on the hunt for smart things, searching for contrasts, and arranging antitheses—efforts, that almost of necessity involve a *straining* of facts. He is perpetually tasking his memory for ancient remembrances to parallel and embellish his, we must think them, insidious representations. The priests, from the cardinal to the capuchin, are ignorant, gluttonous, profligate; the women, married and single, calculating voluptuaries, or burning sensualists; wives universally unfaithful, and husbands universally accommodating; the government, through thick and thin, enriching the treasury, ruining the country, pillaging foreigners, and protecting the brigands. Nothing of this is new, but we do not the more believe it. It has been reported, till—we had almost said, for that very reason—we are com-

pelled to distrust. That the principles of civil government are ill understood; that the hold of the government upon the respect of the people is feeble; that the standard of private morals is low; that there are hypocrites among the intelligent, and dupes among the ignorant, we are little inclined to doubt; but these sweeping averments of the Roman Tablets are little entitled to secure our confidence—particularly where the writer, notwithstanding all disguises, and notwithstanding his own profession of Catholicism, is obviously predisposed to ridicule more than the forms of religion, and where his manifest love of the prurient and voluptuous, makes his own respect for the sanctions of morals more than questionable.

The most striking passages of the book, after all, regard not the Jesuits, nor the court of Rome, but the women. His imagination riots in "chambering and wantonness." His reflections on the old Romans, wherever they occur, are very agreeable; but the most agreeable are his descriptions of works of art—always, however, more or less fantastical—always labouring for effect. He is in Canova's studio—

By a natural transition, we passed from the horses to the Centaur vanquished by Theseus. Canova put a fine horse to a lingering death, that he might represent all the gradations of agony, and take death in the fact. Theseus has his knee firmly fixed on his rival's chest; he is seizing him by the throat with his left hand, with the other he is lifting his formidable club. The Centaur is on his haunches; his belly touches the ground; from the trembling of his nerves, and the tension of his muscles, it is easy to imagine his painful efforts, and we participate in his anguish. What torment that marble is suffering! Like the Laocoon, it is in agony from head to foot. I touched it, to convince myself that it was not palpitating; it was not the cold from the marble, but the chill of death which I felt, and which had already seized the unfortunate Centaur. Hold, Theseus! suspend that mortal blow; do not destroy that superb creature, which does so much honour to its author. I have some hope that the hero will listen to my prayer, for his arm is not lifted high enough; he is not in the act of striking the blow, but of raising his club: this perhaps is a defect. It would be better also if Theseus had a little more animation, and the efforts he has made in this terrible conflict were more perceptible. Theseus was only a demigod: it was the exclusive privilege of the gods to be calm in the midst of victory. The countenance, action, and attitude in general of the hero, are not sufficiently heroic; Theseus is not quite disengaged from the marble. But the Centaur has struggled dreadfully before being thrown to the ground, and insults his conqueror even in his last moments.

The Young Rifleman's Comrade: a Narrative of his Military Adventures, Captivity, and Shipwreck; 1826.—The value of memoirs depends, of course, entirely upon their genuineness. If the individual be conspicuous in the ranks of life, or eminent for respectability of character, we have a guarantee—to be depended upon to a certain extent. Such a person, we are sure, will not write a romance and pass it off for

reality, because his fictions must be easily detectible; but in the case of one of no kind of distinction among his fellows, we are without any security. With respect to the memoirs before us, professing to be those of a common soldier, we have not even the name, and if we had, we should be but where we were. Are these memoirs, then, to be considered as utterly unworthy of regard? No: unknown to fame, as the writer is, he comes forth, like the Young Rifleman, under the auspices of Goëthe—a name of splendid authority through the literary world of Europe. He is the avowed editor. He must know something of the writer; he must have inquired into the character of the man, and have ascertained the genuineness of the production, before he committed himself so far as to lend the weight of his name. Whether Goëthe himself has assisted we know not—the book bears marks, we think, of patching and polishing. The general association of thought, and the general run of the narrative, indicate a man who is simply able to tell what passes before his eyes. The occasional refinements, the *panni purpurei* scattered here and there—descriptions of external nature and varieties of feeling—look like the work of another mind.

The subject of the memoirs was the son of a butcher, and born in the neighbourhood of Strasburg. His earliest recollections concern the sufferings of his family on the bursting of the French revolution—his father's imprisonment as an 'aristocrat,' his mother's and brothers' flight to Mannheim, and their subsistence by public charity. In 1806, he was drawn a conscript at Strasburg, and for some time not sent upon active service. In the latter part of 1807, he went to Spain with the force under Murat, and was present at the massacre of Madrid, on the memorable 2d May. He was with the troops which marched to Toledo to suppress the tumult there, and was afterwards one of the 14,000 of Dupont's division, which surrendered to the Spaniards in Andalusia. The difficulties and privations of the soldiers, from the first moment of their entrance upon the Spanish territory, must have been horrible, and, if any thing could check the passions of men, the description might be instructive. The rage with which the French were every where received, seems beyond all parallel—corresponding, indeed, with all we have authentically heard, but no where, perhaps, so emphatically given, or marked by so many striking facts. After the surrender of Dupont, the prisoners were conveyed to Majorca, and from thence to Cabrera, a small island, or rather ridge of rocks, a little to the south of Majorca, an account of which our readers will recollect, as the remarkable scene of the French serjeant's memoirs. The narrative before us confirms the Serjeant's statement. He enters more particularly into the organization of the

captives; he was among the first who were thrown upon the island—the Serjeant came in one of the after divisions. After a residence of three years on this prison-island, worn and wearied with privation and *ennui*, he entered the English service, and joined the German legion then in Sicily, where he continued till the restoration of the legitimate Sovereign of Naples, in replacing whom upon the throne the German legion was employed. The filth and profligacy of Palermo are described in a lively manner; but the description, of course, must be received with some distrust. The writer, from his station, could mingle only with the lowest, and he concludes, of course ignorantly, that what he does not see, must be like what he does see. From Naples he passes to Genoa, and from Genoa to England. At Portsmouth he remains for some time after the German legion was broken up, and in 1818 enters into the service of an English officer, and comes to London. The style and tone in which he speaks of London, and the manners of London, will enable us to estimate the standard by which he judges of Spain and Sicily. After a short stay in London, he sails in a Company's ship, the *Cabalva*, for China. The *Cabalva* was wrecked off the Mauritius, and the crew saved themselves on a sand-bank, from which perilous situation they were, after long sufferings, finally rescued: the details of this voyage and disaster are taken from the journal of a young German, who was a midshipman on board, and constitute the most interesting part of the book. He returns to the English shores, and speedily revisits his native home.

The Last of the Lairds; by the Author of the Provost, &c. &c.; 1826.—With our unfeigned respect for the author, it is reluctantly we give expression to any feeling of disappointment; but the unconcealable fact is, that the 'Last of the Lairds' is rather a dull performance. The quaintness of phraseology in which he delights, whilst fresh, had something like a charm in it, but, like all other charms, its fascinations vanish by familiarity. The characters too, which he delights to delineate, never were of a very attractive kind, and certainly not of a kind to bear a frequent re-appearance. The Last of the Lairds is simply a very foolish person, with little or no peculiarity worth recording. He is involved in pecuniary embarrassments, merely by living beyond his means, as we say; but which he, having lately visited the Athens of the North, the seat of political economists and everlasting scribblers, attributes to the ignorant or the insidious dabbling of the Government with the currency. Mr. Rupees, a wealthy nabob, has a mortgage upon the estate, and is upon the point of foreclosing—an event which must *finish* the Laird. The Laird's sole expedient for 'ridding the seals from the bonds' is writing his life, as many others have done before—and some, as he

learns at Athens, gotten a thousand pounds. In this desperate condition, his neighbours, some from one feeling and some from another, are active in excogitating more efficient expedients. The most promising one seems to be, to persuade the mortgager to suspend operations. Mr. Rupees has his oddities, and is not thought to be very accessible to the promptings of sympathy. The narrator, a sort of disengaged old gentleman, who has nothing to do but to watch his neighbours, makes the first attempt, and is repulsed by a banter. Then follows the minister, who urges and moralizes, and is equally foiled. The last resource is Mrs. Sorrocks, a very busy person, who knows every one's concerns, and knows, moreover, that every thing has two handles. By a little well-timed admiration of fine things and Indian wonders, she gains her point. Mr. Rupees softens, and the proceedings of the law are suspended. In the meanwhile, the Laird's friends have been pushing their object in another direction, and labouring to bring about a marriage with one of two ancient sisters, with some property. Reluctantly he accedes—having once before, from another cause, been driven into marriage—and empowers one of the parties to negotiate; but, on learning their success with the nabob, he retreats. Unluckily comes a sudden claim upon Mr. Rupees, to the amount of half his fortune, and he is compelled to enforce the foreclosing. The matter of marriage is resumed; and the Laird is at last 'brought to the scratch.' Mr. Rupees takes possession; the Laird and his bride remove to Edinburgh, to finish his life; and the narrator and Mrs. Sorrocks are left to look after the rest of their neighbours.

The plan of the story is of too contracted a nature, and the characters too unpeccable or too unattractive for even this very able writer to make any thing of them. There is a good scene or two with Mrs. Sorrocks and the maiden sisters. She is an able retorter—skilful in insinuating what she professes to withhold, and in the war of contentious words handles her weapons with great dexterity.

Paul Jones, a Romance, by Allan Cunningham; 3 vols. 12mo., 1826.—What was the real history of Paul Jones we know not. The general impression of the times, in which he made himself known, was, that he was a pirate of the West-Indies, and a fellow of uncommon resolution and enterprise; that he commanded an American sloop of war; fought bravely and successfully Captain Pearson of the *Serapis*; and threw the coast, pretty generally, into confusion and alarm. Lately, by an anonymous biographer—really, there should be no anonymous writers on matters of fact—he has been claimed as a son of Scotland, and something of his history has been traced up—with what accuracy is more than we

can tell. The memoirs to which we allude, represent him to have been not only a man of extraordinary activity, but of extraordinary endowments—a gentleman, in manners and acquirements; no pirate, but regularly commissioned in the States, where he had been legally naturalized; to have been driven from his country, by the tyranny of the magistrates, first into the service of America, and then by the jealousy of the Americans into that of Russia; to have distinguished himself under the flag of Russia, and finally to have fallen in the tumults of the French Revolution. He had a sister too, who fled, or was carried away from her country; and taking refuge among the Indians, or back settlers of America, became the chieftainess or princess of the tribe.

Now, also, we have the life of Paul Jones at full length, professedly in the shape of a romance, but laying claim at the same time to the fidelity of history, as to facts. It is written by Mr. Allan Cunningham, a gentleman already favourably known to the world by other publications, and this very able performance will not lessen his reputation. The more active and bustling scenes are described with much truth and vivacity; the sea-fights, and the storming of Ockazow, are scenes of great vigour, well conceived and well executed. He has looked too with a learned eye on human dealings, and keenly developed the feelings of an aspiring and unbending spirit. The tale, upon the whole, however, is too elaborately worked up; the effect of which is, to retard the flow of the narrative. It is hard to find fault with what is in itself an excellence—but all is relative; a man writes to be read. It is mortifying to think that the very *finish* of the thing will prevent its being fully read. The pains spent upon it will not be fairly estimated; what has cost him most, will be least valued. There is, besides, a good deal of coarseness—more than will be tolerated; and in Paul himself, there is, we think, scarcely relief enough. He might have been made more decidedly in love with an aristocrat. His motives of action are scarcely of sufficient weight. He has but one compelling feeling—revenge against his country, because her aristocratic institutions shut him (the plebeian) out from distinction—which is not true—to a sufficient extent. We are not disposed to cavil at Mr. Cunningham's performance: he might have chosen better; but he has made the best of his choice—few would have done so well.

The hero is introduced to us fighting with Lord Dalveen, between whom and himself, from boyhood, there appears to have been an extraordinary antipathy. Paul is just returned, still very young, after an absence of some years in the West—spent apparently in piratical excursions, in which he gained money and a name. At a village bridal, where Paul, his sister, and Lord Dalveen were all present, Lord Dalveen

conducts himself towards Paul with intolerable *hauteur*, and addresses Paul's sister in a style not at all agreeable to him. On Paul's invitation, they walk down to the shore, to give themselves a little "breathing" with their swords, but are interrupted before much mischief ensues. This Lord Dalveen is quite a personage of romance—Paul himself, indeed, bedevilled—self-willed in his pursuits, and daring in accomplishing them; a very Lovelace among women, and a Paladin among fighters. Paul's mother played false to her husband with Lord Dalveen's father; and both Paul and his sister bear a family resemblance to my Lord. In America, Paul had imbibed high notions of independence and the rights of men; and his own haughty spirit led him to a belief in the "dispensing power" of genius, and a clear conviction of his own title to its rights. He came home with a thorough contempt for all distinctions of birth, and the exclusions of rank. Lord Dalveen, though himself professing to despise, and actually trampling upon all distinctions, feels with full force the advantages of his own superiority in rank, though property he has but little; his family having been ruined by taking part with the Stuarts, and himself wearing a coronet only by courtesy. Paul and he are perpetually meeting, and perpetually at daggers-drawing. As much in defiance of Paul, as in fondness for the sister, Lord Dalveen lays a plan for carrying her off. He employs the crew of a pirate vessel—most of whom are known to Paul. The Captain takes the Lord's money, seizes the lady, and puts to sea without my Lord. This produces another encounter; and Paul is actually carried before a magistrate: who, indignant at the scandal of a peasant boy, a miserable plebeian, measuring swords with a peer, orders him on board the tender—a very common summary penalty in the hands of magistrates in those days.

This is the event which explodes the combustible materials of the hero. His sister is betrayed by a lord—he demands satisfaction of that lord—and for his presumption, is ignominiously consigned by a magistrate to a ship of war, to serve before the mast. His high spirit cannot brook the treatment: he escapes from the officers of justice, and flies to America. From America he speedily returns with a sloop of war under his command, commissioned by the insurgent Americans, and prepares to lay waste the shore of his native district, the bay of Solway. He actually burns Whitehaven; and effects a landing in St. Mary's Isle to seize the Earl of Selkirk, meaning to make use of him as an hostage. The Earl is fortunately from home; but the crew proceed to the castle to seize the family plate, and Paul has some difficulty in preventing further excesses. He engages an English vessel in the bay, and sinks her. Quickly after he is joined by a

French frigate, of which he takes the command, as commodore, and fights the memorable battle with the *Serapis*, commanded by Captain Pearson, and takes her. On board the *Serapis* was Dalveen, and Paul and he again tilt at each other.

Flushed with triumph, he goes now to Paris—is welcomed by Franklin and La Fayette; is presented to the king and queen—honoured, fêted, courted and petted by lords and ladies; and recommended by Franklin for the command of the French fleet. Foiled in his proudest hopes, by the intrigues of courtiers, he suddenly quits Paris for America—where again the jealousy of the Americans excludes him from any distinguished appointment. He is useful, however, to Washington in an engagement; and again encounters Dalveen. Washington, after the battle, commissions him to negotiate for assistance with some Scotch settlers in a remote district, where he finds his sister invested with authority over the settlement, served like a queen, with a guard of three hundred men at her devotion. She mocks his proposals, and sharply reproaches him for fighting against his country. Here too again he finds Dalveen, who had come to offer his repentance, and claim the heroine's hand. She refuses; some attempt at violence follows on the part of Lord Dalveen, and he escapes from her defenders with difficulty.

Now change we the scene, and find Paul in the service of Russia, rear-admiral of the fleet destined to aid Suwarrow in the taking of Oekazow. His division of the fleet captures several of the enemy's ships; and by his suggestions and activity, he materially assists in storming the town. In Oekazow, the Vizier himself commands. He is taken, and proves to be Dalveen again. The commander-in-chief, Prince Nassau, is jealous of Paul, and takes no notice of him in his despatches, which he forwards to the Empress by Paul. To him also Suwarrow entrusts his despatches, but he does Paul full justice. The Empress receives him with distinction, and confers on him the order of St. Anne, and the rank of full admiral; but the jealousies of the Scotch officers in her service, three hundred of whom tender their resignation, induce her to recommend him to go to France, with an assurance of the punctual remittance of his pay.

He lands at Havre, in the heat of the revolution; and, being recognized by a mob of raving women, he is, on the spot, named Deputy for Havre. In Paris, he several times narrowly escapes amid the clash of parties. Here, once more, he meets with Lord Dalveen, himself a deputy, and here ends Dalveen's career—stabbed by the dagger of a girl in a fit of jealous revenge. And here also, at last, disgusted by scenes of turbulence and bloodshed; driven from his native and his adopted country; envied by competitors, and deserted by employers; treated by some as

a pirate, and by others as an intruder, the ill-fated Paul dies apparently of disappointment and a broken heart—a pitiable victim to aspiring views and ill-regulated passions. He is found dead by his faithful attendant, without any marks of violence.

Tales by the O'Hara Family: Second Series; 3 vols. 8vo., 1826.—This second series consists of two tales—the “Nowlans,” and “Peter of the Castle;” of which the first, the best of the tales, occupies two volumes, and the second the remaining volume. Neither of these tales are remarkable for being skilfully constructed. The writer scarcely sees through his own complications, and certainly does not disentangle them well. In the “Nowlans” there are details and conversations which are superfluous, because they do not help on the story; and injurious, because they waste and weaken the interest; and any thing of this kind is a blot in a good tale. The reader will see, at a glance, the writer is a very able person; and who will care for the critics? We ourselves have read willingly, and unrepulsed; and thousands will do the same.

Barnes, one of the O'Hara family, travelling to the South, takes shelter from a storm in a small farm-house, where he finds a family consisting of the master, his wife, and two very pretty, well-behaved girls. The cares of the women are absorbed by attendance on a sick person, confined to his bed; but he finds a hospitable reception, and continues with them some days. This sick person proves to be a son of the old people, lately returned after an absence of seven years, commenced under singular circumstances. The subject of the tale is this young man's story, involving that of Peggy the eldest daughter. These are the “Nowlans.” John had been destined from a boy for a Catholic priest; but going at fourteen, to live with an uncle, a man of coarse and ruinous habits, his Latin gets neglected, and his early integrity a little corrupted. In his uncle's house is a very beautiful girl—wild and wilful; from whose seductions, and her mother's designs, John, as he grows up, escapes by miracle. By-and-bye the uncle squanders his property, and John returns to his home; resumes his studies, and proceeds to ordination—not final ordination, but what is called taking the vows—of celibacy.

About this time, while he is yet with his friends, he rescues a Mr. Long, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, accompanied by his nephew and niece, from imminent peril. The rescued party repose at the house of the Nowlans—there is some remote relationship between them, but difference of station and manners has kept them, though living very near, apart. The young people are very much struck with each other. Letty, the niece, is delighted with Peggy's simplicity and propriety, and Peggy charm-

ed with Miss Letty's elegance and affability. The nephew, Frank, plays the agreeable to Peggy, and proposes to John a fishing excursion; and John, who knows little of other manners than those of his own family fire-side, is struck not only by Letty's beauty, but by an ease and grace and intelligence, which to him are altogether new. The result of this acquaintance is a visit to the Hall. Letty takes John under her wing, and initiates him in music and poetry. To such matters, he is quite a stranger; his studies have been among Greek and Latin, and theology; but he has a soul under the ribs of death, which the Promethean fire of the lady quickly kindles into life. At the end of a month Peggy returns; but John remains. The young lady wishes to learn Latin, and John undertakes to teach. They are now constantly together. John is a handsome looking fellow, a little awkward or so, full of feeling, with a touch of the romantic about him; and the rust, with so delicate a file, is of course soon worn away. His fascinations are not without their effect. She also is beautiful, graceful, and withal—irresistible; and John is over head and ears in love long before he knows any thing of his danger. At last, at their studies, all at once he discovers his hand locked in her's, and catches his own sigh responding to her's. Alarmed, he starts from his seat; he institutes a severe self-scrutiny; he recollects his solemn engagements, and resolves to fly. To resolve is one thing, to accomplish another. In the meanwhile he encounters Maggy, the girl with whom at his uncle's he had so nearly been entangled. She has been seduced by Frank; she is now jealous of Frank's attentions to Peggy, and in revenge warns John to look after his sister. Forthwith he taxes Frank with insidious designs; Frank assures him of his honourable intentions, and in return rallies him on the progress he is making in Letty's affections. The truth flashes upon his heart with fuller conviction; he is violating his vows, and must fly from the presence of the too lovely one. He does fly; but too soon, trusting to his own strength, he meets her again. That meeting only produces an explosion of feeling, and an avowal of mutual fondness. They part again, and meet again—worse and worse. The struggle is tremendous; but John wrestles bravely, and finally resolves upon travelling into Spain. He arranges with his clerical superior. Strong and fixed in his final resolution, he now communicates his purpose to Letty, and proposes a last interview on his way to Dublin, to bid her farewell. They meet, and retire for a few moments to a green and sweet retreat; but soon, alas! from that green and sweet retreat is seen the wretched John rushing forth in a state of desperation, distraction—a maniac. Temptation had been too mighty. The vious Maggy, too, had been upon the watch; she encounters John, and tells him Frank

had actually seduced his sister, and that he and Peggy were, at that very moment, at no great distance. He springs forward to the place; he meets a friar of his acquaintance, hurries him along with him; sees his sister in entreaties at the feet of Frank, mistakes the object of those entreaties, presents a pistol at Frank's head, and on the spot, and in spite of all remonstrance on the part of priest, sister, and Frank, he forces the priest to marry them. Then flying back to the place where he had left the unhappy Letty, he finds her in a senseless state; he catches her in his arms, puts her into the carriage, which was waiting to take him on his distant journey, and whirls away to Dublin. At Dublin, in desperation, and in defiance of all his vows, he procures a Protestant clergyman, and marries the poor Letty without delay. Soon, soon are they brought to woeful reflection. The little money they have quickly vanishes. Letty's letters to her uncle are unanswered. John goes a teaching; she does the same. Presently, suspicions fall upon them: he is recognized by some one; and pupils fall off one by one. No friend in the world; debts accumulating; the miserable girl near confinement. The last pupil fails them—and houseless, penniless, almost clothesless, they quit Dublin; and no more is heard of them—till a few weeks after, she is delivered of an infant, under a shed, by the road-side, amidst cold and rain, and misery, not to be described, and dies; and of him is nothing known for seven long years. The whole of this harrowing tale is worked up to torture; it is the *experimentum crucis* of the author's powers.

In the meanwhile, the scoundrel Frank exults in his good fortune. He has long been plotting against Peggy, and now avails himself of this forced marriage, which the laws of the country enable him to set at nought, and only begs it may be kept from his uncle. The character of this fellow is now displayed at large: he is a thorough-paced villain. At Oxford he had been leagued with a set of gambling connections, and by degrees got involved deep, deep, beyond all redemption. His uncle's property he knows is to be divided between himself and sister. This division will not serve his purpose. The sister must be gotten rid of. With this view, he gladly seconds any thing that is likely to alienate her from her uncle's affections. Her flight with John was beyond his hopes; and he takes especial care to intercept her letters. His difficulties, however, come too quick upon him. In his extremity, with some of his desperate companions he robs the mail. He abandons Peggy. She discloses her case to the uncle; and, before he is able to take any steps to force his nephew to do her justice, the robbery, in spite of all Frank's cautions, is traced up to him. He is every way baffled, exposed, ruined. A few months, and the uncle receives a letter

from him, written under the name of S9. He was about to suffer a shameful death, and would be heard of no more that are made, and he is believed to have executed for forgery. This, however, not to be true; and in three or four days after he returns, a soldier, to Dublin quickly, with some of his worthless companions, lays a plan for robbing and murdering his uncle. One of them impeaches, and the result is, Frank, in the presence of his uncle, stabs himself. In the same regiment also is discovered poor John. He is instrumental in the detection of Frank's villainies. He returns to his family; and, at the time of Barnes's visit to the father's, he is confined to his bed by a fever. Peggy is soon after married to an old admirer; Mr. Long provides handsomely for her; John is restored to the bosom of the church, and resumes his clerical profession. There is a good deal of confusion in the *denouement* of the story; but the detail of the flight and fate of John and Letty would redeem scores of dreaming and perplexing pages.—For any account of "Peter of the Castle," we have no room. The story, though of inferior interest, is better told; that is, it is better bound together—still defective in compactness.

Time's Telescope for 1827.—Should any of our readers be quite unacquainted with this publication, let them read the title-page. "A complete Guide to the Almanack; containing an explanation of Saints' days and Holidays; with Illustrations of British History and Antiquities, notices of Obsolete Rites and Customs, sketches of comparative Chronology, and cotemporary Biography. Astronomical Occurrences in every Month; comprising Remarks on the Phenomena of the Celestial Bodies: and the Naturalist's Diary; explaining the various appearances in the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms, and including a View of Scotian Botany."

This is the fourteenth impression—a fact, which is itself a sufficient proof of some degree of merit. From first to last too, it has been, we believe, favourably received, and certainly abundantly extolled; for the editor is enabled to reprint no less than thirteen pages, in very small type, of eulogies, collected from newspapers and reviews, from 1814 to 1826; and 1827 will no doubt add more of these laurels to the wreath—it seems to deserve it too, as well as any of its precursors.

A miscellany of this kind, with ordinary care, must always contain something worth looking at. It falls chiefly into the hands of young people; and innumerable little matters of curiosity, or even of real utility, are thus presented to them, which otherwise would scarcely ever be heard of, and which, but upon some particular impulse, are seldom inquired about. It is not a thing which has any real claim to literary

on, notwithstanding certain verses, ts known now-a-days not by their s at full length, or in the vernacular acter, but by initials, English or Greek : notwithstanding the editor talks very complacently of the "intellectual feast" he annually prepares, and from the task of still annually purveying which feast, he gallantly professes himself resolved not to shrink, "while life and health permit."

The present volume, adds the editor (almost entirely a new work), will be found to exhibit much novelty, as well as variety, in the selection of the materials: a very interesting series of papers on Scotian Botany (does this mean the botany of Scotland?), by Mr. Young, of Paisley; a description of the most rare and remarkable British Insects, by Mr. Curtis, author of the "British Ornithology;" Ornithological Notices, by the Rev. Mr. Jenyns, of Bottisden-Hall; and Sketches of the various appearances of Nature, by W. Howett; &c. &c.

Alla Giornata, or To the Day; 1826.—Ildegarda, daughter of the Marchese Gherardesca, became heiress to his large property in consequence of the death of her only brother—this brother having been poisoned, as was suspected, by one Montesciado, who sought Ildegarda's hand.

The young lady's father was unhappily tinged with several anti-catholic notions, which he had gathered from Germany, and brought, to settle with him, to the neighbourhood of Pisa. He was not content with the imputation and reality of being a heretic himself, but imbues his daughter's mind with the same obnoxious opinions—for the obvious purpose of producing a sufficient train of disastrous consequences upon her innocent head to swell out three volumes.

Duly then, upon her parent's demise, and her own installation into his possessions, she not only takes no pains to conceal her inheritance of his Protestant inclinations also, but forces her crude notions upon public and private animadversion, with the pertinacious assiduity of a claimant for martyrdom.

With all the circumstance of established wealth and power,—with a fool, a dwarf, a poet, and a painter, in her train, and other attendance proportioned to such appendages, she held up her chin above public opinion, and would not keep within her own bosom the contempt she entertained for the popish religion as received by her compatriots; but amused herself with making the existing superstitions constant themes of obloquy. In vain her friends, a priest among the number, urged caution and moderation; she replied to them, either with the insolent sarcasm of power, or the no less insolent silence of greatness, that fancied itself beyond reach. She was a genius, too, devoted to the arts—a blue-stocking, long ere that character was for-

tified by its multitudes against the envy and derision which first innovators must ever encounter.

The lady gave a splendid fête; whoever had the least claim to rank or distinction for many miles around were invited to it. At prodigious cost, she had collected all the adornments of luxury which the arts and her own cultivated taste could supply to delight and astonish. Towards the conclusion of the day a sort of masque, founded on a legend of the church, was about to be performed by hired exhibitors. At this critical moment, a procession of priests, from the near convent, entered on the stage, anathematizing the whole procedure, preremptorily prohibiting its continuance; and, at the same time, admonishing the large, brilliant and illustrious audience, that their own disapproval of such a spectacle, and consequently their own safety, could only be proved by a speedy removal of themselves home. The church was irresistible: the crowd having tasted her hospitality, one and all departed, glad of such authority, in support of their own dislike, for exercising their contempt upon her. No sooner were the guests departed than her castle was shaken to its centre. Thunder and lightning commenced—the building began to totter,—with difficulty are she and her immediate attendants rescued from quick destruction; but nothing could rescue her from the damnatory conclusions suggested by so plain an interposition. Always feared, slighted, hated, whispering enemies now shook off their restraints; and her ancient lover, the imagined murderer of her brother, and for that cause rejected,—foaming for revenge, conspired with the ruling powers of Pisa for stripping Ildegarda of her estates, and procuring the imprisonment of her person, on the ground of her contempt for religion (for which there was certainly some plea); and also, on that of her connivance in a late projected resistance of Volterra and its territory to the Pisan dominion.

Now Ildegarda was not without a favoured lover: the son of a prouder house than her own, and of a mother, whose Spartan prayer had rather been to see him on his bier than Ildegarda's husband. His mother's steady and contemptuous avoidance of an introduction to Ildegarda, notwithstanding her unwearied efforts to attain that lady's regard and acquaintance, her public scorn of Ildegarda's character and sentiments, her prohibition of her son's connexions, were the bitterest draughts of humiliation our heroine had to gulp. Upright, however, and generous, and disdaining to employ the power she really possessed against an anxious parent's will, she gradually rendered that will less violent in its manifestations, and the implication finally of the proud mother and the beloved son in the Volterra-tumult, by rendering the two families fellow sufferers

in the same cause, afforded an additional bond of conciliation to many other healing circumstances, which had slowly prepared the way for friendship.

Her beloved Ranieri would have found some difficulty in clearing himself with his Pisan rulers but for the fortunate event of the Florentines taking unjust possession of the territory in question, which afforded him (the youth having been reduced to hide and seek for some time past) a glorious opportunity of winning the city back for Pisa. Since it must have a master, his conscience determined that he might as well suit his own convenience as to *who* should bear the sway; and by this timely exercise of patriotism, he rescues his character from every shadow of distrust, and his person from apprehended durance, while his mother and Ildegarda, his presumed advisers, are purified in him.

The characters are extravagantly drawn—the public events operating clumsily upon individuals; and a monstrous underplot, which entangles itself with the history of Montescujado, the murderer of Ildegarda's brother, is too troublesome to be understood; while from the perpetual interference of this man with the main story, and of two queer beings, whose rights, of property and rank he usurps, and who are finally to be righted by a tedious denouement of fresh and unguessed circumstances, (would they were all in the Red Sea!) render the whole novel heavy—improbable—inflated—complicated.

Shrewd remarks are, however, scattered about, and a simpler frame-work would have left the natural powers of the author—no common ones—a much more advantageous action.

Two Charges delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Derby, 1825 and 1826, by the Rev. S. Butler, Archdeacon of Derby, and Head Master of Shrewsbury School; 1826.—Charges delivered by archdeacons and bishops are seldom remarkable for any thing that can concern the general reader: but one of these before us contains some statistical information, certainly of some value, as exhibiting the state of the church with respect to its property; and of some value also to those, who, while they respect the church, are too often left unfurnished with materials for a valid defence of defects charged upon the clergy, which really originate not with the clergy, but in corruptions, with which they have nothing to do. These charges too are the production of a very able, and a very learned individual—learned not merely in the knowledge of Greek and Latin, but of the state and spirit of his own times;—to whom his avocations, as a highly and deservedly popular school-master, must have rendered the undertaking peculiarly onerous.

On entering upon the office, he conceived it to be his duty, as it undoubtedly was, to visit his archdeaconry thoroughly, and

he has accordingly visited it thoroughly. He has not only collected valuable information, but he has taken active measures for reforming abuses, and repairing dilapidations, to the full extent of his limited power.

The archdeaconry of Derby is, as you know (says the archdeacon, addressing his clergy), commensurate with the county, and divided into three deaneries—Derby, Ashbourne, and Chesterfield. There are, however, about thirty churches, which, being either peculiar or donative, are not under archdeaconry jurisdiction. The greatest part of these lie in the north-western side of the county, from about Bakewell towards Buxton and Ashbourne.

Of those which come under the archdeacon's jurisdiction, being 163 parishes, there are 52 rectories, 52 vicarages, and 59 curacies or chapels. There are also three or four small chapels in some parochial townships within the archdeaconry, which, being served only once a fortnight, or even less frequently, by the incumbent, or curate of the mother-church, and not being entered in the process paper, I have not taken into the present account.

The whole income of these 163 churches, according to the returns I have received, and which I believe are tolerably correct, being divided by the whole number of churches, gives an income of £239 for each, omitting fractions of pence and shillings;—but as four of the churches are consolidated, their number is reduced in fact to 159, instead of 163; and thus the average income of each church is raised to near £245; a sum which may be considered as not much differing from the average value of churches throughout the kingdom.

Of these 159 livings, 58 are above the average of £245, and 101 below it. The tithes of 90 churches, being considerably more than one-half the number in the archdeaconry, are in the hands of lay-impropriators; and those of 19 more, though in ecclesiastical hands, are not in those of the incumbent of the church to which they belong.

These 159 livings, comprising 163 churches, are served by 135 clergymen, either as incumbents or curates: for 28 churches, being for the most part chapels of ease, are served by the incumbent or curate of the mother-church, or by the minister of a neighbouring parish.

Of the above 163 churches, 91 have houses fit for the residence of a clergyman; 20 have houses, but unfit for the residence of a clergyman; and, indeed, nearly all these last-mentioned are mere cottages, just capable of accommodating a labourer and his family; and 52 have no house. So that, in fact, there are 72 churches, which virtually have no place of residence for their minister.

Of the 91 livings which have houses, there are resident 60 incumbents, and 21 curates. In the remaining ten cases, in which neither incumbent nor curate appear resident, the incumbent, generally, is so virtually; either living in his own house in the parish, instead of the parsonage, and doing himself the duty, or residing on an adjoining living, and doing also the duty of that on which he does not reside.

Of the 20 livings which have no fit houses, and the 12 which have no house at all, many are of small value; and being themselves insufficient for the support of a clergyman, and of small population, requiring only single duty, are served by the curate, or incumbent of a neighbouring parish. There are, however, 5 which have their incumbent, and 5 which have their curate resident in the parish; and of the remaining 62, the duty, in 39 cases, is performed by the incumbent himself.

The average value of these 159 livings then, proves to be £245; 101 are below that average, 80 are below £150, 49 below £100, and 19 not exceeding £50, which means very considerably below that paltry sum. Nearly two-thirds of the tithes are in lay hands; and very nearly one-half of the parishes are without parsonage-houses. Under these circumstances, can more, in the way of residence and attendance, be rationally expected from the clergy? Let the saddle be placed on the right horse. The existing clergy, at least, are not to blame. Some measures are loudly demanded for equalizing church property.

The object of the second charge is to enforce education, by calling upon the clergy to promote the extension of national schools, and themselves to superintend them: not so much for the diffusion of knowledge, of which he justly speaks contemptuously, for the mass of the people, as of religious education; and he replies to those who so repeatedly allege the Scotch as proofs of the advantages of the "diffusion of knowledge," by affirming, that the cause of the sober and industrious habits of that people is to be looked for rather in the attention paid by the clergy to their religious education, than to that vaunted "diffusion of knowledge."

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REVIEW.

THIS is proverbially a month of theatrical nonentity. No author would produce a piece on the boards in December on pain of death, and that which follows; no actress would study a new part; no manager would frame a bill, containing any thing better than the obsolete fare which has run through the season. The very tailors would be surprised by an order for a new pair of pantaloons, even for Jones, who delights in "that sort of thing," and who has notoriously the best legs and the best taste in exhibiting them of any man alive. In short, all before the curtain is much of the same fashion with all in the street: dullness, frigidity, and fog. Even the American manager, who passes over oceans with the agility of the time when witchery and broomsticks were the instruments of navigation, has found it difficult to get over this month—gives us in his despair two farces and a Dutch dance for a night's subsistence, and bids us live on the promise of "Il Turco in Italia" metamorphosed into an English opera.

Covent-Garden is in exactly the same condition. It has indulged itself during the month with a remarkably dry succession of performances, and disdaining to take an unfair advantage of its gilt and burnished rival, has seemed to enter into a compact, as vigorous against novelty of performance as against novelty of actors. For all this, however, we are to be consoled by the glories of pantomime. If heroes and heroines are asleep before the curtain, all is life behind. Every chisel and brush, every artificer in drapery and automaton, every manager of screws and wires, and every genius of tumbling and grimace, is in daily and nightly activity in every lamp-lit cavern, in every square foot of the theatre and its appurtenances. Harlequin is rotatory, from dusky morn to foggy eve; clowns pursue him with never-ceasing awkwardness, and gibes uncheered by a smile through walls of canvas and ships of paper; Pantaloons neither "lean nor slipped," but fugatory and ferocious beyond the lot of man, are in perpetual spring, and Colum-

bines all unkerchiefed, and as unfitted for the eye as a Frenchwoman at her breakfast, learn new tricks of toilsome captivation, and, like the ladies at Almack's, dance with a desperate and indefatigable toe, till they tire down their partner into matrimony. Of the result we must live in hope. In the mean time we must live how we can, for managers have shut up their granaries; and, unless we chuse to be bored by eternal repetition—a thing which ought to be taken into consideration in coroners' inquests as a handsome plea for departing this life summarily—there is no reason why a man, in possession of seven shillings and his senses, should employ either in theatres during this present month of December. We could pledge ourselves that all this management is the twin brother to bad policy, and begotten of a mistake, in its turn begotten of the dead and gone habits of London.

Fifty years ago, and in every fifty years preceding, it is true, that the month before Christmas was busied in other things than looking at the best of all possible plays. The men were all plunged ears deep in ledgers and will-making. London was a general scene of *retribution*, winding up accounts, claiming good debts, extracting bad by those legal screws whose ailing absorbs so much of the material extracted; or receiving the little exiled branches of the family at home, plumed in all the honours of those schools in which the rising generation of our forefathers and mothers learned cyphering and cross-stitch.

The ladies of London were plunged in cares equally overwhelming. Plumb-cake and mince pies in a proud profusion that shames the narrow *provisionality* of our degenerate day, sat heavy on their souls. The matron's thoughts were up early and to bed late, in council with her cook, a kind of she-chancellor, and not the less fitted for the office by reason of her sex or antiquity; who kept her receipt-book and her conscience; and set herself against all culinary innovation with the vigour of an irrefragable principle. This was the day of the

lady's levee; butchers in full costume approached her presence, confectioners paid their annual respects, and the dealers in made-wines were invited to leave their cards. Beef in all its forms was submitted to the most accurate inspection; sentence of death was passed upon turkeys, and ale was put under the most rigorous confinement capable by cask and bottle, until the general jail-delivery of all similar captives, that was to take place on or before Twelfth-day.

Was not this enough, and more than enough, to keep every man and woman at home? The householder, male and female, who was seen much even in the streets was at such times suspected of being either verging on bankruptcy or bad dinners, and men shunned them by a prophetic instinct of debt and famine. They were abroad, because they had nothing to do at home. The conclusion was natural; and a man might in our gentle days run away with his neighbour's wife, embezzle the national money, ruin some tons weight of old maids and country squires, by shareholding in a bubble, with more popularity, to say nothing of more character, than he might then have been seen frequenting houses of amusement in the month of December. As for the nobility, they were all keeping Christmas in grand style at their palaces in the country. In such days, of course, the audience consisted chiefly of amateurs behind the scenes; or a few gentlemen of those light and easy habits to which the play-house, the watch-house, and the high-way, were only professional varieties; or a few young Templars, of whom mankind in general were cautious, by a natural horror of their future trade; or a few country visitors, who, after having spent their morning in Smithfield, came to doze out their evening at some decent distance from their own beeves. The theatres knew their men, gave them entertainment fitted for such guests, and distained to supply with novelties an audience to which dulness was congenial, or plunder was the much pleasanter play.

But what an alteration has taken place since! Who now makes any difference between one month and another? What man, above the brains of a parish-clerk, knows any thing about Christmas but its fog? What noble family knows more about it than that it is just, of all seasons, the most inconvenient to be seen in, either in country or in town—the former being a bore inexpressible, and clogged with feasts to the neighbouring gentry—civilities to the dowdy wives and daughters of voters; in the *past* election—rugs, cloaks to old women, and food and firing to the cottagers, that expect it as “due as the Turk's tribute.” Town is not less a bore—for the name of the thing. The “*durance vile*” of that season in which visiting is not *quite* etiquette, and St. James's is deserted for Windsor. Yet in London they are at

this hour; or all are, who cannot escape to hide their heads at Brighton or Ramsgate, or some outlying corner of the earth, where the peerage goes for what the peerage is worth, and a man with a star or a title is not sunk into the utter invisibility into which noble persons of moderate faculties and high pretensions go plump down in the unceremonious multitude of London. We will venture to lay our critical laurels that nine-tenths of the human noblesse of the Grosvenor and Portman Squares world; the very exclusives of the earth—that superfine and sublime portion of man and woman-kind which respire high blood, and think that every coach without a coronet is to be hired for a shilling; the very celestials of society; and at this hour closeted up in their mansions in as much dread of being recognised in Town as any insolvent that ever wore moustaches in Bond-street. The playhouses, we will allow, can expect but little now from their “supremacies.” But from those, the playhouse generally gets as little as any other claimant, public or private. But let them recollect the multitude; the abiding million of London itself; the locomotory host, the rotatory tens of thousands that come in daily from the ends of England and the earth, on the tops and bottoms of stage coaches; the endless tide of idlers who will go any where for tolerable amusement; the new generation of officials, who after three o'clock have nothing to do but to sleep, or hunt for amusement. The natural play-loving spirit of the people, “Merry England,” as it was of old, and merry as it would be anew, if the masters of public pleasantries would take the trouble to give them something worth their shillings and their smiles. We should think that of all months in the year, December was the very best for the national theatres. But managers *will* not take our advice, and they *will* therefore have the reward due to those who despise the Oracle. They will play bad pieces to empty benches, and when people ask why, they will answer: “because London, fifty years ago, had not a fifth part of the population of London now.” So will they speak, act, weep, and sigh over an empty treasury, and die in their sins.

The Opera House has made the bold experiment of opening before Christmas. But this our oracle would have discouraged, if the manager had the precaution to ask humbly what we thought about the matter. The Opera House is *not* democratic. The *haut ton*, or by whatever silly name it delights to be called, are its food, its shew, its subscription, its five senses. But in this season the people of the “exclusive world,” are, like the sparrows, hid in their own nooks, as dead and buried. There is neither song nor supper among them till spring. The casual call of parliament for a week was not enough. The few who ventured out have slunk in again, and are

congealed in furs and torpidity until the sun and St. James's come round again.

Yet the manager is as enterprising, spirited, and well-intentioned *entrepreneur* as any at the head of an army of singers and dancers on the face of the dramatic world; and we honour him for the gallantry of the adventure. His company, with a few additions, would be fully adequate to popularity and profit. We are convinced that the true policy would be, to make the company generally equal. There is no worse policy than that of indulging the caprice and avarice of some exhibitions signor or signora, by a price which no talent can repay, which disgusts the other performers, at once throws them down in the public scale, and ultimately impoverishes the theatre. There are a dozen singers on the Continent, at this hour, who could execute any thing that music ever made, and execute it most pleasingly. But a Pasta comes, and the whole corps are absolutely stinted to fill her salary. She bravuras for a few months, and then walks away with a purse that breaks down the diligence, calling us English *bêtes* all the way to the Apennines. With her the season is slain at once. Who will go to hear the Opera, when the only singer heard of during the season is gone? None but a country gentleman, overtaken by a tavern-

dinner. We have no doubt that if the manager could persuade those noble persons, who, having no occasion for advice in their respective callings, honour him with so much, to let him follow the dictates of his common-sense in this case, he would have a more productive Opera than all the Pastas, present or to come, would ever make for him. The actual difference between singers, or dancers either, is not so much as that the second class of both might not supply very sufficient theatrical attraction. The true secret would be in having pretty operas—not long-winded bravuras; and pretty ballets—not the solitary jumps or twistings of an Albert or a Paul, at fifty pounds a dance. Let him choose good composition in both. There are, in the *repertoires* of the foreign theatres, ten thousand operas and ballets that have been popular in their day and country—but which we have not ever seen here. What we have not seen is to us of as much value as if it had come wet from the pen of Rossini. Let him give us these, and punish petulance of composers, and bring down the “stars,” or put an extinguisher on them.

The only performance of the Opera-House has been Spontini's *La Vestale*—a clever performance, but which destroys a pleasanter thing, by destroying the ballet.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

New Inflammable Substance.—The following singular fact is stated in the *Bulletin Universel*. At Doulens, near Amiens, is a large manufactory for spinning cotton, which is lighted by oil-gas; this gas, on its return from the cast-iron cylinder filled with red hot coal, where it is formed, traverses a reservoir of oil, in which it deposits a white liquid matter, which can be taken away by means of a spigot situated at the lower part of the reservoir. The workmen employed in this duty having dropped some of it to the ground upon water, the matter took fire spontaneously, and, having run to a neighbouring rivulet, it spread itself upon the surface of the water, which appeared to be on fire. The proprietor of the factory intends to send a bottle of this singular substance to M. Gay Lussac, to have it chemically analyzed.

Improved Melting Pots.—The last volume of the Transactions of the Society of Arts contains the following direction for the composition of melting-pots, which will bear a higher degree of heat than others without softening, and will therefore deliver the iron in a more fluid state than the best Birmingham pots. Take two parts of fine ground raw Stourbridge clay, and one part of the hardest gas coke, previously pulverized and sifted through a sieve of one-eighth of an inch mesh; if the coke be ground fine, the pots are very apt to crack.

Mix the ingredients together with a proper quantity of water, and tread the mass well: the pot is then moulded by hand on a wooden block.

Figure of the Earth.—Mr. Ivory, whose name will ever be associated with those of the first mathematicians of which Europe can boast, has inserted in the Philosophical Journal a paper on this subject, of which the following is an abstract. The number of stations at which experiments with the pendulum for ascertaining the figure of the earth have been made, is now thirty-nine: of these, twenty-eight concur in giving the same ellipticity $\frac{1}{23}$, with very small discrepancies; but, if we take the whole indiscriminately, and make certain combinations of them, we may obtain any ellipticity we choose. Now if it can hereafter be indisputably proved by experiments, so conducted that it shall be impossible to entertain a doubt of the correctness of the results, that inequalities so great as the present experiments indicate take place in the distribution of gravity, we can hope to gain little in point of accuracy by employing the pendulum for investigating the figure of the earth. This objection of Mr. Ivory's to the use of the pendulum for the determination of the earth's ellipticity, is considerably strengthened by the unavoidable physical and mechanical difficulties which must ever stand in the way of ascertaining such very

minute quantities as enter into the elements of this calculation.

Method of Softening Cast-Iron.—A way has lately been discovered of rendering cast-iron soft and malleable; it consists in placing it in a case or pot along with and surrounded by a soft red ore found in Cumberland and other parts of England, which pot is then placed in a common oven built with fire-bricks, and without a chimney, where they are heated with coal or coke placed upon a fire-grate. The doors of the oven being closed, and but a slight draft of air permitted under the grate, a regular heat is kept up for one or two weeks, according to the thickness and weight of the castings. The pots are then withdrawn, and suffered to cool, and by this operation the hardest cast metal is rendered so soft and malleable that it may be welded together, or, when in a cold state, bent into almost any shape by a hammer or vice.—*Newton's Journal.*

New Alloy of Metal.—Several alloys have been proposed as substitutes for brass, the very rapid corrosion of which renders it unfit for the construction of valuable instruments. A German proposed, some time since, a combination of copper and platinum; but without stating the proportions, which we believe vary from one to two parts of platinum to three of copper. It is rather singular, that even in the present advanced state of chemical analysis, the exact proportions of the materials which enter into the composition of tutench cannot be assigned, although it seems probable that few substances are better calculated to repay the discovery.

Indian Diamonds.—From some researches by Mr. Voysey, published in the last volume of the *Asiatic Researches*, it is ascertained that—the matrix of the diamonds produced in Southern India, is the sandstone breccia, of the “clay-slate formation”—that those found in alluvial soil are produced from the debris of the above rock, and have been brought thither by some torrent or deluge, which could alone have transported such large masses and pebbles from the parent rock, and that no modern or traditional inundation has reached to such an extent—that the diamonds found at present in the beds of the rivers are washed down by the annual rains. It will be an interesting point to ascertain if the diamonds of Hindustan can be traced to a similar rock. It may also be in the power of others, more favourably situated than the writer, to ascertain if there be any foundation for the vulgar opinion of the continual growth of the diamond. Dr. Brewster's opinion, that it probably originates like amber, from the consolidation of perhaps vegetable matter, which gradually acquires a crystalline form by the influence of time, and the slow action of corpuscular forces, is rather in favour of it than otherwise: it is certain that, in those hot climes

crystallization goes on with wonderful rapidity; and it is hoped that, at some future period, undeniable proofs may be produced of the re-crystallization of amethyst, zeolite, and feldspar in alluvial soil.

Ranking's Theory of Fossils.—In a former number of this journal, we alluded to Mr. Ranking's Theory of Fossils, of which the following is a correct summary, as well as of the arguments upon which it rests. Whatever fossil bones have been discovered in Europe, are those of animals employed in the wars of the Romans, and in their sports of the circus, or of such as indigenous to the countries in which they have been found, might have perished from natural causes—by a coincidence which cannot be ascribed to chance, the remains of beasts inhabiting at present only distant countries, are never located except in the neighbourhood of some place where the Romans possessed a permanent establishment, and consequently a circus; and elephants in particular, only where there is historical evidence to show that it is in the track of a Roman or Carthaginian army. With regard to Asia, in the northern regions of which are such innumerable fossil remains of *mammoths*, elephants, rhinoceros's, &c. It is satisfactorily shewn, that *countless* elephants were slain in the wars of the Mongols, who overran the whole, and especially laid waste the north of Asia; that rhinoceros's were constantly kept at the magnificent but migratory courts of the Mongol Khans, and that *mammoth* is only the Siberian name for a walrus, which amphibious monster abounds along the shores of the frozen ocean, and whose vast tusks, resembling those of the elephant, having given rise to the belief in an extinct species of that mighty animal. The difference between the fossil and living animals is shown not to be greater than what at present exists between animals of the same species, or other than in a few years influence of climate and circumstances might occasion; while to account for the great depths at which these remains have been found, Mr. Ranking considers the agency of natural causes during very many centuries is sufficient; particularly when it is remarked that no distance below the earth's surface at which animal bones have hitherto been discovered, exceeds that at which fragments of pottery and instruments of war have been met with.

Specific Gravities.—Professor Leslie, of Edinburgh, having invented an extremely delicate apparatus for ascertaining the specific gravity of powders, has deduced the following novel results, which have been communicated to the public through the medium of the *Scotsman* newspaper. Charcoal, which, from its porosity is so light, that its specific gravity as assigned in books is generally under 0.5, less than half the weight of water, or one-seventh the weight of diamond; taken in powder, by the above

instrument, exceeds that of diamond, is one-half greater than that of whinstone, and is of course more than seven times heavier than has usually been supposed. Mahogany has usually been estimated at 1'36; but mahogany saw-dust proves by the instrument to be 1 68. Wheat flour is 1'36; pounded sugar 1'83; and common salt 2'15: the latter agrees very accurately with the common estimate. Writing-paper rolled hard by the hand had a specific gravity of 1'78, the solid matter present being less than one-third of the space it apparently filled. One of the most remarkable results was with an apparently very light specimen of volcanic ashes, which was found to have a specific gravity of 4'4: these results are, however, given as approximations merely by the first instrument constructed.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.	When found-ed.	No. of pro-fessors.	No. of Stu-dents.
Prague (the most ancient) . . .	1340	55	1449
Vienna . . .	1365	77	1638
Heidelberg (Grand Duchy of Baden) . . .	1368	55	626
Wurtzburg (Bavaria) . . .	1403	31	660
Leipzig (Saxony) . . .	1409	81	1394
Rostock (Mecklenburg Schwerin) . . .	1419	34	201
Friburg (Grand Duchy of Baden) . . .	1450	35	556
Greifswald (Prussia) . . .	1456	30	227
Bale (Switzerland) . . .	1460	24	214
Tubingen (Wirttemberg) . . .	1477	44	827
Marburg (Hesse Cassel) . . .	1527	38	304
Königsberg (Prussia) . . .	1544	23	303
Jena (Grand Duchy of Weimar) . . .	1558	51	432
Giessen (Hesse Cassel) . . .	1607	39	371
Kiel (Denmark) . . .	1605	26	236
Halle (Saxon Prussia) . . .	1694	64	1119
Breslau (Silesia) . . .	1702	49	710
Göttingen (Hanover) . . .	1734	89	1545
Erlangen (Bavaria) . . .	1743	34	498
Landshut* (Bavaria) . . .	1803	48	623
Berlin . . .	1810	86	1285
Bonn (Rhenish Prussia) . . .	1818	42	526
Total . . .		1055	15746

So that for a population of about thirty-six millions, there are in Germany twenty-two universities, six belonging to Prussia, three to Bavaria, two to the Austrian states, two to the Grand Duchy of Baden, two to the Electorate of Hesse Cassel, and one to each of the following states—Saxony, Wirttemberg, Denmark, Hanover, the Great Duchies of Mecklenburg Schwerin and Saxe-Weimar and Switzerland.

Among the professors are enumerated not only the ordinary and extraordinary ones, but also the private masters, whose courses are announced in the weekly programmes. Popish Germany, containing about nineteen millions of inhabitants, possesses only six universities; while Protestant Germany, for seventeen millions of inhabitants, has no less than seventeen: it has thus been calculated, that the propor-

tion of students is 149 to 250,000 inhabitants, in the Protestant parts of the country, and only sixty-eight to the same number in the Popish states. But it should be stated, that no mention is here made of the Popish ecclesiastics who study not in the universities, but in seminaries. Many other cities formerly possessed universities—established and suppressed as follows:—

	When found-ed.	When sup-pressed.
Mayence . . .	1477	1790
Stuttgart . . .	1784	1794
Cologne . . .	1388	1798
Bamberg, in Bavaria . . .	1648	1803
Dillingen, in Bavaria . . .	1549	1804
Altdorf, in Hanover . . .	1678	1809
Rinteln, in the Electorate of Hesse Cassel . . .	1623	1809
Salzburg, in Austria . . .	1623	1809
Ingolstadt, in Bavaria . . .	1472	+
Erfurt, in Prussia . . .	1302	1302
Wittenberg, in Prussia . . .	1502	+

Those of Paderborn and of Munster both belonging to Prussia, each of which had only two faculties; those of theology and philosophy have been suppressed, the first in 1818, the second in 1819; but that of Munster was re-established last year, with the three faculties of theology, philosophy, and medicine.

Antiquities.—A work, written in the fourteenth century by a nun of the convent of Gunsthersthal, fell a short time since into the hands of Dr. Schreiber, a German antiquarian of much celebrity. In this book, designed only as a complete catalogue of the revenues of the convent, were numerous remarks, &c. of the highest importance to history and archaeology; with one branch of the objects thus pointed out, Dr. S. has been particularly occupied—it concerns the *Hünengrober*, or ancient tombs. Many rents were specified as arising from lands in the neighbourhood of these monuments. Now it was known that there were many of them in the north of Germany, but none had as yet been discovered in Fribourg nor the southern provinces. Mr. Schreiber's first researches were fruitless: what in the fourteenth century was a common direction, could no longer be followed; but at length, at Elringen, on a piece of ground belonging to an ancient family, which had been pointed out as appertaining to the convent, a plough struck upon some tombs, the objects of the Doctor's inquiry. They occupy a space of 362 paces in circumference, and there are more than forty rows of burying-places. It is evident that formerly there rose above the ground some monuments which showed their exact situation. The number of tombs examined was 106 (of which forty-five were of men, forty-four women, and seventeen children), and it is presumed there are about as many more. They contained neither inscriptions nor any vestige

* The King of Bavaria has ordered this university to be transferred to Munich, a capital which offers many more resources for instruction than the small town of Landshut.

* Re-united to that of Landshut in 1803.

† Re-united to that of Halle in 1816.

of characters; but what was especially worthy of remark, charcoal was spread over the corpses, as if its antiseptic properties were even then known. There are some fragments of pottery, but very much injured; and a small piece of glass was found ornamented with plates of silver, but there were neither stone nor brazen vases.

Auriscopé.—The difficulty of inspecting the meatus auditorius, or passage of the ear, from its peculiar winding structure, is well known; hence the uncertainty that often arises in ascertaining the cause of diseases of this organ. In consequence of a greater attention being paid to diseases of the ear than formerly, an ingenious French aurist has lately invented a novel instrument, termed an auriscopé, which allows a complete inspection of the parts. It consists of a circular brass plate, with straps that go completely round the head, and at the angle over each ear is affixed a hook and screw, together with a lever, so as to pull the ear backwards and forwards, in different directions, and thus lay the meatus open to the membrane of the tympanum. But this instrument being complex in its mechanism, and painful in its application, has been reduced to greater simplicity and effect by Mr. J. Harrison Curtis, the Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, where, since making these alterations, he has had ample opportunities of appreciating its merits.

Ancient Roman Foot.—From the inquiries of M. Cagnazzi, to whom the scientific examination of the monuments of antiquity found in Herculaneum and Pompeii was intrusted by the Neapolitan government, it appears that the ancient Roman foot was 0.29624 of a metre, or 131.325 lines French measure.

Statistical Account of Warsaw in 1826.—The extent of Warsaw, and of the suburb of Prague situated on the other side of the Vistula, is 156 or 157 acres. The city is divided into eight districts, containing 214 streets, 3,132 houses, 112 palaces, 61 public edifices, 5,818 manufactories. The value of the whole property insured against fire is 54,512,528 Polish florins, about £141,670. The population amounts to 126,433 persons (62,851 males, 63,582 females) without reckoning the imperial royal guards, the garrison, nor the persons without any permanent residence. The population may be thus divided: 15,306 nobles, 83,083 of the middle and lower class—Jews forming a separate nation, deprived of the rights of citizens, having a distinct language, &c. According to their religions, the population may be thus classed: 92,132 papists, 469 Greeks, 5,170 Lutherans, 593 protestants of the Ausburg confession, 274 regular popish clergy, 282 monks, 91 nuns, 3 protestant ministers, 6 Greek ecclesiastics, and 50 Jews. There are inscribed on the civil registers—19,631 married men, 19,303 married women, 2,176 widowers, 7,062

widows, 301 women and 209 men divorced, 40,578 bachelors, 34,092 spinsters. The most aged persons are, one of 101 years, one of 102, one of 103, two of 104, one of 105, two of 110.

Spontaneous Combustion of Lamp-Black.

—We insert from the *Indian Gazette* the following extract from the ship *Catherine's* log-book, Feb. 3, 1826: "Lat. 1° 37' N. long. 86° 55' E., at 1 P. M., a strong smell of burning, and an appearance of smoke, as if rising from the fore-hold, was observed by some of the people between decks; this was immediately reported to the officer on the quarter-deck, in consequence of which the fore-hatches and fore-scuttle were taken off, when a suffocating smell of fire and clouds of smoke began to issue from both places. On going into the fore-hold, and clearing away the goods near the hatchway, found that a large cask of lamp-black, in the starboard wing, had taken fire, and was giving out dense columns of smoke; the cask, although not in a blaze, was too hot to be handled. All the ship's company and passengers were instantly employed in handing down water and wet blankets, the latter being found of the greatest use in stifling the smoke: these enabled the officers and people in the hold, who were indefatigable in their exertions, to remove the surrounding articles, chiefly large jars of linseed and neat's-foot oil, which were immediately hoisted on deck by the prompt assistance of the passengers, and at the same time a constant supply of water passed down the hatchway; and although the people in the hold were frequently driven back by the strong suffocating smell, they at last succeeded in getting the cask, which was on fire, and muffled by wet blankets, brought to the hatchway. This was instantly hoisted on deck and thrown overboard, before it had completely ignited or burst into a flame; had it done so in the hold, instant destruction must have inevitably followed, it being surrounded by 200 barrels of tar, and upwards of 80 large jars of oil. As no apparent cause could be assigned for this catastrophe, as no leak either from the deck or from any of the jars could be perceived, and as no light had ever been suffered in the hold since leaving England, it was reasonable to conclude that spontaneous combustion must have taken place in the cask; and as there were many more casks of the same material on board, it was considered absolutely necessary, for the safety of the ship and cargo, as well as the lives of the crew and passengers, to throw the whole overboard. Employed during the rest of the day in hoisting up and throwing overboard the remaining casks of lamp-black, sixty-one in number."

"N.B. Two other casks of lamp-black were observed to smoke, while floating past the ship."

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

The Royal Society re-assembled for their next session on the 16th November. The President, Sir H. Davy, announced that the apartments in Somerset-House, in the occupation of the late Commissioners of the Lottery, had been placed by His Majesty at the disposal of the society. He also announced the resignation of W. T. Brande, Esq., one of the secretaries. Lieut.-col. Denham, Capt. W. H. Smith, R.N., and N. Brown, Esq., were admitted Fellows of the Society. The Croonian Lecture, by Sir E. Home, V.P.R.S., was read. "On the generation of the common oyster and the river muscle, with microscopical illustrations," by Mr. Bauer. The reading of a paper was commenced, "on a percussion shell, to be fired from a common gun," by Lieut.-col. Millar; communicated by R. T. Murchison, Esq., F.R.S.

Nov. 23d.—Charles Bell, Esq., was admitted Fellow of the Society. MM. Bonnard, Chevreil and Dulong were elected Foreign Members; and the reading of Lieut.-col. Millar's paper concluded.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Nov. 7th.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., V.P., in the chair. A continuation of Dr. Hamilton's "commentary on the *Herius Malabaricus*" was read. Jos. Woods, Esq. was elected Member of the Council in the place of the late Sir T. S. Raffles.

Nov. 21st.—Part of a paper was read, entitled "remarks on the comparative anatomy, &c. of certain birds of Cuba," by W. S. Macleay, F.L.S.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A paper was read, entitled "additional remarks on the nature and character of the limestone and slate, composing principally the rocks and hills round Plymouth," by the Rev. R. Hennah, F.G.S. The inference that the author deduces is, that the slate beyond the Plymouth limestone, as far southward as Whitesand Bay, is not primitive; and he has found no animal remains in the slate north of that limestone. Extracts were read from letters from Capt. Franklin, R.N., and Dr. Richardson, dated 5th Nov. 1825, at Fort-Franklin, on the Great Bear Lake. Capt. Franklin states, that he had reached the sea at the mouth of the Mackenzie river, in lat. $69^{\circ} 29'$, long. $135^{\circ} 40'$, and gives a general account of the course of that river. Dr. Richardson had been employed in examining the northern shore of the Great Bear Lake, and ascribes the principal physical and geological features of that part of the country.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris, September 4.—M. Ampere read a note on a new electro dynamic experiment, which proves the action of a metallic disc in motion on a portion of the voltaic conductor, bent into a spiral form. Messrs. Molard, Dupin and Navier, made a favourable report on a new method of weaving all sorts of stuffs, invented by M. Augustin Corant, manufacturer at St. Julien. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire read a memoir, entitled "an exposition and explication of the facts and phenomena of monstrosity by excess." The result of this gentleman's own observations confirms the law of the eccentric development of the organs, so ably explained by M. Serres. M. Audoin read an essay on the history of cantharides. M. Louyer Villermé read a memoir on the principal causes of the insalubrity and mortality in prisons, and on the intensity of the action of these causes; referred to Messrs. Sylvestre, Fourier, and Coquebert-Montérét.—September 11. A note was read from M. Bouvard, containing the elements of the parabolic orbit, calculated by M. Gambart, of the comet discovered by him in August 1826. M. Segalas announced the results of his researches on a method of simplifying the operation for the stone, and of curing urinary fistula of the bladder. An Italian memoir by M. Hildenbrandt was presented, "experiments to discover a more efficacious method of preserving anatomical and pathological preparations, and the advantages thence resulting." M. de Candolle was elected a foreign member, in the place of M. Piazzi. A human monster, received the preceding week from Chaillot, was presented by M. St. Hilaire. M. Ampere performed the experiments described at the last meeting.—September 18. An indelible ink, invented by M. Taray, was presented by the minister of justice; referred to the commission already sitting on the subject. M. Segalas communicated several experiments on the action of *nuxvomica* and other poisonous substances on the nervous system. Dr. Pastré read a memoir on the cause of the protracted sleep of certain animals in winter.—September 25. A verbal report was made by M. Dumeril, on a memoir by M. Frédéric Cuvier, entitled "observations on the structure and development of feathers. A very highly favourable report was made by M. Dupin, on the Marquis de Poterat's "theory of shipping." Dr. Teraube presented the first part of a work on the practices injurious to health. Messrs. Henschel, brothers, of Berlin, wrote to say that they had discovered a paper from which writing could not be removed, without traces remaining of what had been effaced. A de-

claration of this being the case, was annexed by a member of the Berlin Academy; referred to a commission already sitting. — October 2. M. Plana, of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Turin, is named correspondent in the section of geometry, and M. Brunel in that of mechanics. A favourable report by Messrs. Cuvier and Latreille was made on a memoir by Messrs. Quoy and Gaynard, on the mollusca and loophytes observed in the bay of Algeiras. Messrs. Dumeril, Latreille, and De Blainville, made a highly commendatory report on the work of M. Robinot Desvoisy, on the insects which he calls *myodaire*, the *genus fly* of Linnaeus. M. Chevreul informed the Academy, that M. Ch. S. Dumas has discovered a chlorate of iodine, possessing all the properties of *Brome*, described in a memoir presented to the Academy by M. Balard. — October 9. Mr. W. Bolles forwarded from New York a trigonometrical instrument; referred to Messrs.

Mathieu and Damoiseau. The death of the celebrated Scarpa, foreign associate of the Institute, was announced. Messrs. Bouvard and Damoiseau, who had been appointed to examine the new method of determining the orbits of comets by M. Metrioff, of Russia, reported that he had failed in his object. M. Lenormand read a memoir on a cloth of a new sort made by caterpillars, and he exhibited a specimen which had been sent by M. Brebenstrecht, inventor of the process, which serves to direct the labours of these insects; referred to Messrs. Bosc and Latreille. Mr. G. St. Hilaire read a memoir on the question whether the various cases of monstrosity are exactly confined within certain fixed limits, and if, in this case these monstrosities be susceptible of a regular classification as the beings which are the object of regular zoology. M. Dumas read a memoir on some points of the atomic theory.

POLITICAL OCCURRENCES, &c.

THE earlier weeks of the month were deficient, as the major part of the last year has been, in action, energy or character. A few complaints from the northern provinces, a grumble or two from Glasgow, together with some strong speeches from those approved Catholic demagogues, Sheill and O'Connell, made up the sum total of our domestic intelligence. While, however, public interest seemed thus fast asleep it was roused as by a thunderclap from its drowsy slumbers, by the information that Portugal—our closest and oldest ally—was attacked, that we were consequently on the eve of a war with Spain—perhaps with France, and thus by no remote contingency with Europe, and that British troops who on the one day were slumbering at head quarters, peaceful and at ease, on the next were on their way for Portugal, that frequent theatre of their troubles and their triumphs. On the evening of December 11th, Mr. Canning brought down to the House of Commons a message from his Majesty, in which it was simply but emphatically stated that in consequence of letters received from the Cortes at Lisbon, wherein by virtue of its treaty, assistance was requested at the hands of the British Government, he had been induced to despatch immediate help to his ally, and as a necessary consequence to declare war against Spain, her aggressor. On this spirited declaration being read, the house was adjourned till the ensuing night, when its necessity was to be thoroughly debated and sifted with the consideration due to its importance. Accordingly on December 12th, Lord Bathurst in the Upper House, entered into a minute and elaborate detail of the nature of our connections with Portugal—he stated that the treaty was of very old standing and had been renewed

solemnly and explicitly in 1815, at which time, among other unimportant articles it was agreed, that whenever Portugal was invaded by a foreign force, no matter whom, it should instantly be assisted by British troops—and more important still—by British money. This pledge his lordship now called on the House to fulfil—nobly and disinterestedly to fulfil—the time, he stated, was arrived when Portugal stood in need of our active aid; she had been entered on the Spanish side by an armed body of insurgents under the command of the Marquis de Chaves, and from the circumstance of the whole line of the Spanish frontier having been crossed at one moment, it was evident that the plan of attack was the result of serious and mature deliberation, and as his lordship feared commenced under the immediate directions of the Jesuitical Spanish Government. Mr. Canning, in the House of Commons, made a similar declaration, and in a speech of unusual length and eloquence—which, by those who heard it will never be forgotten—contended that the *casus fœderis* had been distinctly made out; and that prompt assistance must consequently be given to our ally. Mr. Brougham followed on the same side: indeed there was but one sentiment—if we except some twaddling about the expences by Messieurs Hume, Bankes, and Wood—throughout the whole house; and that undivided sentiment was one of enthusiastic admiration and approval. The subject of this impending war with Spain involves one important consideration, namely, how far it will be restricted in its character. “England,” as Mr. Canning justly observed, cannot “raise her arm without involving nations in the contest;” more than this, she cannot even (at least in the present instance) up

lift her voice, although it be but in whispers, without having its softest notes re-echoed from shore to shore of the continent—from the blood-bedewed plains of Greece and Italy, to the remotest regions of European and Asiatic Turkey. England then—thru' her eloquent representative, Mr. Canning—stands fearlessly forward as the upholder of opinions which, if preserved in, will most assuredly shake to its basis the whole mighty fabric of continental despotism. Italy, degraded Italy, will plead the high sanction of England in extenuation of her revolutionary movements: Greece will look to the same nation as its polar star to guide it to freedom, and should but one little wandering gleam of liberty find its way undimmed to the far-off Russian dominions, it will glow and sparkle even amid the cimmerian darkness of that worst of despotism, as a beam which will one day under favouring auspices expand into a full unclouded sun. To drop metaphor: let it suffice to say that Mr Canning has unhesitatingly advocated the bold doctrines of freedom—he, the accredited war minister of England, has stated—not in words it is true, but by inference—that every nation has a right to select its own form of government, and that should the prejudices of aristocracy impede the advance of such innovation, resistance is not merely lawful but commendable. This doctrine it is manifest will go far—for the mere allusion to it seemed to startle Mr. Canning, who apologized for England as being unavoidably called on to advocate opinions which must be both general and electrifying in their character—this doctrine we repeat; will go far to subvert the principles that now uphold the majority of the continental governments. It is probable, however, that the war may end in mere smoke: no matter, the free opinions of England have gone forth; and like seed sown on a fruitful soil we have no doubt they will fructify sevenfold. With the exception of this impend-

ing crisis, the continent is generally tranquil, France still continues to hold out professions of amity towards Portugal and this country: and has even gone so far as to withdraw her ambassador from Madrid in token of her displeasure towards the wretched Ferdinand and his sycophantic advisers: Holland has despatched emissaries to our government to assure them of her cordial co-operation: and Russia, quiet and inactive to all appearance, looks forward with intense interest to the important results that a few days may serve to bring forth. At present she is engaged in a skirmish with the Persians, but as this is mere child's play for her gigantic strength, it scarcely deserves further comment than the notice. At Constantinople a sort of temporary torpor prevails, which, looking to the spirit that influences its present government, must at no distant period, we should conceive, awake into tremendous energy. The sultan still perseveres in his favourite amusement of executions and confiscations, at which, from long practice, he is wonderfully expert—and but the other day a sack of ears was sent him from Adrianople, as the most acceptable peace-offering to his apprehensions. This cannot last, and we already find that hordes of refractory Janissaries are insinuating their subtle treason, silently but successfully, into the hearts of the discontented provinces. In America, whether north or south, the policy is tranquil and prosperous; our ambassador, Lord Ponsonby, has lately arrived in the latter country, at Brazil; the first, we believe, important Plenipotentiary that has been yet despatched from England. This up to the 26th, concludes our monthly summary; although so stirring are the times, that every hour almost we may look for intelligence which in one short pregnant moment may change the whole character of our political speculations.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed, 1826.

To Thomas Machell, Berner's-street, surgeon, for improvements on apparatus applicable to the burning of oil and other inflammable substances—Sealed 8th Dec.; 6 months.

To Robt. Dickenson, New Park-street, Southwark, in consequence of a communication made to him by a foreigner, for the formation, coating, and covering of vessels or packages, for containing, preserving, conveying, and transporting goods, whether liquid or solid, and for other purposes—8th Dec.; 6 months.

To Chas. Pearson, the younger, Greenwich, Esq., Rich. Witty, Hanley, Stafford, engineer; and Wm. Gillman, White-chapel, engineer, for new or improved

methods of applying heat to certain useful purposes—13th Dec.; 6 months.

To Chas. Hartsleben, Great Ormond-street, Queen-square, Esq., for machinery for facilitating the working of mines, and the extracting of diamonds, &c. from the ore, which machinery is likewise applicable to other purposes—13th Dec.; 6 months.

To J. Costigin, Collon, Louth, civil engineer, for improvements in steam machinery—13th Dec.; 6 months.

To P. Mackay, Great Union-street, Surrey, gent., in consequence of a communication made to him by a foreigner, of improvements by which the names of streets and other inscriptions will be rendered more durable and conspicuous—13th Dec.; 6 months.

To Wm. Johnson, Droitwich, Worcest. gent., for improvements in the process and form of apparatus for manufacturing salt, &c.—18th Dec.; 6 months.

To M. De Jongh, Warrington, cotton spinner, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for preparing rovings, and for spinning, twisting, and winding fibrous substances—28th Dec.; 6 months.

To Chas. Hartsleben, Great Ormond-street, Queen-square, Esq., for certain improvements in constructing ships, and other vessels, applicable to useful purposes, and in machinery for propelling the same—20th Dec.; 6 months.

To Thos. Quarrill, Peter's-hill, Doctors' Commons, lamp manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of lamps—20th Dec.; 6 months.

To Wm. Kingston, master millwright, Dock-yard, Portsmouth; and Geo. Stebbing, mathematical instrument maker, High-street, Portsmouth, for improvements on instruments, or apparatus, for more readily or certainly ascertaining the time and stability of ships—20th Dec.; 6 months.

To M. Wilson, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street, merchant, in consequence of a communication made to him by a foreigner, of certain improvements in machinery for cleaning rice—20th Dec.; 6 months.

To Chas. Seidler, Crawford-street, Portman-square, merchant, in consequence of a communication made to him by a foreigner, of a method of drawing water out of mines, pits, &c.—20th Dec.; 6 months.

To Fred. Andrews, Stanford Rivers, Essex, gent., for improvements in the construction of carriages, and in machinery to propel the same, to be operated upon by steam, or other suitable power, which are also applicable to other purposes—20th Dec.; 6 months.

To Chas. Random Baron de Berenger, Target Cottage, Kentish Town, for improvements in gunpowder-flasks, powder-horns, &c. of different shapes, such as are

used for carrying gunpowder in, to load therefrom guns, pistols, &c.—20th Dec.; 6 months.

To Val. Bartholomew, Great Marlborough-street, gent., for improvements in shades for lamps, &c.—21st Dec.; 2 months.

To J. G. Hancock, Birmingham, plated bedding and canister-hinge manufacturer, for invention of a new elastic rod, for umbrellas, &c.—21st Dec.; 2 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in January 1813, expire in the present month of January 1827.

1. Joseph Raynor, Sheffield, for improved machinery for winding and spinning cotton, silk, flax, and wool.

5. William Wilkinson, Grimesthorpe, for his horse, wool, and gloves shears.

15. Thomas Ryland, Birmingham, for a fender for fire-places.

— John Shorter Morris, Kennington, for a machine on a new and superior principle for enabling a man to use his power and strength to give a rotatory motion to any engine.

— Robert Dickinson, London, for an improvement in vessels for containing liquids.

— William Bundy, Camden-town, for a new manufacture of lint.

— Matthew Bush, Longford, for improvements for printing calicoes.

— William Allen, London, for an improvement on machinery to be worked by wind.

— Richard Cawkwell, Newark-upon-Trent, for an improved washing machine.

22. Charles Groll and Frederic Dizi, London, for improvements on harps.

30. Marc Isambard Brunel, Chelsea, for an improved saw mill.

— Francis Crow, Feversham, for improvements in the mariner's or boat compass.

— Robert Dunkin, Penzance, for a method for lessening the consumption of steam and fuel in working fire-engines; also methods for the improvement of certain instruments useful for mining or other purposes.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

The History of the Church of England from the Reformation to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, in 4 vols. 8vo., by J. B. S. Carwithen, B.D. is in the press.

Mr. Hawkesworth has been some time engaged in collecting materials for a History of France from the earliest period.

In a few days will be published in 8vo. the fabulous History of the Ancient Kingdom of Cornwall, with copious Notes by Thomas Hogg, Master of the Grammar School, Truro, author of Institutes of Mathematical Geography, &c. &c.

Early in January will be published the Busy Bodies, a novel, in 3 vols., by the authors of the Odd Volume.

Another Odd Volume, by the authors of the Odd Volume, will shortly appear.

Stories of Chivalry and Romance, in 1 vol.; is announced for publication early in the new year.

Sir William Jardine, Bart., and P. J. Selby, Esq., the author of the splendid work on British Ornithology, with the co-operation of the most distinguished Naturalists in the country, are about to publish a work, the plan of which is to give coloured plates of all the known, or most remarkable Birds, accompanied by descriptions. The Drawings and Engravings will be made by the Authors, and the Plates will be carefully coloured, and finished from living specimens, wherever they can be obtained. The work will be published in Quarterly Parts, and the first Part will appear early in January 1827.

Nearly ready, the Book of Spirits, and Tales of the Dead; with Plates, in Gold and Colours, and an ornamental Title.

Mr. Richard Burdekin announces the Memoirs of the Life and Character of Mr. Robert Spence (late Bookseller of York); with some information respecting the introduction of Methodism into York and the Neighbourhood, &c. &c.

The Citizens' Pocket Chronicle, exhibiting the laws, customs, privileges and exemptions connected

with the Temporal Government of the City of London: the charters, courts, companies, dignities, offices, public functionaries, foundations, and other Civic Institutions; and a Register of Events from the earliest period to the present time. With an Appendix of References, and general information for the use of citizens, merchants, strangers, &c. Will be published in January, in 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Bowring has very nearly ready for publication a volume on the Literature and Poetry of Poland.

Mr. W. Jevons, jun. has, in the press, in 2 vols. 8vo., *Systematic Morality*; or, a Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Human Duty, on the grounds of Natural Religion.

The author of London in the Olden Time is engaged on a second Volume, comprising Tales Illustrative of the manners, habits, and superstitions of its Inhabitants, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. The work will appear early in the spring.

A Series of Views in the West-Indies, to be published in Parts, engraved from Drawings taken recently in the Islands, with letter-press explanation made from actual observation, will appear in February.

Instructive Poems for Young Cottagers, by Mary E. Stockdale, are in the press.

A work is announced for publication in January, entitled *England's Historical Diary*; detailing the most important Events connected with the grandeur and prosperity of the British Empire. every Act or Deed enumerated having taken place on the day to which it is applied.

Preparing for the press, a Popular Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans, by Robert Wilson, A.M., author of a Treatise on the Divine Sovereignty, &c.

Mr. Burnet, the author of *Practical Hints on Composition and Light and Shade in Painting*, has in the press a work on the General Management of Colour in a Picture, which will appear early in the ensuing spring.

A work will be published in the course of January, entitled the Poetry of Milton's Prose, selected from his various writings, with instances of parallel Passages from his Poems: Notes, and an introductory Essay.

A new historical novel, to be entitled *Dame Rebecca Berry, or Court Scenes in the Reign of Charles the Second*, is announced for early publication.

Mr. Pierce Egan has just ready, a *Trip to Ascot Races*: upwards of seventeen feet in length, and coloured after Life and Nature, dedicated to his Majesty, George IV. The Plates designed and etched by Mr. Theodore Law.

A Treatise on the Origin of Expiatory Sacrifice, by George Stanley Faber, B. D., Rector of Long Newton, in 8vo., is nearly ready.

Narrative of a Tour through the Interior Provinces of Columbia, by Colonel J. P. Hamilton, late Chief Commissioner from his Britannic Majesty to the Republic of Columbia, in 2 vols. post 8vo., is in the press.

Capt. Walter Badenach, 5th Bengal N. I., is preparing, Inquiry into the State of the Indian Army, with Suggestions for its Improvement, and the Establishment of a Military Police in India, in 8vo.

Travels in Norway, Sweden, Finland, the Coasts of the Sea of Azof, and the Black Sea; with a Review of the Trade in the Black Sea, and of the systems of Manning the Navy in different Countries of Europe, compared with that of England. 2 vols. 8vo.

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The Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati, a Native of Italy, in 2 vols. post 8vo., is in the press.

An Officer in the late Staff Corps Regiment of Cavalry, announces his Personal Narrative of Adventures in the Peninsula during the late War. 8vo.

The Present State of Columbia, by an Officer, late in the Columbian Service, in 8vo., is nearly ready.

A History of the Council of Trent, held A.D. 1545-1564, is in preparation, in 1 vol. 8vo.

The Rev. David McNicholl is preparing for publication, an Argument for the Bible, drawn from the Character and Harmony of its subjects.

Dr. Arnott's work on General and Medical Physics, is nearly ready for publication. It imports to be a System of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, with strictly Scientific Arrangement; but made easily intelligible to those who have never learned, or who have forgotten the mathematics.

G. Thomson, a Resident of eight years at the Cape, is about to publish an Account of his Travels and Adventures in Southern Africa.

An Indian Romance, entitled the *Natchez*, by Viscount Chateaubriand, is printing in French and English.

Mr. Cooper, the author of the *Spy*, the *Pilot*, &c., has announced a new Romance, to be called the *Prairie*.

The Rev. F. Thackeray, A.M., has nearly ready A History of the Rt. Hon. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, containing his Speeches in Parliament, and a portion of his Correspondence never before published, with a Portrait, in 2 vols. 4to.

Mr. Lightfoot will soon publish *Mercantile Tide Tables*, in small folio.

Dr. Blair of Edinburgh announces a volume of *Scientific Aphorisms*.

Mr. Colnaghi is preparing an Engraving from a beautiful Miniature by Collen, of the Right Hon. Lady Jonston, being the Twenty-Sixth of a Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility.

The *Brazen Serpent*, a Poem, is in the press.

Nearly ready, an Early Chronicle of London, written in the 15th Century, and now for the first time printed from the original M.S. in the British Museum; to which will be added several curious contemporary Letters and Poetical Pieces (the greater part of which have been hitherto inedited) illustrative either of some important Events in the History of England and of the Metropolis, or of the Manners of the Period to which they relate.

An Account of Public Charities, digested from the Reports of the Commissioners on Charitable Foundations; with Notes and Comments. By the Editor of The Cabinet Lawyer: will be published January 1st, and continued in monthly Parts until completed, in about 10 Parts.

Mr. H. J. Prior has in the press, in 1 vol. 12mo. *Practical Elocution, or Hints to Public Speakers*.

The new work by the author of the *English in Italy*, entitled *Historiettes, or Tales of Continental Life*, is expected to appear early in the present month.

The *Zenana*, or a *Newab's Leisure Hours*, by the author of *Pandurang Hari*, or *Memoirs of a Hindoo*, containing a Series of Tales translated from the Narrations of Indian Natives, will be ready for publication on the 10th instant.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

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American Publications received by Mr. Miller, the American, since our last.

North American Review (New Series), No. XXVIII., for October.—American Journal of Science, edited by Professor Silliman, Vol. II. Part I.—Philadelphia Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences (New Series), No. VII.—United States Review and Literary Gazette (New Series), No. II.—Journal of Education, No. X.—Christian Examiner, No. XVI.—Franklin Journal and American Mechanics' Magazine, No. IV., Vol. II.—Philadelphia Museum, No. III.—Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, Part IX.—Annals of the Lyceum, New York, No. IX.—Boston Journal of Philosophy and the Arts, No. XVII.—North American Medical and Surgical Journal, No. IV.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

THE atmosphere has been saturated with moisture during the greater part of the last month, and very few days have passed without rain. Hitherto, however, there has been scarcely any fog. The *temperature* of the air too has been comparatively mild, and what is of at least equal importance with reference to our subject, *uniform*. No violent or sudden changes of atmospheric temperature have occurred; and to this circumstance principally we are bound to ascribe the freedom from general or epidemic disease which has characterized the period of which we are treating. It has been long known and felt, that the great evil of our climate is its *variableness*. The thermometer falls much lower and rises much higher in other places, taking the year round; but in no country in the world probably are the daily and weekly variations of the thermometer so considerable as in England. To delicate constitutions these sudden extremes of atmospheric temperature are thoroughly destructive, and scarcely any system, however naturally strong, will be found able, for any length of time, to withstand them.

Bronchial affections, characterized by cough and wheezing, and exhibiting those other features which were specially noticed in the last report, have been very general during the past month. In one case only however has the reporter witnessed the occurrence of the complaint in its aggravated form, that is to say, with buffy blood, and general oppression. Depletion from the arm has seldom been warranted by the violence of the symptoms. Where, as a matter of precaution, it was thought advisable to adopt it, the blood exhibited no marks of general inflammatory excitement. Active purging, by senna and salts, has proved extremely beneficial. This, with Dover's powder at bed time, and some mucilaginous mixture, containing antimonial or ipecacuanha wine, has generally succeeded in restoring health. Other varieties of thoracic disease have been fully as prevalent as *bronchial* inflammation, viz. common catarrh, and peripulmonary. Catarrhal complaints have been very frequent in the upper classes of society. They are easily distinguished from the more serious affections of the bronchial membrane by the suddenness of their attack, by the greater rapidity of their course, and by the circumstance of their being, in almost all cases, accompanied by a vesicular eruption of the lips, the *herpes labialis* of medical writers. These catarrhal disorders, whether appearing in the form of a *head* or of a *chest* cold, have hitherto demanded no other treatment than what the Family Medicine Chest safely supplies: viz. half a paper of James's powder at night, and a dose of salts the following morning. They have generally run their course in five or six days, nor has the reporter met with any cases, in which the *dregs* of the disease have occasioned any uneasiness.

Several instances of deep-seated peripulmonary have lately fallen under the reporter's

observation, and he is inclined to think that this form of thoracic disease will speedily shew itself more generally, and require the utmost exertion of medical skill both in detecting its insidious approach, and in checking its gradual but certain and formidable advances. It is at this season of the year when the foundations of consumption are for the most part laid; and there is no principle in medical practice so universally acknowledged, as the necessity of combating these cases (if they are to be combated at all with success) at a very early period of their course. When the blood-vessels of the lungs have once begun to throw out (however slowly) inflammatory deposits, the danger is certainly great. The practitioner, therefore, cannot be too much on his guard against allowing the disease to gain that ascendancy when such a termination is inevitable. But though fully ready to acknowledge this, the reporter is inclined to believe that, upon the whole, medical men are too much alarmed in this respect, and are unwilling to place sufficient reliance on the efforts of art in the relief of this state of disorder. Frequent blistering, farinaceous diet, perfect quiet of body and composure of mind, with the use of deobstruent and diuretic remedies, have, in the reporter's practice, been of infinite service in restoring persons who were evidently far advanced towards consumption. But of all measures the most important is the defence of the body from external cold, and knowing this, it is truly melancholy to observe how systematically this rule is broken through, especially by females of the upper ranks of life. Their evening dresses appear, indeed, to be contrived for the especial purpose of extending the empire of consumption in this island.

General fever is still to be met with in the metropolis, but it has lost all that character of intensity which caused it to be so much noticed of late in these reports. The fever now prevailing is of the kind called *common continued*, and is usually accompanied by headache, yielding, for the most part, without difficulty, to the application of leeches. The eruptive fevers also are both mild and rare. The admissions into the Small Pox Hospitals during the last month have been greatly below the usual average.

The only other kind of disease which can fairly be ranked among the epidemics of the season is *Rheumatism*. This complaint has lately exhibited itself in more than its usual proportion, some cases being accompanied by, and others altogether devoid of fever. The side of the face has been one of the most frequent seats of this rheumatic affection, which has been designated therefore under the several titles of tooth-ache, ear-ache, and face-ache.

A case lately fell under the reporter's observation sufficiently curious to deserve some mention. A child, three years old, was brought into the Small Pox Hospital, and died the following day. On examination of the body, the liver was found enlarged to an enormous size. In the language of the common people, the child was *liver-grown*. Little doubt can be entertained that this disease was *congenital*, for within three months after birth the enlargement of the body was plainly perceived by the mother, who soon afterwards contrived a pair of stays for the child, which appeared to afford it much comfort. The singularity of the case consisted in this, that up to the day of its seizure by small-pox, the child's appetite, general aspect and health were *unimpaired*. The child had never spoken, but was lively and good-tempered. The parents appear healthy nor has any similar disease appeared in their other children.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, Upper John-street, Golden-square, December 22, 1826.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

DURING the present week will depart this mortal life, one of the most favourable autumnal seasons for all the operations of agriculture, which the oldest living man has witnessed. Some inconveniences, however, must of necessity have been experienced. In the maritime counties, there has been so much moisture from rain and fog, that the lands have poached, and the grasses have become sodden and innutritious, indeed unwholesome. This has, in course, accelerated the period of home folding; but we do not find that the former earnest and practical recommendation of the continental, indeed old English practice, of including sheep in the winter protection, has yet had any influence with the flockmasters of the noble county of Kent; notwithstanding their recent bitter experience of the loss, and the certainty of its recurrence, should the winter prove moist. On favourable soils, the stock of all kinds have done well, the stubbles have been eminently productive, and cattle are still abroad. Some light lands are yet dry and firm, notwithstanding the great quantity of rain that has fallen, and the springs even are yet defective. There has been little frost, and that of short duration. Wheat-sowing finished successfully, excepting on some wet and poachy soils, further retarded by the drill process. A vast breadth of wheat and winter tares sown; the early sown is equal to any thing ever witnessed, for luxuriance and stoutness. Much of the forward wheats fed down by sheep. The great plenty of green food has economized the hay and straw, and prevented an inordinate rise of price. The

turnips, however, as well might be expected, have produced little else but green tops, those in plenty: and should the winter prove severe, it will be one of the most difficult and expensive. Mangold-wurzel is now the root crop of the greatest consequence, and in general, got up and stored: Mr. Lawrence's old plan of the mixed grass and straw stacks is now under experiment, particularly in those parts where the out crop has been most successful. Potatoes, two-thirds of a crop. Two to three shillings and sixpence a head given for beasts at straw yard, and seven to ten guineas per acre for ordinary turnips. Winter tillage, generally, was never more forward, nor the lands in finer condition for the reception of seed for the spring crops. Clover seed, various in quality and low in price.

There are complaints in some parts of the country, that wheat does not come out to satisfaction, either in quantity or quality; and that there is a quantity of *black* wheat, in despite of the most regular steeping of seed. But there never was a crop without some *tail* or falling off; and we still abide by our early opinion of the last crop, having seen samples from various parts, of uncommon fineness and *weight*, the great object; and which, comparative measured quantities equal, must add greatly to our estimation of quantity. From all the most productive districts, we are informed that the stocks of this most precious grain are unusually large. Great complaints still of the Imperial bushel, but not with reason equally great, since a short period of time must necessarily equalize all the difference; and we repeat, it was something very like an absurdity in the legislature to make a rule and not render it imperative. The tacking of a rider, is the one thing needful. Bruised wheat, the most plentiful grain, has now become food for horses and pigs, and barley the substitute of oats. On the fortunate sods, barley and oats will prove nearly an average crop, and they are held back by the farmers, for the sake of straw fodder for the spring. During the summer drought, the dairies came exceedingly short of produce, whence butter and cheese must continue at a high price. The wool trade has finished without improvement. Stores and half fat stock have been low throughout the season, the prospect for winter provision being so dubious, or rather certain as to its heavy expense.

There are reports, real or pretended, of a cessation of improvements in husbandry, from apprehension of the ill consequences of an expected change in the corn laws; also of a general discharging of labourers. But as, in any case, farming concerns must be retained, they who retain their lands, will find it more to their profit, to employ labourers in duly working and keeping those lands *clean*, than in pauperizing and subsisting those really unfortunate men. A month or two since, we were not a little amused at perusing, in a celebrated magazine, a borrowed article on destroying thistles, by the exhibition to them, individually, of doses of salt; and moreover, by a recommendation to dig store turnips in February! We have since heard, from various quarters, this process of thistle-killing, boasted as a recent discovery. Now experience has long since proved such application of salt in the fields to be most uncertain; and all such temporary half-measures are most impolitic, since they form so rare an excuse for those (and they are a majority) who cannot be induced to undertake any measure *radically*. After all, why do our farmers continue to grow such immense loads of weeds? Is their land of so rampant a nature that it cannot be tamed by corn cropping, and are they thence under the necessity of calling in the effectual assistance of weed vegetation? It appears extraordinary that flesh meat should be quoted so low in the country, and yet bear so great a price in the metropolis. The London Christmas prices are excessive for the best meat of all kinds, which is scarce; the inferior bearing a proportionate value. At the cattle show, the quality of the animals was fully equal to the usual standard; but the number considerably inferior; and the number of amateur *visitants* of rank, reduced indeed.

Smithfield.—Beef, 4s. 6d. to 6s. 6d.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.—Veal 4s. 8d. to 6s. 0d.—Pork, 4s. 2d. to 5s. 8d.—Dairy-fed, 6s. 6d.—Raw Fat, 2s. 9½d. per stone.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 45s. to 68s.—Barley, 34s. to 44s.—Oats, 26s. to 44s.—Bread, 4lb. loaf, 9½d.—Hay, 60s. to 105s.—Clover, ditto 80s. to 130s. Straw, 27s. to 40s.

Coals in the Pool, 28s. 0d. to 36s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, December 18th, 1826.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

THE war declared against Spain has, as yet, had no effect on the prices of Spanish produce, and there is at present in the London Docks upwards of five years' consumption of *Sherry*, and of all other sorts of Spanish wines.

Sugar—at this part of the year the consumption being great, the demand by the grocers continues brisk, and prices keep a fair average, say from 50s. to 70s. per cwt.

Tea—keeps its price, and, like sugar, in full demand.

Rum—is rather dull in the market at 2s. 8d. to 4s. for strong per imperial gallon.

Coffee—has been in demand for the Continent, and the Grocers have for the past

month bought freely. Prices, from 45s. to 80s. per cwt., and fine Mocha 120s. to 130s. per cwt.

Cotton—is very dull, both in our market and Liverpool, and prices are nominal.

Spices—are rather advanced, and in pretty good demand.

Fruit.—The last vintage has proved very fine in Spain, and the quality of the Raisins, &c. turn out very fine, and the market opens at reasonable prices, but the purchasers hold out, and buy sparingly at present.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow—remain steady, without any alteration, but dull at this season of the year.

Indigo.—This article has advanced 4d. to 6d. per lb. in the India-House, and some considerable purchases have been made for the continental market, to advantage.

Course of Foreign Exchanges.—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 7.—Antwerp, 12. 8.—Hamburg, 37. 6.—Altona, 37. 7.—Paris, 25. 65.—Bordeaux, 25. 65.—Berlin, 7.—Frankfort on the Main, 151½.—Petersburg, 8½.—Vienna, 10. 21.—Trieste, 10. 24.—Madrid, 34.—Cadiz, 34½.—Bilboa, 33.—Barcelona, 33.—Seville, 33.—Gibraltar, 43.—Leghorn, 47½.—Genoa, 43½.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 38½.—Palermo, 114½.—Lisbon, 48½.—Oporto, 48½.—Rio Janeiro, 43½.—Bahia, 43½.—Buenos Ayres, 43.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubleloons, £3. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9d.—Silver in bars, standard 4s. 11d.

Premiums on Shares and Consols, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 260l.—Coventry, 1100l.—Ehsmere and Chester, 100l.—Grand Junction, 295l.—Kennet and Avon, 25l.—Leeds and Liverpool, 380l.—Oxford, 680l.—Regents, 36l.—Trent and Mersey, 1,850l.—Warwick and Birmingham, 250l.—London Docks, 85l. 10s.—West-India, 200l.—East London WATER-WORKS, 120l.—Grand Junction, 74l. 10s.—West Middlesex, 66l.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, ½ dis.—Globe, 140l.—Guardian, 19l.—Hope, 5l.—Imperial Fire, 90l.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 57l.—City Gas-Light Company, 157l.—British, 11l. dis.—Leeds, 195l.—Liverpool, par.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.

Francis Rawdon Hastings, Marquis of Hastings, Earl of Rawdon, Viscount London, Baron Hastings and Rawdon, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom; Earl of Moira, and Baron Rawdon, in the Peerage of Ireland, and a Bart. of Ireland, K. G., G. C. B., F. R. S., F. S. A., and M. R. I. A., was born on the 7th of December, 1754. He succeeded his mother, Elizabeth, Countess of Moira, &c., in the ancient Barony of Hastings, &c., on the 12th of April, 1808; and his father, John, the late Earl of Moira, in Ireland, on the 20th of June, 1793. On the 7th of December, 1816, he was created Marquis of Hastings, Earl of Rawdon, and Viscount Loudoun.

The family of Rawdon, from which this nobleman was paternally descended, is of great antiquity. If a tradition, preserved in the family, and which is corroborated by their armorial bearings and motto—*Et nos quoque tela sparsimus*—may be relied on, the first of the name in England, came over with the Duke of Normandy, and commanded a band of archers under him. This tradition is further strengthened by the subjoined title-deed of their estate, (copied from Weever's "Funeral Monuments,") granted by the Conqueror, part

of which estate, with the mansion-house, is still in possession of the family:—

"I William Kyng, the thurd yere of my Reign,

Give to the Paulyne Roydon, Hope and Hopetowne,

With all the bounds both up and downe;
From Heven to Yerthe, from Yerthe to Hel,

For the and thyn, ther to dwel,
As truly as this Kyng right is myn;
For a crossebow and an arrow,
When I sal come to hunt on Yarrow,
And in Token that this thing is sooth,
I bit the whyt wax with my tooth,
Before Meg, Mawd, and Margery,
And my thurd Sonne, Henry."

The Rawdons either gave their name to, or received it from, a town in Yorkshire, about three miles from Leeds. Rawdon Hall formerly contained several very remarkable monuments of antiquity. Sir Marmaduke Rawdon, Knt., was a staunch royalist, and a most active and intrepid commander, in the reign of Charles I.; Sir George Rawdon, also, the first Baronet, was famous for his loyalty and his eminent services in Ireland, during the great rebellion.

The Hastings' family, maternal ancestors

of the late Marquess, are descendants from William de Hastings, summoned to Parliament by the title of Baron Hastings, of Ashby de la Zouch, in the county of Leicester. He was murdered in the Tower of London, by order of Richard, Duke of Gloucester.

John Rawdon, created Baron Rawdon, in 1750, and advanced to the dignity of Earl of Moira, in 1761, was thrice married. His third wife was the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, eldest daughter of Theophilus, ninth Earl of Huntingdon, and sole heiress of her brother, Francis, the tenth Earl, on whose death, without issue, she became Baroness Hastings, &c., in her own right. The first male offspring of this marriage, was Francis, the late Marquess, to whom this sketch relates.

As soon as his lordship had completed his education, he made a short tour on the Continent; then entered the army, and embarked for America. He distinguished himself at Bunker's Hill, and subsequently in the attack of Fort Clinton. He afterwards purchased a company; and, in 1778, he was advanced to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the army, and appointed adjutant-general to the forces commanded by Sir Henry Clinton. He exerted himself greatly in the retreat through the Jerseys—embarked with the troops for Charlestown—was active in the siege of that place—after its surrender, joined Lord Cornwallis, with a detachment—and participated in the victory at Camden. Lord Rawdon was now left with a small division in South Carolina; whence, after much active and successful service, against the American Generals Gates and Greene, he returned to Charlestown in 1781. During his command at that place, an unpopular act of public justice was executed. Isaac Haynes, an American, who had been taken prisoner, voluntarily took the oath of allegiance to the British Government, and was set at liberty. In violation of his oath, however, he obtained a colonelcy of militia in the enemy's army. He corrupted a battalion of our militia—was taken in the act of carrying them off—tried by a court of inquiry, found guilty, and executed. Lord Rawdon privately exerted himself to obtain his pardon, but without effect; and, notwithstanding his exertions, he was actually charged with being the author of the man's death, which was termed a wanton act of military despotism. The affair made considerable noise at the time, both in and out of Parliament; but his lordship amply vindicated himself, and obtained an apology from his Grace the Duke of Richmond.

Severe illness compelled his lordship to return to England; when, in 1783, he was elevated to the British Peerage, made *aid-du-camp* to the King, and promoted to the rank of colonel in the army. In Parliament Lord Rawdon proved himself a man of business; he spoke with ease and

fluency, and appeared master of the subjects on which he entered. In 1789, his maternal uncle, the Earl of Huntingdon, died, and left him the bulk of his fortune; a very seasonable acquisition, as by his great liberality he had involved himself in considerable pecuniary difficulties. His lordship attached himself closely to the interests of his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales; a circumstance which brought him into connexion with the opposition party. He was also on terms of intimacy with the Duke of York, to whom he acted as second in his Royal Highness's duel with Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond. In the memorable discussions on the Regency, his lordship took an active part.

When the war with France broke out in 1793, his lordship, then Earl Moira, was appointed to the command of a force intended to make a descent on the coast of France. However, having been kept for a long time inactive at Southampton, the situation of the allied forces in Flanders rendered it necessary to send a reinforcement thither. The enterprize was hazardous; but his lordship landed at Ostend in the very face of a formidable force, and, without artillery, made a forced march, and effected a junction with the Duke of York at a very critical moment. He soon afterwards returned to England; had a command little more than nominal at Southampton; was regular and active in the discharge of his parliamentary duties; was accustomed to take the chair at Masonic and other anniversary meetings; and acquired great popularity throughout the country. In 1805 he was sent as commander-in-chief into Scotland.

His lordship having acted steadily with the opposition, when they came into power in 1806, he was made master-general of the ordnance; in which he continued till the Tory partly regained their ascendancy. In the inquiry into the conduct of the Princess of Wales, he took a most active part in favour of the Prince, and co-operated in promoting the inquiry into circumstances which he considered as implicating the honour of his royal friend.

When the Prince became Regent, in 1811, the Earl of Moira received a *carte blanche* from his Royal Highness to form an administration of able and independent statesmen. It was found impracticable, however, to form a coalition of the opposing parties, and the object was abandoned. Soon afterwards, the Regent, under very flattering circumstances, conferred upon his lordship the Order of the Garter. As Lord Moira could not act with the ministry then in power, he was appointed to the Governor-generalship of India. Soon after his departure, he was, by the first civil creation under the Regency, raised to the rank of Marquess of Hastings. Under his lordship's government in India, the glory

of our arms was sustained in the field, and justice and benevolence distinguished every measure of the cabinet of Calcutta. The noble Marquess's health being affected by his prolonged residence in India, he returned to England, in the summer or autumn of 1812.

From his lordship's excessive liberality—his unbounded generosity—he is considered to have been, notwithstanding his extensive estates and splendid income, more or less embarrassed through life. Pecuniary difficulties were indeed said to be the chief cause of his appointment, soon after his return to England, to the comparatively insignificant governorship of Malta.

His lordship married, on the 12th of July, 1804, Flora Muir Campbell, Countess of Loudon, in his own right; by whom he had issue:—1, Flora Elizabeth, born in 1805; 2, George Augustus Frederick, his successor, now Marquess of Hastings, born in 1808; 3, Selina Constantina, born in 1810; and 4, Adelaide Augusta Lavinia, born in 1812.

His lordship some weeks before his death, which occurred on board his Majesty's ship the *Revenge*, at Naples, on the 28th of November, met with a fall from his horse, which produced very distressing effects upon the hernia, under which he had long laboured. It was against the advice of the medical men by whom he was at-

tended, that, upon the 20th of the month, he was brought down from the palace at Malta, to the shore, upon a sofa, and put into the admiral's barge, and towed alongside the *Revenge*. He was then in an extremely weak state. The *Revenge* had a quick and quiet passage of only three days; but, on her arrival, his lordship was so ill, that it was found impossible to remove him. He expired in firmness and resignation, surrounded by his wife and daughters. Of the latter, however, he had taken leave some days before. It is mentioned, in a letter from an officer of the *Revenge*, that, among the Marquess's papers found after his death, was a memorandum requesting that on his decease, his right hand might be cut off, and preserved till the death of the Marchioness, to be interred in the same coffin with her ladyship! The letter adds, that, in compliance with this request, the Marquess's hand was amputated. The body was conveyed back to Malta, for interment, in the *Ariadne*, Captain Fitzclarence.

The Marquess of Hastings was a general in the army, Colonel of the 27th regiment of Foot, constable and chief Governor of the Tower of London, Lord-lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the Tower Division; a Governor of the Charter House, and one of the Council of the King, in Cornwall and Scotland.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

3 *Dr. Gu.*—Ens. A. L. Bourke, from 13 F. (Riding-mast), Corn., and placed in his orig. situation in corps, v. W. C. Trevelyan, who rets. on h. p., 7 Dec.

4 *Dr. Gu.*—Lt. S. R. J. Masham, from 37 F., Lt. v. Cunningham, who exch., 16 Nov.; B. Burrell, Corn. by purch., v. Vaughan, prom., 14 Nov.

6 *Dr. Gu.*—Corn. H. R. Jones, Lt. by purch., v. Richards, prom., 14 Nov.; F. Q. Turner, Corn. by purch., v. Jones, 23 Nov.

1 *Dr.*—Lt. D. P. Webb, Capt. by purch., v. Marten, prom., 12 Dec.; Capt. P. Phipps, maj. by purch., v. Stisted prom.; Lt. W. Hibbert, Capt. by purch., v. Phipps, both 19 Dec.

2 *Dr.*—Lt. A. W. Wyndham, Capt. by purch., v. Wyndham prom.; Corn. C. Norman, Lt. by purch., v. Wyndham prom.; W. D. Steuart, Corn. by purch., v. Norman, all 12 Dec.; Tr. Serj. Maj. W. Perry, Qu. Mast., v. Lennox dec. 7 Dec.

4 *L. Dr.*—Capt. W. Pariby, from h. p., Capt., v. G. Pariby, who exch., rec. dif., 7 Dec.

9 *L. Dr.*—Capt. J. A. Lord Loughborough, Maj. by purch., v. Richardson prom.; Lt. P. B. Williams, Capt. by purch., v. Lord Loughborough; Corn. E. S. Trower, Lt. by purch., v. Williams, all 12 Dec.; J. Micklam, Corn. by purch., v. Trower prom., 12 Dec.

11 *L. Dr.*—Lt. H. French, Corn. by purch., v. Pearson prom., 16 Nov.; T. Salkeld, Corn. by purch., v. Lewis prom., 7 Dec.

12 *L. Dr.*—J. H. Touchet, Corn. by purch., v. Pole prom., 30 Nov.

13 *L. Dr.*—Corn. B. MacMahon, Lt. by purch., v. Campbell prom. in Cape Corps of Cav., 30 Nov.

14 *L. Dr.*—Corn. J. M. Dawson, Lt. by purch., v. Duff prom.; C. J. Griffiths, Corn. by purch., v. Dawson, both 12 Dec.

15 *L. Dr.*—Lt. E. A. Percival, Capt. by purch., v. Temple prom.; Corn. J. C. Baird, Lt. by purch., v. Percival, both 12 Dec.

17 *L. Dr.*—Maj. G. Lord Bingham, Lt. Col. by purch., v. Rumpier, who rets.; Capt. J. Scott, Maj. by purch., v. Lord Bingham; Lt. M. C. D. St. Quintin, Capt. by purch., v. Scott, all 9 Nov.

3 *F. Gu.*—Lt. Col. J. Elrington, from h. p., Capt. and Lt. Col., v. Sir G. H. F. Berkeley, who exch., 16 Nov.

1 *F.*—Lt. R. Bennett, Capt. by purch., v. Carter, whose prom. has been cancelled, 3 Aug.; Hosp. As. E. Greatrex, As. Surg., v. Finnie prom. in 1 W. I. Regt., 16 Nov.; Lt. H. C. Fraser, Capt. by purch., v. Anderson prom., 12 Dec.

3 *F.*—Lt. C. Walker, from h. p. 4 F., Lt., v. Antrobous, whose app. has not taken place, 16 Nov.; Lt. J. S. Hughes, Capt., v. Woods, dec.; Ens. J. Hanna, Lt., v. Hughes; C. H. Darling, Ens., v. Hanna, all 7 Dec.

5 *F.*—E. C. Giffard, Ens., v. Phibbs, prom. in 2 W. I. Regt., 23 Nov.

6 *F.*—Ens. A. Connor, Lt. by purch., v. Curteis prom., 7 Dec.

7 *F.*—Capt. E. W. Bell, Maj. by purch., v. Mair prom.; Lt. L. Carey, Visc. Falkland, Capt. by purch., v. Bell, both 19 Dec.; Lord H. F. Chichester, Lt. by purch., v. Liddell prom., 7 Dec.

8 *F.*—Ens. J. Howard, Lt. by purch., v. Pickwick prom., 30 Nov.; J. J. E. Hamilton, Ens. by purch., v. Howard, 7 Dec.

10 *F.*—Ens. M. C. Golden, from h. p., Ens., v. H. A. C. Pilkington, who exch., rec. dif., 30 Nov.

11 *F.*—D. Richmond, Ens. by purch., v. Gambier prom. in 38 F., 9 Nov.

12 *F.*—Capt. Hon. A. F. Southwell, from h. p. 6 Dr. Gu., Capt., v. W. L. Crowther, who exch., rec. dif., 9 Nov.

14 *F.*—Capt. W. Turner, Maj. by purch., v. Eustace prom.; Lt. G. Mackenzie, Capt. by purch., v. Turner, both 19 Dec.

15 *F.*—Corn. A. L. Bourke, from 3 Dr. Gu., Ens., v. Elliott prom. in 2 W. I. Regt., 30 Nov.; Ens. Hon. W. H. Drummond, from h. p., Ens., v. Bourke app. to 3 Dr. Gu., 7 Dec.

18 *F.*—Ens. R. A. Haly, Lt. by purch., v. Spencer prom.; F. Ness, Ens. by purch., v. Haly, both 19 Dec.

19 *F.*—G. Baldwin, Ens. by purch., v. Mills prom., 12 Dec.; Lt. F. Tydd, from h. p. 4 Ceyl. Regt., Paym., v. Farewell, app. to 29 F., 16 Nov.; C. Sanders, Ens. by purch., v. Clarke prom., 30 Nov.

20 *F.*—Maj. Hon. E. Cust, from h. p., Maj., v. Jackson prom., 12 Dec.; Capt. C. J. Deshon, from h. p., Capt., v. Tovey, prom., 16 Nov.; Capt. E. B. Brooke, from h. p., Capt., v. Crokat prom., 23 Nov.

21 *F.*—Capt. C. Yeoman, from h. p., Capt., v. C.

L. Appellus, who exch., rec. dif., 35 Nov.; Capt. F. V. Smith, from h. p., Capt., v. E. R. Hill, who exch., rec. dif., 7 Dec.

22 F.—Dep. Purveyor R. Barlow, from h. p., Paym., v. E. Biggs placed upon h. p., 25 Nov.; Capt. T. Tait, from 2 W. I. Regt., Capt., v. Campbell prom., 7 Dec.

23 F.—2d Lt. F. J. Phillott, 1st Lt. by purch., v. Beaulerck prom.; F. V. Smith, 2d Lt. by purch., v. Phillott, both 12 Dec.

24 F.—Capt. J. Adair, Maj. by purch., v. Hogg prom.; Lt. C. F. Barton, Capt. by purch., v. Adair; Ens. A. G. Blackford, Lt. by purch., v. Barton; D. Hunter, Ens. by purch., v. Blackford, all 12 Dec.

25 F.—As. Surg. S. Bell, from 2 Dr. Gu., Surg., v. Whyte app. to 69 F., 15 Nov.

33 F.—Lt. S. Lowe, Capt. by purch., v. Trevor prom., 12 Dec.

34 F.—Ens. B. J. Hook, Lt. by purch., v. Upton prom.; Ens. J. Reed, Lt. by purch., v. Houston prom.; Ens. E. S. Bayly, Lt. by purch., v. Milner prom., all 12 Dec.; T. W. Newcomen, Ens. by purch., v. Reed, 12 Dec.; W. Colt, Ens. by purch., v. Hooke, 13 Dec.; T. W. Howe, Ens. by purch., v. Bayly, 14 Dec.

35 F.—J. G. Alleyne, Ens. by purch., v. O'Hara prom. in 47 F., 7 Dec.

36 F.—Lt. M. J. Gambier, from 38 F., Lt., v. J. Colcroft, who rets. upon h. p. 74 F., 9 Nov.

37 F.—Lt. W. Cunningham, from 4 Dr. Gu., Lt., v. Marsham, who exch., 16 Nov.; Ens. J. Bradshaw, Lt. by purch., v. Fraser prom., 12 Dec.; J. W. D. Hebon, Ens. by purch., v. Bradshaw, 12 Dec.; C. O'Beirne, Ens. by purch., v. Yea prom., 19 Dec.

38 F.—Capt. T. Dely, Maj. by purch., v. Finch prom.; Lt. H. Fothergill, from 64 F., Capt. by purch., v. Dely, both 12 Dec.; Lt. C. Stewart, from h. p. 74 F., Lt., v. Gambier app. to 36 F., 9 Nov.

39 F.—W. K. Child, Ens. by purch., v. Moore prom., 12 Dec.

41 F.—Ens. E. J. Vaughan, Lt. by purch., v. Tatwell prom., 9 Nov.

42 F.—Ens. W. D. Macfarlane, Lt. by purch., v. Macdougall, who rets., 9 Nov.; J. M. Fergusson, Ens. by purch., v. Macfarlane, 9 Nov.; Capt. J. M. Garthshore, from h. p., Capt., paying dif., v. Campbell app. to 74 F., 7 Dec.

46 F.—Ens. H. E. B. Hutchinson, from 76 F., Lt. by purch., v. Sutherland prom.; Serj. Maj. — Williams, Qu. Mast., v. Madigan dec., both 7 Dec.

47 F.—Hosp. As. S. Teevan, As. Surg., v. M'Curdy dec., 23 Nov.; Ens. W. O'Hara, from 35 F., Lt., v. J. R. Scott, who res., 7 Dec.

48 F.—Capt. P. Macdougall, Maj. by purch., v. Morisset prom.; Lt. C. H. Roberts, Capt. by purch., v. Macdougall, both 19 Dec.

49 F.—J. Macnamara, Ens. by purch., v. Lord W. Russell, who rets., 9 Nov.

50 F.—Brev. Lt. Col. G. L. Goldie, from h. p., Maj., v. Custance prom., 12 Dec.

51 F.—Hon. W. T. Law, Ens. by purch., v. Campbell prom., 23 Nov.

52 F.—Ens. G. W. Birch, Lt. by purch., v. Eden prom.; A. T. Eustace, Ens. by purch., v. Birch, both 12 Dec.

54 F.—Ens. F. W. Johnson, Lt. by purch., v. Clarke prom., 7 Dec.

55 F.—Ens. S. P. Bonnes, Lt. by purch., v. Mills prom.; W. F. Wake, Ens. by purch., v. Peck prom., both 12 Dec.

60 F.—T. Morris, 2d Lt. by purch., v. Harvey app. to 17 F., 23 Nov.

61 F.—Ens. W. Jones, Lt. by purch., v. Bower prom.; J. C. I. M. Ross, Ens. by purch., v. Jones, both 12 Dec.

62 F.—Ens. and Adj. J. Buchan, rank of Lt., 16 Nov.

63 F.—Brev. Maj. W. Snape, Maj., v. T. Fairlough dec.; Lt. J. Duport, Capt., v. Snape; Ens. W. M. Carew, Lt., v. Duport, all 16 Nov.; W. T. N. Champ, Ens., v. Carew, 16 Nov.; E. Loder, Ens. by purch., v. Smith, who rets., 23 Nov.; Lt. Hon. G. A. Spencer, Capt. by purch., v. Dickson prom.; Ens. W. Pedder, Lt. by purch., v. Spencer, both 19 Dec.

64 F.—Ens. — Mandeville, Lt. by purch., v. Michel prom.; Ens. D. H. Laurell, Lt. by purch., v. Fothergill prom. in 38 F.; J. Douglas, Ens. by purch., v. Mandeville, all 12 Dec.; J. W. Yerbury, Ens. by purch., v. Laurell prom., 12 Dec.

65 F.—A. F. W. Wyatt, Ens. by purch., v. Crompton prom., 12 Dec.

66.—Lt. C. Herbert, from h. p., Lt., v. F. Fielde, who exch., rec. dif., 9 Nov.

68 F.—Lt. D. Macdonald, Capt. by purch., v. Ferguson prom.; Ens. R. W. Huey, Lt. by purch., v. Macdonald; J. M'G. Strachan, Ens. by purch., v. Huey, all 19 Dec.

69 F.—Surg. C. Whyte, from 35 F., Snrg., v. M'Kechnie, app. to R. Staff Corps, 15 Nov.

75 F.—Capt. J. H. England, from h. p., Capt., v. J. C. Dumas, who exch., rec. dif., 9 Nov.

76 F.—D. Munro, Ens. by purch., v. Hutchinson prom. in 46 F., 7 Dec.

77 F.—G. B. Whalley, Ens. by purch., v. Jones prom., 12 Dec.

79 F.—W. L. Scobell, Ens. by purch., v. Binney app. to 63 F., 7 Dec.

83 F.—Ens. R. Kelly, Lt. by purch., v. Hotham prom.; H. S. G. Bowles, Ens. by purch., v. Kelly, both 19 Dec.

84 F.—Capt. J. Cameron from 92 F., Capt., v. Stewart, who exch., 9 Nov.

86 F.—A. C. Chichester, Ens. by purch., v. Brooke prom., 12 Dec.; Capt. T. Fitzgerald, from h. p. 4 W. I. Regt., Capt., v. Le Merchant, app. to 98 F., 30 Nov.

87 F.—Surg. A. Armstrong, from Ceyl. Regt., Surg., v. Leslie dec., 24 Apr.

88 F.—Capt. O. Phibbs, from h. p., Capt., paying dif., v. Southwell, whose app. has not taken place, 9 Nov.; W. Jones, Ens. by purch., v. Sutton prom., 7 Dec.

89 F.—Ens. S. I. Sutton, from 88 F., Lt. by purch., v. Van Bearle prom., 16 Nov.

90 F.—Capt. M. J. Slade, from h. p., Capt., paying dif., v. Beckwith app. to Rifle Brigade, 20 Dec.

91 F.—Capt. H. T. Hearn, from h. p. 6 W. I. Regt., Capt., v. Snodgrass prom., 14 Nov.

92 F.—Capt. H. W. S. Stewart, from 84 F., Capt., v. Cameron, who exch., 9 Nov.

93 F.—Serj. Maj. W. M'Donald, Qu. Mast., v. Gunn dec., 6 Nov.

95 F.—G. I. Austin, Ens. by purch., v. Alcock prom., 12 Dec.; Lt. T. St. L. Alcock, from h. p., Lt., v. J. Cusine, who exch., rec. dif., 13 Dec.

97 F.—Capt. T. Reeves, from h. p. 15 F., Capt., v. Cave prom., 12 Dec.

98 F.—Capt. J. G. Le Merchant, from 86 F., Capt., v. Clinton, whose app. has not taken place, 9 Nov.

2 W. I. Regt.—Ens. C. Phibbs, from 5 F., Lt., v. Morgan dec., 23 Nov.; T. B. Thompson, Ens. by purch., v. P. C. Codd prom., 16 Nov.; Ens. R. Elliott, from 15 F., Lt., v. Redman dec., 30 Nov.

Ceylon Regt.—As. Surg. A. Macqueen, from 83 F., Surg., v. Armstrong prom. in 87 F., 24 Apr.

Cape Corps Cav.—Corn. R. Bolton, from h. p. 4 Dr. Gu., Corn., v. J. F. Watson, who exch., 30 Nov.

R Afr. Col. Corps.—A. Yeakell, Ens., v. Rishton, whose app. has not taken place, 30 Nov.

Vet. Comps. for service in Newfoundland.—Ens. J. Bell, from h. p. 61 F., Ens., v. Philpot dec., 9 Nov.

Regt. of Artillery.—Maj. R. H. Birch, Lt. Col., v. Macdonald, who rets.; Br. Maj. C. H. Godby, Maj., v. Birch; 2d Capt. A. MacLachlan, Capt., v. Godby; 2d Capt. T. Scott, Capt., v. Napier; 2d Capt. C. Blachley, Capt., v. Maxwell; Br. Lt. Col. A. Macdonald, Capt., v. Baynes; 2d Capt. A. Wright, from h. p., 2d Capt., v. MacLachlan; 2d Capt. G. Mathias, from h. p., 2d Capt., v. Scott; 1st Lt. J. T. Ellison, 2d Capt., v. Blachley; 1st Lt. T. F. Strangways, 2d Capt., v. Macdonald; 2d Lt. S. W. May, 1st Lt., v. Ellison; 2d Lt. G. P. Haywood, 1st Lt., v. Strangways, all 12 Dec.

Corps of Engineers.—2d Lt. R. Boteler, 1st Lt., v. Ker dec., 20 Oct.; 1st Lt. A. D. White, 2d Capt., v. Worsley ret. on h. p.; 2d Lt. E. Frome, 1st Lt., v. White, both 6 Dec.

Rifle Brigade.—Lt. J. Kincaid, Capt., v. Middleton app. Paym., 25 Nov.; Capt. J. Fitzmaurice, from h. p., Capt., v. Smith prom., 19 Dec.; Capt. T. S. Beckwith, from 90 F., Capt., v. Gray prom., 20 Dec.; Capt. J. Middleton, Paym., v. Cadoux dec., 25 Nov.

R. Staff Corps.—Surg. A. M'Kechnie, from 69 F., Surg., v. Stewart prom., 15 Nov.

Brevet.—To have local rank of Lt. Col. on Continent of Europe only: J. Dunn, late on h. p., 9 Nov.; A. Rumpier, late 17 L. Dr., 9 Nov.; J. D'Arcy, late R. Artill., v. Ingleby, late 53 F.; A. Geils, late 73 F.; W. Thornhill, late 7 L. Dr., all 16 Nov.; H. W. Espinasse, late 4 F.; F. Wilkie, late 40 F., both 30 Nov.—To have local rank of Maj. on Continent of Europe only: G. T. Brice, late 93 F.; T. Dent, late h. p. unattached; D. MacGregor, late 33 F.; B. Lutyens, late 11 L. Dr.; T. H. Morice, late h. p. Marines; E. H. Garthwaite, late ditto; R. M'Crea, late 5 R. Ye. Bat., all 9 Nov.; T. Pipon, late 7 L. Dr.; C. Wayth, late 17 L. Dr.; R. Abbey, late Ceyl. Regt.; P. D. Fellowes, late 1 R. Vet. Bat., all 16 Nov.; W. Hames, late 32 F., 30 Nov.

Staff.—Brev. Lt. Col. H. G. Smith, Dep. Qu. Mast. Gen. to forces serving in Jamaica, v. Lt. Col. Cockburn, who res., 23 Nov.; Maj. T. Drake, Dep. Qu. Mast. Gen. to forces serving in Mediterranean, with rank of Lt. Col. in army, v. Sir W. L. Herries; Maj. W. Vincent, from h. p. 32 F., Permanent As.

Qu. Mast. Gen., v. Drake prom., both 16 Nov.; Maj. C. Yorke, on h. p., Inspecting Field Off. of Militia in Nova Scotia, (with rank of Lt. Col.) v. Huxley dec., 30 Nov.

Hospital Staff.—To be Inspectors of Hosps.: Brev. Dep. Inspectors J. Skey, G. Denecke, and J. A. Knipe all 26 Oct.—To be Deputy Inspector of Hosps.: Dep. Insp. J. D. Tully, from h. p., 16 Nov.—To be Physician to forces: Staff Surg. M. Sweeney, v. Cartan dec., 7 Dec.—To be Surg. to forces: Surg. A. Stewart, from Staff Corps, 9 Nov.—To be Hosp. Assistants to forces: G. Ferguson, v. Dickson app. to 30 F.; G. Allman, v. Casement app. to 31 F.; J. Wilkinson, v. Rankin app. to 84 F., all 8 Nov.; L. Grant, v. W. Smith, prom. in 41 F., 7 Dec.

Unattached.—To be Lt. Cols. of Inf. by purch.: Maj. J. Hogg, from 24 F.; Maj. H. Custance, from 70 F.; Maj. E. Jackson, from 20 F.; Br. Lt. Col. Hon. J. Finch, from 38 F.; Maj. H. J. Richardson, from 9 L. Dr., all 12 Nov.; Maj. J. H. Mair, from 7 F.; Maj. J. T. Morisset, from 48 F.; Maj. H. Stisted, from 1 Dr.; Maj. Sir J. R. Eustace, from 34 F., all 19 Dec.—To be Majors of Inf. by purch.: Capt. T. O. Cave, from 97 F.; Capt. T. Marten, from 1 Dr.; Capt. C. Wyndham, from 2 Dr.; Capt. G. T. Temple, from 15 L. Dr.; Capt. J. Anderson, from 1 F.; Capt. A. H. Trevor, from 33 F., all 12 Dec.; Capt. H. R. Ferguson, from 68 F.; Capt. R. L. Dickson, from 63 F., both 19 Dec.—To be Captains of Inf. by purch.: Lt. E. B. Fraser, from 37 F.; Lt. T. B. Bower, from 61 F.; Lt. J. Grover, from 89 F.; Lt. Hon. G. Upton, from 34 F.; Lt. W. Flood, from 13 F.; Lt. G. Beauclerk, from 23 F.; Lt. A. Houston, from 34 F.; Lt. G. M. Eden, from 52 F.; Lt. R. H. Milner, from 34 F.; Lt. C. Mills, from 55 F.; Lt. J. Michel, from 64 F.; Lt. A. G. Duff,

from 14 L. Dr., all 12 Dec.; Lt. E. C. Spencer, from 18 F.; Lt. J. E. Muttibury, from 46 F.; Lt. A. Hotham, from 83 F.; Lt. G. M. Keane, from 4 Dr. Gu.; Lt. J. Douglas, from 16 L. Dr., all 19 Dec.—To be Lieutenants of Inf. by purch.: Ens. J. Mills, from 19 F.; Ens. J. S. Brooke, from 86 F.; Ens. T. St. L. Alcock, from 95 F.; Ens. C. F. B. Jones, from 77 F.; Ens. W. J. Crompton, from 65 F.; Ens. W. Y. Moore, from 39 F., all 12 Dec.; Ens. L. W. Yea, from 37 F., 19 Dec.—To be Ensigns by purch.: Hon. O'Callaghan, 12 Dec.

Allowed to dispose of their half-pay.—Lt. Gen. L. Maclean; Lt. Col. H. Lee, marines; Lt. Col. R. Macdonald, Artillery; Lt. Col. H. Halkett, 7 line bat. King's Germ. Leg.; Maj. Gen. J. Murray; Maj. B. Handley, 53 F.; Maj. P. Johnstone (Lt. Col.), 60 F.; Maj. W. Gray, unattached; Maj. G. Muller, 2 line bat. King's Germ. Leg.; Capt. J. Kirkman, 6 F.; Capt. C. Andrews, Cape regt.; Capt. F. Blaine, R. Waggon train; Capt. W. Becher, Independent Comps.; Capt. A. Daly, 12 F.; Capt. E. Vincent, 39 F.; Capt. V. Bernardi, Corsican Rangers; Capt. L. Crawley, 48 F.; Capt. C. D'Estienne, 60 F.; Lt. C. Wolsley, 100 F.; Lt. W. Strangways, 3 Gar. Bat.; Lt. D. Manson, 72 F.; Lt. W. Kemble, Militia of Upper Canada; Lt. F. Stenton, 35 F.; Lt. M. B. Thornton, 12 F.; Corn. W. E. F. Sharpe, 18 L. Dr., all 12 Dec.; Maj. P. Macdougall, unattached; Maj. J. Campbell, ditto; Lt. Gen. Sir H. de Humber; Capt. H. P. Cox, 20 F.; Lt. Col. A. Rottiger (Col.), artill. King's Germ. Leg.; Lt. Gen. M. Head, Col. Baron Cockhoorn, late For. Engin.; Capt. F. Wilkie (Lt. Col.), 40 F.; Paym. T. Perry, 25 L. Dr.; Capt. W. B. Scully, 101 F.; Paym. S. B. Inglis, 2 L. Inf. bat. King's Germ. Leg.; Lt. E. Nash, 21 F., all 19 Dec.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d of November and the 20th of December 1826; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

BARTER, J. and H. Poole, timber-merchants
Barter, J. Poole, timber-merchant
Cocks, J. Norwich, tailor and draper
Coupland, G. Bristol, dealer
De Pass, Dan. King's Lynn, Norfolk, draper
French, N. jun. Cardiff, linen-draper
Goold, H. M. F. Brighton, Sussex, dealer
Hankins, E. Hereford, dealer
Hopkinson, T. Ashton-under-Line, oil-merchant
Lay, J. Cheltenham-place, Lambeth, stationer
Noakes, J. Watling-street, dealer in cloth
Wain, R. and W. Langnor, Staffordshire, grocers
Watson, Alice, Blackburn, draper [turer
Wigglesworth, T. Colne, Lancashire, rope-manufact-

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 208.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

ANDERSON, A. jun. East-street, Walworth, baker.
[Thomas, Dean-street, Southwark
Ashton, J. Tottenham-court-road, mercer. [And-
drews and Bradley, Temple-chambers, Fleet-street
Annett, T. Alnmdy, Northumberland, corn-mer-
chant. [North & Smart, Temple; Pringle, Alnwick
Astbury, E. Stone, Stafford, scrivener. [Barber, Feter-
lane; Brandon and Catlow, Cheadle, Stafford
Almosino, S. and M. Bevis Marks, merchants.
[Lane, Lawrence-Pountney-place
Adcock, H. W. Birmingham, gilt-toy-maker. [Norton
and Chaplin, Gray's-inn; Hawkins, Birmingham
Armstrong, W. Great Queen-street, Lincoln's in-
fields, auctioneer. [Brooking, Lombard-street
Billings, J. Bristol, dealer. [Poole and Co., Gray's-
inn-square; Pailin, Bristol
Blanchay, L. Pall-mall, wine-merchant. [Hamilton
and Ullithorne, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden
Bowers, J. East-street, Spitalfields-market, victual-
ler. [Glynes, Burr-street, East-Smithfield
Bishop, J. East Church, Kent, farmer. [Cole, Char-
lotte-street, Blackfriars
Bullock, G. Congleton, Cheshire, silk-throwster.
[Kaye and Whittaker, Thavies-inn; Pickford,
Congleton
Beaumont, G. H. Commercial-place, City-road, coal-
dealer. [Young and Gilbert, Mark Lane
Badnall, R. jun. Ashenurst-hall, Stafford, dealer.
[Spence and Desborough, Size-lane
Blake, W. and J. Rutherford, Shewingsheals, North-
umberland, sheep-salesman. [Leadbitter, Buck-
lersbury; Charlton, Morpeth
Booth, J. Plymouth-grove, Chorlton-row, Lanca-
shire, cotton-spinner. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-
lane; Duckworth and Co., Manchester

Beckley, J. Old Fish-street, wine-merchant. [Rice,
Jermyn street, Piccadilly
Beal, W. Thrapston, Northampton, linen-draper.
[Hardwick, Lawnc-lane, Cheapside
Baker, C. St. John-street, Clerkenwell, distiller.
[Reardon and Davis, Corbet-court, Gracechurch-
street
Boulter, D. Reading, draper. [Green and Ashurst,
Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street
Barnes, L. Heywood, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
[Wheeler and Bennett, John-street, Bedford-row;
Halsall, Middleton
Bannister, J. Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorganshire, cur-
rier. [Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Bold and
Vaughan, Brecon
Burman, R. Southam, Warwick, money-scrivener.
[Patterson, Leamington Priors
Brown, T. Myton, York, merchant. [Scholefield, Hull
Burckhardt, J. C. Northumberland-street, Strand,
goldsmith. [Gucht and Co., Craven-street
Biggs, J. Lewisham, Kent, builder. [Smith, Bas-
inghall-street
Bird, W. Cheltenham, plasterer. [King, Serjeant's-
inn; Stratford, Cheltenham
Barnard, J. Glamford Briggs, Lincolnshire, draper.
[Nicholson and Co., Glamford Briggs; Eyre and
Co., Gray's-inn
Bouker, J. Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, innkeeper.
[Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Jardine and Co.,
Bolton-le-Moors
Coates, J. Long lane, Bermondsey, fellmonger.
[Humphreys, New-road. St. George's East
Cross, F. jun. Birtsmorton, Worcester, coppice-
wood-dealer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane;
Higgins, Ledbury
Clark, W. Paternoster-row, bookseller. [Green and
Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street
Cope, C. Birmingham, wine-merchant. [Bourdillon
and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside; Simcox,
Birmingham
Cooms, S. Shepton-mallet, Somersetshire, brewer.
[Willett, Essex-street, Strand; Chard, Somerton,
Somersetshire
Clark, A. jun. Liverpool, merchant. [Mawdsley,
Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Coulson, G. Derby, slater. [Few and Co., Henrietta-
street, Covent-garden; Clerke, Derby
Clisby, G. Crown-court, Pall-mall, perfumer. [Pop-
kin, Dean-street, Solo
Cayzer, J. John-street, Oxford-street, tailor. [Burra
and Nield, King-street, Cheapside
Calvert, S. Fore-street, Cripplegate, flax-dresser.
[Smith, Carthusian-street
Castle, G. Goole, York, ship-builder. [Capes, Redness
Chapman, W. St. Neot's, Huntingdon, carrier. [Car-
ter, Lord Mayor's court office

- Chapman, W. Newcastle-street, victualler. [Teague, Cannon-street]
- Crichley, R. Gloucester, carpenter. [Lediard and Co., Cirencester; Thompson and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
- Clarke, C. Nantwich, hatter. [Roachie, Furnival's-inn; Broadhurst, Nantwich]
- Dean, G. L. Kensington, boot and shoemaker. [Bebb, Furnival's-inn]
- Dillon, J. Hereford, brazier. [Church, Great James-street, Bedford-row; Pateshall, Hereford]
- Dally, R. Chichester, ironmonger. [Sowton, Great James-street, Bedford-row; Sowton and Fuller, Chichester]
- Duncan, J. and W. Clegg, Liverpool, and T. Hollins, Manchester, merchants. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Crumps, Liverpool]
- Dwyer, J. New-street, Covent-garden, tailor. [Crowe, King-street, Cheapside]
- Dodson, J. Over, Cheshire, salt-manufacturer. [Turner, Middleswich]
- Evelyn, G. M. Skinner-street, Snow-hill, chip-hat-manufacturer. [Parker, Dyer's-buildings, Holborn]
- Elliston, R. W. late of the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, bookseller. [Miller, New-inn; Puleu and Son, Fore-street]
- Eagle, W. W. High-street, Southwark, hop-factor. [Collins, Spital-square]
- Elwin, C. Norwich, baker. [Bujtude, Norwich; Taylor and Co., King's-bench walk, Temple]
- Ferns, R. Meller, Derby, J. Langford, Manchester, and J. Hadfield, Roworth, Derby, merchants. [Perkins and Frampton, Gray's-inn; Lewlas, Manchester; Lingard and Co., Heaton-Norris]
- Franklin, W. Jermy-street, tailor. [Reeves, Ely-place, Holborn]
- Firth, R. Almondbury, Yorkshire, clothier. [Stephenson, Holmfirth, Huddersfield; Battye and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Fryer, B. Bristol, timber-dealer. [Evaus and Shearman, Hatton-garden; Haberfield, Bristol]
- French, J. sen. Frome Selwood, Somerset, clothier. [Ellis and Blackmoore, Gray's-inn; Rotton and Bush, Frome Selwood]
- Finch, R. Egham, grocer. [Henrich and Stafford, Buckingham-street, Strand]
- Fuller, J. Frederick-street, Hampstead-road, builder. [Loveland, Symond's-inn]
- Fox, G. L. Sunderland, Durham, grocer. [Hindmarsh and Son, Crescent, Jewin-street]
- Fry, J. Artillery-street, Bermondsey, currier. [Piercy and Oakley, Three-Crown-square, Southwark]
- French, N. Cardiff, linen-draper. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Clarke, Bristol; and Savery, Bristol]
- Goch, R. Southampton, merchant. [Roe, Temple-chambers, Fleet-street; Barney, Southampton]
- Grua, A. Albermarle-street, music-seller. [Cook and Hunter, New-inn]
- Garbett, R. Wellington, Shropshire, builder. [Williamson, Gray's-inn, Brown, Shiffal]
- Griffin, J. and J. M. Adams, Strand, goldsmiths. [Tilliard, Old Jewry]
- Gordon, J. Spring-gardens, army-agent. [Hodgson and Burton, Salisbury-street, Strand]
- Gunn, J. T. Foley-place, Mary-le-bone, coachmaker. [Vincent, Bedford-street, Bedford-square]
- Grubb, A. Great Russell-street, Covent-garden, tavern-keeper. [McGhie, New-inn]
- Griffiths, T. Abergelge, Denbighshire, corn-factor. [Douglas, Temple; Williams and Co., Denbigh]
- Grant, J. Barnsley, York, grocer. [Pocock, Bartholomew-close; Monce, Barnsley]
- Grimshaw, J. Manchester, check-manufacturer. [Morris and Co., Manchester]
- Hill, J. Paternoster-row, printer. [Topping, Bartlett's-buildings]
- Hill, R. High-street, Southwark, stationer. [Richardson, Walbrook]
- Hopkins, S. Wootton-under-Edge, Gloucester, clothier. [Smith and Bailey, Basinghall-street]
- Hooper, G. Eldon-street, Finsbury, builder. [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street]
- Harris, J. Leamington-Priors, Warwickshire, chemist. [Patterson, Leamington-Priors; Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn]
- Harrison, W. Nottingham, grocer. [Buttery, Nottingham; Wolston, Furnival's-inn, Holborn]
- Hill, W. B. Manchester, shopkeeper. [Chew, Manchester; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]
- Hammerton, W. Barnsley, York, innkeeper. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Cloughs and Co., Barnsley]
- Higgins, S. C. Gloucester, upholsterer. [Battye, John-street, Bedford-row]
- Hinton, J. Eyre-Arms tavern, St. John's-Wood-road, victualler. [Vandercom and Comyn, Bush-lane, Cannon-street]
- Heywood, J. Great Eastcheap, merchant. [Elgie, Poultry]
- Howard, C. Shackelwell, victualler. [Cranch, Union-court, Broad-street]
- Hillyard, W. and J. Morgan, Bristol, booksellers. [Jonson, Shannon-court, Bristol; Poole and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Horn, R. Oxford, baker. [Holmes and Elsam, Great James-street, Bedford-row; Taunton, Oxford]
- Hyde, G. Chapel-street, Tottenham-court-road, chemist. [Benton, Union-street, Southwark]
- Holt, M. and R. Hulme, Manchester, dyers. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Buckley, Manchester]
- Hudson, G. New Malton, York, ironmonger. [Wilson, Greville street; Allen, Malton]
- Hulme, T. Museum-street, pawnbroker. [Tanner, New Basinghall-street]
- Hayn, J. Fleet-market and Red Lion-square, wine-merchant. [Hutchison, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street]
- Harvey, T. Warwick, horse dealer, [Heydon and Co., Warwick]
- Halls, S. Stowmarket, plumber. [Dixon and Sons, New Boswell-court; Ransom, Stowmarket]
- Holl, S. Lakenham, Norfolk, beer-brewer. [Abbott, Rolls-yard; Day, Norwich]
- Heath, J. New-street-square, victualler. [Pontifex, St. Andrew's-court, Holborn]
- Hitchins, W. Oxford, painter. [Looker, Oxford; Miller, Ely-place]
- Haviland, R. and R. Cheltenham, distillers. [Dax and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn]
- Jones, T. Shrewsbury, victualler. [Yates, Vyrnybank, Shropshire]
- James, J. Adam's-place, Southwark, [Vincent, Clifford's-inn]
- Jones, T. Ynsmarchog, Llywell, Brecon, cattle-dealer. [Thomas, Llandilo]
- Jarman, W. Thayer-street, Manchester-square, boarding-housekeeper. [Partington, Change-alley, Cornhill]
- James, T. Birmingham, draper. [Seckerson, Stafford]
- Ince, C. Craven-street, Strand, wine-merchant. [Clabon, Mark-lane]
- Ives, C. Cumberworth, York, clothier. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Stephenson, Huddersfield]
- Jones, O. Liverpool, draper. [Chester, Staple-inn; Finlow, Liverpool]
- Jackson, G. V. Royal Arcade, Pall-mall, bookseller. [Taylor, Lyon's-inn]
- Larmuth, A. W. Exmouth-street, Spa-fields, linen-draper. [Spurr, Copthall buildings]
- Lucas, P. Preston, Lancaster, innkeeper. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Preston, Southward]
- Langdon, J. jun. Bronti-place, Walworth, commission-broker. [Pritchard, Bridge-street, Blackfriars]
- Leigh, E. and E. Chiddingstone, Kent, victuallers. [Lingard and Co., Tonbridge; Bigg, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane]
- Lock, W. Edward-street, Dorset-square, builder. [Webber, New North-street, Red Lion-square]
- Lane, C. Oxford, builder. [Bridger, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street; Cecil, Oxford]
- Levett, J. Rowley Regis, Stafford, farmer. [Jessop and Jordan, Thavies-inn; Goode, Dudley]
- Low, A. and R. Thomas, Stockport, Cheshire, machine-makers. [Lingard and Co., Heaton Norris]
- Line, W. St. Paul's-terrace, Camden town, builder. [Fisher and Co, Walbrook]
- Leigh, A. Manchester, builder. [Allison, Huddersfield]
- Moss, J. Tothill-street, shoemaker. [Farris, Surrey-street, Strand]
- Martin, J. sen. Bath, carrier. [Jones, Crosby-square; Hellings, Bath]
- Musgrave, J. Bramley, York, cloth-manufacturer. [Smithson, Old Jewry; Kenyon, Leeds]
- Mundy, S. jun. Bradford, Wilts, fuller. [Dax and Co., Gray's-inn; Stone, Bradford]
- Miller, J. Norwich, chemist. [Goodwin, Norwich; Abbott, Rolls-yard, Chancery lane]
- Mitchell, W. Meeting-house-court, Old Jewry, merchant. [Oliverson and Denby, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry]
- Mellor, J. Micklehurst, Cheshire, dealer in wool. [Jaques and Battye, Coleman-street; Battye and Hesp, Huddersfield]
- M'Leod, J. Clement's-lane, Lombard-street leather-seller. [Rankin and Richards, Basinghall-street]
- Moon, E. Worthing, Sussex, grocer. [Hilliard and Hastings Gray's-inn; Tyler, Petworth]
- Mulcock, S. Farringdon, Berks, draper. [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street]
- Manigher, A. Mincing-lane, merchant. [Swain and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry]
- Morling, D. Great Yarmouth, grocer. [Holt, Great Yarmouth]

- Maude, J. L. Andover, maltster. [Bousfield, Chatham-place; Man, Andover]
- Merrick, W. Bristol, flax-dresser. [Greville, Bristol; Hicks and Co., Bartlett's buildings]
- Mackrill, G. Romsey, Estia, Hampshire, scrivener. [Pike, Queen-square]
- Major, R. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, wool-stapler. [King and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
- Newton, R. Liverpool, tailor. [Wheeler and Bennett, John-street, Bedford-row; Holden, Liverpool]
- Nelson, M. Preston, Lancashire, innkeeper. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row; Barron, Preston]
- Neale, H. Percy-street, Rathbone-place, warehouseman. [Burt, Percy-street]
- Nangle, W. Liverpool, jeweller. [Chester, Staple-inn; Williams, Liverpool]
- Nickolls, J. Kidlington Mills, Oxford, miller. [Miller, Ely-place; Looker, Oxford]
- Nichols, S. Liverpool, woollen-draper. [Few and Co., Henrietta-street, Covent-garden; Hemingway, Leeds]
- Oliver, J. W. Cambridge, jeweller. [Goddard, Thavies-inn]
- Osborne, C. and J. Pall-mall, tailors. [Tanner, New Basinghall-street]
- Potter, H. S. Bridge-street, Southwark, cabinet-maker. [Fairthorne and Loft, King-street, Cheap-side]
- Peaker, R. Miffield, Yorkshire, shopkeeper. [Alexander, Halifax; Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields]
- Prout, J. Bath, innkeeper. [Bridges and Mason, Red Lion-square; Wingate, Bath; and Hare and Little, Bristol]
- Peters, S. Sheephead, Leicestershire, grocer. [Fosbrook, Loughborough; Allen, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street]
- Proctor, J. and S. Leeds, machine-makers. [Tottie and Co., Leeds]
- Percy, H. Whaddon, Wilts, horse-dealer. [Sandys and Sons, Crane-court]
- Parsons, J. High-street, Shoreditch, butcher. [Hurd, Great Prescot-street, Goodman's-fields]
- Potter, G. Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant. [Dicas, Pope's-head-alley, Cornhill]
- Park, M. Old Trinity-house, Water-lane, merchant. [Vincent, Clifford's-inn]
- Parkes, G. Dudley, nail-ironmonger. [Wimburn and Collett, Chancery-lane; Robinson and Son, Dudley]
- Protheroe, J. Bristol, hatter. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Stephens and Goodhind, Bristol]
- Parkinson, J. Bolingbroke, Lincoln, stuff-manufacturer. [Dax and Alger, Bedford-row; Brackenbury and Babington, Spilsby]
- Parker, S. Whitchurch, Salop, ironmonger. [Stockner and Dawson, New Boswell-court; Brookes and Lee, Whitchurch]
- Russell, A. March, Isle of Ely, grocer. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn; Day, St. Ives]
- Roebuck, W. Huddersfield, cloth-dresser. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Allison, Huddersfield]
- Rogers, J. Shrewsbury, grocer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Williams, Shrewsbury]
- Robertson, J. Tottenham, surgeon. [McGhie, New-inn]
- Ross, J. Wynardsbury, Bucks, flock-manufacturer. [Thwaites, Carter-lane]
- Rödel, R. Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, wine-merchant. [Robinson, Walbrook]
- Robinson, J. Derby, tape manufacturer. [Few and Co., Henrietta-street, Covent-garden]
- Reed, J. Bristol, tiler. [King and Co., Gray's-inn-square; Vernon, Stone, Staffordshire]
- Radcliffe, J. Burnley, Lancashire, painter. [Walker, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Hammer-ton, Burnley]
- Richardson, A. Manchester, victualler. [Teague, Cannon-street]
- Reynard, R. C. New Bond-street, tailor. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane]
- Richards, W. Fifehead Magdalen, Dorset, dealer. [Bowles and Co., Shaftesbury]
- Ross, J. sen. Horfield, Gloucester, farmer. [Meredith, Fish-Ponds, near Bristol]
- Ryder, W. H. Norton Falgate, tailor. [Dalton, Union-street, Bishops-gate-street]
- Sibson, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper. [Dunn, Princes-street, Bank; Wilson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne]
- Sweetman, W. Westow-hill, Norwood, Surrey, carpenter. [Gee and Drawbridge, New North-street, Red Lion-square]
- Stanley, I. Charlton-Kings, Gloucester, baker. [Le-diard and Thompson, Chrencester; Thompson and Hurley, Gray's-inn-square]
- Shelley, S. Oulton, Stone, Stafford, flint-grinder. [Willis and Co., Tokenhouse-yard; Vernon, Stone, Staffordshire]
- Salter, J. Lyncombe and Widcombe, Somerset, florist. [Price, Lincoln's-inn; Turner, Bath]
- Strong, J. and I. Dodds, Durham, engine-builders. [Williamson, Gray's-inn; Moor, Durham; Ingle-dew, Newcastle-upon-Tyne]
- Smith, P. Liverpool, hatter. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row; Rymer and Norris, Manchester]
- Strange, T. Cheltenham, plasterer. [Pruen and Co., Cheltenham]
- Simonds, J. Bartholomew-lane, stock-broker. [Swain and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry]
- Sutton, W. Beaumont-street, Mary-le-bone, coach-maker. [Whitehouse, Thavies-inn]
- Scholfield, J. Outrington, Cheshire, victualler. [Law and Coates, Manchester; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]
- Shepherd, J. L. and H. Fricker, Southampton, linen-draper. [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street]
- Till, T. Minster, Kent, farmer. [Cole, Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road]
- Trehern, T. Hereford, carpenter. [Pateshall, Hereford; Church, Great James-street, Bedford-row]
- Thorne, T. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, brewer. [Miller, Frome; Hartley, Blackfriars]
- Tennant, J. Malmesbury, grocer. [Ross and Cooke, New-inn; Ross, Chalford-hill]
- Thompson, A. New-grove, Mile-end-road, nurseryman. [Philips and Bolger, St. Swithin's-lane]
- Thompson, L. Great St. Helens, printer. [Scargill and Rothery, Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street]
- Tate, J. Manchester, grocer. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Kershaw, Manchester]
- Turner, N. Allhallowes-lane, fish-dealer. [Saunders and Heawood, Upper Thames-street]
- Taylor, E. Dodworth, York, linen-manufacturer. [Pocock, Bartholomew-close; Mence, Barnsley]
- Taylor, J. W. Exchange-buildings, merchant. [Ravenhill, Poultry]
- Taylor, J. Balham-hill, Surrey, builder. [Fisher and Co., Walbrook]
- Taylor, G. Melcham, York, clothier. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Stephensons, Holmfirth]
- Thompson, L. Hesse, Kingston-upon-Hull, miller. [Kaye and Whittaker, Thavies-inn; Rushworth, Hull]
- Vining, J. Pall-mall, jeweller. [Wood, Richmond, buildings, Soho]
- Watson, J. T. Stepney, master-mariner. [Cox, Poultry]
- Wood, H. W. and J. W., and M. W. Wakefield, woolstaplers. [Few and Co., Henrietta-street, Covent-garden]
- Wallis, W. H. Carlisle-street, Soho, perfumer. [Burra and Nield, King-street, Cheapside]
- Williams, M. Tring, builder. [Williams and Bethell, Gray's-inn]
- Wright, J. Peckham-rye, brick-maker. [Helder, Clement's-inn]
- Whicher, G. Petworth, Sussex, apothecary. [Hilliard and Hastings, Gray's-inn; Tyler, Petworth]
- Webb, J. Nailsworth, Gloucester, grocer. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Wathen, Stroud]
- Wilkinson, G., S. Bateson, and J. Meggs, King's-arms-yard, merchants. [Spurr, Cophall-buildings]
- Walker, R. Preston, Lancashire, corn-merchant. [Blakelock, Sergeant's-inn; Blanchard and Bickerstaff, Preston]
- Winkly, H. Chorlton-row, Lancashire, victualler. [Owen and Co., Manchester]
- Warner, H. Lamb's-conduit-street, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane]
- Wasbrough, M. Bridges-street, Covent-garden, stationer. [Hodgson and Co., Salisbury-street, Strand]
- Wain, R. and W. Longnor, Staffordshire, grocers. [Brittlebank and Son, Oddy, Derbyshire; Holme and Co., New-inn]

DIVIDENDS.

- Asdell, J. Oxford-street, Dec. 15
- Albany, J. Ware, Dec. 10
- Airey, J. and N. Aspinall, Liverpool, Dec. 27
- Applegath, A. Stamford-street, Lambeth, Jan. 9
- Atkinson, E. Morpeth, Northumberland, Jan. 6
- Atkinson, J. Liverpool, Jan. 3
- Archer, W. Hertford, Jan. 5
- Abbott, P. D. Powis-place, Great Ormond-street, Jan. 2

Brown, J. Liverpool, Jan. 10
 Best, G. Spring gardens, Jan. 12
 Bond, W. Altrincham, Cheshire, Dec. 20
 Burbidge, W. and Co. Birmingham, Dec. 19
 Brathwaite, J. Leeds, Dec. 16
 Browne, G. and H. Liverpool, Dec. 19
 Booth, R. Laundmill, Lancaster, Dec. 22
 Bell, W. Fenchurch street, Dec. 19
 Booty, J. Newport, Isle of Wight, Dec. 19
 Batger, W. Henley-on-Thames, Dec. 19
 Bray, T. Chelsea, Dec. 19
 Booth, R. Laund-mill, Lancashire, Dec. 22
 Bunn, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Dec. 20
 Barber, J. and E. Cowper's-court, Cornhill, Dec. 22
 Biggs, E. Birmingham, Dec. 30
 Blagg, E. Yarmouth, Dec. 19
 Beverley, B. Bucklersbury, Dec. 29
 Baker, J. Bristol, Jan. 3
 Bardon, W. York, Dec. 13
 Baker, J. West-street, St. Philip and St. Jacob, Gloucester, Jan. 3
 Barrow, H. Thavies-inn, Dec. 5
 Burnett, W. S. New London-street, Jan. 5
 Brown, J. Godmanchester, Jan. 5
 Barker, A. Somers-place, New-road, Jan. 5
 Blagg, E. Yarmouth, Dec. 22
 Burdwood, J. and W. H. Coltman, Devonport, Jan. 3
 Cannan, D. Lotherbury, Dec. 15
 Cooke, T. and J. Cheltenham, Dec. 18
 Comfort, E. Hosier-lane, Dec. 1
 Coxhead, B. L. Cannon-street, Dec. 19
 Chubb, W. Bristol, Dec. 27
 Children, G. Tonbridge, Dec. 22
 Crowther, J. Liverpool, Jan. 9
 Cundey, W. and J. Holymoorside, Derby, Jan. 3
 Clarke, W. and A. Dimsdale, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, Dec. 29
 Cockle, J. Deritend, Warwick, Dec. 30
 Colton, Rev. C. E. Princes-street, Soho, Jan. 5
 Cook, H. Lancaster-place, Strand, Jan. 5
 Clarke, J. Worcester, Jan. 10
 Coley, W. P. and H. H. Brown, Winchester-house, Old Broad-street, Jan. 12
 Champion, G. Bristol, Jan. 12
 Clarke, G. Basinghall-street, March 2
 Davidson, J. East-India-chambers, Dec. 15
 Dent, J. Stone, Stafford, Dec. 16
 Dubois, C. King-street, Covent-garden, Dec. 19
 Duncan, H. Portsmouth, Dec. 22
 Deudney, J. Camberwell, Dec. 19
 Dicken, J. Blithfield, Staffordshire, Dec. 20
 Damant, W. Sudbury, Dec. 29
 Dobson, J. Hesketh-with-Beccon-sall, Lancashire, Dec. 29
 Dodd, S. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Jan. 5
 Daniel, J. Newgate-street, Jan. 26
 Dow, J. Rhodewell, Bow-common, Middlesex, Jan. 9
 Dallman, T. Old-Bond-street, June 26
 Deabwell, R. Doncaster, Jan. 18
 Evans, H. Cheapside, Jan. 5
 Eaton, R. Swansea, Jan. 3
 Ford, W. Exeter, Dec. 21
 Fleet, F. Aylesbury, Dec. 26
 Foden, E. Warwick, Jan. 1
 Friedman, J. W. Finsbury-square, Dec. 29
 Fisher, J. Llanthewy, Monmouth, Jan. 6
 Fry, J. Dorset-street, Salisbury-quare, Jan. 5
 Forsyth, G. Eton-court, Carlisle, Jan. 22
 Ferguson, G. Catterick, Yorkshire, Jan. 8
 Foster, T. Maldenhead, Dec. 19
 Forsaith, S. Shoreditch, Dec. 29
 Groon, J. Watford, Dec. 15
 Greenwell, J. and R. Sherburn, Durham, Dec. 22
 Godwin, W. Strand, Dec. 22
 Gibbs, T. Devonport, Jan. 1
 Gibbons, T. jun. Wells, Norfolk, Jan. 5
 Gilbert, J. and H. Taylor, Bristol, Dec. 30
 Guth, J. jun. Shad-Thames, South-wark, Jan. 19
 Gray, T. March, Cambridge, Jan. 4
 Higginbotham, S. Macclesfield, Dec. 15
 Hodges, T. Warebon, Kent, Dec. 15
 Hall, T. Chesterfield, Dec. 19
 Harding, T. Poplar, Dec. 19
 Harvey, R. C. Allburgh, and E. Hill, Wortwell, Norfolk, Dec. 22
 Haynes, G. sen. and Co., Swansea, Dec. 29
 Hyatt, W. Dorset-street, Manchester-square, Dec. 26
 Hatfield, J. Cambridge, Dec. 22
 Hodgson, J. Birmingham, Dec. 30
 Hooper, A. Worcester, Dec. 26
 Hudson, J. Birchin-lane, Dec. 19
 Hetherington, D. King-street, Cheapside, Dec. 29
 Harkness, J. Chapel-place, Long-lane, Southwark, Jan. 5
 Humphreys, S. Charlotte-street, Portland-place, Dec. 12
 Hibbert, W. Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, Jan. 2
 Haycock, J. St. Albans, Jan. 9
 Harker, J. C. Old-Bond-street, Jan. 19
 Hooper, C. Throgmorton-street, Jan. 12
 Haslewood, W. Stratford, Essex, Jan. 16
 Joll, H. Hadlow-street, Dec. 15
 Jones, J. Cheltenham, Dec. 18
 Jones, R. Romford, Dec. 19
 Jones, G. Wootton-under-edge, Gloucester, Jan. 1
 Ingram, E. Reading, Dec. 19
 Jenkins, T. Cirencester, Dec. 19
 Jones, M. London-road, Dec. 22
 Jackson, W. Holbeck, Leeds, Dec. 28
 Jellyman, J. and J. Downton, Wilts, Jan. 1
 Jenkin, J. and J. W. Crutenden, Wapping, Dec. 29
 Jackson, W. Deighton, Huddersfield, Jan. 3
 Jones, S. King's-Arms-buildings, Wood-street, Cheapside, Jan. 9
 Johnson, G. King Stanley, Gloucestershire, Jan. 12
 Kite, J. and B. Best, Macclesfield-wharf, New-North-road, Shore-ditch, Dec. 29
 Keily, J. St. James's-street, Jan. 5
 Keating, G. Waterloo-road, Jan. 5
 Little, J. Trowbridge, Wiltshire, Dec. 21
 Leader, W. Wells-street, Oxford-street, Dec. 22
 Linsell, W. P. Sun-street, Dec. 22
 Le Roy, C. Pall-Mall, Jan. 9
 Launitz, C. F. Bucklersbury, Jan. 5
 Langwith, J. Mottram, Cheshire, Jan. 8
 Mead, W. and C. E. Macomb, Battersea, Dec. 15
 McCormick, J. Broad-street, Dec. 18
 Messiter, N. Frome Selwood, Dec. 21
 Marshall, W. Regent-street, Dec. 8
 Mackie, E. Maldenhead, Berks, Jan. 9
 Meads, G. Bath, Jan. 1
 Morgan, T. L. Bristol, Jan. 4
 Martley, L. H. and J. Dayne, Finsbury-square, Dec. 19
 March, M. and T. Shute, Gosport, Jan. 3
 Milligam, T. Hanway-street, Dec. 12
 Mayor, C. Somers-set-street, Portman-square, Jan. 2
 Marsden, W. Salford, Manchester, Jan. 11
 Meager, W. Newport, Isle of Wight, Jan. 5
 Merryweather, W. Long-Acre, Jan. 5
 Masterman, J. Hatton-Garden, Jan.
 Moxon, R. W. G. and J. Kingston-upon-Hull, Jan. 10
 Morris, J. jun. Oxford-street, Jan. 12
 Machen, E. L. Berkhamstead, Jan. 9
 Mason, J. Little Thorock, Essex, Dec. 22
 Nancolas, E. Tothill-street, Dec. 15
 Neville, J. G. Sheffield, Dec. 15
 Nash, T. Chesham, Bucks, Jan. 2
 Old, J. Bridgewater, Dec. 20
 O'Hara, M. Watford, Dec. 29
 Penny, J. Lymington, Feb. 2
 Powell, E. Dover, Jan. 1
 Pigott, W. Norwich, Dec. 27
 Parker, H. Sheffield, Jan. 1
 Powell, J. Worcester, Jan. 4
 Pomeroy, R. jun. Boixham, Devonshire, Feb. 2
 Richardson, G. and J. Henderson, West Cowes, Dec. 13
 Richardson, W. and Farrow, Kensington Gravel-pits, Dec. 15
 Rose, J. Ibstock, Leicestershire, Dec. 19
 Robinson, P. Claypole, Lincoln, Jan. 2
 Rutledge, R. Weedon Beck, Northampton, Dec. 8
 Read, J. Regent-street, Jan. 2
 Radford, J. S. Kingston-upon-Hull, Jan. 6
 Rutland, J. Oxford-street, Dec. 29
 Redshaw, T. Fleet-street, Jan. 2
 Raine, J. S. Wapping Wall, Dec. 15
 Rowley, W. Regent-street, Jan. 2
 Reyner, E. and J. Medley, Newport, Isle of Wight, Jan. 6
 Rice, J. Great Torrington, Devonshire, Jan. 6
 Robinson, T. and N. Lawrence, Liverpool, Jan. 6
 Robinson, H. T. Gun-street, Old Artillery Ground, Dec. 22
 Rossi, R. Harp-lane, Tower-street, Jan. 12
 Rogers, W. Lad-lane, Jan. 12
 Ridley, W. Whitehaven, Jan. 8
 Rutter, J. Winterton, Lincolnshire, Jan. 9
 Smith, F. A. and J. Allingham, New Brentford, Dec. 15
 Shaw, J. W. and A. W. Elmslie, Fenchurch-buildings, Dec. 15
 Sprigg, J. Drury-lane, Dec. 15
 Symonds, N. W. Crutched-Friars, Dec. 19
 Stelfor, P. Saddleworth, Yorkshire, Dec. 22
 Sparrow, I. E. Bishopsgate-street-within, Dec. 19
 Starling, S. Poole, Dec. 28 and Jan. 26
 Sadler, H. and T. Oxford, Jan. 4
 Sumner, T. Clitheroe, Dec. 30
 Smith, S. Liverpool, Jan. 3
 Shepherd, D. and J. Haworth, Bury, Lancashire, Jan. 4
 Selden, D. and W. Hinde, Liverpool, Jan. 6
 Steadman, C. and J. McLean, Lamb-street, Jan. 5
 Smith, T. Gordon-House, Kentish-town, Jan. 5
 Scholey, R. C. Doncaster, Jan. 18
 Shute, T. and S. Crediton, Devonshire, Jan. 11
 Tyrrell, W. East-Isley, Berkshire, Dec. 20
 Tuckett, W. Bath, Dec. 10
 Turner, M. J. Clonmel, Ireland, Jan. 2

Underdown, J. Ramsgate, Dec. 15
 Were, T. Bucklersbury, Dec. 15
 Whyte, M. and J. Great-Eastcheap,
 Dec. 12
 Williams, T. West Smithfield, and
 Union-street, Southwark, Dec.
 15
 Wood, T. Bilston, Somersetshire,
 Dec. 20
 Walker, W. and T. Barker, Cannon-
 street, Dec. 15
 Wylam, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne,
 Dec. 21

Wheeler, W. Chencles-mews, Bed-
 ford-square, Dec. 19
 White, J. jun. Bishopswearmouth,
 Dec. 22
 Walker, J. Upper Russell-street,
 Bermondsey, Dec. 19
 Winbolt, W. St. Paul's Church-
 yard, Dec. 22
 Woolston, S. High-street, Blooms-
 bury, Jan. 5
 Walsley, W. Manchester, Dec.
 27
 Washer, J. E. Bristol, Jan. 5

Winstanley, R. jun. King-street,
 Cheapside, and G. Hudson, Man-
 chester, Dec. 15 and Dec. 22
 Ward, D. and S. Smith, Liverpool,
 Dec. 30
 Wetherell, J. Litchfield-street,
 Westminster, Dec. 29
 Wilkinson, T. and T. Mulcaster,
 Wood-street, Jan. 5
 Wilson, W. jun. Nicholas-lane,
 Jan. 5
 Woods, W. and H. Williams, Has-
 tings, Jan. 9

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. Hitchings, to the Vicarage of Wargrave,
 Berks—Rev. M. Riddle, to the Living of Easton, near
 Winchester—Rev. R. Pole, to the Rectories of Saint
 Mary Tavy, and Stevocke, in the diocese of Exeter
 —Rev. D. Evans, to the Vicarage of Llanofanfawr,
 with the three chapels annexed, Brecon—Rev. J.
 Kempthorne, to the Rectory of St. Michael, Glou-
 cester—Rev. J. L. Freer, to the Vicarage of Was-
 perton, Warwick—Rev. W. T. Birds, to the Rec-
 tory of Preston-on-the-Wild-Moors, Salop—Rev. A.
 Smith, to the Curacy of Knottingley—Rev. Dr.
 Monk, to be Speaker of the Lower House of Con-
 vocation—Rev. J. Jarvis, to the Vicarage of Tut-
 tington, Norwich—Rev. C. Thorp, to the Prebend
 of Llandrindod, in the collegiate church of Brecon—
 Rev. W. Davies, to the perpetual Curacy of Mount,
 Cardigan—Rev. J. Hamer, to the Rectory of Llan-
 bedr, with the Vicarage of Caerhun, Carnarvon—
 Rev. J. W. R. London, to the Vicarage of Braun-
 ton, Devon—Rev. T. Cockayne, to the Rectory of

Dogmersfield, Hants—Rev. W. B. Bere, to the per-
 petual Curacy of Upton, Somerset—Rev. H. Venn,
 to the perpetual Curacy of Drypool, York—Rev.
 A. B. Leclimere, to the Vicarage of Bidersfield,
 Worcester—Rev. W. F. Holt, to be Minister of
 Laura Chapel, Bath—Rev. J. Bockett, to the Rec-
 tory of Stoodleigh, Devon—Rev. W. H. C. Lloyd,
 to the Rectory of Norbury, and Vicarage of Ron-
 ton, both in Staffordshire—Rev. T. Wood, to the
 Vicarage of Ashford, Kent—Rev. W. Bowen, to
 the perpetual Curacy of Kenderchurch, Hereford-
 shire—Rev. T. Davies, to the perpetual Curacy of
 Coelbren chapel, Brecon—Rev. Mr. Riddle, to the
 Living of Easton, Hants—Rev. Mr. Kemp, to the
 Living of Eastmeon, Hants—Rev. Mr. Renaud,
 to the Living of Messingham, Lincoln—Rev. T. At-
 wood, to the perpetual Curacy of Hammersmith—
 Rev. E. Pendrill, to the perpetual Curacy of Llan-
 guick, St. David's.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON.

CHRONOLOGY.

Nov. 23.—The Recorder made a report to the
 King of the prisoners under sentence of death in
 Newgate, of the September sessions, when, out of
 46, six were ordered for execution on the 29th instant.
 The rest were respited during the Royal pleasure.

27.—His Majesty held his first levee for the season
 at St. James's.

29.—The six criminals were hung at the Old Bai-
 ley, when a considerable agitation was evinced among
 the unusually great crowd who attended. The cul-
 prits were young men.

30.—Thanks of the Common Council voted to
 the Right Hon. W. Venables, late Lord Mayor, for
 his conduct during his mayoralty, &c. &c.

Dec. 7.—Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

11.—Message from his Majesty to both Houses of
 Parliament, relative to the interference of the Court
 of Spain with the internal affairs of our ally the
 Court of Portugal.

12.—Addresses voted by both Houses to H.M. on
 the same subject.

13.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 20
 were condemned to death, and 100 to be transported
 —besides several to imprisonment.

16.—Report made to the Privy-Council by the
 Recorder, of the prisoners under sentence of death
 in Newgate, at the October sessions, when five were
 ordered for execution.

17.—English troops sent to Lisbon, to repel the
 invasion of the Spaniards into Portugal, under the
 command of Lieut. General Clinton.

MARRIAGES.

At Langham-place, Francis Dugdale Astley, esq.,
 son of Sir J. D. Astley, Bart. M.P., Wilts, to Emma

Dorothea, daughter of Sir T. B. Lethbridge, Bart.
 M.P., Somerset—At East-Sheen, J. F. V. Went-
 worth, esq., of Wentworth-Castle, York, to the
 Lady A. L. B. Bruce, daughter of the Marquis
 of Aylesbury — At Twickenham, John, eldest
 son of J. Fane, esq. M.P., Oxfordshire, to Ca-
 therine, daughter of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse,
 Bart.—At St. Giles's in the Fields, the Rev. W.
 Start, to Louisa, daughter of J. Gurney, esq., King's
 counsel.

DEATHS.

At Highbury-place, John Nichols, esq., 82, for
 nearly 50 years editor of the Gentleman's Magazine—
 In Albermarle-street, Lieut.-General A. Kyd, 73—
 At Maida-Hill, Lieut.-Colonel W. C. Royall—In
 Wimpole-street, Matthew Raper, esq., of Wendover
 Dean, Bucks, 85, F.R.S. and V.P.A.S.; he had
 published several literary and philological works
 for the amusement of himself and friends—In Great-
 Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, R. Rudd, esq.,
 85—In Bishopsgate-street, P. A. Maceroni, esq., 76;
 he was the only remaining son of a Roman noble-
 man, who had been ruined by a 22 years' lawsuit
 with Pope Pius VI.—At Broadstairs, the Right Hon.
 Bridget Lady Teynham—At East Barnett, Rear-
 Admiral Henry Warre, 74—In Buckingham-street,
 Fitzroy-square, in his 72d year, John Flaxman, esq.,
 R.A., and Professor of Sculptor at the Royal Aca-
 demy—Mr. W. Ward, A.R.A.—At Ham Common,
 Major Hook, 75; he kept his wife's corpse unburied
 for 30 years, as, by the will of a relation, he was en-
 titled to an annuity "whilst his wife was above
 ground!"—C. Griffiths, esq., deputy inspector of
 hospitals, &c., 73; he had been 46 years in H.M.'s
 service—At Richmond, Lady Price, wife of Sir

Rose Price, Bart.—Mrs. Lewis, 75, relict of the late Mr. W. T. Lewis, principal comedian at Covent-Garden Theatre—Mrs. George Dorien, sister of W. H. Ashurst, esq., M.P. for Oxfordshire—The Right Hon. Charles Kinnaird, Baron Kinnaird—In Arlington-street, Hon. G. Duncombe, Grenadier-Guards, son of Lord Feversham—Joseph Cradock, esq., 85, senior fellow of the Society of Antiquaries—At Pimlico, Mrs. Burnett, 83, widow of the late General Burnett.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At the British Ambassador's, Paris, the Hon. F.

St. John, to Selina Charlotte, daughter of Colonel Keatinge, and niece to the Earl of Meath.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Martinique, Lieut.-General Francis Delaval—At Florence, Isabella Langley, wife of John Moore Cave, esq.—At Boulogne-sur-Mer, John Chalmers, esq., 74—At Lisbon, John James Stephens, esq., 79, member of the ex-British Factory of that city—The most noble Francis Rawdon Hastings, Marquess of Hastings, 72, on board H.M.'s ship *Revenge*, in the Mediterranean—At Berlin, the celebrated astronomer Professor Bode, 80.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The foundation-stone of the intended Suspension Bridge across the Wansbeck, near Morpeth, was laid Nov. 20; the subscription list contains the names of the members, the late candidates, and most of the gentlemen of the county.

Dec. 2, a meeting of the coal-owners of the Tyne was held at Newcastle, when they resolved to co-operate with the ship-owners in their project to retard the selling of coals in the London market, and for this purpose appointed a committee to proceed to the metropolis.—*Tyne Mercury*.

Died.] At Swarland-house, Mrs. Harriet Davison, sister to W. Gosling, esq. of Portland-place—At Newcastle, Jane Robson, 100—At Callaby Castle, J. Clavering, esq., 62.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

The weavers of Carlisle have sent a petition to the House of Lords on the subject of the Corn-Laws, and their dreadful distresses, in which they say, "tens of thousands of suffering persons were asking whether it would be better to die on the scaffold or to die of hunger?"

A great number of pictures exhibited at the late Exhibition at Carlisle have been sold—a very flattering proof of the preeminence of this northern display of the Fine Arts, considering the state of the times.

YORKSHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

A meeting at Saddleworth of the merchants, manufacturers, and other inhabitants, has been held in the Parish Church, at which petitions passed for the Legislature, praying "that a progressively decreasing duty should be laid upon the import of foreign grain, assuring a fall of from 10 to 15 per cent., and to be slowly decreased until the importation was entirely free.

The fund subscribed for the relief of distressed work people at Sheffield, amounts to £3,593. 2s. 6d. all of which has been expended, a balance of about £13. excepted. One subscriber gave £1,000, under the appellation of *Londinensis*.

On the 29th of November, the foundation of an elegant bridge and terrace, to be erected at Scarborough, for the purpose of making the ascent and descent from the cliff easier, was laid by E. Hebden, Esq., the senior bailiff of that town. The projector of this useful design is R. Catle, Esq., of York.

There are between 80 and 90 prisoners for trial in York-Castle: a larger number than was ever remembered—as it wants nearly three months to the assizes.

At a meeting of the Hull Choral Society, on the 13th of December, nearly £1,200 were subscribed for

the purpose of erecting a new suite of rooms in that town, for balls, concerts, &c.

A bazaar, under the patronage of the Archbishop of York, was opened in the Festival Concert Room, on the 19th of December, for the sale of 'Ladies' Work—for the benefit of the distressed manufacturers.

Died.] At Blessington-Hall, Yorkshire, Harrington Hudson, esq., member in the last two parliaments for Helston.

LANCASHIRE.

At the recent Kirkdale sessions, two boys, one only eleven years of age, were tried for stealing 10 lbs. of manure. They were in the habit of collecting manure on the roads, and they happened to go into a field at Ormskirk, and collected a small quantity of *cow-dung*, for which offence they were taken before a clerical magistrate, and by him committed for trial. The poor boys were confined in gaol nearly two months upon this trivial charge, and put upon their trial. The jury very properly returned a verdict of not guilty, and they were discharged.—We recollect, at the Leicester assizes a few years ago, Mr. Justice Grose exclaiming: "I wish there was not a parson upon the bench; discharge the woman immediately!" The cause of his warmth arose from the situation of a poor woman, who had been kept in gaol five months for stealing a *mutton pie* from the basket of an itinerant vender of those savoury delicacies at Loughborough!

The inhabitants of Rochdale, including all parties in politics, and all denominations in religion, have presented the Rev. J. Aspinall, curate of that place, four splendid chased silver dishes and covers, of the value of £200, in testimony of their esteem for his services whilst he resided among them, and especially for his exertions in behalf of the poor during the severe distress of 1826!!!

The length of the two late petitions from the inhabitants of Great and Little Bolton against the Corn-Laws to the Legislature, exceeds 66 yards—and the number of signatures to each petition is more than 8000. They were signed by all parties.

A dreadful accident has happened at Liverpool, occasioned by the fall of an immense chimney of the smelting furnace of Messrs. Acken and Co. In falling, it demolished three houses in Norris-court, and the whole of the inmates were buried in the ruins. Three were taken out dead, and seven dreadfully wounded and bruised.

Died.] Rev. John Yates, of Dinglehead, 71—At Hawkeshead, Mrs. Park, sister of Sir Robert Peel, Bart.

STAFFORDSHIRE AND WARWICKSHIRE.

The new church (an elegant specimen of the florid Gothic) at Hampton Lucy has been consecrated and opened. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of the diocese. It has been erected by the liberality of the Lucy family; the descendants of the prosecutor of Shakspeare for his venison propensities.

The Court of King's Bench has granted a rule for a criminal information against the present mayor and eight aldermen (out of 12) of Warwick, for corruption, and in concert omitting to attend the usual charter-day of presentation and election of mayor (on 29th Sept. last), and swearing in the present mayor for his *third* successive year, the charter prescribing the *annual* new election of an alderman for the office of mayor, who had not served that office within two years. The burgesses complained that one of the corporation is not only a non-resident, but a *colonel* in active service, and member for the borough also; whilst another is a non-resident *clergyman*! Since the proceedings of the Court of King's Bench, the burgesses have met and chosen another mayor—and, we understand, that ulterior measures will be taken by them relative to the rights, franchises and public charities of the borough.

A rule has been granted against the mayor of Stafford, to shew by what authority he holds the office of mayor this year, he having held it *last* year.

Died.] At Winson Green, Mrs. Steward, 82—At Rugby, Mrs. Scarborough.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE AND LINCOLNSHIRE.

Died.] At Grantham, R. Holt, esq. 68.

LEICESTERSHIRE AND RUTLAND.

The Hinckley Clothing Society has distributed linen and flannel to upwards of 300 aged and indigent women.

Di-d.] At Leicester, W. Harrison, esq. 66, deputy-registrar of the archdeaconry court—At Hallatton, the Rev. J. Wilson.

WORCESTERSHIRE AND HEREFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Worcester, J. Dimsdale, esq., son of the late Baron Dimsdale, to Jemima, daughter of the Rev. H. Pye, prebendary of Worcester.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

Some time ago, when it became necessary to purchase a tenement to improve one of the docks of the Bristol Bridge, the proprietor, a person in humble life, brought forward his original deed, which was a grant from King Stephen, rudely and almost unintelligibly written on a piece of parchment, with that monarch's signature attached.

A liberal subscription has been set on foot at Gloucester (very worthy of imitation at this melancholy season!) to form a fund to assist the poor in the purchase of clothing.

The trustees of the Wells turnpikes have contracted for making a new line of road from Chewton Mendip to Bristol, so as to avoid the dangerous hill leading out of Chewton.

The Report of the Bristol committee for the relief of the distressed manufacturers, claiming the public sympathy for an additional fund, states—"In the townships of Blackburn there are, at this moment (Dec. 7), more than 30,000 paupers, rendered such through absolute want of employment, and on the remaining 70,000 inhabitants so heavy is the pressure of the poor-rates, that, if urged much further, they also will be reduced to the class of pauperism! The employment of the people of Blackburn was *handloom* weaving—it is *gone for ever!!!*—The powerloom has entirely superseded it!!!"

A dreadful fire has happened at Bristol, at the house of Mr. Oxley—Mrs. Oxley and three of her children were burnt to ashes by this dreadful calamity.

Died.] At Cheltenham, Sir James Monk, formerly Chief Justice in Lower Canada—At Gloucester, Sarah Weatherstone, aged 105—At Bristol, Mr. James Bevan, 34; he had occasionally delivered chemical and other lectures at "the Inquirer's Society," and, although his early education was a very slender one, he had made himself proficient in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish and French languages, and had compiled a Hebrew dictionary.

DERBYSHIRE.

Married.] At Heanor, H. S. Wilmot, esq., eldest son of Sir Robert Wilmot, Bart., to Maria, eldest daughter of E. M. Mundy, esq. of Shipley-Hall; and the Hon. and Rev. F. Curzon, son of Lord Scarsdale, to Augusta Marian, second daughter of Mr. Mundy.

Died.] At Stanton-by-Bridge, Mary Holt, 82; she was aunt and great-aunt to 140 persons, and has left a legacy to each!

OXFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At Oxford, A. Robertson, D.D. F.R.S. Savilian Professor of Astronomy and Radcliffe Observer, 75.

BUCKS AND BERKS.

The number of prisoners in Aylesbury goal amount to 153! Among these, no less than one-third have been committed for *poaching*!—Young *hungry* country fellows do not require, at this pinching season, to be *dragged* to goal, when they can get but 4s. or 5s. a week as allowance from their parish, and see such ample provision, with good security, before them. On Sunday last, three men of this description exhibited a curious spectacle on their way to goal. The officer in whose custody they had been placed walked *before* them down the market-place, and they followed him very orderly. They had, on Saturday, come from Sherrington, about 27 miles distant, and, after walking with their conductor 20 miles, they had slept that night, *under no unnecessary restraint*, at Wing. From such a case as this the general state of the country may be fairly inferred!!!—*Bucks Chronicle*.

The question whether the corporation of Reading had a right to toll on corn, was decided last week in the Exchequer, after being 13 years in dispute, against the corporation, who have expended, it is said, about £5,000 in litigating their claim.

Died.] At Terrier's-House, Bucks, the Right Hon. Lord Dormer, of Grove-Park, near Warwick—At Formosa-place, Berks, Sir Samuel Young, Bart. 61, F.R.S. and F.A.S.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

Nov. 25, a numerous and respectable meeting of the owners and occupiers of land was held at the Shire-Hall, Norwich, for the purpose of resisting an increase in the county rates, "for appointing district surveyors of the highways," and for expressing their sentiments as to the practice which prevails at the Shire-Hall of "conducting the county business with closed doors," &c.; when several spirited resolutions were passed against the preceding measures, as well as petitions to the Houses of Lords and Commons, declaratory of the same. It appears by one of the resolutions, that the county rate in 1807 was £7,200—and in this year, *viz.* at Midsummer last, it was at the enormous sum of £20,406!!! In 1781, the expenditure for Norwich made by the chief-constable, amounted to £334. 19s. 10½d.—in 1826, to £3,876. 12s. 4d.!!!

A meeting at Yarmouth has been held at the Town-Hall, for the purpose of opposing the project of making a harbour at Lowestoft, and a ship navigable

gation from thence to Norwich, and the members of the town have been requested to use their influence in Parliament to oppose the same.

Meetings have been held at Norwich and Lynn for the purpose of not altering the Corn-Laws.—At the meeting at Bury, for the petition against the Corn-Laws, it was asserted by one of the speakers that the land owners were driving our trade to America and the Continent! at a time, too, when distress was never so general and extensive as at present!

Died.] At Brundall, Elisha De Hague, esq., town clerk of Norwich since 1792, aged 72.—At Barham, John Jennings, 93, postman for 67 years: he had walked in his occupation 440,000 miles, or 17 times the circuit of the globe. The General Post Office had very properly given him a pension of £10 per annum since 1796 to his death. His great-uncle and his father had been postmen in the same place for 62 years, making 114 years altogether!—At Hillington-Hall, Mr. J. Harrison, 90; he had lived 62 years in the service of three generations of the Folkes' family.—At Highnam, Thomas Batley, 75, commonly called Blind Tom, who had been deprived of sight from his youth.—He was the regular postman for the conveyance of letters and parcels from Gazeley to Highnam, without the guidance either of a fellow creature or a dog.—At North Waltham, Mrs. Lacock, 98.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

There are no less than 50 prisoners in the county (Hants) Bridewell for offences under the Game-Laws; besides several persons in the county goal for trial on charges of having been found armed for the destruction of game, contrary to the statute, which is the result of our precious system of Game-Laws!!!

The *Hampshire Chronicle* says, that during a late visit at Somerly 1,463 head of game were killed by four guns in six days, viz. 842 pheasants, 334 hares, 222 rabbits, 58 partridges, 5 woodcocks, and 2 snipes!!! Talk of the Corn-Laws, indeed! here is an evil that in an instant tells its own tale! How many families are ruined and goals filled with offenders against the Game-Laws, to achieve a massacre like this, at which a sportsman of the old school would disdain to assist!!!

Died.] At Ashling, near Chichester, Rear-Admiral Stair Douglas.—At Bramore, Mrs. Emma Curtis, in her 107th year.—At Chichester, Sir Justly Watson Green, Bart. 72.—At Southampton, Matilda, relict of P. C. Methuen, esq.—At Brighton, Mary, sister of Sir Hugh Palliser, Bart.

DORSETSHIRE AND WILTS.

The Lords of the Treasury have been pleased to issue their warrant granting an annual allowance to the widows, as well as to the children under 14 years of age, who were rendered destitute and fatherless by the loss of the crew of the Francis Freeling packet.

The repairs of the Cobb at Lyme have just been finished, and it now appears a piece of beautiful architecture.

Dec. 5, a fire broke out in the flax and rope factory of Mr. Parsons, at Melksham, which was totally destroyed; the damage is supposed to amount to £10,000, and 200 people, by this awful calamity, will be thrown out of employment. One of the men has been committed to goal on suspicion of setting the premises on fire.

Thirteen persons have been committed to prison at Devizes within the last week (Dec. 16) for offences against the Game-Laws, and seven to Fisherton goal!!!

Mr. Estcourt informs us, that Long Newnton parish contains 140 poor persons, divided into 32 families, principally labourers; and that the cottage system has been introduced there with such effect, as to occasion the following difference in the poor-rate—its amount the last six months before this plan

took effect, was £213 16s., of which sum £206 8s. was applied to the relief of the poor—while the amount of the poor-rate the last corresponding six months after the plan took place, was £12 6s., of which £4 12s. 6d. was applied to the relief of the poor!!! May this plan be universally followed, that again we may sing with the poet—

“That every rood of ground maintains its man!!!”

Married.] At Kingston Magna, the Rev. Thomas Manners Sutton, to Miss L. S. Mortimer.

Died.] At Rowde, J. Sutton, esq. 83.

DEVONSHIRE AND SOMERSET.

The inhabitants of Wivelscombe have entered into a subscription for pulling down their old church, and for erecting an elegant new Gothic structure in its stead, which, from its superior size, will give them accommodation for full 500 additional sittings.

The cottage system has been introduced in the neighbourhood of Wells with the happiest results. The Bishop has tried the experiment on 44 acres, letting them at the rate of 10s. per quarter of an acre. 112 families, none of whom receive parish pay, already enjoy its benefits.

The blanket manufactory established at Frome, for the purpose of supporting the unemployed manufacturers, succeeds beyond the original expectations.

A society has been formed at Bath auxiliary to the Irish Society, for promoting the education of the native Irish through the medium of their own language, it appearing that at least 1,500,000 Irish employ the ancient language of their country as the sole and natural vehicle of their thoughts.

At a public meeting late held at Wenmore, it was resolved to make a new turnpike road from Langport through Shapwick, Wedmore, Chedhar, Shipham, and Rowberrow, to join the new cut of the Bristol turnpike at that place.

At the Consistorial Court at Exeter, Dec. 1, the vicar of Maker instituted a suit, claiming the tythe of sea-fish from the proprietors or occupiers of any fishing-boat, sean, net or fishing craft, at the rate of £1 13s. 4d. yearly, and one penny out of every shilling of the earnings of the poor men, from money, share or allowance!!! The Judge dismissed the defendants from the suit, and condemned the plaintiff in their costs. We need scarcely add, that the decision against this *ne plus ultra* of tythe-ism, has given great satisfaction to the natives.

Lectures on Astronomy have been delivered at the Bridgewater Mechanics' and Apprentices' Institution. Its members are fast increasing, and its usefulness rapidly rising.

Married.] At Dawlish, P. C. de la Garde, esq. to Susan, daughter of the late Rev. J. Lempriere, D.D.

Died.] At Ilfracombe, Jesse Foot, esq. 83, long known in the medical world; he was author also of a Life of Arthur Murphy, the celebrated dramatic writer.—At Holme, Sir Bourchier Wray, Bart., 76, of Tavistock-Court, and of Home-Chase, Devon.—At Plymouth, R. Creyke, esq., 80, commissioner of the Victualling Board at that place.—At Holsworthy, T. Pearce, esq., 76.—At Bath, Miss Woodward, daughter of the late Bishop of Cloyne.

NORTHAMPTON AND HUNTINGDON.

A petition has been presented to the Trustees of Laurence Sheriff's Almshouses, by the almsmen at Rugby, for an additional 1s. 6d. per week, ordered for them by the Lord Chancellor ever since August 1, 1823!!!—These poor fellows say, “they are, from age and infirmity, in a great measure helpless;” and well they may say so, as we find their ages in September last, thus designated:—“W. Overton, 74; G. Collis, 78; A. Parker, 78; T. Bachelor, 79; G. Bachelor, 90; T. Brookes, 81; J. Buckland, 81; B. Harrod, 82; E. Green, 95”!!!

Died.] At Northampton, Mr. J. Sanders, 84; he had been parish clerk for more than 47 years—his predecessor had filled that office 55 years—At Weston Underwood, the Rev. J. Buchanan.

BEDFORD AND HERTS.

Dec. 6, the winter assizes commenced at Hertford, when there were no less than 44 prisoners for trial. The learned Judge (Bayley) in addressing the grand jury, alluded to "the beneficial effects of our meeting together for the purpose we do at *this season*"—thereby evincing the necessity of other counties having general goal deliveries oftener than twice in the year; or, at least, at *this season*, thus preventing the accused from being kept in goal all the winter before they are tried.

Died.] At Bedford, J. Wing, esq., alderman; he had filled the office of mayor several times.

CORNWALL.

A beautiful specimen of native copper has been presented to the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall by Mr. Pendarves; it weighs 120 lbs., and is the produce of Condurrow mine. On an assay of a part of the specimen, it was found to contain 99 parts in 100 of pure copper.

A new suite of rooms (patronised by the members of the county) with a Doric colonnade, have been opened at Falmouth by subscription, for the convenience of proprietors and subscribers, and the general accommodation of the gentlemen in the army and navy, and other strangers who may visit the town and neighbourhood. We understand this institution is the precursor to the constructing marine and other baths on the premises, which are open to a fine view of the harbour.

Lord Mount Edgcombe has given a piece of ground at Stonehouse for a chapel of ease, which is to contain sittings for 1,400 persons—450 of them free. The expense of building, which will be £4,000, is to be defrayed by subscription, aided by the Commissioners of Church Buildings.

The late mayor of Treigny has been sentenced, by the King's Bench Court, to pay a fine of £100, and to be imprisoned six months in Bodmin goal, for a contempt in disobeying a mandamus to elect a new mayor for that borough.

Dec. 7, a county court was held at Penrith, at which there was not a single cause!!!

A memorial is about to be presented to Government, for the improvement of Padstow Harbour, at the entrance of which so many melancholy accidents have happened.

Died.] At Padstow, Mr. C. Boney, 80, celebrated for his scientific ingenuity in astronomical mechanism—At Marazion, Mrs. Grenfell, relict of the late Pascoe Grenfell, esq., aged 94—At St. Pinnock, Mr. Little, 85—At Truro, J. Vivian, esq., 77, vice-warden of the tanneries, and for many years chairman of the quarter sessions—At Penzance, T. Greenway, esq., of Warwick, late Master in Equity, and Chief Commissioner of the Court of Requests at Madras—At Trevanno, Helston, C. Wallis, esq., 82.

SALOP AND WALES.

A subscription has been entered into at Shrewsbury for the purpose of building a new Infirmary, and more than £6,000 have been already subscribed. The list of the contributors to this laudable undertaking, reflects the highest credit on the extreme liberality and high public spirit of the county.

A Tradesman and Mechanic's Institution was unanimously determined on and established at a numerous assemblage of the inhabitants, at the Town-Hall of Swansea, Nov. 29—and the first meeting was held at the Town-Hall, Dec. 7, when an introductory address was delivered, including a concise view of the first principles of natural philosophy—Geological

lectures have also been since delivered.—Progressive increase of tonnage on the Swansea-canal of stone, coal, and culm: 1818, 77,243—1823, 96,628—1824, 124,551—1825, 126,439—1826, 143,309.—Two first-rate ships of war are ordered to be immediately laid down at the Royal Dock-Yard, in Milford Haven.

Died.] At Carmarthen, Mrs. Stacey, 82—At Aberystwith, Jane, daughter of General Davies; and Mr. W. Jenkins, 90—At Erivlatt, Lieut.-Colonel J. P. Foulkes.

SCOTLAND.

A petition to the Legislature has been voted by a meeting of the inhabitants of the county of Renfrew, praying "Parliament earnestly, without delay, to pass a law authorising the free importation of all kinds of human food, in exchange for the manufactures of this country."—The petition from Lanark has been signed by upwards of 2,000 signatures, for the repeal of the Corn-Laws.

One of the most tremendous and awfully destructive storms of wind and snow ever experienced in this country, devastated the Highlands of Perth and Inverness-shires on Friday and Saturday last. The loss of human life already ascertained is deplorable, and the destruction of sheep and cattle in the Highland districts immense. In a letter from Inverness, addressed to a gentleman in this town, it is stated, that "such a dreadful storm had never been known there as that on Friday—a strong north-east wind, with heavy snow, so thick and dark, that one's sight could not penetrate it a dozen of yards. This continued all day. In the evening less snow fell, but the wind continued awful during the night. It being our Martinmas market, numbers of poor people from the country, attending the fair, lost their lives on this dreadful night. I have heard that 30 dead bodies have already been found among the snow. Trees, that had for ages stood the storms of winter, strewed the forest like rushes. The snow," it is added, "in the Highlands, south of Inverness, is drifted in some places to the depth of 100 feet." Among the mountains of our own county, the storm was no less dreadful. The accounts from sea are equally disastrous.—*Perth Courier.*

An earthquake was very sensibly felt and heard in the Isle of Arran, Nov. 26, a little before four o'clock in the afternoon. The motion continuing for about four seconds. The sky was serene and clear, and scarcely any wind.

Died.] At Nigg (Kincardineshire), aged 82, the Rev. Dr. Cruden, who for more than half a century presided over that parish as minister—At Rosemount, Ayrshire, Mrs. Fullarton, 77, sister to the late Countess of Dumfries, and aunt to the Marquis of Bute—At Dumfries, R. Hope, esq.; he was the most extensive cattle dealer probably in all Scotland, his yearly transactions averaged £300,000—At Edinburgh, the Hon. Miss Henrietta Fraser, daughter of Lord Saltoun.

IRELAND.

In the southern districts of this unfortunate country, a very alarming extent of distress at present exists.—The public may guess at it from the representation of the Rev. M. O'Callaghan, in his report made to a charitable meeting at Cork: "Such wretchedness and misery were never before witnessed—besides those who exhibit their poverty in the streets, there are others still worse off housed in lanes and garrets, without even a particle of straw or covering, much less of food, and in this state they remain until they expire of absolute famine. I have known instances of what I state to occur within this week."!!!

Died.] At Coonogue, Wexford, Hugh Carill, 103; he requested to be buried without a coffin, which was complied with—At Rathmines, the Right Hon. Lord Clonbrock, of Clonbrock, Galway.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 21st of November to the 20th of December 1826.

Nov.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	N4Pr. Ct. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols. for Acc.
21	203 204 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2	83 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	19 1/2	—	22 24p	83 5-8
22	203 1/2 203	82 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	19 1/2	248 249	21 24p	82 7-8
23	203 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	19 1/2	—	39 40p	83 1/2
24	202 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2	83 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	19 1/2	—	37 39p	83 1/2
25	202 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2	83 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	97 1/2	19 1/2	249	36 38p	83 1/2
26	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
27	203 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2	83 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	19 1/2	—	36 38p	83 5-8
28	203	82 1/2	83 1/2	83 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	19 1/2	—	37 39p	84 3-8
29	203 202 1/2	83 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	19 1/2	248 249	18 22p	84 3-8
30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
31	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Dec	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1	203 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2	83 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	19 1/2	245	18 22p	84 3-8
2	202 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2	83 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	19 1/2	248 249	18 22p	84 1/2
3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4	—	82 1/2	83 1/2	83 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	19 1/2	248	17 21p	84 1/2
5	—	82 1/2	83 1/2	83 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	19 1/2	34 36p	17 21p	84 1/2
6	—	82 1/2	83 1/2	83 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	19 1/2	35 37p	18 22p	84 1/2
7	203 1/2	83 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	19 1/2	37 38p	18 21p	84 1/2
8	203	83 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	19 1/2	38 40p	18 22p	84 1/2
9	203	82 1/2	83 1/2	83 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	19 1/2	40 42p	19 23p	84 1/2
10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
11	203 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2	83 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	98 1/2	19 1/2	41 43p	22 24p	84 1/2
12	201 1/2 202	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	96 1/2	18 1/2	27 30p	10 18p	80 1/2
13	—	77 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	96 1/2	18 1/2	27 29p	3 18p	80 5-8
14	198 1/2 199 1/2	76 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2	96 1/2	18 1/2	17p	8p	77 1/2
15	197 198	75 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2	96 1/2	18 1/2	5 10p	1 7p	78 3-8
16	200 1/2	77 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2	96 1/2	18 1/2	13 15p	4 9p	79 1/2
17	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18	199	78 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2	96 1/2	18 1/2	18p	5 11p	80 3-8
19	198 1/2 199 1/2	78 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2	96 1/2	18 1/2	21 25p	6 12p	80 1/2
20	199 1/2	78 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	86 1/2	84 1/2	96 1/2	18 1/2	26 30p	11 20p	79 1/2

E. Erron, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From 20th Nov. to 19th Dec. inclusive.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co., 50, High Holborn.

November.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20			44	47	42	30	24	30	33	NE.	NE.	Clo.	Clo.	Clo.
21			45	46	40	30	35	30	33	NE.	NNE	—	—	—
22			44	46	43	30	27	30	17	N	N	—	—	—
23			44	49	43	29	97	29	76	NNE	NE	—	—	S. Rain
24			45	47	32	29	41	29	31	WSW	WSW	—	—	Fine
25			36	42	28	29	08	29	11	WSW	WSW	Fine	—	Clo.
26			31	36	30	29	21	29	40	WSW	W	—	Fine	Foggy
27			33	37	32	29	60	29	64	W	SW	—	—	—
28			35	48	47	29	63	29	43	WSW	SW	Foggy	S. Rain	S. Rain
29			48	50	43	29	28	29	31	SW	SW	—	Fair	Rain
30			46	48	36	29	28	29	40	WSW	W	Clo.	—	Foggy
Dec.			—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1			45	46	39	29	33	29	13	WSW	WSW	—	Rain	Rain
2			42	47	39	29	10	29	10	WSW	W	Fair	—	Fair
3			40	45	34	29	29	29	31	W	W	Clo.	Clo.	Clo.
4			37	39	35	29	31	29	61	WNW	NW	—	—	—
5			40	41	33	29	62	29	56	NW	NW	—	—	Rain
6			36	50	50	29	60	29	62	ESE	SSW	Rain	Rain	—
7			52	54	47	29	50	29	33	WSW	SW	—	—	Clo.
8			50	52	42	29	20	29	45	SW	W	Clo.	Clo.	—
9			42	48	47	29	76	29	73	W	S	—	—	Rain
10			52	54	49	29	74	29	80	SSW	S	Rain	Rain	Clo.
11			52	53	46	29	73	29	80	SSW	SSW	Fair	Fair	Clo.
12			50	51	44	29	71	29	46	S	SSE	—	—	Clo.
13			48	52	43	29	48	29	49	SW	SW	—	—	—
14			46	50	45	29	49	29	52	SW	S	—	—	—
15			47	49	45	29	53	29	50	SE	E	Foggy	—	—
16			47	49	44	29	47	29	60	E	E	Clo.	—	—
17			45	46	41	29	75	29	84	E	ENE	—	—	Fair
18			42	43	40	29	87	29	92	E	E	—	—	Clo.
19			42	44	40	29	92	29	94	E	ENE	—	—	Clo.

The Rain Gauge having frozen, no account was taken of the quantity of Rain fallen

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METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

"Oh, the wonderful alterations!"—CROCKERY.

As it was gratifying to our national pride during the war to read of the progress of our arms, and to rejoice in the glorious result of the exertions of our Government to procure permanent tranquillity; so is it delightful to the lovers of the arts of peace to see the leisure and means, which this tranquillity has procured, employed by our ministers in the removal of the nuisances, and in the promotion of architectural improvement in the metropolis.

That metropolis, which was known to be the richest in Europe—that London, whose very name was synonymous with wealth,—from the walls of which, fiats were issued, whose power was felt and acknowledged in the remotest parts of the world,—was little thought by the millions who bowed their heads in obedience to its dictates, and who looked with eyes of envy at those who visited or resided in it, to consist, with one or two exceptions, merely of a congregation of filthy streets, totally unadorned by architectural beauty; or that its churches, and other public buildings, were so hid from view by such an accumulation of vulgar dwellings in their immediate vicinity, that nearly all the specimens of good architecture which the metropolis of England possessed remained unknown and unnoticed by the inhabitants themselves.

That they were sometimes appreciated by strangers, who sought for the internal beauties of edifices, the exteriors of which were concealed from their view by interminable rows of brick buildings and groves of chimneys, is certain, by foreign illustrations of London, as well as by the observation of one of the Clements to an English nobleman at Rome, who, on being presented at the papal court, descanted to his holiness with great fluency on the beauties of Italian architecture, and on the delight he had experienced in witnessing the numerous and superb specimens of the art which he had observed in his tour.—"True," replied the Pope, "there are many noble specimens of the art of Vitruvius in Italy; but you possess one in London which surpasses most of them, and is eclipsed by none." He then named a church in the city of London, of the very existence and name of which the English nobleman was ignorant. Ashamed and doubting, this true enthusiast in the art immediately quitted Rome, for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of what he had heard, and was astonished to

find the justice of his holiness's observation exemplified in a church buried amidst the crowded houses of Lombard-street and the lanes in its vicinity.

Such, until late years, has been the fate of nearly all the specimens of architecture which our metropolis possesses. Of St. Paul's, it is impossible to get any one view, which can convey an adequate idea of its magnificence to the beholder; so that, although we are acquainted with the beauty of its details, we actually pass our lives in the immediate vicinity of one of the finest specimens of architectural magnificence in the world, without ever having an opportunity of judging of its effect as a whole.

Twenty years ago, the very doors of Westminster Abbey were blocked up by the contiguous houses, and now there is only one side of this superb specimen of the Gothic open to the inspection of the artist; and the effect of this is, in a great measure, spoiled by the bad taste which could place St. Margaret's Church and the Westminster Session-House so immediately contiguous to such a building.

The alterations in this part of Westminster were among the first attempts to unbury some of our architectural beauties; and by the plans at present in agitation of removing the whole pile of buildings which divides Parliament and King streets, as well as those which adjoin the Abbey westward, we trust a very few years will accomplish the object of presenting Westminster Abbey to the eye of the spectator totally unincumbered by the neighbourhood which at present conceals and disgraces it.

When this shall be the case, it is to be hoped that the contrast between this elaborate specimen of Gothic architecture and the miserable attempt on the opposite side of Parliament-square, will induce the complete alteration of the latter, and make our Houses of Parliament and Courts of Law what they ought to be—models of architectural taste, instead of ridiculous abortions, in which bad Italian architecture is mixed with bastard Gothic. Had we the power of dictation here, we would have the interior of Westminster Hall taken as a kind of grammar to the whole pile of building, and the exterior in the architecture of that period; by which means we should have two specimens of English architecture of different æras, and the eye would not be hurt by the strong contrast of Gothic tracery with Italian columns.

But, to have done with improvements, which may never have any other existence than in our wishes and imaginations, let us turn to those which have already taken place—to those which are in progress—and to those which are in projection.

It has been customary to judge of the increased civilization of a country by its improvements in architecture. By monuments of this art the progress of the ancients is traced; the power of the Egyptians is deduced from the wonderful labour of the Pyramids; the taste and elegance of the Greeks, from the Acropolis and the temple of Athens. Were we of the present day to be judged thus, England must appear to have advanced a century within the last few years; for, I suppose, in the annals of the world there have never been such rapid changes and such vast improvements as has occurred in this metropolis during the last seven years.

We have no occasion now to refer to Pennant to produce exclamations of surprise at the wonderful changes in London; our own recollections are sufficient. Oxford-street seems half a mile nearer to Charing Cross than in the days of our youth. Swallow-street, with all the dirty courts in its vicinity, have been swallowed up, and replaced by one of the most magnificent streets in Europe; a street, which may vie with the Calle d'Alcala

in Madrid, with the *Quartier du Chapeau Rouge* at Bourdeaux, or the *Place de Louis Quinze* at Paris. We must, for the present, overlook the defects of the architectural detail of this street, in the contemplation of the great and general improvement which its construction has produced in the metropolis.

Other streets are proposed by the same active genius under which Regent-street has been accomplished; the vile houses which surrounded and hid the finest portico in London—that of St. Martin's church—are already taken down; a square is to be formed round this building, with two large openings into the Strand, and plans are already in agitation to lay open other churches in the same manner. Even the economical citizens have given us a peep at St. Bride's—being ashamed again to hide beauties which accident had given them an opportunity of displaying to greater advantage.

One street is projected from Charing Cross to the British Museum, terminating in a square, of which the church in Hart-street is to form the centre; another is intended to lead to the same point from Waterloo Bridge, by which this structure, which is at present almost useless, will become the great connecting thoroughfare between the north and south sides of the Thames: this street is, indeed, a desideratum to the proprietors of the bridge, as well as to the public at large. Carlton House is already being taken down—by which means Regent-street will terminate at the south end, with a view of St. James's Park, in the same manner as it does at the north end, by an opening into the Regent's Park.

Such is the general outline of the late and the projected improvements in the heart of the metropolis; but they have not stopped here. The king has been decorating Hyde Park with lodges, designed by Mr. Decimus Burton, which are really gems in architecture, and stand unrivalled for proportion, chasteness, and simplicity, amidst the architectural productions of the age.

Squares are already covering the extensive property of Lord Grosvenor in the fields of Chelsea and Pimlico; and crescents and colonnades are planned, by the architect to the Bishop of London, on the ground belonging to the diocese at Bayswater.

But all suburban improvements sink into insignificance, when compared with what has been projected and attained within the last seven years in the Regent's Park. This new city of palaces has appeared to have started into existence like the event of a fairy tale. Every week shewed traces of an Aladdin hand in its progress, till, to our astonishment, we ride through streets, squares, crescents, and terraces, where we the other day saw nothing but pasture land and Lords' Cricket Ground;—a barn is replaced by a palace—and buildings are constructed, one or two of which may vie with the proudest efforts of Greece and Rome.

The projector, with true taste, has called the beauties of landscape to the aid of architectural embellishment; and we accordingly find groves, and lawns, and streams intersecting the numerous ranges of terraces and villas; while nature, as though pleased at the efforts of art, seems to have exerted herself with extraordinary vigour to emulate and second the efforts of the artist.

In so many buildings, and amidst so much variety, there must, consequently, be many different degrees of architectural excellence, and many defects in architectural composition; but, taken as a whole, and the short time occupied in its accomplishment, the Regent's Park may be considered as one of the most extraordinary creations of architecture that has

ever been witnessed. It is the only speculation of the sort where elegance seems to have been considered equally with profit in the disposition of the ground. The buildings are not crowded together with an avaricious determination to create as much frontage as possible; and we cannot bestow too much praise on the liberality with which the projector has given up so much space to the squares, roads, and plantations, by which he has certainly relinquished many sources of profit for the pleasure and convenience of the public.

It is in the contemplation of these additions and improvements to our metropolis, that we doubly feel the blessings and effects of that peace which has enabled the government, as well as private individuals, to attempt to make London worthy of the character it bears in the scale of cities; and we are happy now to feel proud of the architectural beauty, as we always have of the commercial influence, of our metropolis.

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary parts of Napoleon's government was, that amidst all his ambitious pursuits of conquest—all his warfare—all his hostile expeditions—east, west, north, and south, he never for a moment ceased to encourage the arts, or to devote a certain portion of his attention to the improvement of Paris. Thus the remembrance of every victory was perpetuated by a monument, and the memory of the blood that had been shed, and the lives that had been sacrificed in its attainment, was lost in the contemplation of the splendour of the fabric by which it was celebrated. This might arise from his ambition to perpetuate his own name as the munificent patron of the arts of peace, as well as the remembrance of his victories. It is probable, however, that he also found it necessary to place some visible and tangible evidence of his glory under the eyes of such a fickle and vain people as those he governed, who consoled themselves under the horrors of the conscription by ideas of the glory of the "*grande nation*," and by the delight of filling their own galleries and palaces with the *chefs d'œuvres* of art ravished from other countries by the right of conquest.

England was too fully occupied during the war to devote much attention to the arts, and she refrained from erecting monuments to her victories till they were complete, and till their result was peace. From the moment that has been accomplished, a considerable portion of the public money has been devoted to architectural improvements; the deficiency of churches has been supplied in many parts of the country, as well as in the metropolis, and London has been purged of many of its nuisances, while its healthiness and comforts have been increased by the formation of new openings, and the construction of new sewers and the regulation of old ones.

Having thus considered the general effect of the late and projected improvements, and, we think, justly appreciated their general excellence, we will now proceed to an examination of some of the detail of their execution; and here we cannot help regretting that there is not a competent committee of taste as well as an efficient board of works—a committee to whom all elevations of building in public situations, or forming portions of new streets, should be submitted before they are permitted to be executed. We should not then have so many anomalies in architecture as at present disgrace certain portions of the late great improvements. We should not then have the absurd mixture of the grotesque with the elegant—the Chinese with the Greek—and the Egyptian with Italian architecture. We should not see columns supporting nothing, or pilasters plastered against walls

in opposition to all architectural propriety, and to the destruction of architectural proportion. We should not then see attic piled on attic, and pediment surmounting pediment, until the words of the old song force themselves on our recollection as an apt illustration :

“ On the top of his head was his wig,
On the top of his wig was his hat.”

In this criticism we are far from blaming the architect who projects the general improvement. We know the difficulties he has to contend with; we feel for his anxiety to realize the expectations of his employers, by letting the ground at the rent he has placed upon it, and we know the obstacle which an arbitrary determination, as to the style of the building, might throw in the way of its disposal, where the speculation was uncertain.

These observations are, however, only applicable to the commencing works of the improvement. Now that the success of one great street has ascertained that great public thoroughfares have only to be formed to attract inhabitants, and that in lieu of the projector's entertaining fears that his ground may not let, he is inundated with applications long before the old buildings are removed, he may safely insist on defining the elevations to be erected, or in having them submitted for his approbation. Under these circumstances, we should not have carpenters and bricklayers turning architects, and spoiling, by their wretched productions, the general effect of a vast improvement.

While we are on this subject, we cannot help stating our wish, that those noblemen and gentlemen who possess property in conspicuous parts of the metropolis would adopt the same system, and not leave the designs for their elevations to be made by the builder, who takes the ground upon speculation, and who knows nothing of architecture but its mechanism; instead of submitting them to the taste and judgment of some professor. By this means we often find an architect building a house for an individual who has taken an under-lease, compelled to adopt a front designed by some ignorant builder, and mask the beauties of his interior by an elevation totally devoid of beauty, and replete with architectural defects.

These men know that there are pilasters, and cornices, and columns, and there are books sufficiently elaborate to furnish them with models to work from; but ignorant of the propriety of their application, and having no ideas of proportion, in which, after all, the great beauty of architecture consists, they place a column here, and a pilaster there, without rhyme or reason, and thus many fine opportunities for architectural display are lost.

One miserable instance of an excellent situation being sacrificed, is exemplified in Richmond Terrace, Parliament-street, which might have been made one of the most beautiful features of the architecture of the metropolis, instead of a mere lump of stone and brickwork, devoid of every elegance and out of all proportion. Yet in this building are contained all the component parts of good architecture. There are columns, cornices, and pediments, but put together without any regard to proportion.

The sacrifice of such a situation as this is a public loss to the metropolis, and its deformity is rendered more conspicuous by its immediate contrast with the Board of Trade, which is erecting, from the designs of Mr. Soane, at the corner of Downing-street, and which will ultimately form a

splendid addition to the architectural beauties of London; but while it exhibits so much elegance in the proportion of the columns, and the execution of the capitals and entablature, it is impossible not to regret the confused appearance of the attic and chimnies, and the smallness of the openings under the architrave, which give a mean appearance to the whole design.

It is perhaps unfair to criticise any building of which only a portion is erected, and which, of course, cannot be seen in its general connection with the whole design. But it is impossible not to perceive the defect of this building to consist in the columns not having been placed on a higher basement: had this been the case, their beauty would not only have been more conspicuous, but a superior consequence would have been imparted to the whole construction; and the attic, which at present distresses the eye, and deteriorates so much from the beauty of the design, might have been hid, if not totally avoided. The colonnade is, however, in itself, truly beautiful, and must be welcomed by the lovers of the arts as one of the chastest specimens of Corinthian architecture that we possess. In this building the artist has, we believe, adopted the capitals of the columns of the Temple of Jupiter Stator; and the whole of them, together with the mouldings of the cornices, are beautifully executed. We wish, however, that he had dispensed with the continuation of the astragal at the bottom of the capitals, along the whole building, as it conveys the idea of a sub-entablature, which is far from adding to the beauty of the design.

The next new public building in this quarter of the town is the College of Physicians, which is united in its elevation with the Union Club-House. This façade is intended to form one side of the great space that is to be laid open to Charing-cross; in the centre of which it is Mr. Nash's wish to accomplish a correct restoration of the Parthenon, adapted to the uses of some public exhibition.

Here the artist had decidedly one of the finest situations for architectural display that can present itself among the new arrangements. It stands directly in front of one of the grandest approaches to the new street, and catches the eye of the beholder nearly a quarter of a mile before he arrives at its porticos. He was likewise sure, from his knowledge of the ulterior arrangement of this part of the plan, that this view of his work could never be intercepted, and he ought to have devoted his acknowledged talent to the formation of some design worthy of such a conspicuous station, and that might have been ranked among the proudest specimens of the art. Instead of this, however, we have an immense monotonous range of attached columns and pilasters, unwieldy in their appearance, and crowded together without any effect. The recesses seem made for the sole purpose of creating room for the attached columns, and the projections formed as mere apologies for the introduction of pilasters. The only good part of this pile of building is the portico at the end next Dorset-place, where it is almost concealed from observation, comparatively with what it would have been in either of the other fronts of the building. At the other end it would have formed a fine object from New-street, Charing-cross, and Pall-mall, or it might have been used judiciously to break the monotony of the principal façade.

It is with pleasure that we turn from this erection to the elegant Ionic Club-House of the University; both the interior and exterior of which do the artists, Messrs. Wilkins and Gandy, the greatest credit. We should have wished for greater projection in the Ionic pediment, but we presume

this was prevented either by the New Street Act, or from the want of space; and we would have transferred the honeysuckle ornament, which now runs round the building, as a continuation of that on the caps of the pilasters, to the freize, where it would have been more appropriate, and have become a more consequential decoration to the building. But these are faults which are lost or overlooked in the general beauty of the design, and the justness and elegance of its proportions. The two other sides of this great square are to be occupied by the National Gallery and the Heralds' College, with a wide opening to admit a complete view of St. Martin's Church. We have seen the plans of this improvement with great pleasure, and heartily hope that the great projector of them, to whom the metropolis is so much indebted, will regulate the elevations by the chaste rules of his art, instead of permitting the introduction of arabesque cupolas, which are useless and ugly.

We have no objection to the exertion of the architect's imagination, or to his travelling out of the established rules of his art, where improvement attends his innovation; but, till some design is made superior to the models of antiquity from which we have so long copied, we think that the ingenuity of the architect cannot be exerted more beneficially than in their restoration. With these ideas, we wish that many of the architects of the new churches had imitated the industry which Mr. Inwood has exhibited in St. Pancras, rather than have put up such unworthy compositions as many of those which have passed the fiat of the Commissioners.

Voltaire has argued on the superiority of the moderns over the ancients. He cites passages in Racine, Corneille, and Molière, as being superior to any in Euripides or Sophocles, in Aristophanes or Terence. In painting he draws a favourable comparison of the pictures of Rubens with the celebrated painting of Timantes, which is only known by tradition; and in architecture, he alludes to the Pyramids of Egypt, and the Great Wall of China, as proofs of the superiority of the moderns in the architectural productions of the present day. But, had Voltaire written after the researches of Stuart and Revett had laid before the public the beautiful specimens of Greek architecture—had he seen correct representations of the Parthenon, the Acropolis, the Temples of the Ilissus and Minerva Polias, he would have said it was well for the moderns to imitate the ancients, until they could do something better.

From the period of Stuart's publication, it has therefore been the principal aim of architects to apply the different models which the traveller's researches have furnished from the stores of antiquity to modern buildings; and, though they may vary the application of them, yet there is nothing new in their component parts.

In this there may be no genius, but there is good taste; and we trust, that in the plans for the new improvements, there will be such a regulation of the external architecture as to prevent a repetition of the anomalies which offend our eyes, in a variety of specimens of design between Jermyn-street and Portland-place.

In many of these specimens the builders seem to have worked with models of excellence before their eyes, but they have so contrived to distort the proportions of the various parts, that we no longer feel our accustomed admiration for the simple Doric, the chaste Ionic, and the rich Corinthian. The fact is, that these bunglers know only the rudiments of their art, without having attained any knowledge of their application, and go to work with their pencil, in design, as a man would, in composition, who had

learned a language only by a vocabulary instead of a grammar. There is one excellence in Mr. Nash's designs, which is, that he seldom violates that great desideratum of architectural beauty, the proportion of his outline; thus, we are pretty sure of a good general effect, though we may be offended with the detail. The only two instances in which he has failed in this particular in the new street, are the spire and tower of All Soul's Church, which we understand he was compelled to lower, either to meet the desires or pecuniary circumstances of those under whose controul he was placed; and in the Quadrant, in which the superstructure of the houses above appear mean and *petite* in comparison with the colonnade below.

To enter into particular criticism of all the buildings erected during the late improvements, would occupy more room than we can spare to the subject, and would be to fill our pages with dry technicalities, uninteresting to any but the architect. We can only look upon them *en grande*, and confess, that with all the little faults which the architectural critic may discover, that, as a whole, we ought to be grateful both as Londoners and Englishmen.

S. S.

A MORNING SALUTATION BETWIXT SOUL AND BODY.

BODY.

TELL me, my Soul, where hast thou been
Wand'ring the lifelong night;
What hast thou done—what hast thou seen
In the course of thy silent flight?

SOUL.

I have been over the wide, wide sea—
Have over the waters crost;
Seeking for ever so mournfully
Her whom I have lost.

I have been to visit the silent tomb,
Where my hopes all buried lie;
Fairer flowers in my pathway bloom—
But dearer to me, though lost in gloom,
Are those that have past me by.

I have been wandering all alone
'Mid the ruins of happier days;
Fairy palaces overthrown—
Shining visions all scatter'd and gone,
Lost in the desolate maze.

I have been wand'ring I know not where,
Seeking for something that was not there—
Comfortless, void, and vain;
But I heard from afar the distant hum
Of the wakening multitude—and I come—
I come to thee again.

LYRA.

ETIQUETTE.

" Ils sont là à faire des façons et entrées ou sorties, et font plus de fricasses de fesses, qu'il n'y faudroit d'étoffes à faire un panier de mistères."

WHEN the Emperor Charles made his entry into Douai in great state, under festoons of flowers and triumphant arches, the magistrates, to do honour to the occasion, put a clean shirt upon the body of a malefactor, that was hanging in chains at the city gate. This may seem an absurdity, but it contains the very essence of etiquette. All ceremony means the same thing; being nothing more than the hiding out of the filthy nakedness of society, by a decent clothing of forms and conventions. Between equals, a frank and open carriage, and a little plain dealing, are all that is necessary to the business of life; and a man of sense would no more dream of introducing ceremony into such intercourse, than a pedestrian, walking against time, would think of adopting the capers and *congés* of a French dancing-master. But when there is any thing to conceal, any thing to misrepresent, and the human mind is in too direct a march towards the discovery of truth, etiquettes and ceremonials form a convenient and an effectual outwork, for keeping inquiry at a distance, and preventing too scrutinizing a glance at the realities they envelope. Etiquettes, therefore, abound in society, in direct proportion to its corruption; and from the king on his throne, to the conjurer in his circle, the complexity of the pageant increases with each new difficulty in carrying on the farce, and making the worse appear the better cause. Perhaps the free-masons alone, of all mankind, form an exception to this rule: and have involved themselves in a maze of ceremonies, to which fraudulent self-interest affords no golden clue. In all probability, the first conception of ceremonials was developed in the service of religion; and resulted from the attempt to ensure uniformity and combination in solemn acts of national worship: but their practice could not fail to suggest the advantage to be derived from interposing them between the people, and the log or stone which was set up for their adoration. From the altar to the throne is but a step; and the arrogation of divine rites to the purposes of royalty, is accordingly observable in the despotism of the rudest monarchies. What pride began, fear continued. The pretenders to an higher nature than that of ordinary humanity,—the brothers of the sun, and husbands of the moon,—could ill afford a familiar contact with those even the nearest to them in dignity; and the *ὁυ τοιαυτα λασανοφόρως συνοιδειν** must have promptly occurred, as a source of danger and alarm to the would-be god. To guard against sudden surprises, there is nothing like calculating before-hand, every step and gesture which shall be employed by those who approach us; and when neither boldness nor curiosity are permitted to break through the magic circle of etiquette, greatness is less thrown upon itself for the maintenance of its own dignity; and may the more safely dispense with these personal qualities, which are at once difficult to acquire, and troublesome to exercise. On the other hand, such arrangements are not without their advantages to the slaves who submit to them: for, where every step is prescribed, all personal responsibility ceases. If the nine knocks of the forehead were not "*de rigeur*," in the Chinese ceremonial of "*kotou*," we should have

* A thousand pardons for this "dab of Greek." It is, we can assure the country gentlemen, perfectly harmless; meaning simply, that "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre."

some persons giving eighteen, and others eight and twenty : and so insatiable is human vanity, so unmeasurable is human baseness, that no limits could be set to the race between the lust for homage, and the eagerness of subserviency. The same evil has occurred in the intercourse of the literary world, and is evinced in the dedications of the old school ; whose writers toiled and panted in vain to overtake the soaring vanity of their patrons, for want of an established doxology, or scale of proportions, which might regulate the eulogium upon some compound ratio of the rank and the generosity of the party addressed. So, likewise, with respect to the authors themselves : it is impossible for a friend to satisfy them by any measure of the most ingenious flattery ; for vanity will cavil with phrases and with looks, and will go in search after concealed hints at faults, even in the most decided and uncompromising eulogies. A very worthy man, a friend of ours, but somewhat too much given to punctilio, came one day with an open letter in his hand, and in a paroxysm of grief and despair, lamented the dire, but unconscious offence he must have given to his correspondent ; “ for see,” said he, pointing to the expanded sheet, “ see here ! he only calls me ‘ dear sir ; ’ he, who never before omitted the ‘ my ’ in the whole course of his correspondence.” In all other respects, the letter was as freindly as heart could desire. In much the same spirit, authors too frequently review the critiques of their friends ; so that it would be immensely convenient to establish some courtly etiquette for the occasion, some rubrick of praise, which, like the “ *e per fino, le bacio con ogni reverenza il lembo della sacra porpora,*” with its “ *umilissimo divotissimo ed obligatissimo servidere,*” which concludes a letter to a cardinal, the more laconic and pithy “ high consideration” of diplomacy might be considered *d’obligation*, and pass current for as much or as little as the respective parties think good ; so as to gratify vanity, without compromising independence. Take the matter then, both as it respects tyrant and slave, ceremony is a mark only of weakness and insecurity ; and etiquettes, like habiliments, (to go back to the clean shirt of the surveyor of the highways), are adaptations to the imbecility, rather than the dignity, of our nature. It is an established rule, that grandeur must do nothing for itself, and that every grade of dignity should add something to the helplessness of the subject ; inso-much, that the Pope, during the ceremony of mass, is not intrusted even with the blowing of his own nose, but has an officer *ad hoc*, who carries his handkerchief, and holds it up from time to time, at a small distance, to receive the sacred rheum, ‘ Cato and Scipio,’ says Voltaire, were to each other, neither ‘ my lord’ nor the ‘ honourable,’ but plain Cato and Scipio : neither was Rome’s immortal senate an assemblage of ‘ high mightinesses.’” Even the better part of our feudal despots, either from want of leisure or of inclination, have treated ceremonies with contempt. By an elaborate etiquette, life is reduced to a mere theatric exhibition ; which increases in exaggeration, until the part only serves to betray the actor : and the curtain which it drops between the monarch and his people, at length only stimulates curiosity to pry more closely into the rags and paint it is spread to conceal. To the state-puppet it is pregnant with *ennui* and vexation ; and it requires a strong sense of personal insufficiency, latent beneath an inordinate quantum of personal vanity, to render its chains endurable. There needs not a better standard of the puny intellect of Louis XIV. and his successors, than the multiplicity of trifling and absurd practices to which they subjected themselves

and their court. This is certainly not the *beau côté* of monarchical institutions; nor can any thing more strongly mark the inadequacy of restored legitimacy to the part it is called upon to sustain, than the eagerness it has manifested to revive such worn-out pageants, to restore "*les grands charges*," and to re-establish etiquettes, which have lost all force of imposition with the conventional meaning which has ceased to be assigned to them. Accustomed, as mankind has been, to witness discussions turning upon the fate of kingdoms, and deciding on the fortunes of ancient and powerful dynasties, they cannot turn back, with any complacency, to the old diplomacy, intriguing for the right hand in a procession, or stipulating for an arm-chair or a stool, at a state ceremony. Those who have followed Napoleon over Egypt, or witnessed his triumphant entry into the capitals of vanquished enemies, would scarcely suppress a sneer at a monarch who should figure in a *fête Dieu*, or, like Louis XV., should take physic in state. Between the kings of France and the German electors, precedence and etiquette were in the old times, make-bates sufficient to set courts by the ears, and to disturb the equanimity of the very *serene* personages who inhabit them, beyond all power of compromise. When the elector of Bavaria visited Paris, Louis XIV. had no better expedient for bringing him in amicable contact with the Dauphin, than by arranging a *rencontre improvisé* in the gardens of Meudon, and making them both, by the opposite doors, and at the same instant of time, enter the calash in which they were to ride. Madame de Maintenon, or, as she was better named by the envious of her own day, Madame de Maintenant, was a great stickler for state etiquette, like all persons, who not being assured of their place in society, strive to make good their ground by assertion and pretence. In her ambition to be treated as a queen, she was reduced to very comical shifts, in order that she might avoid the necessity of rising from her chair, on the entrance of persons, who might not be disposed to accede to her "royalties." This probably was her inducement for receiving in bed,* the Czar Peter, who visited her at St. Cyr, after the death of the king. What a strange contrast this scene must have afforded, between the representative of savage despotism, and the type of all the "*finoteri*" of the "*monarchie temporée par des chansons*!" What a subject for a picture!† The memoirs of Madame de Montpensier are filled with never-ending contests for high-backed chairs, and the honors of the door, and the endless disputes between "*les princes legitimes*," and "*les princes legitimés*," formed next to the bankruptcy of law, the great knot, the *dignus vindice nodus* of the regent's administration. The possession of the *haut du pavé*, in like manner, set ambassadors in a flame, cost coachmen, too jealous of their master's honour, their lives; and endangered the peace of nations. Even as recently as the epoch of the revolution, we find Ségur, a man of sense and of parts, assuming merit for having cheated the English ambassador, at Petersburg, out of the post of honour at court, without compromising himself,

* This ruse she probably borrowed from Cardinal de Richelieu, who adopted the same expedient, to settle a dispute, which had nearly broken off the marriage of our Charles the First with Henrietta of France.

† It was, probably, to resent this slight in the would-be queen, that Peter treated her with so much rudeness. "*Le Czar*," says Duclos, "*en entrant, tira les rideaux des fenêtres, puis ceux du lit, la considéra attentivement, et sortit sans dire un mot, et sans lui faire la moindre politesse. Mad. de M. fut, pour le moins, étonnée d'une si étrange visite et dut sentir la différence le des temps.*"—Mémoires de Louis XV.

or involving the rival cabinets in a dispute. In the old times, the struggles for precedence in the French parliaments, not unfrequently ended in boxing matches—not quite as regular, perhaps, but quite as bloody as those of our own “Game Chickens,” our “Champions,” and our “Snowballs.” Ludicrous and absurd as the disputed points of these contests may seem, they must, in their origin, have had some solid meaning,—not always, indeed, worthy of a quarrel, but at least something intelligible. The point of precedence involves in it the saving or the loss of time, the avoiding or encountering the annoyance *de faire antichambre*, of cooling one’s heels in the waiting room of the great man. Voltaire deduces the French quarrel for an armed-chair, from the rudeness of ancient times, in which even kings had but one or two such accommodations among the furniture of their palaces. Even in our own times, these conveniences in the simple *menages* of remote farm-houses, retain the appellation of sick-chairs. The *haut du pavé*, and the right to the wall, were likewise points of substantial comfort, when streets were narrow and ill paved; and when, to resign the honourable post, implied being over shoes in wet and mud. The seals of deeds, those important etiquettes which give validity and effect to the parchment, were in the beginning ciphers, cut for the use of those who could not write their names, or badges of cognizance, to identify the unlettered individual, the prototypes of coats of arms, which were but hieroglyphics, standing in the place of cyphers, such as the North American savages still employ for the same purpose. The placing both seal and signature to a deed, is a consequence of that tendency to surplusage which is the besetting sin of lawyers. Robes of state were undoubtedly in their origin mere *robes de chambre*, comfortable, warm envelopes, for domestic use, of costly and rare materials, and consequently within the reach only of the rich. They were, therefore, suitable presents to make; and the oriental kings having acquired the habit of conferring a robe with each honorific appointment, an association of idea was formed, which passing into the west, scarlet and ermine became in time the appropriate distinction of office, applicable alike to the peer, the judge, the alderman, or the doctor of the faculties. So, too, the cowl and frock of the monk, whimsical as they now appear, were originally the dress of the common people, and so too was the quaker’s simple vestment, without buttons. Both were continued in use, after the mode had changed with the rest of society, from a spirit of humility and contempt for the vanities of fashion. The tallies still employed as an etiquette of the Exchequer, were once the only mode of book-keeping intelligible to the people. Latin, retained in the service of the catholic mass, was originally adopted as the language best understood by the clergy; and the use of Norman French, in our law proceedings, derived from the fact of property being vested in Norman proprietors. Many of the absurdities of etiquette, have, therefore, arisen from that dread of innovation which attaches to all establishments, and prevents an abandonment of practice from following a change in the circumstances which give to a custom utility and meaning. Such is the case with the continued assemblage of convocations, to hear bad sermons in Latin, and to abuse rival sects, after all real business and power have been taken from the clergy so assembled. Such also, is the *congé d’élire* sent to chapters, with the nomination of bishops, no longer elected by those corporations. Overloaded ceremonies may, on this account, be safely taken as certain indications of a bad government, which learns nothing, and forgets

nothing: accordingly, the court of Rome is the head-quarters of ceremonial. Voltaire was mistaken when he said, "*Cette importante affaire du punctilio, qui constitue la grandeur des Romains modernes, cette science du nombre des pas qu'on doit faire, pour reconduire un monsignore, &c. &c. Commence à baisser et les caudataires des Cardinaux se plaignent que tout annonce la decadence.*" Sometimes the permanence of usages and etiquettes affords a *piquant* contrast between the sign and the thing signified. The absurd and preposterous wigs, still of necessity worn by our protestant bishops, are made in imitation of the shaven head of a catholic priest; and it may amuse a philosophical humourist to listen to a fierce anti-catholic tirade thundered forth from the pulpit, or in the house, from beneath the very flag and banner of Popery and Babylonish superstition. Something similar may likewise occur to the imagination, when the eye falls upon a court sword. Swords are a part of court dress, simply because they were once worn on all occasions; and they were so worn, because in rude times no man was safe but when his weapon was within his reach. Now they are not only unnecessary, but a solecism and a contradiction. The courtier, the most tame and submissive of God's creatures, is distinguished by his military geer; and he cannot approach his sovereign without a weapon, to draw which within the precincts of the palace is an heinous offence. In the marriage ring there is often concealed a cruel irony. In the primitive ages, the king's signet or ring was a very natural warrant for the person bearing it, that he acted by royal command. Hence rings became the types of authority; and they were introduced into the ceremonies of investiture, as an emblem of power. They were part of the distinction of a Roman knight; and to this day they are employed in the ceremony of creating doctors in our universities. The use of the ring in marriage, is as a type of the wife's authority in the household, and of her right to a community of goods, and not, as is often imagined, a mark of subserviency, and indenture to her husband.

The more completely a nation is free, the fewer and the more simple are its ceremonies; but then, on the other hand, the more decided the demarkation of ranks in society, the less pertinacious are the qualified in asserting their pride of place. An English nobleman is infinitely more haughty and distant in his intercourse with his inferiors, than a Frenchman of equal rank; because the law of England, having put all ranks on a footing of civil equality, the lower classes are apt to forget their distance, when not reminded of it by the repulsive manners of those above them. The intercourse between master and servant in France is generally remarkable for amiability; their *tutoyer* being less a mark of hauteur, than of familiarity and affection. On the same account, there reigns, all the world over, a greater jealousy between ranks but little separated, than between the members of the two extremes of the aristocratic scale; of which the eternal squabble for the "*monseigneur*," in France, is a pregnant example. "Why," said one noble to another, a shade his superior, "why, when I call you monseigneur, do you call me monsieur; and, when I call you monsieur, why do you call me monseigneur?" "Any thing," replied the other, "but equality." Excessive punctilio always, indeed, implies this sort of jealousy. A plain, untitled gentleman, is never more forcibly reminded of the deference expected from him, than when addressed by the noble, with an emphatic and ceremonious "Mr." Among equals, it is plain Devonshire, Lansdowne, Bedford;

and "your grace" or "your lordship" is an indication of coldness and reserve. The *parvenu* nobility, on the contrary, doubtful of the admission of their new claims, are remarkable for their "*morque*" and punctiliousness. "What am I to call you now?" asked a most intimate friend of Cambaceres, on the establishment of Napoleon's aristocratical hierarchy. "In society," he replied, "you must call me *mon prince*, of course; *mais entre amis, monseigneur suffira*." There is no country in Europe, where etiquette is more burdensome in society than in England, because vanity and pride are more closely put to their shifts to escape from the equality of republican institutions. A private party cannot sit down to dinner, without as much marshalling as at a coronation feast; and as the great must be imitated at all costs, the unqualified are sometimes puzzled to find grounds for precedence. First goes the church, then the law. The captain of a volunteer corps takes the *pas* of the lieutenant; and Mrs. Colonel Pattypan is mortally offended if she is not handed out before Mrs. Major Sturgeon. A merchant or a banker looks down with infinite disdain upon the richest member of the Stock Exchange, and expects to go before him; and an attorney claims precedence of a retail tradesman. In ball-rooms it is still worse: red elbowed misses, and their mammas, fret, and fume, and jostle each other, for their place in the dance; and God help the poor towns-woman who has the presumption to mingle among the *deæ majorum gentium* of estated and county rank. All this is very laughable, when it does not end in duelling and bloodshed; and it forcibly reminds one of the chimney-sweeper, who, when under the gallows, and on the point of undergoing the sentence of the law, being desired by his punctilious partner in calamity, to move farther off, replied with an angry "I shan't—I've as much right here as you." The worst of it is, however, that all this is very natural; and that it would be as difficult to cure the lower classes, of their love of personal distinction, and of their reverence for stars and garters, and other outward and visible signs of the weakness and imposition of the great, as to cure the great of the desire to impose. The Americans narrowly escaped from an hereditary aristocracy and the order of Cincinnatus; and O'Connell has tried hard to establish his "Liberators" of a country still the most enslaved in Christendom, as a compensation for those honorific distinctions of which protestantism chooses to retain the monopoly in its own hands. Philosophy may rave as it will, "these little things are great to little men," and the less the man, the greater is the object. A king at arms is, in his own estimation, the greatest king in Europe, and a German baron is not more punctilious than a master of the ceremonies. The first desire with all men is power, the next is the semblance of power; and it is perhaps a happy dispensation that those who are cut off from the substantial rights of the citizen, should find a compensation in the "decorations" of the slave; as in all other moral cases the vices of the individual are repressed by those of the rest of the community. The pride of Diogenes trampled on the pride of Plato; and the vanity of the excluded may be trusted for keeping within bounds the vanity of the pre-eminent and the privileged. The great enemy, however, of etiquette is civilization, which is incessantly at work, simplifying society. Knowledge, by opening our eyes to the substances of things, defends us from the juggle of forms; and Napoleon, when he called a throne a mere chair, with gilt nails driven into it, epitomised one of the most striking results of the revolutionary contest. Strange that he should

have overlooked or disregarded the fact in the erection of his own institutions! Ceremonial is a true paper currency, and passes only as far as it will be taken. The representative of a thousand pounds, unbacked by credit, is a worthless rag of paper, and the highest decoration which the king can confer, if repudiated by opinion, is but a piece of blue ribband. Here indeed the sublime touches the ridiculous, for who shall draw the line of demarkation between my Lord Grizzle and the gold stick? between Mr. Dymock, in Westminster Hall, and his representative "on a real horse" at Covent Garden? Every day the intercourse of society is becoming more and more easy, and a man of fashion is as little likely to be ceremonious in trifles, as to appear in the costume of Sir Charles Grandison, or to take up the quarrels of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. While such is the state of society, the more formal etiquettes of church and state policy can hardly thrive. True it is, that in falling, they will only make room for others more congenial to the instruction of the age; for human passions being unchanged, they must continue to produce their usual effects, and "*a mesure que la philosophie fait des progrès, la sottise redouble ses efforts pour établir l'empire des préjugés.*" Still, however, it is something gained, when the prejudices of a nation, as well as its institutes, attain to an harmony with its moral condition, its knowledge, and its wants. Exemption from the infirmities of humanity is too much to ask at the hands of philosophy; all that can be expected from her is some little consistency and skill in turning them "to commodity." But if nothing else were to be gained by her lessons, "*il est bon d'inculquer ces choses pour corriger au moins quelques coqs-d'inde qui passent leur vie à faire la roue.*"*

T.

EPITAPH ON RYENVETT,

AN UNPOPULAR DUTCH JUDGE AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Here lies in death, who living always lied,
 A base amalgam of deceit and pride;
 A wily African of monstrous shape,
 The mighty Quinbus Flestrin of the Cape.
 Rogue paramount, ten thousand rogues among,
 He rose and shone like phosphorus from dung;
 The wolf and fox their attributes combined,
 To form the odious features of his mind:
 Where kennelled deep, by shame, by fear, unawed,
 Lurked rapine, villany, deceit, and fraud;
 Hypocrisy, servility, and lust,
 A petty tyrant, and a judge unjust.
 Partial and stern in every cause he tried,
 He judged like Pilate, and like Pilate died.
 Urged to despair, by crimes precluding hope,
 He chose a bullet, to avoid a rope.
 Consistent knave! his life in cheating past,
 He shot himself, to cheat the law at last.
 Acmé of crimes: self-murder crowned the whole,
 And gave to worms his corpse, to fiends his soul.

A DISSERTATION UPON DINNERS.

* * * * *

Alderman.—Bravo, bravo, master Mayor, there was a mouthful for you; why, man, it would have done justice to a shark. Gramercy! but I would give my best jerkin to swallow the like.

Lord Mayor.—Aye, aye, master Fatsides, see what it is to have a genius.

Alderman.—By Saint Magnus! but this is a rare dinner. *The Guildhall Festival:* an old Play.

THIS we clearly perceive will be an excellent article. The subject is mixed up with such social and savoury associations, is so redolent of perfume (like Gray's "Spring"), and so intimately linked in the "mind's eye" with all the leading political topics which have stirred England, and consequently Europe, within the memory of the present generation, that it must quicken even stupidity itself. A Dissertation upon Dinners! inspiring theme! Other subjects appeal each to its particular class; but this, like the air we breathe, is universal. It has been said, peradventure correctly, that England is the land of dulness: a fact which, however true, is yet neutralized by the saving circumstance of its being also the land of dinners. Nothing can be here done without a dinner. It is John Bull's Utopia, or Fairy Land; his "Paradise of dainty devices," where his fancy, feeling, wit, and good-humour keep pace with his appetite, and are, by a logical consequence, exhaustless. Is he low-spirited? he flies instinctively to a consolatory sirloin, or to the first aboriginal cut of a fillet of veal (weighing, say eight pounds, exclusive of the skewer and stuffing).* Is he rapt, like master Stephen, in a graceful melancholy? he bids it evaporate during the process of carving. Is he uninformed on any particular topic? he applies for information to a joint of meat, or a bottle of elderly port, by whose *joint* assistance he contrives to obtain the requisite edification. In public life, a good dinner—that is to say, a jollification made up of what Justice Greedy, with appropriate felicity, would call "the substantial,"—is still more immediately serviceable, inspiring alike the poet and the philanthropist, the peer and the peasant, the divine and the diplomatist. It is a sort of vantage-ground on which all parties stand—sit, we should say—with equal advantage to themselves and satisfaction to the universe. The exultation of Toryism, the bile of Whiggism, the vulgarity of Radicalism, the prejudice of Deism, the bigotry of Methodism, and the agony of Rheumatism, subside under its resistless influence; factions, stripped of reality, become fictions,—and all because, as a modern minstrel characteristically observes,

"The road through the stomach's the way to the heart."

For ourselves, never—never shall we forget the first time that we attended, what is called, a public dinner. The very recollection of that delectable epoch is, like Gibbon's love, a shrine—a Mecca—a Jerusalem—which none but our purest and holiest sensibilities dare approach. Poets remember the first kindling of their embryo genius, politicians their first speech, divines their first tythe, lawyers their first cause, warriors their first battle, young ladies their first love—but we, with deeper reverence, recal our first dinner. Let us describe the blissful ovation; and forgive us, my Public, if, while conjuring up its manifold addittaments, a tear bedews our optics. Mortality is weak—very weak—and God knows we are but man. It took place—this dulcet symposium—at Reading, in the Town-hall, just behind St. Laurence's church, A.D. 1818, and was given by the Mayor—a cheesemonger, of superb dimensions—to those young gentlemen

* It should weigh ten pounds at least.—*Ed.*

of Reading School who had distinguished themselves before the Vice Chancellor of Oxford, at the usual scholastic visitation. We formed one of the youngsters thus distinguished; and precisely at half-past five o'clock took our seats among "the elect," close beside two corpulent clergymen in dingy small-clothes, a tureen of turtle-soup, and five dishes of wild fowl. It is not for us to describe emotions on this occasion, which even the mind of a Milton might fail in portraying: but we can assert upon our honour that, as we gazed up through the long vista of aldermen towards the Mayor, whose beautiful proportions, like a sculptured Silenus, graced the upper end of the hall, and saw at least two hundred jaws scientifically and symmetrically at work, we thought we had never till then witnessed a definition of the "sublime and beautiful." The ecstasy of Bruce, when he first knelt beside the fountains of the Nile—or of the Bond-street breeches-maker (name unknown), when paid for his inexpressibles by Sheridan—can alone compete with our enthusiasm. These ecstasies lasted upwards of two hours; but their memory—like Ossian's departed joys, "pleasant, yet mournful to the soul"—will outlive eternity itself. Nay, even up to the present moment, we often wake at midnight with the apparatus of a mayor's feast (your only acceptable *nightmare*) dancing before our youthful and susceptible imagination; turtle-soup simmers on either side our optics; venison sends up its unctuous steam into our nostrils; aldermen bestride our bosoms in vigorous, but visionary circumference; till, roused by the beatific sight, we wake up with the appetite of a crocodile, and the digestive capacity of —; but forgive us, my Public—the recollection of this ovation overcomes us: we will weep awhile.

To resume: we are no Solomons, but we take a good dinner to be a sort of dietetic Ecclesiastes—a homily replete with sentiment. What infinite associations of life and death are suggested by the introduction at table, and subsequent extinction of a roast goose! It cometh up like a flower (from the kitchen), smelleth daintily awhile, and lo! it passeth away! In like manner, what Christian, who has been properly baptized, can fail to draw a parallel between the devilled drum-stick of an *octogenarian* turkey-cock and age's "lean and slippered pantaloons?" Both are peppery, dry, and indigestible; both skinny and sinewy; both "stale and unprofitable;" both——But enough: the analogy, like Sir William Curtis's circumference, is obvious to the meanest capacity. Looking then upon a dinner as a *meet* emblem of mortality, we are surprised, not to say shocked, that our modern divines have passed it by with such iniquitous contempt. The Bishop of London, in particular, though he has explored every other polemic track, has never once, in his charges to the clergy, done justice to a rump-steak and oyster-sauce. But, indeed, we do not think he has yet immortalized gin-punch; and the only plea we can offer for such neglect is, that the subject stirs up "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," and consequently for description. Our elder writers knew better: they invariably paid homage to the palate. Ben Jonson never penned a line till becomingly moistened with the tipples of his times (in our respect for antiquity we have tasted it, and it is really not bad), and well lined with beef; Rabelais drew his purest morals from the table; Marlowe from the tavern; and even Shakspeare himself, who surpassed them all in mind, makes Falstaff speak sneeringly of a man for daring to deery the philosophy of the stomach. In our own days, a select few only have condescended to dietetic themes; among whom Kitchiner, the tasty,

the imaginative—Rundall, the vulgar—Glass, the indigestible—shine pre-eminent. Of these, Kitchiner is manifestly the best—the Lucifer of the culinary galaxy. His receipts alone (those gifted products of a refined æsophagus) give one an appetite to read them—so that cutting up the pages of his duodecimo is like cutting up *ragoûts* with the Barmecide, or shoulders of mutton with Lord Peter: you acquire instantaneous voracity.

There are shades of difference in dinners, as in devotion; and although we cannot find it in our hearts to speak ill of any masticating sect (we are no bigots, but look charitably on every kind of eating), yet nevertheless we have our preferences. There is, for instance, the civic—the diplomatic—the legal—the literary—the biblical—and, lastly, the pastoral dinner, or that given to his tenantry by some sycophantic landowner, just two weeks before his election. This last, notwithstanding our vaunted toleration, we pronounce detestable—we would add, *diabolical*, were we not afraid of being called plagiarists from the newspapers. What can be more afflicting than to see a parcel of vulgar, villainous mouths, stretched in sardonic cachinnation from ear to ear, while their owners, stuck sixty in a barn, with an overseer in corderoy shorts, at the head, keep fighting like game-cocks for the first slice of a superannuated mutton, cold as charity, or an underdone wedge, from some unhappy prize ox, who died about ten days before of the dropsy! Yet this is a country gentleman's ovation, given, as we have seen it ourselves, to some sixty small farmers, who, after scrambling through its starveling compounds, are required to toast their landlord in swipes. Far different is the civic dinner (not the last), that *beau-ideal* of gastric civilization. We pity the senseless soul who can uninspired survey such a symposium: he must be more or less than man. With what an air the aldermen bestir themselves for the skirmish! with what dexterity they arrange their weapons! how they lick their lips, and twinkle their peepers, in all the manifest expressiveness of genius! Would you not swear that they had been bound apprentices to their appetite from childhood,—were clerks in the house of Bacchus & Co., articulated by indentures never to be cancelled but with life? The fact is, that the appetite is the chief, indeed the only requisite for an alderman. He is (or should be) chosen like Mahometan mistresses, by the pound, and venerated solely in proportion to his circumference. Thus an alderman weighing twenty stone should be more honoured than one weighing only nineteen; but he who lifted up the scale with a ton attached to it should be deified. For ourselves, we look upon a Guildhall dinner to be an epoch to date from; we think of it as a subject too awful for superficial meditation; and that such is the popular opinion is manifest, from the fact that your true citizens, however sportive at other times, are invariably in earnest at dinner. No man ever yet seated himself at the Mansion-House who was not seriously bent on plying his grinders to the utmost: if he did, he was a tuneless string, at discord with the harmony of the place, which has, from time immemorial, prescribed one uniform, unchanging music. Indeed, now we come to reflect on the subject, we are convinced that the only genuine “national melodies” are those resulting from an alderman's mouth, when properly tuned at Guildhall. We ourselves are no discreditable musicians in this respect; but we bow reverently to his scientific superiority. Independently of such vocal attractions, a civic dinner—or, indeed, any dinner at all—is remarkable for the waveless calm that it spreads over the most stormy mind. Let a man sit down to table in a

passion, and he all at once finds himself imbued with its social spirit; with the very first mouthful, his voice sinks from the tempestuous tones of the north wind to the melodious modulations of the zephyr; his face softens down into an ingenuous simper, and finally he becomes as purely angelic as the imperfect limits of human nature will allow. The hypochondriac in Nightmare Abbey, who delayed cutting his throat till he had previously discussed a beef-steak and a bottle of port, only exemplified a general rule: Candide deferred his suicide for a similar reason, and was astonished to find, after the digestion of a creditable meal, how reconciled he had become to existence. Talk not to us then of care, and its countless attendants: life knows but one pleasure and one sorrow—a dinner, or no dinner. We at least conceive so—we who at this present moment are scribbling our dissertation with a swinging symposium in the perspective. Could the Public see our intelligent face, as we note down these amusing thoughts, they would be quite charmed with its benevolence; but let the scene change—let our servant enter the parlour with information that our dinner is spoiled: heavens and earth, what an alteration! Our Vesuvius countenance would instantly put forth its most volcanic passions; and this Essay, now so agreeable, would be converted into a Jeremiad, with a fiendish sarcasm running through it, like quicksilver through a diseased frame. But we will not anticipate affliction.

We are staunch admirers of Milton—we admire his purity, his sublimity, his luxuriant imagery, his learned illustrations; but while we confess thus much, while we do justice to his descriptions, we think but meanly of his dinners. Adam and Eve—(hear it, ye misbelieving citizens)—dined at one o'clock, on dried figs and spring water. We wonder they were not carried off by a bowel complaint! For our own parts, our sophisticated stomachs would have spurned even Paradise without a larder; but, furnished with good cellars, kitchens, and pantries, why we think it might have been made a pretty place. The Public will perceive from this that, notwithstanding the general opinion to the contrary, we are no Miltons; indeed, our mind is any thing but ambitious—but, were we addicted to verse, *certainly* we would make a point of enriching our friend Watts's next *Souvenir* with "Lyrics of the Stomach" (notes by Kitchiner), as a sequel to his "Lyrics of the Heart." And this brings us to the subject of poets, under which head we have one maxim, founded on experience, to put forward, *viz.* NEVER DINE WITH A POET. Of all dietetic miseries this is the worst. In the first place, you are invited at five o'clock, when the bard himself does not deign to make his appearance till half-past six. He then comes in without his cravat, pops down in front of a cold joint (once the left leg of a sheep of genius like himself), which he saws into square wedges with a knife eccentric as its master, and forthwith commences a conversation upon L. E. L. But this is not all,—ten to one he is married; in which case you are sure to be overlooked, for women never fail to be vaccinated with the genius of their husbands—a genius which not unfrequently runs, like a typhus-fever (only infinitely more alarming), through the household. We ourselves *muttoned*, a few days since, with an esteemed friend in the verse line, and were waited on by a fat footman, who was himself a poet of no slight consideration, inasmuch as he had contributed to the *Literary Gazette* sixteen sonnets, under the signature of "Adonis."* The conse-

* This promising young poet has been, we are grieved to add, within the last few months, transported for life: he was always eccentric and irregular in his motions.

quences were obvious : when we called for beer, we were helped to brandy—presented with a quartern-loaf, instead of a clean plate—and nearly suffocated with half-a-pint of castor oil, which we had swallowed in mistake for noycau. How opposite to all this is a dinner given by a parson ! By a parson, we mean one who loves church and state, and never fails in a certain steady—not voracious—appetite, becoming a Christian and a preacher. Dissenters we abhor ; and until we find from experience that they pay more attention to gastronomy, shall always look upon them shudderingly, yet pityingly, as men without the pale of redemption.

Among the ancients, Vitellius was perhaps the most gentlemanly epicure that ever existed : Heliogabalus, too, knew how to give a good dinner ; so, indeed, did Lucullus : but there was a scientific propriety about the first, which modern times have never equalled. Even Sardanapalus was not without talents as a gastronomist ; and, had the darkness of his times permitted, might have endeared himself to the palates of posterity. At the present day, O'Doherty and Kitchiner are almost the only living authors who have studied the philosophy of the stomach with the attention due to its importance. Of the former we have already made honourable mention ; it remains to say, that the latter has published “ Directions for Diners out,” characterized by a calm and enlarged spirit, feelingly alive to the epicurean prejudices of mankind. Nothing, indeed, is so difficult as to know how to give a good dinner ; one, we mean, that shall please the most fastidious palate, and tickle the amateur of mutton, while it shocks not the sensibilities of the connoisseur of beef. Our late friend, the lamented Robert Edkins, was a genius of this stamp ; for we have actually known him invite half-a-dozen bigotted epicureans to his table ; the first of whom professed an hereditary aversion to rump-steak—the second to pork—the third to venison—the fourth to veal—the fifth to roast goose—while the sixth was a staunch seceder from that orthodox sect who believe in the infallibility of a sirloin. But, alas ! how transitory is human glory ! This interesting young man was cut off in the flower of his youth, at the early age of thirty-two, in consequence of apoplexy, occasioned, like the consumption of Kirk White, by too zealous a devotion to his art. Ill-fated friend ! it has been our painful lot for years to dine without thee—for years to sit beside a table unenlightened by thine expressive features ; but, nevertheless, the soothing reflection remains, that it is here permitted us to close a Dissertation upon Dinners with an appropriate apostrophe to thy shade :—*Si quis Epicurorum Manibus locus* (we quote from memory), *si, ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore extinguuntur magnæ animæ, placidè quiescas, nosque domum tuam, a muliebri lamentatione, ad contemplationem virtutem tuarum, voces, quas neque lugeri neque plangi fas est. Nam multos veterum velut inglorios et ignobiles oblivio obruet, EDKINS posteritati narratus et traditus, superstes erit.**

D.

* Tacitus, de Vitâ Agricolæ.

THE SPELLS OF HOME.

There blend the ties that strengthen
 Our hearts in hours of grief,
 The silver links that lengthen
 Joy's visits when most brief !
 Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
 O ! do not widely roam !
 But seek that hidden treasure
 At home, dear home !

BARNARD BARTON.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
 On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd ;
 By the waving tree thro' which thine eye
 First look'd in love to the summer sky ;
 By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
 Of the primrose-tufts in the grass beneath,
 Upon thy heart there is laid a spell—
 Holy and precious—oh ! guard it well !

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
 Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream ;
 By the shiver of the ivy-leaves,
 To the wind of morn at thy casement-eaves ;
 By the bees' deep murmur in the limes,
 By the music of the Sabbath-chimes ;
 By every sound of thy native shade,
 Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
 When twilight call'd unto household mirth ;
 By the fairy tale or the legend old
 In that ring of happy faces told ;
 By the quiet hours when hearts unite
 In the parting prayer, and the kind "good-night ;"
 By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
 Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift !—it hath gentle might,
 A guardian power and a guiding light !
 It hath led the freeman forth to stand
 In the mountain-battles of his land ;
 It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas,
 To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze ;
 And back to the gates of his father's hall,
 It hath won the weeping prodigal.

Yes ! when thy heart in its pride would stray,
 From the loves of its guileless youth away ;
 When the sullying breath of the world would come,
 O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home ;
 Think thou again of the woody glade,
 And the sound by the rustling ivy made,
 Think of the tree at thy parent's door,
 And the kindly spell shall have power once more !

F. H.

NORTH-EAST BOUNDARY OF AMERICA.*

WE beg our readers not to be alarmed. Our heading has a dry, uninviting aspect, we know; but the subject, we assure them, is one of growing importance, and already involves practical consequences. It requires to be distinctly understood too, for it must quickly become matter of public discussion. Attractive we may not be able to make it; but it shall not weary by its length. Without farther preluding then we begin.

For three and forty years, with some interruptions, has this question of boundary been in the hands of negotiators. Why, was not, it will be asked, the matter of boundary among the very first articles of the treaty of 1783, between defeated England and her triumphant colonies? Yes, it constitutes the subject of the second article of that humbling treaty. Then, what occasions the existing dispute? Some ambiguity in the terms? No; the terms are unambiguous enough, but those terms direct the boundary to be drawn through regions then unexplored. The treaty speaks of highlands, the existence of which was conjectural, and their direction unknown. It proceeds upon presumptions, instead of facts. The American commissioners themselves knew little of the country, and the English still less. With an extensive tract of unsettled country intervening between the cultivated parts of each empire, it was originally of little importance where precisely the line of demarcation was drawn; and the framers of the treaty, therefore, ran the boundary through the middle of the unsurveyed territory, just as they ran it through the centre of the lakes. But colonization has rapidly progressed: and is now actually working up, on both sides, towards the boundary-region, and it becomes, of course, an object of practical importance to determine the claims of each country. The Americans are impatient; they are assailants—the British resisting encroachments.

We will first look to the terms of the treaty, and then see what has been done towards settling the points in dispute. The boundary in question is thus described in the original treaty:—

“From the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, viz. that angle, which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of St. Croix river to the highlands—along the said highlands, which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean—to the north-western-most head of the Connecticut river.”

Well, what are the grounds of dissension? 1. The St. Croix itself; 2. The true source of the St. Croix; 3. The supposed highlands running between the waters which flow into the St. Lawrence, and those which flow into the Atlantic.

Of the St. Croix—the river fixed upon as the eastern boundary between the now separated nations—all was unascertained—from its mouth to its source. A river had been thus named; but which was this river, and how it was to be distinguished from some other streams, were undetermined? Well, what was to be done? After long canvassing, the question—by the treaty of 1794—was referred to commissioners. The commissioners disagreed. They were empowered to appoint an umpire.

* Considerations of the Claims and Conduct of the United States, respecting their North Eastern Boundary, &c. 1826.

The British commissioner had the idle honour of naming the umpire—but, on the insidious condition of naming a citizen of the United States. This citizen of the United States decided the river, generally called the Schoodic, to be the St. Croix of the treaty—a river, that is, farther to the east than the one which had been claimed by the English commissioner. This might or might not have been an honest decision.

But the river was not all. Of many rivers it is difficult to say exclusively *this* is the source; one seems to have no better pretension to the distinction than another; and so here, when the St. Croix was determined, a second question arose,—which was to be considered as the original or main source? The umpire—American—decided on the most easterly branch. Here peeps forth the graspingness of America, with a rich display of the dupery of our diplomacy. The river alone was the proper question for this commission. The province of Nova Scotia already had its definite boundaries in words; for in the original charter, the boundary is expressly described to be the “most westerly fountain or spring.” To Nova Scotia itself America laid no claim. The N.W. angle of Nova Scotia was specifically the commencement of the boundary. Therefore, when the commission had determined which river was the St. Croix, the terms of the Nova Scotia charter should have been allowed to decide the boundary, and that was the “most westerly fountain or spring.” In point of territory, the difference made by this concession was very considerable. But it was conceded; we yielded to importunity or dexterity; and no more was to be said about the matter. The commission had accomplished the object for which it was appointed, and was dissolved.

Does this settle the boundary? No; but it settles the source of the St. Croix; and from that point a line is to be drawn, due north, extending till it reaches the highlands, which are supposed somewhere or other to stretch from west to east between the rivers that fall into the St. Lawrence on the one hand, and into the Atlantic on the other; and then along these highlands is the boundary to be continued till it comes to the N. W. head of the Connecticut—a point about which there is no dispute.

Well, but all this seems definite enough. But, says the American, there are no such highlands to meet our north line. Why, how is that? That part of the Atlantic called the Bay of Fundy, and the river St. Lawrence, are parallel; and into the Bay of Fundy flow the Penobscot, the Kennebec, &c., and into the St. Lawrence, the Chaudiere, the Madawasca, &c. A ridge of highland therefore must run between, and this highland it is, whatever be its elevation, less or more, which constitutes the boundary contemplated in the treaty. Yes, yes, replies the American, highland there will, of course, be; but the fact is, there is no such highland as the treaty supposes, stretching continuously from the head of the Connecticut till it meets our north line. That highland declines in its course from the head of the Connecticut towards the east, subsiding all the way more or less, and before it reaches our north line, is apparently lost in the broad and general level of the country.

Well, what in this difficulty is to be done? The American, placing his foot on the source of the St. Croix, says—here is the point upon which we are agreed to draw a north line. I go on with this line, and shall stop, according to the terms of the treaty, at highlands, if I meet with any; and if not, as soon as I arrive at a stream flowing into the St. Lawrence. At that point I shall make a bend to the west; and keep advancing, always leaving on my right the waters that fall into the St. Lawrence, till

I reach the head of the Connecticut;—and thus I conceive I fulfil the intention of the treaty.

No, no, replies the British commissioner. To the equity of this course we can never submit. It is in the very teeth, if not of the words of the treaty, yet of the principles and implications of the treaty.—It is a first principle of the treaty, that of each river which falls to each country, the whole, from source to mouth, shall belong to the same country. This principle is not only obviously implied in the treaty, but it has been explicitly admitted as conducive “to the reciprocal advantage and mutual convenience of both nations”—“to exclude partial advantages, those seeds of discord” Now in pursuing your north line, before you have gone fifty miles, you *cross* the river St. John; and, regardless of that impediment, you still advance along a beautiful and well-wooded country, of gentle undulations of hill and dale, crossing again other streams that fall into the Chaleur, a branch of the St. Lawrence gulf, nor indeed stop till you come within a few miles of the St. Lawrence; and then, at last, but not till then, you stop: because then, and not before, you arrive at the banks of a stream which falls into the St. Lawrence. We go with you, in your line till you come to the St. John; but beyond that point we budge not. We say there are highlands, before you come to that point—lands sufficiently elevated to be regarded as those contemplated by the treaty. But beyond the St. John we budge not. You can have no legitimate pretence for going beyond. The St. John’s is our river; it falls into the Atlantic to be sure, but within our territory; and it was manifestly the original intention of the treaty, and indeed its admitted principle, that the country which has the mouth of a river shall have its source. By crossing the stream, and attempting to go beyond that point, you cut off our stream, and thus violate the principles of the treaty.

No, says the American, the words of the treaty are expressly in our favour; the rivers which flow into the Atlantic are ours; the rivers that flow into the St. Lawrence are yours. This, replies the Briton, is but a quibble. The St. Croix is your eastern boundary; you can have no pretence to any thing more easterly. The mouth of the St. John is more easterly, and in our admitted territory; and by the principles of the treaty, and the received interpretation of it, we claim the source as well as the mouth.

It is seriously to be regretted that the terms of the treaty so specifically marked highlands as the boundary; but then it should be remembered, that highlands are not the only mark by which that boundary was to be determined. The sources and mouths of rivers were manifestly intended to go together. The boundary was not to cut through any stream; but the boundary drawn by the American does cut through many streams. The treaty gives two directions, hills and rivers; if the hills, as is alleged, fail, the rivers do not; and where there are two conditions, the failure of the one does not surely involve the annihilation of the other. If we give up the highlands, which we do not, but for the sake of argument, we should abide by the principle of allotting mouths and sources of rivers to the same country, and that principle will bring the matter very much to the same thing. It will not suffer the American to protract his north line across the St. John’s; and observe, a line drawn from the head of the Connecticut to the point of the St. John’s, when that north line comes, will pass, a considerable space, along acknowledged highlands, cutting between the streams that flow right and left; and we see not why the direction of

these highlands should be left, because they gradually or occasionally sink lower and lower, particularly when this very direction will intersect the north line near the point where it reaches the St. John, and where the lands are still at an elevation of from 1,500 to 2,000 feet above the level of the sea—known lands, bearing the name of Mars' Hill.

This is manifestly the spot where the north line should stop, and where the boundary should turn towards the west, passing along a tract of country certainly elevated, though it be not all along equally mountainous. This is the spot, whether it be determined by pursuing the direction of the highlands from the head of the Connecticut, or whether it be decided solely by the admitted principle of giving source and mouth to the same country.

The allowed object of the boundary was the best defensive one, arcifinious, as the diplomatists phrase it—to be obtained in these regions. High, mountainous ridges, are the best boundary; and the original framers of the treaty supposed, for none of them knew, from the known outlets of many rivers, that such ridges extended somewhere between the Bay of Fundy and the St. Lawrence, and those they destined for the boundary. Upon actual survey, such a continuous and mountainous ridge does not exist, but a line of elevated lands, though with considerable interruptions, and irregular in height and width, does exist, and of course is essentially the line contemplated by the treaty, and is, at all events, the best arcifinious boundary that can in that quarter be obtained, for the reciprocal advantages and mutual conveniences of both parties, and such the parties have solemnly recorded to be their objects.

Such are the pretensions of the contending parties, and thus were they argued by the members of the second commission, appointed after the peace of 1815. The commissioners could come to no understanding, and the matter, according to a provision of the treaty, not this time left to the cunning of the American and the dupery of the Briton, was referred to the Emperor of Russia. After long delays, according to the fashion of such matters, the Emperor finally declined the invidious office, and leaving the parties where he found them, recommended them to arrange the matter by negotiation. That negociation is still pending.

But though this negociation be still confessedly pending, the states which border on the debateable territory refuse to wait the slow march of diplomacy. The bond of union between the United States is well known not to be of a very binding nature. The authority of the executive is frequently treated with contempt by the several states, who seem to feel themselves at liberty, when it suits their convenience, to act independently of the general government, even in matters which really involve the credit and safety of the whole; and this is the case now with respect to Maine and Massachusetts, which have given their own interpretation to the treaty, fixed themselves the boundary, and actually taken sovereign possession of the land.

Before the separation of the United States, England of course, held the sovereignty of the country now in debate, as well as of the rest of America, and till the question should be legitimately decided, held herself entitled to continue the exercise of that sovereignty. On the cession of Canada, and the rest of the French provinces, to England, little of the country being occupied, that sovereignty was almost nominal; but as the course of colonization has advanced, the rights of sovereignty became active

and actual. She granted lands, she issued writs, she trained militia, she gave licenses to cut timber, &c., exactly as at Halifax or Quebec. Of late, however, and on the very account of the pending negotiation, licenses for cutting timber have been discontinued and recalled. The English government complied with the request of the American government, and actually suspended the exercise of this right of sovereignty.

What is the consequence? The states of Maine and Massachusetts, regardless of the pending negotiation, regardless of the common customs of national intercourse, regardless of the authority of the general government of which they are federalists, these states have themselves taken actual possession, sovereign possession of the disputed territory. They unite—to establish the extent of our assertion—they unite in a resolution of the legislature of each state, “to ascertain the extent of the depredations committed on the lands of Massachusetts and Maine, by whom committed, and under what authority, and to bring the offenders to justice.” They unite in giving directions “to execute good and sufficient deeds, conveying to the settlers—in actual possession of the undivided public lands on the St. John’s and Madawasca rivers—their heirs and assigns, 100 acres each of the land by them possessed—they paying for the use of the said states (of Maine and Massachusetts) five dollars each, and the expense of surveying.” They unite also, in directing their agents “to sell the timber on the lands contiguous, or near to the St. John’s, whenever they deem it expedient for the interests of the said states

Now, observe, the “depredations” here spoken of are acts of cultivation by British subjects. The persons, who “commit” them are the King’s grantees. The “authority,” is that of the king’s representative, who fixed his great seal to the grants. These are the parties to be “brought to justice” by the states of Maine and Massachusetts. The undivided public lands on the St. John’s and Madawasca rivers, are the private estates of British subjects, of twenty or thirty years date, in lots of from five hundred to two thousand acres, one hundred acres of which to include improvements—cultivated portions, that is—are to be confirmed to the owners, by these generous states, by “good and sufficient deeds, on the payment of five dollars, and the expense of surveying.” The timber, too, which is thus to be sold, is either the property of private individuals—theirs by purchase, or is as much part and parcel of the king’s demesnes, as the trees in Windsor forest.

These resolutions, which passed in February and June 1825, the public land-agents of the two states were directed forthwith to enforce, and carry into execution. The reports of their labours, dated November of the same year, have been presented to the respective governments of Maine and Massachusetts; and conclude with recommending that justices of the peace be commissioned, and a deputy sheriff, or constable be appointed; that one or more military districts be formed on the Madawasca; and that at a suitable time, the settlers should send a representative to the legislature of Maine. These recommendations also, it seems, have met with the entire approbation of messieurs the governors of the said states.

From these reports, it appears, the land agents have surveyed several of the settlers lots of 100 acres; made deeds in conformity with the resolutions; and placarded the intentions of the states on the Mills, and at Fredericton, on the Catholic church. They traversed the country between the St. John’s and the Madawasca—making “domiciliary visits,” as they pleasantly call them—explaining the objects of these visits, and taking the

amount of the population,—with all which, it is gravely stated, the said population were exceedingly delighted: why and wherefore, is not very intelligible. All this we learn, from the body of the report; and from other quarters we find they endeavoured to dissuade the colonists from mustering at the militia trainings, offering even to pay their fines, to seduce them from their allegiance; and, in consequence, very narrowly escaped being seized by a party, who went in pursuit of them, to carry them before the courts of New Brunswick.

But things do not surely remain in this lawless state! Have no remonstrances been made on the part of the colonies? Yes; a remonstrance was addressed by the Governor of New Brunswick to the British Minister at Washington; and, in consequence of the representation made by him to the government of the United States, the states of Maine and Massachusetts appear to have suspended the further execution of their magnificent resolutions of February and June, 1825, till their session of June 1826; and there, so far as our intelligence goes, the affair stands.

In the mean while, the Council and House of Assembly of New Brunswick have forwarded an urgent representation of the state of affairs to the king at home; but what steps are taken at home, or are likely to be taken, we know not. It is, however, a matter of prime importance to the integrity and welfare of the colonies, and surely a matter touching very closely the dignity of the empire. What would those have done, who dispatched a fleet against the Spaniards, for taking possession of the obscure corner of Nootka Sound?

But these invasions which we have described, are not, it will be said, the acts of the government of the United States. No; but they are the acts of two of their federal states, for whose acts the United States must be held responsible to all other countries. The general government will probably disavow the acts of usurpation, and deny the right of the two states to seize upon the debateable territory without the concurrence of the Congress. What then? The two states will likewise deny the right of Congress to concede the territory, or determine their claims for them. The difficulty of dealing with America—constituted, as it is, of so many distinct legislatures—is very great. A treaty ratified by the executive may be rejected by the senate; when accepted by the senate, the representatives in Congress may refuse their sanction; and, again, when confirmed and sanctioned by Congress, the obedience of the several states—voluntary as it is, and independent as in some measure they are—is not of course to be calculated upon. Let the general government act as it will, the probability is the two states will disregard its authority. The territory in dispute is of high importance to them, cribbed and cabined as they are by the neighbourhood of other states. They will prosecute their views; and the province of New Brunswick declares itself resolved upon repelling aggression. A little war will thus be kindled on the frontiers between these petty powers, which will quickly set the provinces, north and south, in a blaze. The question of boundary must be determined forthwith; and if concessions of territory must be made by us, let some equivalent be offered, in other regions, in less vital quarters.

For of vital importance we affirm it to be to the interests of our surviving colonies, to insist upon the boundary contemplated by the original treaty, and marked by one, if not by two, indisputable criteria. To prove the strength of our proposition—that the enforcement of the line of boundary

for which we have been arguing is of vital importance—we have only to calculate what we lose or compromise by abandoning the claim.

We lose, 1st, a tract of land of high value for its extent, and quality, and position. It comprises upwards of 10,000 square miles—an extent of which the public probably are little aware—covered with a thick and lofty growth of timber, well watered by numerous lakes, and with streams communicating with the sea by safe and uninterrupted navigation—excepting only the Grand Falls of St. John's, an impediment easily removable—and flowing through countries actually occupied by our own colonists.

2d. We lose also—what is of still higher importance—a defensible line of frontier. If we concede to the Americans their demands, and thus suffer them to pass the St. John's, or even to come up to its western bank, the whole province of New Brunswick lies at their mercy; and if New Brunswick, Nova Scotia; and if Nova Scotia, Halifax, &c. &c. In these countries Great Britain is, of course, the weaker party.

3d. We lose again—what is surely of not less importance—the connecting medium between our colonies. The territory involved in the American demands drives up between Canada and New Brunswick, almost to the very banks of the St. Lawrence. It fairly cuts off all communication between the upper and lower divisions of our American possessions, and exposes Canada as much on the one side, as it does New Brunswick on the other. A strip of thirteen miles is all that would be left us *between* the American boundary and the St. Lawrence; and how long would that be left us? It endangers the navigation of the St. Lawrence itself; the passage of the mails must run circuitously, and that passage itself become precarious and perilous.

4th. But not only do we lose the medium of connection between the colonies, but between the Canadas and the seas—between the Canadas and Great Britain. For eight months in the year, not even an answer from England, to any intelligence from Quebec, can be received, except through the United States, or New Brunswick. An enemy has only to commence hostilities before the frosts, and have nearly a twelvemonth to over-run the colonies, perfectly undisturbed; and not merely is a direct route for the mails thus cut off, but a military line of communication for troops and stores from St. John's or Halifax to Quebec. The advantage of such a line of communication was very decidedly felt in the late war, when troops in the depth of winter passed through these debateable regions to the Upper Provinces.

These are no mean consequences; and we say boldly, if we do not resist the spirit of encroachment so visible in the councils of America, and insist upon the boundary of the treaty, we shall soon have to contend, at still greater disadvantages, for the possession of all our provinces. America has a lurking, and scarcely a *lurking* fancy for them. "The Americans have no conscience, father," said the Indian chief, in his *talk* to Sir George Prevost: "they have no heart; they will drive us beyond the setting sun;"—language which the intelligent author of the pamphlet, to which we refer at the head of our article, is disposed to apply to them, with respect to ourselves; adding—"and they will push you into the sea; for, unless a stand be now made to prevent it, they eventually will." The pamphlet, to which we thus allude, contains fuller information than we have been able to compress within our narrow limits—particularly with respect to the rising importance of the colonies commercially.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Oh! what is pleasure, in whose chase
Life's one brief day is made a race
Of vanity and lightness?
A star, to gaze on whose bright crown,
We wait until the sun goes down,
And find, when it has o'er us shone,
No warmth in all its brightness.

And what is Friendship? That false flow'r
Which spreads its leaves at daylight's hour,
And closes them at eve;
Opening its petals to the light,
Sweet-breathing while the sun shines bright,
But shut to those who, 'midst the night
Of doubt and darkness, grieve.

And what is Fame? the smile that slays,
The cup in which sweet poison plays;
At best, the flowery wreath,
That's twined around the victim's head,
When, 'midst sweet flow'rs around it spread,
And harps' and timbrels' sounds, 'tis led
Melodiously, to death.

And what are Hopes? Gay butterflies
That on the breath of fancy rise,
Where'er the sun-beam lures them;
For ever, ever, on the wing,
Mocking our faint steps following,
And if at last caught, perishing
In the grasp that secures them.

And our Affections, what are they?
Oh! blossoms smiling on the spray,
All beauty, and all sweetness;
But which the canker may lay bare,
Or rude hands from the branches tear,
Or blighting winds leave withering there,
Sad types of mortal fleetness.

And what is Life itself? A sail
With sometimes an auspicious gale,
And some bright sunbeams round it,
But oft'ner amidst tempests cast,
The low'ring sky, the howling blast,
And 'whelm'd beneath the wave at last,
Where never plummet sounded.

LUCK AND ILL-LUCK.

ABOUT the end of the year 1749, two vehicles were rolling rapidly, one close after the other, on the road from Paris to Versailles. The foremost was the *coche public*, which contained only one passenger, M. Pigafet, a man of much merit; the other, a brilliant equipage, drawn by two superb and vigorous horses, drove towards the dwelling of power, conveying thither Comte de M——, a nobleman renowned throughout Europe for his talents, his opulence, and his singular adventures. The noble coursers were on the point of passing, and leaving far behind them the poor hacks of the public coach—when the wheels knocked together; and the shock was so violent, that the public vehicle, its *conducteur*, its horses, and its solitary passenger, were rolled pell-mell into the middle of the road. M. Pigafet, in his fall, dislocated his right hand; Comte de M——, who was naturally a good and feeling man, made him all the apologies possible, expressed his sincere regret, and offered him a place in his carriage to finish his journey. The driver was recompensed for his misadventure; and, as soon as they arrived at Versailles, the Comte sent for a surgeon, who dressed M. Pigafet's hand. Pigafet, touched by the constant attentions of his new host, and with the chagrin which he seemed to feel for being the cause of this trifling accident, thought it incumbent on him to relieve his conscience, and assured the Comte that the clash of the two vehicles was not to be attributed either to the restiveness of the horses, or the *maladresse* of the driver—but to the pertinacity of his own evil destiny, which had always placed a ditch between him and the object at which he aimed—a rock ahead at the mouth of every harbour he tried to enter. “My journey to Versailles was to destroy or realize a great hope,” said he: “I had just arrived at the object, and I am rolled in the ditch. I ought to have expected as much—all is as it should be; and it really is more honour than I am accustomed to, to see a noble Comte in the number of the causes of my thousand-and-one catastrophes. Once, a curst lap-dog made me lose the object of my affections—a *bon-mot* closed the doors of the Academy upon me, perhaps, for ever—and a contemptible insect, I may say, hurled me from a throne.”

Comte de M——, astonished at this speech, looked steadily at M. Pigafet, he, nevertheless, appeared to speak with calmness and sincerity. His look was tranquil and undisturbed: in fact, he shewed no symptoms of being out of his mind. His host, whose curiosity had been strongly excited, again expressed all the interest he took in his fate, sought to dissuade him from drawing such sinister presages from his late accident, and concluded by requesting to be informed on the subject of those surprising adventures, of which he appeared to be the victim.

M. Pigafet, as may be conjectured from his preamble, was as much disposed to speak as the Comte to hear, and did not wait to be asked twice. “I was born in Paris,” said he; “my father, an honest but theorizing man, had discovered in me some aptitude for intellectual labours, and thought he was providing for my future welfare in setting me to acquire, all at once, superficial information in a great number of arts and sciences—being persuaded that an acquaintance with these different branches of knowledge would qualify me to choose a path suited to my genius and my abilities.

“The progress of civilization among nations—the gradual consolidation of societies in the midst of barbarism and disturbance—this voluntary curb

which force imposes on itself;—in a word, all the benefits of legislation strongly affected my mind. I accordingly betook myself to the study of law, and became an *avocat*. I had acquired some reputation at the bar, when I was called on to plead at the Chatelet, in a cause, of the justice of which I was perfectly convinced. My antagonist, a man of the name of Bernard—as mere a blunderer as ever existed, but who contrived to conceal his ignorance and fatuity under a false air of modesty—pronounced, in a stammering way, a very bad pleading, which, nevertheless, was the production of some one else. His voice lowered so much during the course of reading, that not a word was heard at the end; and a buzz of private conversation got up among the public, in the hall, and even on the bench. I spoke in my turn, and was heard with the greatest attention: but in the heat of delivery, a vehement gesture which I made, deranged my wig, and gave me so grotesque an appearance, that an universal laugh burst from all quarters, which was augmented by the unlucky efforts I made to repair the disorder in my legal head-dress. I not only lost my cause, but every time that I appeared at the bar, the same laugh awaited me on my occupying the tribune. I lost courage, and quitted a career in which an equivocal gesture is sufficient to compromise the rights of the widow and the orphan.

“Physical and moral inquiries into the nature of man had always great attractions for me; I was acquainted with some branches of natural science, and the medical system then in fashion seemed to me susceptible of important ameliorations. I devoted myself to medicine with ardour: I compared Hippocrates, Galen, and Avicenna with the moderns, and fancied I perceived that that the sublime science had degenerated, by losing its simplicity in the hands of doctors of the bolus, and elixir. I had the courage to combat inflammatory diseases by water, regimen, and bleeding; I even dared to proscribe Jesuits’ bark, which then was in the height of its popularity. I obtained numberless enemies among apothecaries, wine merchants, and my brother physicians; but proud of the unexpected success, which every day awaited my exertions, I boldly pursued my course. Being called one day to consult with a physician newly admitted, I recognized in him Bernard, my old antagonist at the bar. He also had become a doctor: and differing with me as to the manner of treating our patient, he declared him a dead man if I managed him according to my system. The patient, however, confided in me, in which he did right, for he was speedily growing convalescent; when, having taken some grapes by my direction, a cursed grape-stone stuck in his œsophagus, and occasioned such violent efforts in his attempts to get rid of it, that it induced apoplexy, and he died suddenly, to the great joy of Bernard, who boasted every where of his prediction, and prated about what he called the fatal effects of my system. My reputation suffered, and his increased. In the wine-rooms and the apothecaries’ shops, the clamours against me redoubled. It was in vain that I proved that the unlucky grape-stone alone had destroyed the beneficent effects of my care—nobody would listen to me. To add to my misfortune, Gil Blas appeared about the same time, and it was thought that Dr. Sangrado was drawn for me. Every body gave me the nick-name, and ridicule finished what ill-luck had begun. I lost all credit—and with me, I scruple not to say, the rising edifice of the real art of curing disorders fell to the ground.

“A nick-name in France often hurts more than a bad action. The wound inflicted by the weapon of ridicule is only to be cicatrized under

other skies, and in different climates. I realised my little fortune, and resolving to speculate upon it, I became a voluntary exile from my jeering country.

“Commerce, the link of nations, the parent of civilization, the perpetual source from which all the blessings and luxuries of life are supplied, is, to a thinking man, an object worthy of the most profound meditation. In spite of the contempt which little people, with great airs, or great names affect to feel for it, it is, said I, to extend or protect commerce that all wars are undertaken, that kings risk the security of their thrones, and shed the blood even of their nobles; that diplomacy supplies all the resources of genius and cunning; that the useful arts are perfected, and that an external correspondence of emulation and activity is kept up in all the civilized world. I became then a merchant: I established myself in the West-Indies, into which I imported the productions of French manufactures, and sent back to France in return trans-atlantic commodities, always excepting Jesuit's bark: for, superior to Coriolanus, I did not wish to injure my ungrateful compatriots. My commercial transactions prospered beyond my expectations; and in a few years, my funds having increased tenfold, permitted me to revisit, with a large fortune honourably acquired, the dear spot where I was born, and to brave the jokes and nick-names of my old rivals. With the hope of making a still more considerable addition to my fortune, I employed the greatest part of my capital in the purchase of India stuffs, then very fashionable in Paris, and embarked immediately for France, with my mind full of the most flattering projects of future happiness. The voyage was prosperous: but on disembarking I found that almost all my goods had been pierced and gnawed through by a little worm which had got into the bales. I was ruined. The next day another ship, freighted by that same Bernard, who seemed destined to pursue me every where, arrived with a cargo of the same stuffs—he had the market to himself, and for the third time he profited by my disaster.

“Despair seized on me. A Russian general, with whom I had returned from the West Indies, advised travelling to rally my spirits, and proposed to me to accompany him into his own country, where, he said, I could not fail to obtain an advantageous employment from my varied knowledge, and the protection which, at that time, the Russian government held out to the French. I accepted his proposal, and set out for St. Petersburg, where I soon became acquainted with the most powerful men of the court. I asked for a professorship—a seat in the judicature—or a place in the administration; but a war with Sweden occupied every body's attention, and the only answer I received was, *we want soldiers, not professors; we want soldiers, not judges; we want soldiers, not secretaries*. I called on my friend the General, and he made me his aide-de-camp. The war broke out. I distinguished myself in some smart engagements, and was fortunate enough to save the life of Marshal Lacy, at the battle of Willmanstrand. From that time, he became my declared patron, and I cherished a hope of acquiring fame in a military career. I commanded the corps which was the first to penetrate into the Isle of Alland; and the Empress Elizabeth, on the conclusion of peace, deigned to write me a letter, with her own hand, expressing of her satisfaction at my conduct, and appointing me governor of Astracan.

“Every thing was going on in the most favourable way possible for me: and I had no further ambition but the honour of commanding in chief in an action of sufficient importance to prove my capacity, and to give me a

rank among the illustrious warriors of the north. An opportunity was soon presented. The famous Thamas Kouli Khan, who had usurped the throne of Persia, covered all of a sudden the shores of the Caspian with his warlike hordes. A considerable body of independent Tartars, excited by him, threatened the banks of the Volga, and I marched to oppose them, at the head of veteran troops, trained in the Swedish wars, reinforced by some brave Circassian Tartars, who had just implored the protection of Russia. The prospect of success did not appear to me even doubtful. Thamas was still far distant; my adversaries were not soldiers, but brigands, without discipline, commanded by chiefs without experience. Nevertheless, not dazzled by such brilliant appearances, I called to my assistance all the resources, all the stratagems of tactics: I harassed and disturbed the enemy by false marches, I deceived him by false reports, and chose the most advantageous point of attack, after having drawn up on his flanks a strong ambuscade, to divert him if he obtained any advantage at first, and to destroy him on his retreat. Well, Monsieur le Comte! would you believe it, I was beaten after all! In the middle of the action, when the battalions of the enemy were on the very point of running away, a north-easter arose all on a sudden, and drove at once into our ranks a cloud of dust so thick, and burning, that they were blinded, and could not distinguish allies from adversaries. The Circassians and Russians fell upon one another; and the enemy, recalled to the battle by the advantage of his position, conquered us without any difficulty, after having, I know not how, destroyed the ambuscade which I had prepared with so much skill. Thus were the hopes of a great name, the confidence of an empress, the fruits of many years of glory and danger, blown away by a cloud of dust! Dust rendered useless the superiority of my troops, the wisdom of my measures, and the efforts of my provident tactics. But judge what was my astonishment and indignation, when I learned that the miserable vagabonds, my conquerors, had been commanded during the action by that eternal Bernard, who came across me every where in my days of misfortune! I shall not explain to you by what chance he was in Asia, as head of a horde of bandits—for I do not know it. I had little time to think of him at that moment; I had enough to do to think of myself. My government of Astracan was taken away from me; and, fearing something worse than disgrace, I hastened to return to Europe, with a design of speedily regaining France. But my destiny had decreed otherwise. A new misfortune awaited me in Germany: I fell in love.

“ You will not ask how a young, handsome, rich, and romantic coquette had the art of winning my heart, by affecting alternately the tone of sentiment, or the airs of reserve and coldness. By means of attentions, *tendresses*, and sacrifices of all kinds, I thought that I at last had succeeded in disarming her rigour. One day, in a delicious *tête-à-tête*, she deigned to shew me that I was not hated. I knew: that the pathetic alone pleased her in love. I was violently smitten, and became eloquent: I prayed, conjured, wept, and I saw her becoming gradually more and more tender; when, to put a seal on this scene of delirium, I thought it necessary to fall at her feet. I did so; and, as ill-fate would have it, I put my knee on the paw of her pet lap-dog, who barked and bit me. There was an end of the pathetic! My beauty burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, which was my formal dismissal; for she respected herself too much to give her hand to a lover who made her laugh, and thereby

dishonoured her course of life, devoted to pensiveness and contemplation. You have already guessed that Bernard, the vulture ceaselessly clinging to his continually re-growing prey, was not far off. Again he profited by my mishap; and I learned that, in some time after, he married my fair coquette.

“ My love, although foolish, was sincere. All taste for retirement, all desire of returning to France, had left me. I felt an ardent necessity for new emotions, which would extinguish, or at least alleviate, the regret occasioned, in spite of myself, by my silly passion. I learned that a new colonial company was organizing to explore the coasts of Guinea, from the Volta to Jackin; and I soon became one of the passengers on board the first vessel bound on this expedition. After having sojourned some time in the fertile kingdom of Juida, and finding that my companions, whom until then I considered as new argonauts, destined to carry the blessings of civilization among barbarous tribes, were only busy in carrying on the slave trade, I wished to realize, by my own exertions, the honourable intentions which I had so generously supposed for them; and traversing the territory of Ardra, I pushed forward into the continent. The first Africans I met in this excursion fled at my approach, terrified at such a sight; but they speedily returned in greater numbers, surrounded me with piercing shouts, formed a circle round me, seized me, manacled me, and brought me before their chief. I was in the kingdom of Dahomay, which had not till then been visited by any European.

“ The great Dahomay, king of the country, was himself a little terrified when he saw me: but he recollected, as I learnt afterwards, that his grandfather, Trudo Audati, the hero of that part of Africa, had often related to him that, in his time, white men had fallen into his power during the course of his conquests. This idea encouraged him, and it was so much the better for me; for at first he was more inclined to consider me a devil than a man. In some months—thanks to the scanty vocabulary and syntax which compose the jargon of savage tribes—I was able to converse with him. Initiated by me into the mysteries of the civilization of our wonderful Europe, he took a great affection towards me. A terrible distemper, of which I cured him (by means of water, regimen, and bleeding), advanced me still further in his good graces. I became his most intimate counsellor, and I hoped to become at last the legislator of these unknown regions. This idea pleased my imagination; and I exerted all my energies to destroy in Dahomay the atrocious and superstitious customs which infect that quarter of the African continent.

“ The king, who was a man of good sense and excellent disposition, seemed to enter sometimes into my projects; but his belief in his fetiches—that power of consecration which time gives to the most absurd things—opposed continual obstacles to my philanthropic views. Nevertheless, I triumphed over every thing. Slaves were no longer sacrificed on the tomb of their masters, with his favourite wives; human victims were no longer offered up to shapeless gods of wood or stone; punishments, proportioned to transgressions, no longer crushed and confounded together crime and error; armies were recruited, without devouring all the active part of the population; and agriculture, hitherto confined to feeble women, incapable of sustaining for a long time such labours, devolved upon the men who no longer thought that cultivating the earth, and forming provident habits, were unworthy of them, when they saw abundance and comfort succeeding to misery and ennui.

As these good effects speedily followed my advice, the king transferred to me the marks of gratitude which he received from his people for these unexpected changes. He wished to associate me in his power; and the proposal, when he made it to the elders of the nation, was received with unanimous acclamations. Nothing remained but to proceed to my installation. From time immemorial, the consecration of the kings of Dahomay consists in marching them before the people and the army, mounted upon a superb white elephant, one of the fetiches of the country, according to the movements of which the priests prognosticate the brilliancy and duration of the commencing reign. I give this warning to legislators. I thought I should respect some ancient prejudices of the country: I raised my new laws on the foundation of the old, and when I was on the point of obtaining the object of all my cares and all my toils, the old bases shook under me, and afterwards the new edifice.

“An *insondo*, a miserable insect about the size of one of our ants, but the most formidable enemy of the elephant, had insinuated itself into the proboscis of the animal on which I was mounted in triumph. Irritated by the stinging of the insect, my elephant at first shewed great impatience, to the great astonishment of the populace: but the pain he suffered soon raised his fury to the highest pitch. Uttering the most dreadful cries, and rushing forward in rage, he dashed to pieces his huge forehead on a neighbouring rock. I was saved; but another danger, of no less magnitude, awaited me. The priests declared me unworthy, not only of the throne, but of life: the prosperity of the state had been compromised; my innovations had raised against me the shade of Trudo Audati, and the mortal gods of Dahomay. The king was attached to me—he owed me his life; but the death of his fetiche had alarmed his superstition. He balanced for a while, but gratitude finally prevailed; and he commuted my punishment to exile, after ordering me a very tolerable bastinadoing, to quiet his conscience.

“An insect which bred on the shoals in the midst of the Adriatic exposed Venice, in the height of her power, to more danger than all the kings of Europe leagued against her; an insect flung me from a throne, and changed perhaps the destinies of an entire continent!

“I afterwards learnt that the people of Dahomay regretted me: they sent after me into the kingdom of Juida—but I had already left the coasts of Guinea. Their emissaries thought they could fill my place by any man of the same colour, and proposed to one of the Europeans, whom they met, to accompany them. He accepted it; my services to Dahomay were turned over to him; he was loaded with riches and honours. That man was... Bernard! If I was fond of revenge, I should have rejoiced at the accident which placed my ungrateful subjects under the power of a mere intriguer, without any capacity.

“I have not much more to say. I returned to France, and turned author, in the hope of finding in literary labours that repose and happiness after which I had so long sighed. I thought I had only to write for posterity—but was soon disabused by my contemporaries. An interesting work which I composed, on the manners, customs, and politics of the barbarous kings of Africa, was regarded by the censors as a satire against the sovereigns of Europe. The work was forbidden, and the author was in no small danger of being sent to the Bicetre or the Bastille. I still, however, panted after glory; and not being able to be a great physician or a great general, I wished, at all events, to have my name inscribed on the

list of the forty immortals—and I wrote a tragedy. By means of much care and trouble, I had it performed; but a wit of the parterre damned it in the third scene by a joke; a very good joke, I confess, but not at all conclusive as to the merits of the piece. In the mean time, Bernard, having returned to Paris, modestly enjoyed there the high reputation of a warrior, a lawgiver, and a philosophical traveller. Thinking to repair, as much as possible, my theatrical failure, I endeavoured to bring together some people of fashion, and many of the literati, to hear my play read. An opera dancer, who was *protected* by Bernard, gave, on the same day, a grand *souper*; all the literati were engaged to it; and I had no other auditors but some young dandies, and some old rakes of the Regency, who listened to me with affected grimaces, yawning, or dosing, and ratified the decree of the public by pronouncing unanimously my play detestable. I was not discouraged: and an epic poem was the fruit of this poetical resignation. No bookseller would print it: my reputation had preceded me; and, on going out of one of their shops, I learned that Bernard had been just named a member of the Academy—for admission into which illustrious body he offered no other title than that of having composed a *quatrain* in honour of that high and handsome lady, whom Maria-Theresa had called *her friend and good cousin* (Madame de Pompadour).

“After having exercised all employments, with some talent, and much honesty, I began to think that intriguing mediocrity has the best chance of success. A man of this class has gathered the fruit of all my talents—all my toils in the four quarters of the globe. I was growing old, and felt the necessity of securing my future prospects. It was, however, with some pain that I decided on falling into the common track. Soliciting for place, I frequented the anti-chambers of the great; I wrote petitions to them, and *bouquets-à-Chloris* for their mistresses. I made friends in the newspapers, in the public offices—even in the king’s *garde-robe*. Finally, I obtained zealous patrons, and all the necessary steps to obtain the employment which I solicited were made. The road to the court was opened, and I had nothing to do but present my petition to the king: it is only natural that the hand which was to have presented it should be struck powerless all at once. I foresaw my fate, and do not complain. The clashing of our vehicles has overturned with me, in the middle of the way, the result of all my assiduity with the great, and my verses to Chloris; but for once, my ill-luck be praised! It would have been too painful a reflection, that the only blameable action of my life should be the only one attended with success. From every little check a great good results, when considered from a proper point of view. If my different catastrophes have hurt my fortune and my reputation—things in themselves frail and perishable—they have also developed my mind, and enlarged the sphere of my understanding, by compelling me to exercise my moral powers in different ways among different nations: they have taught me, not to squander either esteem or disdain, without a profound knowledge of men and things, according to vain appearances; for many men of talent and merit must exist in the world whom unfavourable circumstances and unlucky chances have cast, like myself, into the obscure ranks of the poor and unknown. The *éclat* of grand titles and great reputations do not now impose upon me. A trifle is sufficient to raise or destroy all human glories, as I have often experienced. The shape of Cleopatra’s nose (as Pascal has observed with so much sagacity) caused the fortune of Augustus and the ruin of Antony, and deranged the face of the world. According to the

academician, Duolos, the vermin which torment the Roman conclaves have frequently triumphed over intrigues and seductions, and made popes of people, who but for them never would have attained the dignity. A child playing in the shop of a spectacle-maker, is the cause of discovering myriads of suns and new worlds, and prepares, without thinking of it, the way for the reputation of Simon Márius, of Galileo, of twenty other great astronomers. A falling apple demonstrated to Newton the laws of the universe, and perhaps revealed to him the extent of his own genius. As for me, who seem to have been cast into the world to prove the influence which can be exercised over the destinies of man, the master of the earth, by the most subaltern and contemptible causes; such as an aukward gesture, a nick-name, a grape-stone, a worm, a blast of dust, a puppy-dog, an insect, or a censor: I say, as for me, have not these trifles closed before my footsteps twenty paths to glory or honour? I might have become a fatalist; but I will not. Mad, a thousand-fold mad, are they who refuse to believe that an infinite mind presided over the creation of these beings, so low in the scale of creation as to be almost imperceptible, yet all-important in the great proceedings of the universe. The harmony of the world is kept up only by apparent irregularities. I shall not cry out: All is right; but I will say, nothing is useless or contemptible. An atom acquires importance by its position, like a cypher [0] in arithmetical calculation. Every thing has its power of action; every thing may become a lever in its turn; every thing has been produced to keep up that eternal re-action of good and evil which alone gives motion and life to the creation."

M. Pigafet concluded; and Comte de M——, after having heard in silence his long philosophical *tirade*, replied, "Your history has surprised and interested me more than you can imagine. Your profound understanding, however, M. Pigafet, does not appear to have yet made you comprehend that, if unmerited misfortunes may continually cling to a man without tarnishing him, fortune often smiles also on men, perhaps unworthy of her favours, from the weakness of their capacity, but who yet would not condescend to look for them by intrigue or baseness.—I am Bernard!—that Bernard who profited by your disasters without having caused them—who was sometimes your rival, never your enemy—who has obtained a great reputation without having looked for it, and arrived at honours without caring about them—and who has no more reason to blush for his prosperity than you for your misfortunes!" Here M. Pigafet attempted to interrupt the Comte, or Bernard, if you so please to call him; but the latter, having implored his silence by a gesture, went on thus:—"It is my turn to tell you the principal events of my life: I shall be brief—for my history is but the supplement of your's.

"It may be a good thing to follow one's vocation in the choice of a profession; but, as I had no particular vocation for one thing more than another, I only consulted the taste of my father, and became a lawyer to oblige him. If, however, I wanted eloquence, I did not want common-sense; and I soon felt that nature had denied me the gifts of oratory. Hence arose that timidity—that confusion—that feebleness of voice, which strack you so forcibly in my first pleading. The accident of your periwig made me share in the general laugh, in which I own I was wrong; but people cannot always contain themselves, and your appearance was really most comical. My unexpected success did not blind me as to my want of capacity for the bar; for, a few days afterwards, one of my uncles, a rich and fashionable physician, having proposed to make me his heir at law,

provided that I was in a condition to inherit, at the same time, his fortune and his practice, I became a physician to oblige my uncle, as I had become a lawyer to oblige my father. In my new profession, I just knew as much as entitled me to put on the medical robe; I knew what I had learned—nothing more: and every innovation appeared to me a sacrilege. You should not wonder, then, that I was indignant on seeing you touch the very ark of our profession, and I darted my prediction of death against your patient as an anathema. The grape-stone gave me a triumph, but did not dazzle me nevertheless; for my uncle having died about this time, I inherited his fortune, gave up his practice, and resolved to pass the remainder of my life in that *dolce far niente*, which was the only object of my indolent ambition.

“My agent—a man honest enough, considering his situation—placed my capital in commerce, and made a very fair profit upon it for us both; I got my share, and did not complain of his. Your unlucky worm might certainly have assisted me in getting off my commodities; but, as I cannot plead guilty to conspiring with it, I am not called on for my defence on this point. Years rolled on, and idleness was becoming burthensome, and I accordingly determined to travel. Veracious travellers and most peculiarly inspired poets had informed me, that the East was the empire of roses and beauty; and as I happened to like very much both pretty flowers and pretty women, I set out for Persia, after having read over again my travellers, my poets, and the Arabian Nights, that I might be quite informed on the manners and customs of the countries which I was to traverse. On getting there; however, I found few roses, and no women—but, in their stead, general misery, terror in every face, and continual massacres between the Usbecks and the Persians. Kouli Khan, otherwise called Nadir Shah, was then in the height of his renown; and I fled before his arms, which were ravaging every thing as they went along. I arrived among the independent Tartars, who at first determined on cutting off my nose and ears—but having perceived on my left cheek a wart, which they consider as a certain presage of good fortune, they changed their views, and appointed me commander-in-chief of the troops which they were assembling to second the efforts of Nadir against Russia.

“My dear Monsieur Pigafet, you know as well as I do the event of that campaign; but you do not know that I, who am not gifted with a very warlike disposition, thought of nothing from the beginning of the action but to save myself from all risk, and turned my bridle to run away. A part of my troops, filled with confidence in my wart, followed all my motions, and galloped after me into a little grove of palm-trees; where, by the greatest chance in the world, we surprised your fine ambuscade, who did not expect us. They had surrendered at the moment when that terrible cloud of dust drove us back again to the field of battle, where we found you in the greatest disorder, one part of your troops fighting against the other. We let you amuse yourselves in this way for some time, and then easily despatched you. I was brought back in triumph by my Tartars, loud in the praises of my valour and my wart.

“I got my share of the plunder; but tired with glory, as I had been with idleness, I left my Tartars, and visited the north of Europe. I married, as you know, a charming woman in Germany, who fell in love with me for no other reason but because I was a Frenchman. Your hasty quarrel with her had made a noise; slander was beginning to be busy with the affair, and she was getting frightened: but you had been only a short time

in that part of the country. She lived solitary and retired; few people had been witnesses of your flirtation; and she thought that, in giving her hand to a countryman of your's, the adventure would blow over. All your cares and attentions reverted, therefore, to me. I was thus exempted from all the long trials to which she put you; and, having speedily replaced you in her affections, our marriage had all the air of a reconciliation. She is dead: I was sorry for her loss—for, in spite of her whims, she had an excellent heart.

“In the course of some years afterwards, I furnished a great part of the capital for that colonial company, the projects of which so splendidly deceived you. I felt a new desire for an active life; but this time I did not go in quest of the land of roses and beauty: I went to Africa, at the head of a large expedition, into Guinea. Our affairs prospered, and might have become still more successful; for we had certain intelligence that immense gold mines existed in the interior of the country. But how could we penetrate among barbarous negroes, the most of whom were cannibals? I was thinking on the subject, when I was all at once met by the deputies of the great Dahomay, who, on examining my countenance, proposed to me to accompany them. Of course, I did not let so fair an opportunity slip; and the descendant of Trudo Audati received me with the most lively demonstrations of joy and friendship. He offered to sacrifice a thousand slaves to do me honour, and to present me with six hundred negresses for my seraglio. I thanked him for his kind offers, but told him I did not think bloodshed any honour; and, as for the ladies, I assured him that six hundred mistresses were by no means necessary for me. He replied, that my humanity and modesty pleased him, but that he himself had two thousand ladies, and contrived to manage them without much trouble. He then asked me my name, and when he heard it, he was going to prostrate himself before me; for it seems that *Berr-Nahr*, in the language of the Algemis, which is commonly spoken in Dahomay, signifies *the most divine*. We became the best friends in the world: I found that he had the greatest affection for you, and he employed me to revise your laws, a little discredited by the accident of the *insondo*. I made scarcely any change; but it was necessary that I should shew some proofs of capacity. Accordingly, I gathered your laws, and gave them the name of the *Code Bernard*, or rather *Berr-Nahr*—and this inspired the people with the highest opinion of my talents. Finally, having made use of my power to work the gold mines of Dahomay, I left Africa loaded with wealth, and accompanied by the blessings of all the population, to return to France.

“On my arrival at Paris, I became the object of general curiosity. I was the modern Cicero, or Hippocrates—the hero of the Volga—the Lycurgus of Africa. The truth was, I was immensely rich. Of course, I had a great number of friends, who spoke of nothing but my wit and talent, and I swallowed the flattery without opposition. Patrons presented themselves in all directions, who told me that an *ex-king* of Dahomay ought at least to be a count in France, and I purchased the title which I bear. My friends assured me that fashion required that I should keep an opera-girl: fashion also required that the lady should receive the literati at her suppers; and these gentlemen persuaded me that fashion required that a great nobleman like me, should be a member of the Academy. I had written—God knows why—a quatrain on the Marquise de P——, and I was made an academician.

“Thus, my dear Monsieur Pigafet, without intrigue or cabal—led by

fortune or chance—guided by the subaltern causes which occasioned your misfortunes—seconded by my wart, my name, my country, the colour of my skin, the suppers of my dancing-girl—I have honestly arrived at this pitch of prosperity. I was always at your heels, to gather the fragments of your shipwrecks—and always disposed to aid and succour you, if I had known of your existence and misfortunes. You ran after glory and fortune—they ran after me. Henceforth let us hope that their favours will be more impartially distributed, and that, so far from being an injury to you, I shall be at the post, to keep you out of the ditch—and near the harbour, to warn you of the rock a-head.”

On this they embraced, as if to reconcile their contrary destinies. M. Pigafet was ashamed of the unjust opinion which he had hitherto entertained of a man so honourable and compassionate. “What was it brought you to Versailles?” asked the Comte.—“The Minister had promised me,” said Pigafet, “the place of Counsellor of State, just vacant.”

The Comte looked astonished. “The place of Counsellor of State!” cried he; “alas! the Minister himself gave it to me this very morning.” And Monsieur Pigafet replied quite tranquilly, “I only expected as much—every thing is as it should be.”

THE LEGEND OF ST. VALENTINE.

FROM Britain's realm, in olden time,
By the strong power of truths sublime,
The pagan rites were banish'd;
And, spite of Greek and Roman lore,
Each god and goddess, famed of yore,
From grove and altar vanish'd.

And they (as sure became them best)
To Austin and Paulinus' hest
Obediently submitted,
And left the land without delay—
Save Cupid, who still held a sway
Too strong to passively obey,
Or be by saints outwitted.

For well the boy-god knew that he
Was far too potent, e'er to be
Depos'd and exil'd quietly
From his belov'd dominion;
And sturdily the urchin swore
He ne'er, to leave the British shore,
Would move a single pinion.

The saints at this were sadly vex'd,
And much their holy brains perplex'd,
To bring the boy to reason ;
And, when they found him bent to stay,
They built up convent walls straightway,
And put poor Love in prison.

But Cupid, though a captive made,
Soon met, within a convent shade,
New subjects in profusion :
Albeit he found his pagan name
Was heard by pious maid and dame
With horror and confusion.

For all were there demure and coy,
And deem'd a rebel heathen boy
A most unsaintly creature ;
But Cupid found a way with ease
His slyest vot'ries tastes to please,
And yet not change a feature.

For, by his brightest dart, the elf
Affirm'd he'd turn a saint himself,
To make their scruples lighter ;
So gravely hid his dimpled smiles,
His wreathed locks, and playful wiles
Beneath a bishop's mitre.

Then Christians rear'd the boy a shrine,
And youths invok'd Saint Valentine
To bless their annual passion ;
And maidens still his name revere,
And, smiling, hail his day each year—
A day to village lovers dear,
Though saints are out of fashion.

A. S.

THE RE-ASSEMBLING OF PARLIAMENT.

As this number of our journal will be but one week in the hands, even of those readers to whom it arrives the earliest, before the senators of our country re-assemble, we know not that we can discharge a more useful or a more appropriate duty, than by throwing out a few hints in anticipation of what should, and, as we hope, will be its decisions, upon some of the most important questions that ever were entertained by the parliament of the united kingdom.

To this we are the more induced, from the very extraordinary circumstances under which that parliament will meet: circumstances which have placed this country in an attitude which is new, and which is as proud and delightful as it is new. Every assembling of parliament is an event to which the people, who are, or at least should be, represented by that parliament, look forward with greater interest than they do toward any other common and periodical occurrence. Sometimes they have looked forward with hope, sometimes with fear. Their hopes have frequently been blasted; their fears have as often been realized; and sometimes the conduct of the houses has been of so unexpected and contradictory a nature, that no man could tell the end of it from the beginning. For very many years, the feeling has partaken more of suspicion than of safety; and even in those times, when there was no dread that an additional burden should be laid upon the industry of the country, or an additional fetter imposed upon its liberty, liberal men were not in the habit of expecting that the ministerial part of parliament would devise, or the majority of it perform, liberal things. Even under the most favourable circumstances, there was a lingering dread, too, of some sort of leaning toward the principles of arbitrary power. It was feared that while our armies had been fighting the battles of despotism on the continent, our administration at home had been smitten a little with the love of it; and that thus their object, whenever they could carry it, would be to sacrifice privilege to power, and the prosperity of the people to their own individual aggrandizement. These apprehensions are now at an end; the minister of England is one of freedom's foremost champions; and even in very despotic kingdoms, the echo of his eloquence has done more for her than the most powerful army could have achieved by the sword. Nor has he contented himself with mere eloquence, mighty though its effect has been; for the fire and the winds have conspired to waft the strength of England to the continental shores, in a manner more prompt, and for a cause more praiseworthy than any for which they aforetime, on those shores, either fired a shot or pointed a bayonet.

The effect of this sound, this truly magnanimous, truly English procedure, has been to touch, as with the spirit of life, all the springs and energies of British activity. The figure is no forced one, when we say, that as the thunders of Mr. Canning, in the cause of freedom, reverberated over these islands, the shuttle sped at a swifter pace, the clangor of the anvil was more loud and more musical, the wheels of every machine were accelerated, eloquence came upon the pens of those who ere while had been dull, the wavering became established, the weak became strong, and, for the best of purposes, the whole inhabitants of the united kingdom were awakened, inspirited, and united. Nor did, nor can the advantage stop here. The spirit of genuine liberty is like the sun in the firmament, "it shines upon the evil and the good:" like the fer-

tilizing dew of heaven, it falls "upon the just and the unjust." Every nation which it has reached, (and where is the nation which it has not, or shall not, to some extent reach?) it must have been like that breathing from the Almighty, which passed over the dry bones in the valley of desolation, clothed them with the lineaments, and embued them with the power of life. And, at every spot on the earth's surface, where there is a man that can read that which was then spoken, or where what has arisen out of it can reach him, there will be another added to those who desire the spread of intellectual knowledge, and the establishment of rational liberty. Hence there has been laid a foundation, which, while it gives us hope that ere many years have passed away, there will be a reciprocity of kind feelings and peaceful intercourse throughout the civilized world, is precisely that upon which, with the utmost facility and safety, there may be built, during the approaching session, such reforms as may make this country feel light and happy under all its burdens.

A season when the liberal part of the cabinet stands so transcendently high, when the country, as one man, will support them, when faction of every kind has so got its *quietus*, and when the most foolish, and the most bigotted, dare hardly moot an opposition—may not soon—may never again return; and, therefore, the advantage should not be lost to the country, the good day should not be allowed to pass away, lest when time and death have spoiled us of them in whom we now glory, the night should come in which, to good purposes, no man can work. It is to contribute what in us lies to the furtherance of this noble purpose, that we shall proceed to enumerate a few of the important questions which stand on the parliamentary record for discussion, a few which will be brought, and a few more which should be brought there.

In the first place, and cotemporaneous almost with the meeting of parliament, arises the question of the corn laws; a question in which the interests of every man who eats bread, are most deeply concerned,—a question, too, upon which much practical light has recently been thrown. In theory, there never was a time when a man who had any sense or reflection at all in him, could look upon the exclusion of grain from the ports of these kingdoms, as any thing else than a gross and palpable absurdity. Even in the remotest and darkest ages of political science, when restriction and restraint were the fashion of the time, and when men believed that making other men little, was precisely the way to make themselves great, a restriction on the corn trade was never resorted to. They prohibited the free circulation of many things, but they never had the barbarity to prohibit the free circulation of bread. That was a refinement in folly left for the wise legislators of the age in which we live. And what have been the effects of it? Has it brought the proprietor of the soil out of the difficulties into which his extravagance had plunged him? Has it enabled the man whose labours tend to nothing more valuable than the shooting of a pheasant, the worrying of a fox, or the galloping of a horse to death, to procure wealth, and all the enjoyments which wealth brings, with the same facility, and the same certainty, as the man who establishes a manufacture, gives bread to thousands, enriches and adorns his country, and does the highest honour to his kind? No—the very men who procured this nonsensical law to be enacted, have been, since its enactment, in a worse condition than they were before. It is a law, and an unalterable law of human nature, that the honour shall be to the intelligent, and the wealth to the industrious; and though as many statutes were enacted as

would build the chapel of St. Stephen's, from the floor to the ceiling, they would never enable an ignorant and idle squire, to fare better than an intelligent and industrious merchant or manufacturer. Adam Smith's definition of the sources of national wealth will ever remain the true one, they are "the land and the labour" of the country and nation. These two are in no certain *ratio* to one another. When the people are few, and their manners rude, the spontaneous productions of the soil supply all the cravings of their savage appetites; and then the land is the chief source of wealth. But as civilization proceeds, and as the desires and devices of men multiply, the value of the land always sinks in proportion to the value of the labour; and in a country, circumstanced as England is now, the land really forms a very small part of the source of the wealth, while the labour of the people constitutes the whole of the remainder. The mere proprietor of the soil is, whatever he might be supposed, lord only of the entangled wood, or the barren heath; for it is the labour of the people which have stamped its agricultural value on the soil; and with the exception of what the land was originally, a quarter of wheat is just as much a manufactured article as a bale of woollen cloth, or a steam-engine. Nay, if the matter were fairly gone into, and allowance made for the long preparation of the field, and all the labours of the husbandman, it would be found that there is not a greater fraction of the value of the wheat immediately resolvable into the abstract and intrinsic production of land, than there is in the other two commodities that have been cited.

Now, the question of the Corn Laws, is not, as has been absurdly supposed and said, a question between the mercantile and manufacturing interest, and the agricultural interest. It is a question between labour and land, between all, whether they produce food, or clothing, or houses, or ornaments, or any thing else, who live by the exertion of their intellects, or the application of their hands; and those who, without producing any thing by their own skill, or their own industry, live upon the rent of the soil. Such being the case: and that it is the case is as clear as any proposition in political economy can be, it is obviously just as much for the interest of the farmer and the agricultural labourer, that the corn laws should be repealed, as it is for that of the manufacturer or the artizan; because in proportion as each of these can get cheaper food, so in proportion must he enjoy more luxuries, or have more leisure to spend in amusement, or in the cultivation of his mind. Nor does the advantage stop even here; for the people who live by labour, are so prodigiously superior in numbers and intelligence, and consequently in power, to those who live upon the mere rent of land, that it would be contrary to every principle of philosophy, every deduction of logic, and every result of experience, to suppose that, in the matter of prices, they should not be the controlling party; and that, whatever the owner of the land may impose upon them in the form of rent, they will take back from him, with all the interest that he can spare, in supplying him with those necessities without which he cannot exist. Experience has shown clearly, that though it be true that the corn laws have kept land at a forced rent, the other interest have advanced more rapidly in wealth and comfort than the land-holders. Compare any great proprietor of the soil with the majority of the people now; and in as far as history affords data, make the same comparison two hundred years, or even fifty years backward, and see what the soil-man has gained by all his legislation. It is of no consequence how much a

man demands in his receivings, if the party of whom the demand is made have more power of enforcing their demand in his disbursings; or, if there be any effect, it is merely the keeping up of an artificial rate of every product of industry and the soil, in consequence of the artificial rent which the owner demands for the latter. In this way the country loses much in the general commerce of the world; while the landlord is forced to bear more than his average share of the loss.

This, we apprehend, is the sound and philosophical view of the Corn Laws; and if that view could be but taken, as it ought to be taken, their repeal should be carried by acclamation, and regarded as a boon equally by the man who lives by land, and the man who lives by labour. It is true that, in a country paying taxes foreign grain should not come in without paying an impost. Comparing the whole taxes with the whole productions of the country, the taxes will be some fraction—say one-fourth. Now, if corn were to be freely imported at a duty corresponding to this fraction upon its price, as taken in the continental markets, for an average of (say) the last ten years, that duty would satisfy every demand which justice or sound policy could require; and if the Houses of Parliament come, as we hope they will, to some such conclusion as this, they will deserve, and they will receive, the gratitude of that community whose servants they are.

In the second place, Parliament will have to entertain the great question of admitting the Catholic population of Ireland to a free participation in the benefits of the constitution. Last month we delivered our opinion at great length in favour of the liberal side of this question: but, from circumstances which have occurred since what was there inserted was written, the question has assumed a new form, more favourable (in some respects) to emancipation than the case exhibited four weeks ago.

In the third place, there will come before Parliament a measure for rendering the police in the environs of the metropolis more efficient than it is under the present system; and, it must be allowed, that no measure of local policy is more called for, or, if wisely and judiciously framed, and vigorously executed, will be productive of happier consequences. The suburban villages, by which the metropolis is surrounded, form at present any thing but a *cordon sanitaire*. They are, in very many instances, the receptacles of bands of midnight plunderers, and, as such, call loudly for the interference of the legislature to protect the lives and property of the people. Mr. Peel has already done good service to the country, by the reform which he has introduced into the mode of appointing juries, and the form of proceeding in the courts of law; and if he shall exert the same skill and the same integrity in the matter of the police, he will confer a most substantial advantage upon the country.

In the fourth place,—the law of libel—the most absurd, unaccountable, and inconsistent section even in that chequered code which makes up the laws of England, and in which the wisdom and the folly of many ages are blended in the most inharmonious incongruity—calls, perhaps, more loudly, not merely for revision, but for a total remodelling, than any other portion of the thousand-and-one heavy tomes; and although no announcement—no formal announcement of a project to this effect has yet been made, we know, from the information of a senator, the very best qualified for framing such a measure, and carrying it (if sound philosophy and splendid eloquence can carry it), that such a measure will be brought forward in the course of the session, and, we hope, at no remote part of it. We

grant that a power so tremendous as that of the press of England may be used against individuals, not for the purpose of annoyance merely, but for absolute annihilation; and that, let a man be ever so fortified with the attributes of wealth, rank, talents, or even virtues, the press, malignantly used, can expel him from society. Hence, we admit that the public—that is, the law which is made for the protection of the public—should have some means of taking care that the administration of a thing so potent should be honest and judicious. Like the more vigorous medicines—the treasures of the healing art—those energies which render the press the balsam of life in the hands of the upright and the skilful, turn it into the poison of death when it is ignorantly or maliciously given; and, therefore, there ought to be some security that it shall never be applied with a bad intention. As the law stands, however—or rather as the total want of all law stands—the good and the evil of the press are subjected to the same restriction; and the man who administers it in the most skilful manner, and with the most beneficial intention, for restoring or furthering the public health of the country, is liable to the very same punishment as the wretch who, for the gratification of private malice or revenge, uses it for felonious and murderous purposes. Any thing that is written respecting any man may be construed into a libel; and, in extreme cases, the only facts that have to be proved are the fact of publishing, and the identity of the person who makes the complaint. If, indeed, the complainant seeks damages in a civil action at common law, the party may plead the truth; but even there the truth does not go to the jury as matter of evidence. If, again, the proceeding be by criminal information, the party complained of may expatiate upon the justice of what he has published; but here, again, the truth and propriety of the matter complained of are not received as evidence. In obtaining a rule, indeed, there may be cause shewn against the rule; and if that cause shall happen to satisfy the reason, or fall in with the feelings of the judge before whom it is shewn, he may dismiss the application; but this places the whole matter, which ought in strict justice to be with the jury, in the power of the judge as an individual; and as the time has not yet arrived when public men can look upon the press in a perfectly fair and disinterested manner, the discretionary power of the judge does not tend in any way to the safety of an honest man, who stands forward, and, for the general good of the public, calls a villain a villain. These cases—these two several modes of applying the same rule and the same punishment to the innocent and to the guilty—are bad enough: but worse remains behind. The party who feels or fancies that he is libelled, may proceed by indictment at the sessions; and the grand jury, who, from the general construction of mankind, cannot be presumed to be intuitively gifted with a clear discernment of the intentions with which the publication is made; and as they receive no evidence that can throw the smallest light upon this—the only important point of the case—they must confine themselves to the simple finding that John Doe is the publisher, and Richard Roe the party meant: and, if they find thus far, the case must go to the sessions, where the party accused is denied even the benefit of counsel, in any other way than for cross-examining the prosecutor's witnesses; and, as these witnesses have nothing to prove, the defendant is left open to the certainty of a verdict procured by all the ingenuity, all the quibbling, and all the sophistication which the prosecutor can hire against him. In consequence of this, the law of libel is one of those breaches in the security of individuals, through which the brigands of

the profession can make their most successful and murderous inroads; and no matter how black may be the character of the party which the press has had the honesty to expose, or how unequal he may be to the payment of a single six-and-eight-pence, there is always to be found some heartless and hungry attorney, who will undertake the case for a share of the plunder. We need not go far back into the annals of pettifogging, or probe into the darkness of ignorant ages, to find instances of this legal and moral abuse. We could quote them, recent almost as the last new moon, were it not that the quotation would also be libel; and, instead of exposing the villains, we would be made to pay the wages of their villany.

The proposal to which we allude will, if carried into effect (and he who means to propose it has great confidence of its success), not tend to take away or to mitigate the punishment of libel in cases where it is malignant; but it will enable the jury to decide upon the case itself, and not, as they do at present, upon an *ex-parte* statement, framed by the one party to answer his own purposes. It will place the criminality in the obvious intention—the only thing in which there can be much crime; and thus, while the press will still be restrained from doing violence to the innocent, it will be left to operate in a full, wholesome, and efficient manner for the correction or punishment of the guilty. The substance of the proposal lies in these few words: “the evidence of the truth of the matter stated shall, in all cases, go to the jury; and if it be satisfactory, and no malignant purpose be shewn, then the verdict shall be for the defendant; but if the proof fail, or if malignant intention be apparent, then the verdict shall be for the prosecutor.” This would—we hope it *will*—make the law of libel as wholesome as it is at present pernicious; and the man who brings it forward will have his name recorded among those who have devoted their talents to the honest service of mankind.

Such are a few of the topics which will come before the senate at its meeting; and, if it shall dispose of them in a proper manner, it may be reckoned one of the best parliaments that ever met. If not, the public will bear in mind, when time or chance shall send the hon. members back again to the hustings, who did and who did not take the liberal side.

MR. GIFFORD.

THE life of a literary man, must, in general, be looked for in his literary successes. If he has done nothing that impressed his name on the public mind, he has failed in his purpose of life; he has virtually not lived at all.

But the circumstances of Mr. Gifford's life have some peculiarities more favourable to memory than the dubious and perishing merits of authorship. He began the world in the humblest condition. By activity of mind, seconded by an instance of remarkable good fortune, he was placed on that fair level of society from which our ablest men start. By integrity of spirit, and by unwearied diligence, he still forced his way upwards, until from poverty he had risen to competence. He continued till an advanced period of life, to labour with the same industry which had been the habit of his early years, and at the age of 71, and withdrawn from all official occupation, he died almost with the pen in his hand.

Of the character of a man who had so long identified himself with a party, exaggeration on both sides may be expected. Whatever virtues or

capabilities he possessed will probably, on the one side be elevated into disproportioned dignity, and on the other, degraded into unjustifiable scorn.

Having neither partialities to indulge, nor offences to retaliate, we are the more qualified to give an honest and plain sketch of Mr. Gifford's career.

He was born at Ashburton, in Devonshire. There was some recollection of his family, as having once possessed property in the county. But the property had been squandered generations before. The family had acquired no name beyond that of having struggled and died, and if all ancestry is scarcely better than a burlesque, of such an ancestry Gifford probably felt that the less was said the better. Gifford's first employment was that of a cabin-boy on board a Devonshire coaster. How his frame, decrepit and feeble at all times could have endured the severe privations and labours of the sea, is not easily conceivable. But, after some experience of this misery, he is found on shore, apprenticed by his godfather to a shoemaker, with whom he continued long enough to be thought at least master of his trade, so far as the wit of man has advanced it in Devonshire; for he continued to wield the awl until he was twenty years old.

During this more than Egyptian slavery to a mind of any elevation, accident, propitious to him through life, and now in its most propitious shape, threw literature in his way. A young woman who took compassion on the unhappy shoemaker, lent him a book. Whether prompted by a passion for the muse, or by the more natural influence of regard for the person who had alone exhibited any consideration for him, he became a writer of verses. The verses of a village poet were then rare things. Gifford's lines met the eye of a good-natured man in the neighbourhood, of the name of Cooksley. There is some benevolence still remaining in the world, and much may be done by a little goodwill united with activity. Gifford was in the natural road to perishing of asthma, disgust, and disappointed longings, when the obscure philanthropist, this Devonshire "Man of Ross," took him by the hand, made interest enough in the vicinity to raise a small subscription, bought out his indentures, and sent him to school. His protégé was acute, naturally diligent, and probably conscious of the necessity of peculiar exertion. In the short space of two years and a half he was entered of Exeter College, Oxford.

The qualifications for entry at that time were not very high, and, once inside the walls every student might labour or lounge, according to his own will and pleasure. The diligent might indulge in boundless study, and the idle might lie on their oar, and wait till the tide of time brought liberty and their degrees. But Gifford, through life, loved reading for its own sake, and caring little for society, deprived of the means of excess, temperate by nature, and incited to the pursuit of literary distinction by the hopes and wishes of his patrons, must have been a vigorous student. Accident, which seems never to have failed him, here stood his friend in a remarkable degree. His natural fate would have been a fellowship, which has been called a thirty years walk to a church with a church-yard close beside it. The optics of human nature are said to have been made for "near-sighted glasses," and perhaps no man ever worked his way through an University, without at some time or other thinking that a fellowship was one of the most magnificent things in the world. The awe of the menials, the uncapping of the students, the absolute supremacy of the Common room; and the stately looks and

attitudes generated of moving in an atmosphere of perpetual submission, have even, on the most self-denying spirits, produced the feeling, that there is a "Divinity that doth hedge a Fellow." Gifford might have soared to this height of snugness and supremacy; have been inducted into all the lazy honours and local glories of the full sleeved gown, and worn the cap of defiance of all mankind on his erudite and angular nostril; he might have brow-beat sophisters during the week, and on Sundays rode to his curacy five miles off, and returned in exact time for Commons; he might in short, have led a haughty, easy, book-worm life, equally well fed, and obscure, and gone down to the grave to slumber with the congenial Doctor Drowseys of Alma Mater. Such was Oxford in the days of his youth: times and things are changed since; and might be changed still more without injury to the fame of that most ancient "Mother of mighty men."

But he was resolved to be of some use in his generation. A college friend of his had gone to reside in the family of the late Lord Grosvenor, their letters were sent under his lordship's frank. By the omission of the second address, a letter of Gifford's was opened by Lord Grosvenor. His lordship was struck by something in it, and inquired the circumstances of the writer, and finally included him in his household as tutor of Lord Belgrave, the present Earl.

Travel, in the early days of Gifford, was like travel in the days of Pythagoras. Every man was to learn for himself. If he was to know what Rome held, or what was the art and mystery of foreign life, nay, what were the pomps of Paris, or the frolics of Versailles, he must hunt his knowledge down in person. The world had not then become the world that it is; a map spotted over with clusters of tourists and of those tourists, every soul devoted to the eternal use of pen and paper. Note books were things unheard of in the generation of fifty years ago. No printer waited with his Press stopped, for the arrival of the postman; and no publisher lauded and magnified his own forthcoming treasure, and tantalized the curiosity of newspaper mankind, by daily announcements in every form of stimulation, from the simple name, to the expanded title, and from the expanded title, to the Critique anticipatory.

Yet the change, ludicrous as it is in some points, is on the whole, infinitely for the better; to the traveller better: for, though one hundred or one thousand may publish only to the affliction of their booksellers, yet all keep at least their own eyes open while they are abroad; objects of rational curiosity exercise a rational interest; discourses of real value in ancient learning, or modern peculiarities, are the fruit of the fortunate; and to all the very act of employing their minds in the more manly and interesting recollections which alone they dare commit to the public, is an important and improving occupation.

With the "gentleman" of fifty years ago, he was of another calibre. Nominally going abroad for knowledge of mankind, he came back with no knowledge but of some French gambling house or Italian Casino. If he went out a clown, he returned a coxcomb. If his habits at home were moderate and manly, he became infected with the frivolity, the impertinence and the aristocratic pride of a Continent on which a man without a title, or a frippery decoration at his button-hole, passed for nothing. His native tongue was turned into a bastard dialect of bad French, bad Italian, and bad German; and whatever religion he might have taken with him, was corrupted into the open infidelity that was then rotting the Continent to the

core. It was from this school that the Charles the Second's stock was propagated through England; that popery lost its repulsiveness to the British statesman; that slavery, its inseparable companion, was gradually sliding its way into the constitution; that Walpole was enabled to make his infamous and impious boast, that "Every man had his price," and that Chesterfield's Letters did not put their writer in the pillory.

Pope, in some of his fine lines, describes the travelled man of his day, and the character was but little changed long afterwards,—we quote from memory, and imperfectly.

———"He travelled Europe round,
And gathered every vice on Christian ground:
Saw every court, heard every king declare
His royal sense of operas, and the fair.
Till home regains him, perfectly well bred,
With nothing but a Solo in his head,
Stol'n from a duel, followed by a nun,
And, if a Borough choose him, *not undone*."

The Revolutionary war put a stop to this intercourse, and the character of the higher orders of England became from that moment of a manlier, more intelligent, and more elevated spirit. The frivolities of the Continent were cut off from us, a wall of iron was suddenly thrown up between what remained to us of idle opulence and what remained to it of easy temptation, and, before that wall was broken down, there was time for the follies of the past age to perish out of our memories, to lose their hold on the fashionable life of England, and with it to lose their power of evil.

Our men of education and rank travelled in the interval, but it was into countries divested of the profligate indulgencies that had made up the life of the old *roués* of the grand tour. Classic researches, the curious spectacle of civilization, advancing and barbarism receding in the north; the natural treasures and wild beauty of the countries bordering on the Baltic; the strange splendours and ferocious dignity of the Oriental sovereignties; the imperishable grandeur and lofty recollections of Greece; formed the contemplation and knowledge of our travellers. With nobler subjects and a higher education for feeling and transmitting them, the narratives of British travel became more accurate, intelligent, and vivid; and we now possess, in our own tongue, a greater extent of interesting and true information on the general state of the Globe than is to be found in all the languages of all its other nations.

The observations of a man like Gifford, travelling with the advantages afforded by his association with the heir of one of the most opulent nobles of England, must have been valuable in whatever age or country they might be formed. But it was not the fashion of the day to publish travels. Lord Sandwich's "*Voyage up the Mediterranean*," was almost the only tour written by a man of condition; and the hundreds and thousands of tutors, not ill-named bear-leaders, who danced their noble pupils about the courts, thought that they had done all that could be expected of mortal man, when they brought their future patron home unamerced in life or limb, not utterly scandalized in character, nor incurably decayed in constitution.

Gifford's first attempt at public notice, had been "Proposals for a Translation of Juvenal," by subscription. It was begun early, probably, in his College life. But the interruptions of travel, studies, ill-health, the various

changes which break up the purposes of the man of literature more than any other, and gain him the imputation of fickleness or indolence, while he is groaning under the anxiety to resume his original pursuit, and outrageous at the obstacles that, as if by magic, start up to wring the pen out of his hand, delayed the completion of his Juvenal for nearly twenty years. It was, however, finished at last; and in it the English reader may enjoy the full vigour of the greatest of all satirists. He will find all the force, and nearly all the pungency, but he will not find the elegance of phrase. Juvenal, in all the grossness of his pictures, is distinguished for finish of language. The sternness, haughty dignity, and axiomatic power of the matchless original, are visible in the *cast*, moulded by Gifford; but the brilliancy and polish have escaped his artist hand.

The "Baviad and Mæviad" brought him into more direct publicity. A childish newspaper interchange of complimentary verses, in the genuine style of the "Verses by a Person of Quality," had at first attracted the curiosity, then excited the ridicule, and then inflamed the wrath of the worldly criticism. The feebleness of the poetry might have escaped; but it had risen into fashion, and fashionable people had, by degrees, become contributors. The crime of the "Della Crusca" school was now past all patience, and Gifford sharpened his pen for stinging it to death. He produced a bitter succession of verses, and obtained for himself some reputation as a literary scarifier. But the object of his fury was worth neither his fears, his wrath, nor his verses. It was dying before he attacked it; and he only assisted to give a little publicity to its funeral. The chief Muses of the Della Crusca were women, and therefore not the legitimate object of attack; or careless and idle men, to whom attack was amusing; as giving them something to stir up the languor of a life spent about the Clubs. Mrs. Robinson was too pretty, and too unfortunate for the vengeance of a poet. Mrs. Cowley had deserved too well of the drama, to be justifiably charged with debasing literature. Major Topham, Andrews, Merry, and the rest, probably, cared nothing on the subject, and only scoffed at the remote irritation of a writer, who "lived somewhere out of the knowledge of any gentleman of their acquaintance."

The French Revolution was one of the fortunate *accidents* of Gifford's life. It swept away kings, nobles, bishops, and generals, in all directions. But it urged him upwards into a connection with those whose praise, though it may not always be Fame, is generally Fortune. The violence and activity of the republican newspapers had totally beaten down the lazy loyalty and insipid decencies of the ministerial. The Revolution was the reign of newspapers. It was the first time that their importance began to be thoroughly felt. It happens by a curious anomaly in nations, and in individuals, that they generally go wrong before they go right. The Wrong is the impulse, the Right, the lesson. England, to which republicanism must be ruin, was mad for republicanism. The Whigs, to every man of whom worth plundering, or leading to the block, it would have been confiscation and the guillotine: the Whigs, the chief landholders and exclusive boroughmongers of England, in their usual deference to the wisdom of the mob, cried out for "Reform," which their ragged masters in the streets more honestly called "Revolution." All the newspapers that were not expressly intended for circulation among the chambermaids of the West End, and the lords of the household, were Whig; all the aspirants for popularity were Whigs; all who thought this change must come, and wished to secure an interest with the new Repub-

lie; all who had their fortunes to make by trafficking with their principles; all who were afraid to declare their faith in a God, or their loyalty to a king; and all who cared for neither the one nor the other; all the disappointed, the bankrupt, the profligate, the bloodthirsty, the atheist, the mad, were Whigs, sworn on the altar of republicanism, and stretching out their arms to give the fraternal embrace to the revolutionary state that stood on the other side of the Channel, dripping with regicide.

In this crisis, the Anti-jacobin Newspaper was commenced. Its principal contributors were men of scholarship, pleasantry, and what was of more importance to success than either, of intimate intercourse with the higher ranks of both the country and the administration. This enabled them to speak with a decided tone, that gave them the most immediate advantage over the adverse journals, which pre-eminent in impudence as they were, dared not always affirm or deny with the vigour essential to popular confidence. The Anti-jacobin had a corner expressly for the "the Lies" of the opposition papers, which it dashed in the teeth of the Whigs, with the least conceivable ceremony. A considerable succession of pleasant burlesques on the puffs, fooleries, sentimentalities and sublimities of the Whigs and their instruments, made the Anti-jacobin amusing even to those who hated its politics. And some bold and polished specimens of poetry, unattainable by the opposite journals, completed its superiority. A burlesque of the German drama; *The Loves of the Triangles*, a burlesque of Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*. "Morality," a powerful poetic satire on the new fantasies of reform, were among the finer features of the work; and its effect in repelling their insolence, and blunting the mischief of the revolutionary journals, was beyond question. But it ceased at the close of the year. Its contributors had gradually become known, as is the inevitable case in all joint contributions of public writing. The names of Canning, Ellis, Frere, Lord Morington, and others, had involuntarily made their way through the disguise of Gifford's editorial cloak. And whether their decorum was touched, or the time was suddenly employed, they gave up the Anti-jacobin. It is curious that Mr. Pitt began an *Essay on Revolutionary Principles*, which he had not the patience to extend beyond a single page, it breaks off abruptly. The most fluent and deep-thinking speaker of his æra; he was probably disgusted with the tardiness of the pen. Like Michael Angelo, he scorned to waste on *oils*, the genius that in *fresco* was Creation.

But this connection served the pecuniary interests of the editor. Governments are in general careless of services, where the servant is not powerful enough to establish his claim to compulsory gratitude; and of all governments of the globe, that of England has at all times exhibited the most exemplary delicacy of finance in the recompence of literature. The ministerial recollection of Gifford's services was not a signal exception to the rule; yet he obtained, we believe, on this occasion, the paymastership of a department of the Household.

The final and luckiest accident of his life, was the rise of the *Edinburgh Review*. The Whig papers had been bruised, if not yet altogether crushed, when their spirit started up in another shape. The Dragon appeared in the northern hemisphere, and its appearing "portended disastrous eclipse" to constitutional literature. In England, as was observed before, the first impulse is always wrong. The first impulse was to receive the *Northern Review* as an oracle. It was cleverly compiled; was always showy; often learned; sometimes eloquent; it dashed boldly into the

tossing tide of public opinions, and won its way with a vigorous arm, and a head always kept high. At length the mind of England grew tired of being lectured in politics, religion, and all other things, by a convocation of Scotch doctors and lawyers, throwing off the refuse of their leisure hours in the abuse of the constitution. The Quarterly Review was the fruit of this weariness; and Gifford, from his connection with some of the principal ministerialists, was appointed its editor. He was now in his vocation. He was born for editorship. He gave the Review a vast circulation, and it returned the service by the indulgence of his pen, by reputation, and by the wish of Pangloss in its fullest hope—"nine hundred pounds a year."

ON DOGS.

HALF a century ago, the sect of the "DOGGISTS" was so numerous, that it was the fashion to say, no house was more than half furnished that had not more than one dog in it. At length the frequency of the horrible and incurable disorder occasioned by the bite of these useless animals, attracted the attention of a wag of the day, who drew a caricature, called the "Dog Worshipper." Another lover of his own species wrote a sonnet, the burthen of which was—"Instead of a lap-dog, take me to your arms." These squibs blew up the dog mania for that time; but it is reviving again now, and becoming an enormous evil. However, it is hoped that the public press—that powerful guardian of the manners and morals of the people—will again pour out its eloquence, and render dog-keeping as ridiculous to individuals as it is offensive to the community.

Who has not seen instances where cruelty is shewn to all the animated works of the Almighty, except half a dozen pugs, and twice as many kittens or parrots? Betty and John are inferior beings to Tabby and Pompey! Fowls are boiled for the dog, and fish fried for the cat, by gentlefolks who never think of giving a morsel to relieve the hunger of the human being! This is most monstrous!

The following description of a *dogger* is an extract from the "Invisible Spy," a periodical work which appeared in 1754:

"A maid is sitting in a low chair, with a large tray before her, filled with a great number of combs, one of which she is making use of in smoothing and setting in order the hair of a spaniel she is nursing upon her lap. Sir Simon and Lady Lovedog come in, and seeing the comb she is using, snatch it out of her hand, and strike it into her face.

Lady Lovedog.—Monster! how dare you touch Hector with that comb?

Maid.—Indeed, my Lady, they were all here; I did not know any difference.

Lady Lovedog.—Oh, fie! you nasty hussy; you must have heard that each of my dear dogs has a set of combs to himself, marked with his name! Can't you read, oaf?

Maid.—Indeed, Madam, I did not see it.

Lady Lovedog.—Take that, perfunctory slave! and that! and that—to clear your sight, and make you remember another time.

These sharp words were accompanied with pretty smart blows, first on one shoulder, then on the other; then turning to her dogs, who were crying and yelping all this time, her Ladyship addressed them in these terms:

Lady Lovedog.—Dear, good-natured darlings! you hate to see me angry, don't ye, though it be in your own cause? Come hither, my poor Psyche; you have lost you lover, havn't you, dear? but I'll soon get you another Cupid. Prince, what makes you so dull this morning? you don't frisk and caper about as you used to do: I suppose your bed was not half made, any more than Pompey's. Pretty boys, you look as if you had lain rough all night. Here is my poor Bully, too, as I live, not so much as the black tuft on the tip of his tail combed out!—Beauty, why do you bark, love? I can see by your eyes that you have something to tell me, now, if you knew how. Well, to be sure, you have all been cruelly used these two days, since your own maid has been from you. Come, Chloe, come, pretty girl, give me a kiss—poh! your mouth is all dirty. Why, I declare that nasty hussy has neither washed your face nor cleaned your teeth.

Maid.—Indeed, Madam, I washed every one of them; your Ladyship may see the towel s all wet.

Lady Lovedog.—The towel! why, you filthy creature! why you nasty wretch! have you actually washed all their sweet faces with one and the same towel? Get you out of my sight, you vile toad, or I shall break your neck down stairs; and, what will be worse,—burst my own heart with passion.

Seeing a lady very warmly caressing a dog, I said, “you must be an excellent friend to human beings, if you are so fond of beasts!” The reply was, “I love this dog better than all the human beings in the world!” I immediately made a mem.:—

“If you see people furiously fond of dogs and other animals, be sure they are unfortunate beings, whose minds have been soured, and whose society is rather to be shunned than sought after.”

A common excuse for keeping these pests is, “Oh! but you've no idea; he's such a nice Dog! if any body comes near our house at night, he barks for half an hour together!” Or else it is, “He is such an affectionate creature, that he never hurt no body!” Take no doggist's word on this last point. Do as that famous fox-hunter, old *Frank Foresight*, always did. No hunter loved his horse or his dog better than old Frank; but he was a staunch friend to “rule and order;” and, said he, “every thing in its place.” When he called at a house, if a Dog came to the door, he used to say to the person who opened it—“I guess that's a favourite—master of the house, may be? Well, lock him up safely, honey—lock him up safely till I am gone. Not that I am afraid of his hurting ME; not at all, I assure you; and if he did, I dare say you would not care much about that. I am only afraid that I may hurt HIM! Only consider for a moment, if he should bite a bit out of my leg, and it should make him sick! now think o'that what a sad thing that would be! And (throwing a tuck out of his his stick, which he always did the moment he saw a dog) if my elbow should be seized with a sudden spasm, and I should accidentally poke this sword down Darling's throat! now think o'that, what a shocking thing that would be! Therefore, as you love Darling, while I stay let him be locked up carefully, honey.”

Mr. Vale, in his *System of Husbandry*, computes the number of these useless animals kept at present to be not less than two millions; the keep of which voracious creatures, besides depriving the poor of many a basin of milk, raises the price of meat, as they have bought up for them many of the inferior joints, which only requires good cooking to make as delicate a meal as the best.

But Mr. V. reckons the expense of keeping them at twenty shillings each annually! Two millions of money thrown away annually, and the national debt what it is! Why, what will keep a dog will keep a pig; and it is easy to see which would be the most serviceable in a poor man's family. Therefore, let the dog-tax be levied without exception—excepting only on those dogs who lead blind men. Let due rewards be given to those who inform against such as evade the tax; of whom there are not a few: and he who by fraud avoids a tax which by the laws of his country he is commanded to pay, commits a greater Crime, and deserves a greater punishment, than he who by force breaks into the Treasury, and takes so much money out!

It is notorious that the majority of these mischievous animals are maintained by persons who have hardly the means of maintaining themselves! These hungry, half-starved Curs, are the very Dogs, which, from spare and bad food, are most mischievous, and most apt to run *Mad*: besides going yelping about, and disturbing the public. “So many beggars, so many dogs,” is one of our true old sayings; and it is written, that “those who lie down with dogs shall rise with fleas!” Besides, every one knows that when men go mad, they always hate most those that they loved best; and it is a frightful truth, that

“A mad dog always bites his master first!”

that is the very first token of his being mad.

About ten years ago, there dwelt in the neighbourhood of Uxbridge a lady of fortune, who devoted most of her time to the pleasing and providing for half-a-dozen lap-dogs, entertaining their palates with fowls, legs and shoulders of lamb, &c. &c.: considering that to be the best food for them which she liked best for herself, and which was generally the most expensive. There was another old gentlewoman in the neighbourhood, nearly as far gone as herself in this species of canine madness; and they amused themselves by permitting their favourites to receive and pay visits, and to have regular dinner parties; on which grand occasions they (the bipeds) acted as mistresses of the ceremonies, and grand carvers, &c. They had a cloth laid for the dinner of their darlings; who ate off plates, and were in all things waited upon as their owners were! And they acted this farce for some years; until one of the favourite performers, at a dinner-party, was suddenly seized with hydrophobia, and flew from his dinner (a leg of lamb) to the leg of his mistress—and bit it very severely.

There have been many arguments about the dreadful disease the bite of these creatures produces. But is it not enough to know that multitudes of men, women, and children have died in consequence of being bitten?—What does it matter whether they were the victims of bodily disease or mental irritation? The life of the most humble human being is of more value than all the dogs in the world.

Semi-drowning in the sea, and all the pretended specifics, are mere delusions, and there is no real remedy but cutting the part out immediately. If the bite be near a large blood-vessel, that cannot always be done; nor, when it can be done, however well done, will it always prevent the miserable victim from dying the most dreadful of deaths.

Well might St. Paul tell us to “beware of dogs!”—(1st Epistle to Phillipians, chap. iii., verse 2.)

K.

A SONG!

I.

YOUNG Joe, he was a carman gay,
 As any town could shew;
 His team was good, and, like his pence,
 Was always on the go;—
 A thing, as every jackass knows,
 Which often leads to *wo*!

II.

It fell out that he fell in love,
 By some odd chance or whim,
 With Alice Payne—beside whose eyes
 All other eyes were dim:
 The painful tale must out—indeed,
 She was *A Pain* to him.

III.

For, when he ask'd her civilly
 To make one of *they* two,
 She whipp'd her tongue across her teeth,
 And said, "D'y'e think it true,
 I'd trust my *load* of life with *sick*
 A waggoner as you?"

IV.

"No, no—to be a carman's wife
 Will ne'er suit Alice Payne;
 I'd better far a lone woman
 For evermore remain,
 Than have it said, while in my youth,
 My life is on the *wain*!"

V.

"Oh, Alice Payne! Oh, Alice Payne!
 Why won't you meet with me?"
 Then up she curl'd her nose, and said,
 "Go axe your axletree;
 I tell you, Joe, this—once for all—
 My *joe* you shall not be."

VI.

She spoke the fatal "no," which put
 A spoke into his wheel—
 And stopp'd his happiness, as though
 She'd cry *wo*! to his *wheel*:—
 These women ever steal our hearts,
 And then their own they *sterl*.

VII.

So round his melancholy neck
 Poor Joe his drag-chain tied,
 And hook'd it on a hook—"Oh! what
 A weight is life!" he cried;
 Then off he cast himself—and thus
 The cast-off carman died!

VIII.

Howbeit, as his sun was set,
 (Poor Joe!) at set of sun,
 They laid him in his lowly grave,
 And gravely that was done;
 And she stood by, and laugh'd outright—
 How wrong—the guilty one!

IX.

But the day of retribution comes
 Alike to prince and hind,
 As surely as the summer's sun
 Must yield to wintry wind:
 Alas! she did not mind his peace—
 So she'd no peace of mind.

X.

For when she sought her bed of rest,
 Her rest was all on thorns;
 And there another lover stood,
 Who wore a pair of horns:
 His little tiny feet were cleft,
 And cloven, like a fawn's;

XI.

His face and garb were dark and black,
 As daylight to the blind;
 And a something undefinable
 Around his skirt was twin'd—
 As if he wore, like other pigs,
 His pigtail out behind.

XII.

His arms, though less than other men's,
 By no means *harm-less* were:
 Dark elfin locks en-locked his brow—
 You might not call them hair;
 And, oh! it was a *gas-ly* sight
 To see his eye-balls glare.

XIII.

And ever, as the midnight bell
 Twelve awful strokes had toll'd,
 That dark man by her bedside stood,
 Whilst all her blood run cold;
 And ever and anon he cried,
 "I could a *tail* unfold!"

XIV.

And so her strength of heart grew less,
 For heart-less she had been;
 And on her pallid cheek a small
 Red hectic spot was seen:
 You could not say her life was spent
 Without a spot, I ween.

XV.

And they who mark'd that crimson light
 Well knew the treach'rous bloom—
 A light that shines, alas! alas!
 To light us to our tomb:
 They said 'twas like thy cross, St. Paul's,
 The *signal* of her doom.

XVI.

And so it prov'd—she lost her health,
 When breath she needed most—
 Just as the winning horse gets blown
 Close by the winning-post:
 The ghost, he gave up plaguing her—
 So she gave up the ghost!

H. L.

LETTER UPON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL, FROM A GENTLEMAN IN
LONDON TO A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

"Now men in cloaks muffle their noses,
The garden grounds afford no posies,
The alehouse reckoning mounteth higher,
With *item*—so much more for fire,
And many a morning's work is lost,
In drinking ale, with nut brown toast."

Mysteries of the Season.

THE regretted death of His Royal Highness the Duke of York has occupied the attention of persons in London more than any other topic during the last month: but the public and private character of the noble Duke, and the details of his "lying in state," and the ceremonial of his subsequent burial, have been so often repeated, over and over again, and in so many different shapes, by the newspapers, that I shall, at a hazard, assume a discretion, and avoid the subject altogether. A prodigious deal has been written and narrated about the merits, and demerits, of His Royal Highness that is very absurd. And all sorts of views of his title to regret, and of the sensation produced in the public mind by his decease, have been taken; from the Radical affectation of the "*Examiner*" newspaper, which was so superfluous as to use no "mourning lines," on its first day of publication after the death, while every other paper observed that decent mark of ceremony—(a piece of Cockney conceit, about as ridiculous as though we should read of a "Resolution" passed by all the birds of the air—the eagle, the vulture, the raven, and the crow—"Dissentient," the MAGPIE!) down to the profound adoration, on the other hand, of that pink of good breeding, the "*Post*"—which not only kept up its crape and weepers for the whole fortnight between the death and the funeral, but actually heads a discussion, whether the Duke of Wellington or the Duke of Cambridge shall be the next Commander-in-Chief, with a line stuck up, as for a motto—"LAMENTED FREDERICK! WHO'LL THY SUCCESSOR BE?" Perhaps the real state of the fact, with respect to the Duke's private character, has never been more truly stated than in the "*Times*" newspaper, on the morning after his death:—to wit, that he had an ample share of the follies, and some portion of the faults, which are apt to attach themselves to individuals whose wealth, or high station, render them something independent of public opinion; mixed, however, with a great many gallant, and good, and generous qualities, which persons in the same situation do not quite so invariably exhibit. As Commander-in-Chief, he was popular with the army; and there was a certain *bonhomme* about him, together with an absence of foppery or affectation, which always kept him in favour with the people; and there was probably no member of the Royal Family who, in the event of the death of our present King, would have ascended the throne with more general satisfaction to the country. The demonstrations of mourning upon the death of royal personages—unless under peculiar and unlooked-for circumstances—may be more properly described as expressions of respect on the part of the people, than of regret. These tokens—for whatever they are worth—were universally exhibited in London for "the Duke of York," and I believe they were little less general in any part of the country.

A "Letter on the subject of Life Assurance" appeared in our Magazine, (I think, two Numbers back,) from a correspondent who recommended the attention of a condition called the "Duelling Clause,"

as it now stands in life Assurance policies. The effect of that clause (without going here into a discussion of the question over again) being to deprive every man who insures his life of all benefit from his policy, in case he be killed in a duel.

Since that letter appeared, I see that there has been a notice published in the advertisement of the "County" Assurance Office, signifying that all persons assured in that establishment, who die by duelling, will receive—that is their representatives will receive—the "value which their respective Policies bore on the day prior to their decease." And, as this promise will not be at all comprehended by ninety-nine hundredths of the persons who read it, I will just take occasion to observe, that, however plausible it may sound, it is not worth consideration.

The object of a man who insures his life—and the object for which he is content to pay a high price—is not to accumulate a certain sum of money, but to protect himself against the risk of an early death; and, therefore, although the whole amount of premium received, were paid back, and with interest, where such an individual dies, the grand purpose for which he became an insurer is still defeated. But the paying the "value of the policy" contemplates no return at all approaching to this. The "value" of a policy varies according to a variety of circumstances, which it would be tedious here to enumerate: but it does well when it amounts to a return of *one fifth* of what the insurer has paid in premiums. The "value" of a policy, according to the calculation of an Assurance office—is the value of such an annuity, as is equal to the difference of the annual premium taken from the insurer at the age at which his assurance was first effected, and that which would be demanded at the time when such calculation of value is to be made. This interpretation is about as clear as the original statement? but the fact is, that it is hardly possible to make the thing intelligible by statement, and I will give an example, therefore, which will come sufficiently near the mark. According to a table now before me, (that of the "Amicable" Society) the annual premium required from a man 25 years of age for an insurance for the whole of life, is £2. 5s. 6d. per cent. The premium demanded for a man 30 years of age under the same circumstances, would be £2. 10s. 6d. Now the man who insured at 25, and broke his neck out of a window—or was squeezed to death in going to see the Duke of York "lie in state"—at 30, would receive from the assurance office £100., having paid in premiums (including the compound interest of his money,) in round numbers, say £15. But, if his policy were to be "valued" at that same period—as it would be in case he wished to sell it, or was "killed in a duel"—the value put upon it by the office would be that of an annuity of 5s. a year—being the difference between the premium (£2. 5s. 6d.) at which he was entitled to go on maintaining his insurance, having commenced it at 25 years of age, and the £2. 10s. 6d. which would be required of him, now (at 30) if he were now only beginning to insure: and the "value" of this annuity—that is the "value" of his £100 policy—would be certainly not so much as £3.—or one-fifth of the £15. which he had actually paid. Offices are entitled to covenant to pay just what they please: but it is a pity that people should not understand what it really is that they *do* covenant to pay.

Still the grand, and, in fact, the only real object of Assurance, is the entire security from risk; and if there be *any* casualty to which the insurer remains exposed, the whole institution (to him) becomes worth nothing. And the more extensive description of insurance undertaken by these very Assurance companies—to wit, the insurance from fire—affords a

peculiarly striking illustration of that fact. The annual fire premium charged in ordinary cases for the insurance of £100. upon any house or lot of goods, amounts only to *two shillings*—which is just *one-thousandth part* of the sum assured. Therefore, allowing for the accumulation of money by interest, a house insured at this rate must go on paying its premiums for *five centuries* in safety, before the Assurers would receive enough to indemnify them in case of loss. The number of “fires” seem to be very great to persons who live in London, and who regularly find such accidents quoted as they occur in the newspapers of the day: but the truth is they are so *few* in proportion to the amount of property existing, as scarcely (one might think) to be worth making an item in account. For if the annual premium of insurance taken by a company upon each house, or lot of property, valued at £100, be only *two shillings*, it follows that, if out of every *thousand* such lots so insured and paid for, *one* only annually were destroyed, still the assurers (who would have received two thousand shillings, and would have to pay £100.) would merely have taken up the same amount which they have to lay down, without having got one farthing either for profit, or to defray the expences of their business? and, consequently, when we find such companies enabled to *live*, it is impossible to estimate the number of losses by fire, at more than *one* in every *fourteen*, or *fifteen hundred* divisions of property. And yet fire insurance associations do live and thrive: for, against this *RISK*,—small as it is—with fifteen hundred chances to one already in their favour—so valuable is absolute *certainty*, that all the world is contented to insure.

The Dissenters of England—who are a highly respectable as well as numerous body of persons (and, therefore, able to command attention,)—are making a great disturbance now about the hardship of being compelled to “be married,” according to the ritual of the Established Church. This seems to me, however, to be a very uncomplimentary proceeding (as far as the gentlemen are concerned) towards their ladies: for there are times at which an honest man might be content to be married, although even a certain dignitary who shall be nameless, had to perform the ceremony—and never be the worse Christian, in my estimation, neither. But your people who have “a conscience”—that is the devil of them—never have any conscience: whence it is, I am sure, and for no other reason, that *VIRTUE* has, time out of mind, been unpopular; and that many men now-a-days are frightened at the thought of any pretensions to it. If ever any very particular rogue is taken up and carried to a police office, the “reporter”—fined, perhaps, at some period of his life for having been drunk—is sure to describe him as “Hezekiah,” whatever his name may be—a person having much the air and appearance of a “preacher.” And Falstaff, speaking with the public voice three centuries ago, cries out—“Praised be these rebels! they offend none but the *VIRTUOUS*: I laud them—I praise them!” N. B. To prevent any possibility of mistake—as a great deal that we do in this publication is remarkably sound and honest, and might be liable to such misconstruction—I really think I ought to take this opportunity of announcing, that ours is not a *VIRTUOUS* Magazine.

By the way—speaking of “Magazines”—I don’t think it is at all a bad way for a periodical to get on, to puff the books now and then of some good; speculating, advertising, publisher. But then you should be careful to select only those books which are such stuff that nobody else will touch

them ; because, if nobody else has praised, there is no choice, and *you must* be quoted. Thus I see the "*Monthly Review*" pronounces that—"we look upon Almack's as one of the most delightful novels in our" (probably the English) "language." And Messrs. Saunders and Otley—authorities on the subject running rather scarce—publish that declaration three times a week in almost every London newspaper. Which pleasing arrangement of reciprocity, in fact, enables the parties to get the work of two advertisements performed by one ; teaching the public at the same time, that the "*Monthly Review*" thinks Almack's the most delightful novel in our language, and that there is such a publication as the "*Monthly Review*," the pronouncements of which are oracular.

But the operation of a spirit of that which is right, is sometimes pleasing to behold, as well as of that which is merely graceful and conciliatory ; on which account I am rather satisfied to find that the "Mr. Begg," who shot a miserable sheriff's officer in Ireland, the other day, in the execution of his duty, (and who, by a merciful jury, was found guilty only of manslaughter,) is sentenced to transportation for life. Nothing in the world can be more proper than that we should, as the wise man says, "temper our justice with mercy:" but then, on the other hand, it is quite necessary that we should "temper our mercy with justice. There has been an unlucky taste for shooting bailiffs *upon a point of law*, for a long time, among a certain class of our friends on the other side the Channel : a taste, by the bye, that has a great deal of very atrocious feeling—and no necessary courage—about it ; but looks very much like a disposition to commit murder, merely because there seems to be a chance of doing it *à bon marché*. If Mr. Begg acted in passion, he is to be pitied ; but no earthly consideration ought to save him from punishment. It is not much more than two years since, that a Mr. Conolly, here in England, was transported for life for a similar offence.

All the newspapers are filled with terrible accounts of the crowding and mischief which took place at St. James's, during the two days that the body of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, "lay in state." The most inexcusable part of the affair seems to have been that a great number of apparently respectable females, were permitted, by those who should have exercised better control over them, to thrust themselves into association with a riotous and brutal mob, for the gratification of—to say the best of it—but a vulgar curiosity. Ladies may be assured—and the devil take the taste they have, from highest to lowest, for seeing all that is to be seen !—that no woman ever yet exhibited herself in the degrading position of mixing, and contending—no matter for what object—with a crowd, without exciting sensations of disgust and aversion in the mind of every man of decent feeling who beheld her. *The Morning Chronicle*, however, lays all the blame upon the mis-arrangements of the Lord Chamberlain's office, and complains heavily that no accommodation was furnished to the writers for the newspapers ; which was (if such were the fact) very bad judgment. The pressure was so tremendous—the same paper adds—that "within their own knowledge, one literary gentleman narrowly escaped suffocation from it." I have known one or two "literary gentlemen narrowly escape suffocation" from other causes : but that is by the bye.

New books, for the last three or four months, have been rather dull ; something is expected from Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Buonaparte* : but that ground has been a good deal beaten already ; and there is an idea

abroad, that so voluminous a work—executed in so short a time—must consist, in a great measure, of compilation. Still Sir Walter Scott will do nothing that will not have some novelty and interest about it—independent of his style of relation, being the pleasantest in the world. In the list of the London publishers, “*Recollections*” out of number afflict us, in presence and in prospect. Mr. Boaden has already inflicted a “*Life*” of Mrs. Siddons; and Mr. Dibdin, the farce writer and play-house manager, is going to write the annals of Sadler’s Wells and the Circus, in the shape of a “*Life*” of himself. Of a better order, there is Mr. Southey’s second volume of the *History of the Peninsular War*, just out: and the events of the time just now will make that a work of strong interest: and Blackwood’s *Elizabeth de Bruce* is a hit—it has a touch of the real vein of romance writing about it.

The New Quarterly Review is out; but it does not strike me as being quite so good as the last number was: though I like the paper on the Servian Minstrelsy; and the article on the Corn Laws is very ingeniously written. Here, too, there is a long and elaborate paper upon the uses and abuses of Life Assurance; but I don’t quite go along with the writer in all his views upon the subject. The objection taken to the allowance of “commission,” or brokerage, by the Assurance companies, upon assurances brought to them, seems to me to be untenable. The custom of all trades has been for those who follow them to attract preference by holding out all advantages—even one beyond another—that they fairly can; and this “commission,”—which, by the way, may be received by the principal who insures for himself, just as readily as by the agent—is made no secret, but forms a regular part of the proposals of Assurance companies in their public advertisements. In the instance quoted of the clergyman who had his policy effected upon unfavourable terms, by employing an attorney who had a predilection for the commission given by a particular Assurance office, no doubt, in the bargain there made, the insurer was very much injured; but what earthly description of bargain is there in which a man may not be injured, who will not, or cannot, do his business himself, and is so unfortunate as to entrust it to a dishonest agent? There are one or two other points (of fact) as to which the writer in the *Quarterly*, if he argues with a view to practice, is mistaken. Take that, for instance, where he complains that the Assurance societies make their calculations of premium, upon the understanding that the interest of money accruing to them is three per cent., while, in fact, they get four or five! This writer can hardly have forgotten that, hardly more than twelve months since, there was a difficulty in obtaining *even* three per cent.—or even two and a half—for money? If that state of things had continued, or were to return, the only result of any company’s having framed its calculations upon the supposition of a constant interest of five per cent., would be, that such a company must become unable to meet its engagements, and must declare itself bankrupt. The charge which follows—that the Assurance companies have an advantage out of the manner in which their tables of mortality are framed—to wit, that they form these tables from an average of the mortality in society in general—among rich and poor—sickly and healthy—while their trade, in fact, arises almost entirely among the rich (and least exposed), and even there, is restricted to the best, and selected lives—this charge is well founded, and very ingeniously put. But I don’t at all agree in the view of the writer, as to the probability (or advisableness) of the “statutory interference” which he recommends. The best security for

the public in every trade is the competition between one dealer and another; and of that competition in life assurance, we already have a great abundance, and are likely—if the trade be really a profitable one—soon to have a great deal more.

That excellent paper, the *Morning Post*, which is always occupied with some scheme for the public advantage, contains an admirable letter this morning, (23rd of January), on the impropriety of boys making *slides* in frosty weather in the kennels. There is an eloquence about the writer's manner, which assures us that he speaks from a full understanding of the evil against which he declaims: that he has had at least three falls, for instance, during the present winter, and perhaps a snow-ball or two, by way of accompaniment, into the bargain.

MUSIC.—A punster the other day, speaking of Mr. Bochsa's indictment against the *Examiner* newspaper, and expressing surprise that Mr. Bochsa, after all that had passed, should be continued in his office at the Opera House, a gentleman present, observed, that “he thought Mr. B., whatever his faults were, had been hardly attacked; and that such persons—being merely public exhibitors—might well enough be admitted within a certain pale.” “You are right,” returned the first—“It should be a very large *pail*—and very full of water.”

MORE MUSIC.—Boieldieu's opera of *the White Mail*, which there was a great fuss set up about Miss Paton's refusal to play in, has been brought out at Covent-Garden Theatre, and sufficiently explained the cause of the lady's contumacy—it was laughed at on the first night of performance, and withdrawn on the fifth. It is best, I rather think, to leave the managers and the actors to settle their differences among themselves as they can: because it is always very difficult, in any dispute, to determine which is in the right; especially if—as generally is the case—both are in the wrong. And, as for calling performers the “servants of the public”—they get a great deal more money, very often, than their comparative merits, or importance in society would seem, perhaps, to entitle them to—but the notion of their being the “servants of the public”—or owing any thing to the public—is trash—cant fit to use no where but at a “Theatrical Fund” Dinner—mere “subscription benefit” cant. No actor—nor any author—is read—or run after—from any charitable feeling towards himself; or from any end beyond the gratification of those persons who read, or run after him. He is commended and received by men of sense, because his merit in his calling renders him valuable and acceptable to such men: and fools follow him because they must follow something, and because they fortunately have an instinct to be led by those who are wiser than themselves. But what duty, or service, can any artist owe to the public, when that public never notices him, until his powers, by gratifying their appetite, have made his presence a luxury for which they are content to pay! An actor, like every other trader, is entitled to take—both in meal and malt—in money, and money's worth—which is the privilege to be impertinent—for the talent,—which is the commodity that he has to dispose of—just the highest price that it will fetch.

It is said that, in consequence of the death of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, and of some unfortunate occurrences, which will be generally recollected, which took place during his illness, the Catholic question is to be abandoned for the present Session of Parliament. There can be no doubt but that, under existing circumstances, this course is the politic one; for it would be impossible to mention the claims of the

Catholics in the House of Commons, while the Royal Duke's death, is still fresh in men's thoughts and remembrances, without provoking reference, and drawing forth comment, as to events and declarations, which, for the interest of Catholicism, should be allowed to sink as fast as possible into oblivion. The opinions or expressions of persons, whose business or amusement it is, to utter gratuitous harangues, would be in themselves too valueless and unimportant ever to be repeated; but, while the Catholic body persists to acknowledge those individuals as its leaders, or fails to reject and disavow, publicly and formally, the sentiments which they assume to utter on its behalf, their follies and opinions unhappily acquire a consequence, for the hopes, and claims, of millions of ill-judging individuals become endangered by them. Against such conduct as that which has lately been pursued by some of the Catholic representatives, it is impossible for the best cause ever to thrive; and those parties who are the warmest advocates of Catholic emancipation, as a measure of policy, cannot disguise from themselves, that it would be a measure, at the present moment, highly offensive to the people of England. A curious instance of the state of popular feeling on this subject, took place but a few nights since—while the Duke of York lay dead—during the performance of the tragedy of *King John*, at Covent-Garden Theatre. Those passages in the play which displayed a defiance to Catholic pretension, were cheered loudly by great numbers of persons in the house; while those points which urged, or favoured, its claims, were received with hisses and laughter. These demonstrations proceeded chiefly, if not entirely, from persons in the lower, or middle classes of society; in which classes, there can be no doubt, that the greatest quantity of dislike to the Catholic cause is to be found; but, those classes, it will have to be recollected, compose the great bulk of the community, and that very bulk, which the party that most vigorously supports Catholic emancipation in the House of Commons, has ever insisted should be considered and listened to. There can be no prudent man, who wishes well to the Catholic cause, but must feel the paramount necessity of allowing it to sleep for the present. If it is brought forward, whatever may be its fate, by a few votes one way or the other, in the House of Commons, the majority against it out of that house will be signal and overpowering.

Apropos of Catholics, and Ireland—a query suggests itself to me. The watchmen in London, are all Irishmen. How does it happen that those men are employed to keep the peace in a foreign country, who never can keep it in their own? This fact forms a curious contradiction to the theory of Spurzheim, who said, after his visit to Ireland, that unless the *heads* of the people could be altered, it was in vain to pass any laws to improve, or tranquillize the country. I always thought, myself, that Spurzheim was wrong here; and that by a judicious attention to the *necks* of the population (as their heads could not be altered), a great deal might be effected.

The *Bolton Chronicle* contains a complaint against the practice of compelling persons to attend divine service, on Sundays, in that town; a process which is carried into effect, it seems, by the chief constable and his assistants going forth while service is performing, and “sweeping” the streets of Bolton—sending the idle (in custody) to church, and the drunken to the cage. They use this compulsory ceremony, however, very

generally in the larger towns of Lancashire ; and in some—in Manchester for instance—very rigidly ; although I am not quite sure that the devotion so forced is of a very valuable character—or that the law enacting it, is carried quite impartially into effect. I recollect I was on a visit once, at Manchester—at the house of the borough-reeve, or mayor ; and, being at church on the Sunday, with my host, was honoured with the carrying of a wand, and invited to take a place in his magisterial procession. About the middle of the service, accordingly, we sallied forth ; and presently met with two pigs, whom we apprehended, and sent to the green-yard. Shortly after, we met a man in the street, who looked like a labourer ; and my friend immediately accosted him, with an air of authority ; asking “ why he was not at church ? ” The fellow tried to excuse himself, by saying that he was “ going on a journey ; ” but this plea was not admitted ; and he was threatened with a fine, and sent to church in the charge of a constable. By and bye, we met another labourer, who was asked—“ why *he* was not at church ? ” And the man answered—“ that his wife was ill, and he was going to fetch a midwife ; ” and even this excuse had some trouble to prevail. And in the same way, going on, we met five or six more poor looking people, in the course of our round, of all whom my friend asked the same question, and with some severity, “ why they were not at church ? ” But presently when we met a well-dressed gentleman, in boots and spurs, who appeared to be making ready to go out for a morning’s ride, I observed then, that my friend only nodded, and asked *him*—“ what was the news ? ”

IMPORTANT WORKS IN PREPARATION.—Proposals have been issued, for “ publishing by subscription a “ series of BUSTS ” of the “ principal THEATRICAL PERFORMERS, whose talent has rendered them the admiration of their country ! ” It would be superfluous to say any thing in furtherance of this important object ; and among the names of the distinguished individuals thus already immortal, and to be further immortalised, appear those of “ Mr. Cooper, Mr. Wallack, Mr. Browne, Mr. Bennett, Mr. J. Russell, Mr. Gattie, Mr. Reeve, Mr. Penson, &c. &c. ; Miss Love, Miss Graddon, Mrs. West, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Bunn, &c. &c. ” People cannot make too much haste in contributing to this very laudable, and indeed nationally indispensable public undertaking. But what has Mr. Claremont done, that *his* bust is not to be taken ?

It is a particularly needless fulsomeness, I think, that—whenever any member of the royal family is dead—of cramming every newspaper and periodical publication, for the three months next ensuing, with dull stories of his life and private conversation. My only consolation, every time I have taken up a newspaper for the last three weeks, has been that the Duke of York in his life was not a WIT. Anecdotes, which end in nothing, are bad enough in conscience ! but posthumous JOKES—those, for instance, which were (most treasonably) imputed to the late King after his death—the little paragraphs that used to be headed, in the *Post* and *Courier*, “ ROYAL BON-MOT ! ”—it makes one’s blood run cold to recollect them !

Letters from the peninsula, up to this day, bring nothing important or decisive ; but the aspect of our foreign affairs, in the main, is pacific. France does not appear anxious to go to war ; and we need not give ourselves a great deal of uneasiness as to any very trying contest with Spain. In Portugal itself, neither of the native parties seems inclined to measures of great activity : probably the soldiers, on both sides, feel that it would

be rather a needless expenditure of life and limb to fight. The chief seat of war—such as it is—lies now in one of the most romantic tracts of country in the whole Spanish continent—and a country strong in its natural capabilities for defence; the country between Coimbra and Vizeu; the high road through which lies over the Siezza of Busaco. Mort-agoa, the present quarter of the Constitutionalists, consists of little else than a few straggling huts, lying in the very heart of rugged and stupendous mountains. Tondella, which is in the possession of the insurgents, is a larger village, containing a few houses belonging to persons of moderate fortune, and not unpleasantly situated. Vizeu, about nine miles further north still, is one of the neatest towns in that part of the peninsula, but small—not near so extensive as Richmond, and of dull appearance, without much advantage of position. Cea, which the Royalists were holding, I perceive, the other day, is one of the most beautifully-situated spots in the country. It lies on the side, and nearly at the base, of a mountain—just under the great Siezza de Estrella, on the top of which the snow lies during three-fourths of the year, while the people are scorching in the valley below; and looks over a plain, the very richest and most extensive in the province of Beira—very fertile, and highly cultivated—the prospect wants nothing but a bold river, to make it one of the most delicious in the world. Cea consists only of a few houses; but all these are handsome: it amounts rather to an assemblage of country seats, than to what we should call a village. Goveia, situated in the same line, is a more populous place, and looks, at a distance, one of the most picturesque towns in Portugal. It lies, like Cea, upon the side of a mountain, but is so formed as to be seen all at one view, and like one building, as a stranger approaches it; and the view lies across a richly-cultivated flat, which separates, by about the width of a mile, from the high road. Going still further north, the scene changes, and we get into a barren, and, in many parts, into a frightful country. Celerico and Guarda are dreary residences both: the first is a poor straggling town, scarcely worthy of the title, standing about a mile from the banks of the Mondego; and in the centre of a country where, looking as far as the eye can reach, in many directions, you find nothing but masses upon masses—piled almost to the sky—of black granite, and a soil of the same inhospitable material, or of sand. Guarda stands higher in situation, I believe, than any town in Portugal, and is subject to almost incessant rains. It was said in the last war, that the French occupied Guarda, in their first campaign, for three months, and that it rained, without exception, every day while they were there. In the next campaign, they entered it again; and the first exclamation of the advanced guard that marched into it was, “*Par bleu!* it is raining here still!” Whether the Frenchman spoke English on this occasion, or whether the comment was translated, I do not pretend to determine. All these places almost—Vizeu, Cea, Celerico, and Goveia—were by turns the head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington, during the last war. When he was in Goveia—just before the retreat to the lines of Torres Vedras—he had sent his last effective detachment—a small party of the Foot Guards—to the advance; and a few ill-dressed soldiers of the 95th (Rifle corps)—just sufficient to furnish the sentries—were doing duty at his Excellency the Commander-in-chief’s own door. From this point, towards the Spanish frontier—that is, towards Ciudad Rodrigo—the course lies by Almeida, through Alverca and Pinhell. Descending towards Lisbon, you may pass through a mountainous but rich country, by Penhan-

cos, Galezes, and Venda da Vallée; and from thence it is out a few miles to Fozdao, a small village on the edge of the Mondego—from whence the river is navigable for boats of small burthen to Coimbra. From Coimbra, excepting only about two leagues of deep sand and pine-forest between Alcoentre and Rio Maior, and about five leagues more of bad *chaussée* and hills between Condeixa and Coimbra, and three from Sacavem to Lisbon; you have one of the finest roads in the world running all the way to the capital.

DEAD IN LAW.—

“Yet, all thy goods being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord!”

Merchant of Venice.

A singular defence to an action of debt was set up at the Court of Requests in Holborn, a few days since. Mr. Brown, (the plaintiff,) a “licensed victualler,” claimed eight shillings from the defendant, (Mr. Pearce), being the amount of a public-house score; and Mr. Pearce, pleaded that, since the debt accrued, he had been condemned *to be hanged* for robbery; a sentence, which, though not carried into effect, had balanced accounts between him and all the world at large. The commissioners held that the defence, though new in its character, a good one; and Mr. Pearce, who had a little “national debt,” in different places, outstanding in chalk against him, went away obviously regarding the judge who had passed sentence upon him, as the very best friend he ever had in the world.—Query: As a sentence to be hanged dissolves all contracts—whether in chalk or otherwise—into which a man has previously entered—would it be of power, I wonder, to dissolve his *marriage*, and divorce him from his wife? As it was the custom, in former days, for persons to submit knotty points to each other in this Magazine—I shall feel obliged to any “Correspondent” who can give a solution of my question.

There is a great dispute in the French newspapers, which of the contending parties in Portugal, at this moment should be called the “rebels.” The “rebels,” I take it, must always be the *beaten* party; terms of reproach are, in general, more descriptive of a man’s position than of his quality. Thus, Sir Joseph Banks properly objected to Johnson’s definition of the word “weed—a wild, worthless herb.” The knight’s own definition was a great deal more like the thing—“weed,” sub. from *Veod*, Saxon. “A plant that grows in the wrong place.”

The *Globe* of last night states, that “early yesterday morning, as some boys were skating on the canal in the Park, the ice gave way, and one of them was unfortunately drowned”—and goes on to “lament that the Police officers are not more vigilant in preventing such accidents.” The Police officers must be negligent of their (ulterior) interests, as well as of their duty, if they really are negligent in preventing them. I am surprised, however, that the “Patent Skating,” which was exhibited a few years since at Covent Garden Theatre, did not make more way. It was, at least, as pleasant an exercise, I should think, as skating in the natural way; and had the peculiar advantage that it could be executed in a warm room.

A filthy wrangle is going on, promoted it appears by the Dean and Chapter of Windsor against the executors of the late Duke of York, as to the property of the Field Marshall’s *baton*, of which his highness died possessed. This *baton*, which appears to be a moveable of considerable value, the Dean and Chapter claim as their *PERQUISITE*. It would be

particularly convenient if the system of “perquisites” (by which the private revenues of the Sovereign are devoured) could be got rid of entirely about the court; as it has already been got rid of—because it was found an intolerable nuisance—pretty nearly every where else. The fees and perquisites attached to some state offices are so enormous, that ceremonials are omitted in order to escape them. Those arising out of the late coronation were so large that I cannot venture to state them, not having a calculation immediately at hand; and I recollect that when the “Bank Tokens” were issued, about ten years ago, one of the causes assigned for circulating that silver currency, in preference to coining the metal into shillings and sixpences, was the heavy sum which would become payable in fees to the officers of the Mint! Every system of “vails,” too, has a natural tendency to run into abuse. Purchases are swelled, and consumption straightened, in order to increase the amount of the *remainder*. I rather believe that the accounts of Carlton House, if they could be *practically* checked, would exhibit some whimsical illustrations of this truth. All the leading newspapers, I observe, speak of the absence of *flambeaux*, for instance, at the Duke of York’s funeral. They were handed to the soldiers in the procession *in great numbers*, but very few were *lighted*. The *Times*, I think it is, says that, in some of the streets of Windsor, the hearse at some parts could scarcely be distinguished from the mourning coaches, except by an occasional glimpse, afforded by the flickering of the *few* torches, held at considerable distances by the troops which lined the way. These torches were of white wax, and of a costly description: it would be curious to know to what officer, the torches employed in the ceremony, and *not consumed* (as a perquisite) reverted?

A WIFE BY ADVERTISEMENT.—A French paper says, “The gentleman who advertised some few weeks ago in our paper for a wife, was married on Monday last,” (the paper is of Saturday) “to a lady procured by means of the advertisement—and has a son. We wish him joy,” &c. &c.! I am sure I wish the gentleman joy too. “*Domus et placens uxor!*” as the quack doctors in their hand-bills say!

The *New Edinburgh Review* is out: a weak number, I think, as the *Review* stands now—not to speak of the rank that it held formerly. Some of the papers are on subjects which have grown stale, and most of the others upon matters not of much general entertainment or interest. The best article is that upon the “Counsel to Prisoners charged with capital offences,” which contains a great deal of sound argument and acute reasoning; though I don’t think it is so entirely conclusive as the author seems to assume. The question, at best, appears to be one which only leaves a choice of difficulties. There may be mischief as the law stands at present, but there would, pretty certainly, continue to be mischief (though of a different character) if the law were altered in the way proposed; and the only doubt can be, in which course we shall be open to the least quantity of evil.

It is true that, in Scotland, (where the reviewer perhaps lives) a prisoner, charged with felony, is already allowed to address the jury by his counsel, and no inconvenience—as it is stated—ensues. But there is some difference between the being even satisfied that a system works perfectly well in one place (where it is already long established) and the being convinced that it would be expedient to establish it as a new arrangement, in another. Scotland, it will be recollected, has a great deal less to do in the way of executing criminal justice than England. The country affords less temptation,

and less opportunity, for the commission of crime; and, consequently, has her market far less crowded with those speculators whose business it is to live by the defence of crime, than ours is here. The thieves—alone—of Edinburgh, do not pay (as those of London do) ten thousand pounds a year to counsel and attornies: all the rogues of the three kingdoms do not flock to her shops and dwellings to plunder; nor all the adventurers to her bar, to struggle—no matter how—for briefs, and fortunes. The quantity of crime to be dealt with in Scotland, the temper of the people, and the style, and regime established at the bar, all differ widely from the state of things which prevail in England; and yet Scottish advocates, I believe, are well aware—and, unless I am misinformed, no man has a better right to know the fact, than Mr. Jeffery himself—that culprits are sometimes acquitted, even in Scotland, by the ingenuity of their counsel, where they ought to have been punished?

Because—we have not made our arrangements—dull as we are—in England, without some meaning of our own, if we could be allowed to explain it. When we allow a man to defend himself in an action for the price of a pair of breeches, by the mouth of Mr. Scarlett—but not against an indictment in which his life is implicated—for murder—our motive, right or wrong, has been this—we say, “it matters very little, (in the first instance, which way the trial goes; but in the last, society has too deep an interest at stake, to permit any babbling, or trifling, or equivocation, which may interfere with the course of justice. We will allow more latitude to the shewing of real truth—no great matter as to the strict regularity of the method by which it is got at—in a trial for felony, than we do in a civil case: but at the same time, we shut out, more peremptorily, the chance of any miscarriage by juggling or by quibble.”

I do not mean at all to decide that the law ought to remain as it is; or even to say peremptorily that the balance of argument may not be in favour of giving full liberty to counsel to address the jury in capital cases, as upon inferior indictments; but I do not think that the case for doing this is quite so clear as the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* seems to make it.

The first effect of allowing counsel to address juries in capital cases, would be the introduction of a new style of forensic display, which would be at least unseemly, if not very mischievous. The getting a “prisoner’s brief” for some capital crime, in that case, would be the getting an opportunity of *making a speech*: and that opportunity would be used, by a great number of persons who have little general hope in cases of importance to be entrusted, without the slightest regard to any object beyond that of doing, or saying, something which should relieve them from obscurity. We should have, from the counsel for the prisoner, abuse of prosecutors; denouncement of witnesses: appeals to all the prejudices and passions of juries. This would lead, of absolute necessity, to counter appeals—to inferences of extreme severity—to arguments addressed to men’s fears of robbery or wrong—and, in fact, to a merciless pleading against the prisoner’s life, by the counsel for the prosecution. We should have just the same description of squabbling, and defiance, and recrimination—only of a more vulgar description—in a court of life and death, that we have in the court of Common Pleas: one advocate’s prospects being built upon acquitting a prisoner—right or wrong; and the other’s reputation at stake—right or wrong—upon the hanging him: all which sort of *lutte*, and combat, may be well calculated to do eventual justice, and has nothing

objectionable about it when the question is as to the price of a great coat, or the quality of a cask of blubber, but would be something offensive to decency and good taste, where the matter at stake was a human creature's life.

This would only be unseemly; but—whatever it is—it is mere nonsense to say that a judge would, or could, repress, or stop it. No judge would be found to stop *any* defence—made by a prisoner, or made by a prisoner's counsel—where the *life* of the culprit was at stake. It is true the judge would have a new duty to perform; and not of a very agreeable nature: he would have to reply to the arguments of counsel, and to argue with the jury against the prisoner—which would be something unpleasant? It would sound oddly to hear the lord chief justice pleading as hard against a dying wretch in a case of highway robbery, or burglary, as the Chief Baron, for instance, pleaded against a defendant the other day, in a case of libel. But another objection arises, far more important than that of unseemliness; I think it more than likely that the ends of justice would frequently be compromised by the alteration proposed. It is not the “makers of speeches” *alone* who would be employed as counsel in the defence of prisoners. Their *custom* would be worth the having of better people—of men of real ingenuity, subtlety, and discretion. And if there be a case or a subject upon which such a man might easily get up an argument which should mislead and perplex twelve persons of weaker intellect than himself, it is that very description of case or subject which is presented in in three-fourths of the most important trials which arise in the criminal judicature of the country.

Of all descriptions of proof or evidence, that given in criminal cases, is generally the most open to cavil, and the most easy to perplex. And the higher we go in the scale of enormity, the more difficult it is generally, by plain and direct evidence to bring guilt home to the culprit. Murder is a crime, almost invariably proved—and necessarily—by the mere evidence of circumstances. By evidence, which, when we come to canvass it, seems frequently frightfully slight: and yet which is the very best that, under the circumstances, can *exist* to be adduced. To take the case of Thurtell for instance—a case that will be in general recollection—nobody has ever doubted the justice of the verdict in that case; and yet I cannot be persuaded that, to a lawyer of a certain description of talent—to such a man as the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas was—who might have addressed the jury, something almost more than a chance for a verdict of acquittal was presented. The poor wretch himself who was tried, was a coxcomb as well as a villain. Some strangely judging person wrote a speech for him, every word of which was out of the way which pointed to his safety: he fancied that he spoke it like Kean the actor; was delighted—and hanged. But how fragile was all the proof in that case, if it had been handled by an advocate, who, instead of uttering tropes, would have pointed out difficulties and discrepancies?

Two men—by their own admission, accomplices *after* the murder—beyond much reasonable question, to all moral purpose, accomplices before it—the one having concealed the body of the murdered man in his house—the other, the man who first shewed that he knew the place in which it had been eventually disposed of—both these fellows, notorious villains, long before the murder in question—both having shared the plunder gained by the murder—both these had been absolutely pardoned (when it was found that one would not do)—a course almost unprecedented—to get

evidence against the prisoner. The next witnesses were a boy, the servant of one of these accomplices and approvers; and two women, of habits almost infamous; one, the same man's wife, and the other his sister. The only evidence—independent of the statements of these wretches—was purely circumstantial: and, even as circumstantial, of a slight and uncertain character. That the murder had been committed by some one, or more, of the three ruffians concerned, there could be no doubt; but, supposing the man at the bar to have been really *not present* at the deed—which was not *impossible* upon the circumstantial evidence—he could have had no human means of proving that fact, for the only living creatures who could have proved it, would have been the actual criminals, who were saving their lives by swearing against him. The question which an able counsel would have argued upon that occasion, would not have been whether the prisoner was altogether clear from guilt, but whether the evidence which the jury had heard, and the circumstances before them, were such as they could safely condemn a man to suffer death upon?

Now this is a case, not singular, but of every day. The proof in most cases of felony is slight; and juries, where death is likely to follow, will always be nervously cautious how they convict. And, although it is an excellent maxim in criminal justice, that “ten guilty men had better escape, than one, being innocent, should suffer,” yet, if we are not to take care that the “ten guilty” do *not* escape, the utility of criminal law is at an end. I do not mean to rely at all upon the argument “that the present system works well.” I admit that the prisoner now, is no match for the counsel employed against him. That though the judges do, in almost every instance, most cautiously and earnestly protect prisoners; yet that they cannot be “of counsel” for them (that is that they cannot comment upon the prosecutor's evidence, as they—the prisoners—if they possessed the power of expressing themselves clearly—would comment upon it). And that though the existing system, checked as it is by a guarded and humane surveillance, after the verdict is pronounced, perhaps does ample justice—that yet the prisoner has too many odds against him, and is entitled to be placed in a better situation. But, even admitting all this—and not at all assuming upon this hasty glance, even to prejudice the Edinburgh Reviewer's question—yet I am not convinced that the cause of substantial justice would be aided by the introduction of a set of artists into its conduct, whose avowed business, and duty, is to perplex, and confound, and mislead, and puzzle, and, in fact, defeat justice as far as possible. The law proposed, it must be recollected—the giving to prisoners the full power of employing counsel to address the jury for them—still does not at all, of necessity, place the culprit and his prosecutor upon a level—nor all culprits upon a level one with the other; for those prisoners who are without *money* to employ counsel, will remain as liable to be hanged without just cause, as ever! Where the object is to attain the truth, I think, the less interference we have from those who are hired to perplex and defeat the truth, the better; and, as a course better calculated to place all parties upon an equality, instead of a Bill, to enable counsel to make speeches, in capital cases, on behalf of prisoners, I should be well pleased to see a law passed, prohibiting counsel from addressing the jury, in criminal cases, altogether.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

The Bhurmese War, by Major Snodgrass; 1827.—Bringing the events of the whole war together, this will of course be a welcome narrative. Nothing new—nothing but what is confirmative of the despatches, scraps of which have been from time to time doled out to us through the public prints, is to be expected—the writer was himself the Commander-in-chief's political secretary. We do not affirm the narrative is not substantially correct, we only hint, that if aught required concealment, the station of the writer precludes him from exposing it. We are, however, content with the narrative; whether all be told or not, enough is told,—which is what we most wanted—to account for the tardiness of the conquest. The enemy, though known to be capable of bringing large bodies into the field, was also known to be incapable of sustaining the efforts of disciplined troops. And the fact is, at last, that the Commander with an army never exceeding six or seven thousand, and that number never effective, defeated assemblages of sixty and seventy thousand. Then why were three campaigns required? To make up for lack of information in the planning, and lack of means in executing the plans. The truth appears to be, that those who planned and sanctioned the war, presumed upon a spirit of dissatisfaction through the Bhurmese territory, which did not exist. The Bhurmese had encircled themselves with conquered provinces—Pegu on the south, Assam on the north, Arracan on the west; of course, each of these provinces would hail the arrival of—an invader, and welcome any one, who came—to *exchange the yoke of slavery*. It never entered into the pericraniums of the India council, that these provinces, though conquered, might not be in a state of slavery—that they might be fairly incorporated with their conquerors, and as free (if the word can be used) as the Bhurmese themselves. And the fact proved to be, that none of these discontented people had the least wish to throw off the intolerable yoke. But, however, in the style in which we so often do things, the expedition was despatched, to take its chance, against Rangoon—unfurnished with the means of advancing up the country, either by land or by water; neither with boats to pass up the rivers, nor waggons to carry provisions by land. The malcontent natives were to find all for us. All too was to be ended at once—the capture of Rangoon involved the conquest of the empire; or even Ava was to be stormed, if it were necessary, before the rains set in. The forces landed in May, and the rains began in June.

But we will give our readers a sketch of the war. In May 1824, troops to the amount of five or six thousand were assembled at the Great Andaman Isles, and forthwith set sail for Rangoon—some small detachments being previously despatched to take possession of

an island on the Arracan coast, and another point or two—thus weakening their strength in the outset, for no very obvious advantage. A feeble resistance was made to their landing, and Rangoon was quickly evacuated—quite abandoned, and left without provisions or inhabitants—a miserable place—a vast assemblage of wooden huts raised from the ground, with a few brick buildings, and one splendid and conspicuous pagoda. The dock-yards too, of which report spoke so magnificently, were found with one sloop on the stocks, and nothing but a few wretched coasters was to be seen in the harbour. At Rangoon the army were forced to continue, unable to advance—joined by not a soul of the discontented, but hoping still that the natives would think better of the matter—would discover their own interests, and supply our wants.

In the meanwhile, the enemy's troops, which had been assembled in the north, expecting the attack on that side, collected round Rangoon; and several encounters now followed, in which the Bhurmese were invariably repulsed—their stockading system being but a feeble resistance against artillery. These stockades, by the way, of which we have heard so much in the Bhurmese war, were lines of defence, consisting of trunks of trees set firmly in the ground, as closely together as possible, and sometimes sixteen or eighteen feet high. In June, a force under one of the principal ministers was routed; in July and August, another of a more formidable description, under the command of the King's brother, bucked by a suite of astrologers, &c., was in like manner defeated. The Bhurmese now became alarmed, and Bundoolla, a commander of the highest reputation for skill and luck, was summoned from Arracan to take the command, and by him a force of sixty thousand was brought to bear upon Rangoon in December. The rains had set in in June, and continued till October. The British army during this period suffered greatly, subjected to continual harassings through the whole rainy season, when “no European troops could have kept the field twenty-four hours,” and disease spreading rapidly among them. Very soon after the landing at Rangoon, detachments had been sent to the south to take possession of Tavoy and Mergue; and to these places, towards the end of the rains, had the sick been conveyed; and, quickly recovering, were re-assembled by the time Bundoolla had collected his overwhelming hosts for the attack of Rangoon in December. These attacks were of the same impetuous, but unskilful kind with the former; and, by the middle of the month, the army was completely routed, and the invincible Bundoolla himself slain.

Reinforcements had, before this event, arrived from Bengal; and preparations were now made for advancing up the country, some by water up the Irrawaddy, and some

by land. In February 1825 they set out; but the land-division, when mid-way between Rangoon and Prome, found themselves obliged to return to Donooben, to aid the detachment by water, which had failed in repulsing the enemy's force; and thus it was not till late in April, the whole of the troops arrived at Prome, about two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles up the Irrawaddy. Here the campaign of 1825 may be said to close. The rains set in early in June, and no farther advance was thought of till November. In the meanwhile, the Bhurmese made desperate efforts to assemble new forces. Attempts at negotiation were also made; but the object of the Bhurmese, in these negotiations, was palpably to gain time; and, in November, an army of seventy thousand was actually brought up before Prome. To these the British commander had only about three thousand Europeans and two thousand Sepoys to oppose, but they finally routed and dispersed these numerous forces.

After this, which seemed the decisive defeat, the little army prepared for marching upon Ava, the capital of the empire; and, by the end of December, arrived at Mellooni. Here the terms of a peace were concluded, but not finally ratified by the King; and here another force of the Bhurmese were routed. On the 25th January, 1826, the army again moved forward upon Ava. They were soon met by Dr. Price, one of the American missionaries (who had been thrown into prison on the commencement of hostilities, on the supposition of his being an Englishman), and a surgeon of the name of Sandford, who had been taken prisoner about a month before, commissioned by the government to open a new negotiation for peace, and to take back the terms. They were accordingly informed of the terms; and the commander promised in the mean time not to advance beyond Pagham-new for twelve days, a place, which he could not possibly reach in less than ten. When within a day's march of this Pagham-new, intelligence was received of a new army assembled, which, to the amount of eighteen or twenty thousand, in fact, they encountered the very next day, the 9th February, and routed as before. Again the army advanced, and finally were met at Yandaboo, only forty-five miles from Ava, by two ministers of state, and peace was concluded, much to the disappointment of the British army, who were looking to the spoils of Ava, as some compensation for the long and painful harassings of three campaigns, to which ignorance or presumption had exposed them.

Major Snodgrass left the army at Mellooni, with the treaty concluded at that place.

A very interesting narrative has just been published, addressed to the late Mr. Butterworth, by Mrs. Judson, the wife of one of the American missionaries in Bhurmha, detailing the miseries suffered by her husband from the

cruelties of the Bhurmese; with some descriptive particulars of the Bhurmese court. These excellent and resolute individuals—still pursuing their purpose—have established themselves in Arracan under British protection.

Life of Mrs. Siddons, by James Boaden, Esq.; 1827.—This gentleman's *Life of Kemble*, last year, fairly exhausted our patience; and we turned to these two volumes—made, it seems, to match the former—with a kind of loathing reluctance, which nothing but our respect for the once conspicuous subject of the memoir would enable us to strive against. As our duty bade us, we began at the beginning, and read—yes, reader, we read the “Dedication to the King;” and we trust but one other mortal will read it,—may he resolve to discountenance for ever the crawling fawningness of the language. What but disgust, does the writer think, can it excite in a manly spirit to be told to his face, not only that his *VIRTUES* are read in the *GLORIES OF HIS EMPIRE*, but that these virtues stoop even to the decoration of his *CAPITAL*; that the vigilance of his *MAJESTY'S* observation is *EVERYWHERE*; and his government, in the attention to the *condition* of his subjects, *PATRIARCHAL*!—OHE!

Then follows an “Introduction,” of several pages, to account for the author's writing a life before the life terminates—all in the worst possible taste—with a deal of talk about Alcides and Achilles; and the important information that he did not himself venture upon a “*justum volumen*,” till he was sixty—of course we are to expect the benefits of discretion and judgment in full maturity. If he had been twice sixty, it would not very much have surprised us.

But, though we are in no very good humour with Mr. Boaden, the book is better, than the last. He talks himself, we believe, of having benefited by the remarks of the critics, and that he has in consequence made his book more *compact*—no, no, we recollect—it has more *unity*, he says. Unlucky phrase—for the work, while professing to be memoirs of Mrs. Siddons, actually suspends these memoirs for two hundred and fifty pages, to give the general history of the London stage from 1776 to 1782, the intervening years between Mrs. Siddons's first retirement and her final return. But the book is an improvement still. When he does get into the heart of the memoir, he sticks to it; and gives no bad conception of her peculiarities and excellencies in some of her leading characters. We could select *Lady Macbeth*; not that we incline to attach any importance to the opinions of a man, so manifestly bent upon extravagant eulogy as he is. Mrs. Siddons was, doubtless, an actress of extraordinary powers, but that she surpassed all of “woman born,” we do not choose to

* It is with this swelling type Mr. Boaden enforces his flummery.

affirm, because we cannot make the necessary comparison; nor exactly to confide in the eulogist, because, when we meet with eulogies, we feel a disposition to look to the judgment of the parties making the eulogies, as well as to the merits of those respecting whom they are made.

Mrs. Siddons was born in 1755. Her parents, it is very well known, were managers of a country theatre. She herself was suckled and cradled on the stage; and, in her thirteenth year, possessing an agreeable voice, sustained the heroines of all the operas, and sang the incidental music of other pieces. The person to whom she was afterwards married was the leading performer of her father's theatre, playing every thing from Hamlet to Harlequin; and, before Miss Kemble was fifteen, there was between them a declared attachment. The father disapproving of so early an union, removed her, and placed her under the "protection of Mrs. Greathead;" what this "protection" means we know not, or why so ambiguous a phrase should be used. If Miss Kemble was a servant, no body will suppose that condition of life to reflect any real disgrace on her after-superiorities. But Mr. Boaden twaddles of her father's expecting her to look beyond the precarious profession of the stage—which must be nonsense; turning her upon the stage, as he had done, from her very leading-strings, for what else was she likely to be fit? And again, of the brighter prospects opening to her under the protection of Mrs. Greathead, which must be a little flight of imagination. With Mrs. G. however, let the situation have been what it may, the young lady resolved not to remain—her soul was in the scenes—an intercourse by letter had been kept up with Siddons; and, at the end of two years, an application was made, not of course likely then to succeed, to Mr. Garrick; which failing, she resolutely quitted Mrs. Greathead, returned to the stage, and married Mr. Siddons before she was eighteen.

When about twenty, she did succeed in her attempts to present herself on the London boards, in the character of Portia; and, in the course of the season, in a few other less significant characters, but made little sensation. This Mr. Boaden attributes to "established favourites." In his opinion she was then equal to any thing, and any body, &c. This, of course, is highly improbable. The sensation she made six years after was instantaneous and unequivocal; and there were reigning favourites still. At the end of the season, feeling her disappointment, she withdrew to the country, and was for some time the popular performer at Bath. No attempt was made to return to London for six years. This interval of six years—not to be lost—Mr. Boaden occupies, not with any account of Mrs. Siddons, but with the history of the stage; and her absence he compares, after his manner, to the retirement of Achilles from the field of Troy, when insulted by Agamemnon; and himself to Homer. Homer

compensates the absence of his hero by the catalogue of commanders and ships, and Mr. Boaden that of his heroine with a catalogue of all the actors and actresses that strutted their hour till the recall of Mrs. Siddons.

In 1782—under better auspices, perhaps, and doubtless much improved—she re-appeared in London, and was at once acknowledged the first actress of her day; an eminence which she maintained till her final retreat in 1812.

The manifest superiority of the young performer—she was not twenty-seven on her return—excited the envy of some, and the jealousy of others among her competitors; and some very base means were used to turn the tide of popularity against her, particularly by charging her with refusing to play for a charity, and a decayed actor, except at a higher price than was usual; the effects of which were, however, averted by the promptitude of her friends, and still more by her own firmness. From her first introduction too—we speak of 1782—she met with extraordinary attentions from the higher classes of society, and maintained from the first a bearing of equality among them, which speaks, as we say, volumes of her for strength of character, and propriety of demeanour. With the power of moving in this elevated sphere, so flattering to the vainer feelings of the lowly-born, it is no wonder she shunned the society of her compeers; but this alienation again excited the ill-will of those with whom she was compelled to come in close contact, and occasioned her frequent vexation. Her dresses, too, were magnificent, and were said to dip deep into the treasury; and inaccessible as such splendour was to the rest of the ladies, was another source of envy, and one which finally involved her in her brother's unpopularity. On two or three occasions, after her retirement in 1812, particularly her brother Charles's benefit, she presented herself again to the public; and, for a season or two, gave her readings from Milton and Shakespeare, in a style of excellence which has never been surpassed, and will long be remembered.

Transalpine Memoirs; or Anecdotes and Observations, shewing the actual State of Italy and the Italians. By an English Catholic; 1826.

— "A curious sight,
And very much unlike what people write."

So quotes the writer; for our own parts we have not been able to discover this mighty difference. The author's remarks bear chiefly upon Rome and Naples; and notwithstanding the imposing title-page, are confined, pretty much, to the description of buildings and the detail of ceremonies; but these buildings have been described, and these ceremonies detailed, a thousand times; and the only difference appears to us to be in the tone in which the said ceremonies are spoken of. He does not, and as a Catholic, he could not, ridicule them; and though

by implication he is occasionally free enough, he has always a word or two of apology for them; the whole, however, is touched with a light and lively pencil—never prosing enough to weary. For the occasional freedoms, not amounting perhaps to more than flippancies, we leave him to his confessor.

Of the Romans, (says he,) after living among them many months, I know little more than their general feelings. Though I was acquainted with some of them, they are, very naturally, unwilling to put themselves out of their way, to receive successive flights of birds of passage; whom, from all I perceived, they do not like, even as passengers. Those whom I met in company, I generally found amiable, *discontented* people. —(Vol. I. p. 155).

Discontented with the government, we suppose, he means; for elsewhere, he says:

They complain, and with reason, that every branch of the administration is entrusted to the clergy, the chief of the government being of that order. But why not admit his secular subjects to secular charges? The Pope is, indeed, head of the Church, and as such, chief of a religious government; but he is also temporal sovereign, and as such, head of a secular government. These reflections are, however, of no avail to the laymen who want places, and they pass their lives as best they may. —(Vol. I. p. 75).

Though professing thus to know little of the Romans, he speaks of the Italians, with respect to their religious belief, in these general, but probably pretty correct terms:

The religious belief of the Italians is like that of the greater part of the world; with this difference, however,—*it is free from scepticism*. They receive, and profess to believe, all the articles of the Catholic faith; they question nothing; they deny nothing; they admit every thing; but this admission, this belief alters nothing in their morals or conduct, they themselves never think of it; they have been brought up so; they have been told that it is the religion they are to belong to; they see it professed by all around them; none do, none ever have arraigned its truth, they have never been called upon to decide between adverse opinions, and they therefore allow those they found to continue as a matter of course. Although many adopt the modern spirit of philosophy, yet the generality seem to think their easy and inconclusive manner of professing the established religion to be less troublesome than would be a philosophical opposition. —(Vol. II. 118).

Speaking of monks, he says:

I believe that the remarks of English travellers on the "dirty, lazy monks," apply generally to those capucins, one of whom now stood on the rock before me. As to their *dirtyness*, poverty is the spirit of their order; before the institution of which, all convents, if not exclusively reserved for nobles, required of those admitted into their communities at least a good education, and a dowry more or less considerable. St. Francis, therefore, founded his order chiefly for the reception of the poorer classes, of working men and peasants, who are certainly capable of as much devotion as the higher ranks of society; and owing

to the strictness of its rules, and to its being unable to possess any lauded property, its members subsisting only on voluntary charitable contributions, this order is mainly supplied by poor men. Then as to their *laziness*, these capucins' convents have generally very large parishes attached to them, which are served, with great zeal and attention, by their priests: Yet an Italian secular priest remarked to me—for the secular have a sort of enmity against the conventual clergy—that St. Francis was very *astuto*—cunning, in not having allowed his order to possess landed property; as on that account, no one had any interest in dispersing it, and when dispersed with others, it was always the first to re-establish itself. One would, however, have expected "cunning" to be the last epithet applied to the founder of this useful order of self-denial. —(Vol. II. p. 69).

The author was at Rome soon time after the election of Leo XII.—an event which he found to be the subject of general conversation. He details the *on dits* of the day, which amount to this, that Leo's election was the surprise of every body. The courts of France, Austria, and Spain have each of them a veto against any particular cardinal; but as this veto can only be once exercised, the exercise of it is usually delayed to the latest moment. Two-thirds of the conclave decide the election. Cardinal Sevaroli, it seems, was on the point of being elected, when the representative of Austria interposed, on the ground, it was understood, that Sevaroli, when legate at Vienna, had refused to be present at Napoleon's marriage with the Archduchess. Sevaroli, on his rejection, had influence enough to recommend his friend Gerga, and in the course of the following night collected votes sufficient to secure his election the following morning, before the French representative, who had orders to prevent Gerga's election, had time to interpose. This is the story reported, says the writer; yet Cardinal de la F., the French representative, speaks much in praise of Leo XII., and asserts that his election was decreed by Providence; and in truth, adds he, *it seems to have been quite providential, if the court of France was opposed to it*.

Gerga, Leo XII. is said to be of a poor gentleman's family of Spoleti. In his youth he had been a great *chasseur*, and followed the chase as an exercise beneficial to his health. On this account, as soon as his exaltation was made known, it was hailed by the following epigram of the still subsisting Pasquins:

"Se il Papa è cacciatore
Son cani i Cardinali,
Son selve le Provincie,
Ed i sudditi animali."

Leo XII. is supposed to be a great admirer and advocate of the *ancien regime*—of ancient manners and customs—and of wishing to bring his subjects to a great severity of morals and appearance. Thus, according to the plan of reform, he has published edicts, by which he forbids drinking in wine-houses; those who are dry, are obliged to buy through a grate the measure of wine, and either to drink it standing in the street, or to carry

it home. You may conceive the discontent this *ordonnance* could not fail to cause amongst the lower classes; one or two *sbirri* have been stabbed in a late contest in a transteverian wine shop.

A woman announced to me, the other day, in great agitation, that an order was about to be published, commanding the different classes of subjects, to wear particular dresses, by which they might be distinguished. My informer lamented, therefore, at the prospect of being obliged to cast aside all her present wardrobe, and considered how she should look when dressed in yellow stockings and blue cap; for it had been settled what was to be the dress of each order. The whole, however, turned out to be a fudge—a Roman laugh against themselves and their condition. The promoter and encourager of these dispositions that are lent to the Pope, is said to be the Cardinal della Somaglia, the secretary of state. He is reported to have had the intention—but to have been deterred from it by embassies from the different towns—of diminishing the public expenditure, by abolishing the charge of lamp-lighting; because, he is related to have said, in his youth no streets were ever lighted at night, and that, nevertheless, *all went on just as well*.

I now hear that the committee for vaccination has thus been lately suppressed as an *innovation*.

Talking lately with some Romans, the conversation turned on Cardinal della Somaglia. Somebody affecting to mistake the name, called him Somarella—a little ass—Indeed I myself had had with him a recent interview, from which I had retired penetrated with due respect for his age and station; but the person to whom the other was speaking, immediately caught up the pun, repeating: *Il Cardinale della Somarella! Oh, questo mi piace!*—Oh, I like that!

When the French were in possession of Rome, they cleared away the shabby buildings that encumbered the ground around the beautiful column of Trajan: and the earth being dug away as low as the base of that column, twenty or thirty pillars, broken off at a greater or less distance from their pedestals, were exposed to view; they are all, however, without *capitals*. These mutilated pillars, the remains of the Forum of Trajan, are known to modern Roman wits by the appellation of the *Consistory*.

I was this morning stopped in the street by a procession of children, two of whom carried a cross, which the others followed singing—a very common amusement at Rome;—approaching the wall to make room for them, I saw an edict permitting the exportation of gunpowder, as the manufacture of that article exceeded *i bisogni dello stato*—the wants of the state. How good!

We must find space for a few words on the papyri manuscripts. The author visited the apartment in Naples, where the process of unrolling is carried on.

The rolls, (says he), are completely *burnt*; but they are no more consumed than would be a sheet of coarse writing paper by being lighted into a flame, which, soon dying away of itself, would leave what was written still legible on the unbroken cinder. These rolls of papyri are only written on one side, and that side is innermost. On the outward and uninscribed side, a steady hand, with a small paint-brush, attaches with glue,

goldbeater's skin, and the piece of scorched papyrus, thus backed, is picked off from the roll with a small pointed steel instrument. When a sheet, twelve or fifteen inches long, is thus detached, it is inframed behind glass, and carefully copied as inscriptions are drawn. The few gaps and words destroyed in the original manuscript are then supplied by a jury of learned men.

Notwithstanding the simplicity of the process, which was carried on before me, but three volumes of the many rolls have been printed. A society has the monopoly of these manuscripts; otherwise, I have been assured, private individuals of Naples would, long since, have published them all.

The late administrator of this museum never entered the building either before, or during, or after his administration.—(Vol. I. p. 207).

The Revolt of the Bees; 1827.—This is an eccentric kind of thing—a political allegory, painfully but blunderingly elaborated. The Bees, it will be supposed, represent society. Impelled by restless and ambitious spirits, the said Bees, once upon a time, changed, not only the form of their government, but the very principles of society; for instead of all working, as before, for the common good, each was now to pursue his own—to *appropriate*, that is, his gains, and further his own interests to the full extent of his abilities and opportunities. The speedy consequence of this change, was the orders of rich and poor. Hence arose quarrels and disorders; and hence also arose laws and lawyers. Masters and servants pulled different ways. Inequalities of property became every day more conspicuous and pernicious; and power augmented with augmenting wealth. The right of legislation was all with the rich, and they of course studied their own advantage, and made laws to suit their own purposes. Those who shrunk from labour courted the patronage of the great, and to secure it, exerted their abilities in contributing to their pleasures and advocating their schemes. The interests of the poor were forgotten, or rather were disregarded. The priests inculcated submission, resignation—passive obedience; the economists, while professing to develop the interests of the whole, laboured to point out the most effective mode of expressing the maximum of virtue from the bones and sinews of the poor, and to make the great still greater. By them the genius of mechanism was invoked, and steam and machinery quickly threw myriads—helpless and discontented—upon the world. Starvation covered the land, and the execrations of misery echoed around it. The rich became alarmed, and schemes of every kind, wicked or wild, were caught at and promulgated; and gladly would they have expelled, or exterminated, or annihilated the surplus population. In the midst of this confusion of expedients appeared a sage of a Bee, who announced the existence of a society instituted upon *co-operative* principles, and flourishing under the exercise of them—principles manifestly calculated to sweep away the fatal evils introduced by the late

revolt of the Bees from the good old government of their ancestors. The existence, or the possibility of such a society was scouted—it was unintelligible—it was fantastic—it was ideal, and all the while it was, nevertheless, the very institution from which the Bees had revolted.

Every expedient failed, and a civil war ensued, of the most deadly kind—poor against rich. And now suddenly to the contending armies appeared an awful vision of Allan Ramsay, whose happy valley between the ridges of the Pentland Hills, had been the scene of the Bee Society, and now of their wars. The spirit of the poet undertakes to cure all ills, and exhibits to their wondering gaze the very society announced by the Bee Owen;—and the rest of the book is occupied in tracing the marvels of the new establishment—which new establishment, reader, proves to be the co-operative one—a realization, in short, of Mr. Owen's reveries on a most magnificent, luxurious, enchanting, irresistible scale. The object of the book, then, is to contrast the vices of existing society—the competitive system, as it is, not unaptly, termed, with the corrections and virtues of the “new view”—the co-operative system; but this object is pursued in a style of childish romance—exhibiting the effects of the system in an incompatible union of passionless equanimity, and voluptuous elegance—fitted only to make absurdity more absurd.

That the vices of society are rapidly multiplying by inequalities of property and separations of ranks, cannot for one moment be doubted; nor can it be doubted by any unbiassed person, that these inequalities are augmenting by the acts of the legislature—the members looking mainly to their own interests—or that the economists are playing blindly, or designedly, into the hands of the great; but that any removal of the real evils of society can be accomplished by the institution, general or partial, of co-operative societies; or any good effected by inculcating the belief that society could by possibility be cut down into thousands of little independent coteries, and all made to act alike, as if men were made of pasteboard instead of passion, and as if all were born alike, instead of no two being so—every atom of experience warring against the nonsense—the very supposition of these things, we say, proves the persons entertaining such puerilities neither know themselves, nor their fellows—neither the stuff of which society is made, nor the actual condition of it.

But it is not worth while to warm upon it,—and if we speak sharply of the book, it is with reference to the pretended utility of it—for we believe the writer serious. He is, we doubt not, a man of excellent feeling, and obviously a person of no mean cultivation—a man prompted by the sympathies of his nature to deplore the evils of life, but not destined to alleviate them. The writing

is carefully polished; and through the whole there runs, nevertheless, a sleepy—slow-winding flow, not unsuited, it may be said, to the visionariness of the subject.

Let the reader contemplate the beautiful vignette in the title-page, drawn by Corbould, and engraved by Wallis; it is worth the whole volume ten times over.

The Fluxional Calculus: an elementary Treatise, designed for the Students of the Universities, and for those who desire to be acquainted with the Principles of Analysis; by Thomas Jephson, B.D. Baldwin, London.

—Partly from the effect of ancient prejudice, and partly from the want of elementary books in our own language on the subject, analytical science has only of late been successfully cultivated in this country. But, as if during her protracted torpor from the death of Newton, the genius of England had been collecting strength for such an effort, she at once attained a proud pre-eminence; and our philosophers do not yield to those of the continent in the extent of their researches, or in their ability in conducting them. Now on no subject of human learning is a perfectly clear perception of first principles so indispensable as in the mathematics; and an elementary work on any of the branches of them requires not only clearness of demonstration and perspicuity of expression, but to be as far as possible independent of every other one, and complete in itself—this is not the case with Mr. Jephson's treatise, pretending to require in the student merely a little previous knowledge in algebra and geometry; it is, in fact, unintelligible except to those well versed in these sciences, while the generally obscure and frequently equivocal manner in which the author expresses himself, renders his work unfit for a beginner in the science of which it professes to treat. Now, yielding Mr. Jephson full credit for a perfect acquaintance with his subject, though the value attached by him to the infinitesimal method of Leibnitz, affording at best but a compensation of errors, is almost unaccountable, we conceive that the sole purpose to which his book can be applied is, to serve as a magazine of the abstruse but useless questions which form so prominent a part of an academical examination. For a thorough knowledge of the calculus, as well as an elementary one, recourse must be had to the work of Mr. Lardner, by far the best that has appeared on the subject since analysis has attracted the English mathematicians, who, we may reflect with pride, have sedulously avoided the error so prevalent on the continent, of rendering analysis a substitute for geometry, instead of its assistant; and have not been misled by the illusion—that a calculus can elicit new principles, and is not confined to facilitating the combination of those which already exist.

Euclid's Elements of Geometry; containing the whole twelve books: translated into English from the edition of Peyvard. To

which are added, *Algebraic Demonstrations to the second and fifth books; also Deductions in the first six, eleventh and twelfth books; with Notes, critical and explanatory.* By George Phillips, *Queen's College, Cambridge; Part I, Books 1 to 6.* Baldwin, London, 1826.—When there are so many works on the elements of geometry, which, either by supplying a few links, and thus rendering more continuous the chain of demonstration, or by presenting a more perspicuous arrangement, are superior to the elements of Euclid; and when there already exist in our language such excellent editions of that work, we cannot see the reason which could have induced Mr. Phillips to undertake this new translation. He has followed, it is true, the most modern and approved text of the author; but, as far as he has hitherto gone, what benefits result from it? A few deductions are annexed, and algebraic demonstrations to the second and fifth books—mere puerilities. The pleonasm in Euclid's definition of an angle, and in that of an isosceles triangle, is overlooked; the fifth postulate is left without note or comment, although involving a subject which has engaged the ablest mathematicians; and the difficulties arising out of the doctrine of proportion are barely removed by the assistance of Dr. Robertson. In his preface, he favours the ridiculous pretensions of the Greeks (*quicquid Græcia mendax audet in historia*), whose vanity led them to claim, as of their own invention, whatever could embellish the mind or benefit society. Thales, for example, first teaching the Egyptians to measure the height of the pyramids by the extent of their shadows—although the construction of these pyramids implies some knowledge of the mechanical arts, and their position involves the tracing of a meridian line, and some acquaintance with the projection of shadows, &c. If the Greeks were in every respect so superior to the Egyptians, why was it that in the country of the latter the former uniformly sought to acquire information. We agree with Sir William Drummond in something more than suspecting the originality of the discoveries of Pythagoras, and of the school of which he was the founder, and think it as likely that a hecatomb was offered by the philosopher, at least if there be any truth in the report, upon remembering the demonstration of a truth he had formerly been taught, as for having found out the truth itself. The Greeks, like the Romans, are their own historians; and, when the instances of their bad faith are confessedly so numerous, we must receive with extreme distrust whatever is advanced on such doubtful authority.

Greek and English Lexicon, by Rev. J. Groves; 1826.—We have now four Greek lexicons in English, one by Dr. Jones, a second by Dr. Donuegan; a third, published by Valpy, professedly a translation of Schrevelius's, and clandestinely a pillaging, more or less, of Dr. Jones, who has been unwise

enough to throw away his time, temper, and money upon the Chancery Court, and all to no purpose; for how was he to prove a case like his to the technical specifications required by the Court?—and a fourth, the one before us, by Mr. Groves. On the respective merits of these bulky productions, it will not be expected that we should give a detailed, or scarcely a specific opinion; let it be enough for us to say generally, as we may truly, that, on a cursory glancing over the whole, and an occasional comparing of parts, all of them seem to be respectably executed, and will prove to be eminently useful in the furthering the attainment of the language—Dr. Jones's the most—though in schools the least so. He has the merit of coming first into the field; but his successors have had the advantage—and they have all of them taken that advantage—of his pioneering. He has also, for his own emolument, put too much of what he will call philosophy, first into the arrangement of the words, and next into the deductions and transitions of words from their original to their derivative and associated meanings. All this “philosophy,” as the book was intended mainly to circulate in schools, was labour lost, and should have been reserved for the more extended lexicon the indefatigable verbalist has in view. In his lexicon, words are not to be found in their places alphabetically, but derivatively—a serious disadvantage to learners—and of no possible advantage to any body else. It requires the clumsy appendix of a second alphabet—an index to tell us where the stray sheep are to be found—like Scapula's. The inflected parts of words, too, Dr. Jones has disdained to insert; but the absence of them will balk the beginner, and will be sure to exclude his book—not merely from schools. It presupposes too much. It is to these deficiencies Dr. Jones should attribute the falling off in the sale of his book, and to the finer tact of his competitors—not to the pillagings of Mr. Valpy and his *employés*.

Every one of Dr. Jones's successors have stuck close to Schrevelius, and preserved all the inflections—we mean the oblique cases of nouns, pronouns, and participles, and the tenses and moods of verbs, the insertion of which, indeed, many of them varying so irregularly, and so widely from the “theme,” is indispensable for learners.

Mr. Groves has spared no pains; but his lexicon is chiefly remarkable for piles of English words, indicating what are deemed to be different meanings—more than thirty for such a word as *δεχεται*, forty for *εχω*, and still more for other words, whose general sense is equally obvious, and of which the particular sense, when not obvious, must be gathered from the context, and not by referring to clusters of unconnected words, calculated rather to perplex than to inform. In a pretty long preface, Mr. G. has not found room, we see, to mention poor Dr. Jones's name, though it is quite manifest,

he had his book before him. We do like a little acknowledgement, where it is due.

Head-pieces and Tail-pieces, by a Travelling Artist; 1826.—And very good vignettes they make; the artist is no novice. He handles a sombre and a somewhat ponderous pencil, but with good discretion. The strokes are decisive. The best of the set is perhaps the "Guerilla Brothers." These brothers are both of them in love with the same lady. The interests of their country summon them to arms. She promises her hand to him who brings home the brighter laurels, and dismisses them each with her portrait bound round his neck, to be brought back by the survivor. Hating each other, as rivals, with a deadly hatred, and resolved to outstrip each other's deeds, they quickly distinguish themselves among their fellows. In a desperate encounter with the enemy, one of them is overpowered, and is just on the point of sinking, when the other comes in sight; his first feelings are exultation—self-triumph—a desire and resolve to leave him to his fate; his next, the promptings of a more generous nature—the struggle within is of the most rending kind—he flies to his brother's rescue, but too late; the blow descends, and he falls. The moment of hesitation was fatal. After the battle, he is found clinging to the body, with a miniature clasped in his hand; his senses have fled; and not till long, long after, is it, that he is seen hovering round the house of the lady. That house appears lighted up, and the signs of merriment are seen and heard. It is the lady's bridal. The death of both brothers had been reported. He bursts into the midst of the assembly, and lays the portraits at her feet, and rushes from the house. She is left the image of misery; and he is found, in a few days, stretched dead, on the brow of a hill, that overlooked the scene he had just quitted. The story is exceedingly well told. The "Return" is a good story, too, of a less sombre cast, though still of the *disappointing* kind. "The Way to Rise, or the Cunning Clerk," is of still another description, and terminates with an attempt at humour, better conceived than executed.

An historical Defence of the Waldenses, or Vaudois, inhabitants of the Valleys of Piedmont, by Jean Rodolph Peyran, late Pastor of Pomaret, and Moderator of the Waldensian Church: with an Introduction and Appendices by the Rev. Thomas Sims; 1826.—The public attention has of late been drawn to the history and condition of the Waldenses, and considerable exertions have been made to contribute to the relief of their secular and ecclesiastical exigencies. We are not at all sure that either were very imperative; but we are quite sure there can be no occasion for Englishmen to go a thousand miles off in search of distress; and we are equally sure, that foreign provision for the ministers of religion is not likely to make

those ministers in any respect more effective. This forwardness of strangers to pour in relief will only ruin the simplicity of the little establishment, will only tend to multiply the number of the ministers, and suggest ambitious views. Whether the humble natives, the laymen of the valleys, whose advantage one might suppose was mainly concerned, will be benefited, is a very questionable point.

Certain persons, clergymen all, traverse these valleys, and find Protestants in the midst of Catholics; and what is to them matter for marvel, pastors among them very poor, scarcely distinguishable from their flocks. The first thought is, how unlike ourselves; and the next, let us do something to make them—unlike themselves. A bustle ensues, subscriptions are raised, and a handsome sum, by way of earnest, is transmitted. What follows? the ministers are encouraged to look for farther transmissions; the prospect expands—schools are to be opened—fresh labourers for the vineyard are to be hired—every little hamlet must have its own pastor; and what will be the result? new measures will outstrip the new funds; the enthusiasm of contribution will cool; neglect, disappointment, and dissatisfaction ensue.

The history and actual condition of the Waldenses constitute a real curiosity; but no sufficient ground see we for attempting to warm the sympathies of a distant land in their favour. The pastors are poor; but not the worse for being poor, nor the less *influential* as pastors. The volume before us is valuable for the authentic information it conveys of these people. It is styled an historical defence. The volume, in fact, comprises three or four original pieces, in French, of Jean Rodolph Peyran, late pastor of Pomaret, and moderator of the church, who died in 1823. These pieces are—1st, Letters in defence of the Waldenses, addressed to Cardinal Pacca, at the time confined by the Emperor of the French as a state prisoner in the fortress of Fenestrelle, within a few miles of Pomaret: 2d, A reply to the Bishop of Pinerola's charge, in which that bishop addressed the Waldenses in favour of the church of Rome—the Waldenses came within the limits of his diocese: 3d, An address to his colleagues on the contents of the same charge: 4th, A controversial letter to a M. Ferrary: and 5th, A late Waldensian confession of faith, in Latin; the whole constituting what the editor calls an historical defence. The editor himself has added a pile of commentary, in the shape of an appendix, to each of the pieces, at least equal in bulk to the pieces themselves, and in our opinion generally very superfluous. He has also prefaced M. Peyran's works with a sketch of his life; and followed up the preface with an "introduction," including—1st, A view of the valleys of Piedmont, and of the character and employment of the inhabitants: 2d, An epitome of the history of the Waldenses: and 3d, An account of the recent at-

tempts for their benefit. This introduction will furnish the reader with ample information on the several subjects of which it professes to treat, in a brief and agreeable form; and this, together with the very able statements and defences of M. Peyran himself, will supply to the full the curiosity of the public. The editor leaves us nothing farther to wish, than that the Vaudois themselves may be left undisturbed, and their pastors uncorrupted.

We can, perhaps, in a few lines furnish a sketch of these somewhat interesting people. With respect to their present condition—the Vaudois occupy the valleys of Piedmont, known by the names of Luzerna, Perosa, and San Martino, neither of them of very considerable extent, at the very foot of the Alps. The present population of these valleys amount to about twenty-two thousand, occupying fifteen villages, and one hundred and three hamlets. The villages are in the valleys; the hamlets chiefly on the declivities. Of the population, about seventeen hundred are Catholics; the rest, of the Waldensian persuasion—professing doctrines not essentially differing from Protestants. The fifteen villages are, or rather were, under the pastoral care of thirteen ministers, whose religious duties extend over the numerous, but very small hamlets.

With respect to their ecclesiastical history—they claim an original independence. They have never formed a part of the Roman Catholic church. After the second Council of Nice, when the use of images was sanctioned, Claudius, bishop of Turin, resisted; and his successors continued their resistance to the profane introduction. Persecution, however, they seem not to have suffered so early as the Albigenses, a people professing precisely the same sentiments, in the south of France; but in the fifteenth century, the storm broke upon them. The Inquisitor Aquapendente, in 1475, made many martyrs; and numbers were butchered in an invasion of two thousand, headed by a nuncio of Innocent VIII. in 1477. In 1534, in 1560, in 1602, in 1624, and in 1655, successive attacks were made upon them, and their numbers greatly reduced. The barbarities exercised in the year 1655 excited the indignation and sympathy of Protestant Europe. Cromwell commanded a collection to be made in their favour, which amounted to £38,241. 1s. 6d.; and bestirred himself in remonstrating with the courts of France and Turin. The effect of this remonstrance of Cromwell, and the Protestant courts of Europe, checked the oppressions of their masters, till the Dragoonades of Lewis in the south of France encouraged the court of Turin to play the same pranks upon the Vaudois. A brave resistance was made; but bravery would have been in vain, but for the fortunate quarrel between the courts of Versailles and Turin, which preserved them from extermination, at the very moment when all seemed hopeless. The miserable fugi-

tives returned to their valleys, and the relics have from that period been undisturbed, at least by the fire and sword of religious persecution.

On this last occasion, reduced as they were to the deepest misery, relief was forwarded from several quarters. Among the principal was an annual grant of £500. by our William and Mary; of which sum £266. was appropriated to the ministers and their widows, and the remainder for the repair of the churches, and the support of schoolmasters. This annuity continued to be paid till 1797, when Piedmont fell into the hands of the French. In 1814 an attempt was made by Mr. Wilberforce and his friends, at the suggestion of Mr. Sims, the editor of the work before us, to get a renewal of the grant, which was resisted by Lord Castlereagh. Another effort, more vigorously, or at least more efficiently made, was last year successful. For our own parts we must be permitted to remark, our *public efforts* should have been directed to stimulate the court of Turin. If foreign countries provide for the ministers of any persuasion, why should the natives trouble themselves? Not only, however, is this annuity of £500. renewed to them, but the interest of £10,000.; three per cent. Bank Annuities, is regularly remitted to them by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts; a sum which was originally raised in 1768 by letters patent from the King for collecting in the churches. Not content with these rather ample sums—ample we mean of course with reference to the occasion—a subscription was last year opened, which amounted, in January 1826, nearly to £5,000, since considerably augmented, and which is to be appropriated, we believe, to the support of an hospital, students and schools.

What has their own government done? Much, after what we have detailed, was of course superfluous. But what is it? A gracious permission to solicit contributions in foreign countries; but, lately, something more substantial, 500 francs per annum to each of the Vaudois pastors. The King of Prussia, besides, has given £500; and the late Emperor of Russia another £500, and a third £500. has been recently bequeathed by the Bishop of Durham. Altogether, we must confess, the bounds of prudence have been overstept. Let Englishmen look at home.

The Secret Correspondence of Madame de Maintenon with the Princess des Ursins, 3 vols. 8vo.; 1826.—Madame de Maintenon's story and character every body knows. The Princess des Ursins, though historically known, is not so familiarly known. She was a native of France, the widow of two husbands of the families of Talleyrand and Ursini. On her second widowhood she was sent to Spain, probably through the influence of Madame de Maintenon, to attend on the Queen of Spain, and through her to manage her husband Philip, the new king, and keep

him steady to the interests of France, and the views of his grandfather. Her letters constitute the larger part of the present collection.

Of the genuineness of this correspondence there is, we believe, no reason to doubt; they are said to be published from the original MSS. in the possession of the Duke de Choiseul, and indeed seem to carry with them their own vouchers. Though interesting and valuable documents, they serve rather to confirm than to correct our conceptions of the court of France, or materially to add to our information. Madame de Maintenon's are placed in the foreground, though not commencing so early as those of the Princess. The Princess went into Spain in 1705, and began her correspondence with Madame in July of that year; the first letter is dated from Bourdeaux, on her way to Spain, and continued it very steadily to the end of 1714—the period in which she was daily expecting the arrival of the new queen; the first, the Princess of Savoy, had died a few months before. The first act of the new Queen, and her confessor, Alberoni, was to dismiss the Princess. Of this act we have no account from the Princess herself. Madame de Maintenon offers her condolence on the occasion, and continues the correspondence till the death of Louis, a few months after, and her own final retirement to St. Cyr. The particulars of the Princess's expulsion from Spain, we remember, among the best morsels of Lacreille's history.

The period of the correspondence between these two distinguished women was one of great anxiety for both courts. War raged, after the manner of those days—now and then a battle—now and then a siege—with Marlborough in Flanders, Eugene in Savoy, and the Archduke (Philip's competitor) in Spain. For many campaigns disasters befell the French on all sides. General after general succeeded to the command of the French army—all boasting and all failing alike—Villeroy, and Vendome, and Villars, and Boufflers. The new King of Spain was driven more than once from Madrid, and more than once seemed on the point of losing all. The letters are occupied with the current events; Madame de Maintenon's are generally lugubrious; she is perpetually in despair, and always anticipating the worst, and puzzling herself in wonderment that Providence should desert the cause of truth in favour of heretics. The Princess seldom indulges in lamentation, and seems to take the good and the bad with much *sang-froid*. She was evidently a clever, active woman; fit for counsel, and delighting in it; engaged in business, and taking a natural tone—neither affecting to despise it, nor disguising her share in it. Madame de Maintenon is always professing her ignorance of the *mobile* of affairs; nothing is communicated to her, because her advice is not expected; it is mere matter of accident she knows any thing that is passing. But nothing, however, escapes her; and the trouble she gives herself is itself

pretty good evidence it was not all in vain, or without an object. Her friends and connections were not forgotten in the distribution of favours. Notwithstanding, she no doubt met with vexations enough. She was in an equivocal position; and though with the greater part of the royal family she was on terms of confidence, real or affected, all who were disappointed were probably her enemies, and would make her feel their enmity one way or another. The querulous tone of her letters, when speaking of herself, is sufficiently significant.

I confess to you, says she, on one occasion, that the females of the present day are to me insupportable: their ridiculous and immodest dress, their snuff, wine, gluttony, coarseness, and indolence, are all so opposite to my taste, that it is natural for me to dislike them. I prefer modest, sober, and sprightly women, who can be both serious and playful, of a raillery, which conveys praise, whose hearts are good and conversation lively, and artless enough to confess to me that they recognize themselves in this portrait, which, though drawn unintentionally, I think extremely correct.

The Princess de Vandemont is to be at Paris, but I think she will come to Marly very soon; we shall remain there during the whole of July. I dare say I shall see her oftener than her husband; I am not dissatisfied to have been able to dispense with his society, *however, it has not occupied my thoughts*: he has not intimated a wish to see me; but *you know that I am not anxious for visitors*.

Of her influence and interference, in the midst of disclaimers, take her own account.

It is true, that the archbishopric of Lyons is almost hereditary in this family (that of Villeroy), as well as all the higher charges of the province, which is not too good in policy, for all the Villeroy's will not perhaps be like those we know. As to the Abbé de Villeroy, I do not know enough of him to meddle with his establishment. Places in the church interest the conscience of those who bestow them, and one has sins enough of one's own, without being answerable for those of others: however, I know nothing which should exclude him, but the King's inclination is wholly in favour of the Marshal. It is true, that I do not like to meddle with affairs, that I am naturally timid; but it is also true, that I have interfered too much with them. It is I who have brought forward the Abbé de Fenelon, upon the sole reputation of his merit—what displeasure has that not cost me! It is I, who ardently desired the see of Paris; what a dreadful business we have now against a prelate (de Noailles), who, though irreproachable in his morals, tolerates the most dangerous party (Jansenists) which could rise in the church; who renders his family miserable, and sensibly afflicts the king at a time when his preservation is so necessary. These facts increase my natural timidity, &c.

Of the effect of Fenelon's lessons on his pupil, and the consequences to himself, we have often heard. The following extract is of some interest. The Duke of Burgundy (Fenelon's pupil) commanded in Flanders in the campaign of 1708, and was equally unsuccessful with his predecessors.

What could our Prince do, who has not yet acquired much experience, and who finds himself involved in a situation the most difficult, but fall on the advice of a man (Duke of Berwick), who enjoys the confidence of the king his father (grandfather)? How can he discriminate and judge of himself, that the counsels he receives are too timid, and that he must give himself up to M. de Vendôme, against whom three-fourths of the army are enraged? This is the cause of the outcry against our Prince; he has not thought of justifying himself; he has not given any explanation, nor has he charged any person to take up his defence: events have been unfortunate, the minds of the people are soured, his virtue has excited all the discontented against him; while his declaration about the Jansenists makes all that party his enemy; the hatred against the Jesuits falls upon him, on account of his confessor; *the cabal which M. de Cambrai (Fenelon) is said to have at court, brings still more obloquy upon him. Nothing is now spoken of but Telemachus, in which he has taught the Prince to prefer a pacific king to a conqueror*: all this causes the outcry of which you hear; some say that he *wished Lisle to be captured*, in order that we might be *forced to make peace*; while others assert that he wanted to restore the place, *because the King had taken it unjustly*; others again say, that he does not wish for any fighting, from the *fear of losing human lives, &c.*

The letters will illustrate the account given of Madame de Maintenon's character, by the Duc de St. Simon—who to be sure was no friend of hers, but still a very honest man.

On the days of business, says he, Madame de Maintenon, in whose apartment the ministers transacted affairs with the king, sat by, reading or working tapestry. She quietly heard all that passed, and rarely threw in a word. The word was still more rarely of any consequence. The king often asked her advice, addressing her in a playful tone, as—your solidity, or—your reasonableness. She answered slowly and coldly, scarcely ever betraying a prepossession for any thing, and never for any person; but the ministers had their cue. If by chance the king at first fixed on her candidate, it was well, the ministers were sure to agree; and they contrived to hinder the mention of any other. If he shewed a preference for any other, the minister read over his own list, rarely recommending any one directly, but hinting at the objections to all, so as to leave the king perplexed. In this embarrassment he often asked the advice of the minister, who, after balancing the good and bad qualities of all, shewed a slight preference for one. The king hesitated, and frequently in that stage referred to Madame de Maintenon; she smiled, affected to be incapable of judging—said something in favour of another candidate, but at last, sometimes slowly, as if deliberating, sometimes, as if by a sudden accidental recollection, returned to the candidate whom she had prompted the minister to recommend; and in this manner she disposed of all favours in France.

Recollections of Egypt, by Baroness Von Minutoli; 1827.—These very agreeable recollections are recorded by the lady of Baron Minutoli, known by his splendid work on

Egypt. She accompanied her husband in his voyage up the Nile to the Isle of Elephantina. The party landed at Alexandria, proceeded to Cairo, and were received with the most courteous attention by Mahomet Ali. Under his auspices, with every accommodation that regenerated Egypt could supply, they set out—after visiting the Pyramids, of course—for the upper provinces. Visiting Thebes, and other places on the banks of the river on their way, they reached Syeni, from which place they proposed still to work up to the Cataracts. But Syeni was destined to bound their progress to the south; for Mahomet Pacha, son of Mahomet Ali, and governor of Upper Egypt, to whose protection the party had been especially recommended by his father, refused his permission, on the ground that the island of Philæ was occupied by Albanian troops, and that as he could not answer for their safety, he would not take the responsibility. They were, therefore, obliged to return to Cairo; from which place, after a short stay, they proceeded homeward by the way of Damietta.

The subject of antiquities the lady leaves very much to her lord, and confines herself chiefly to a narrative of the tour—detailing, in an animated style, the few events they encountered—some perils and more frights—some peculiarities in costume and manners, and a visit to the Pacha's harem. Of the women she says generally—and not at all according to the usual representation—

All that I have been able to learn by personal observation, and what I was told by several Levantine ladies, concurs to prove that the *situation of the women in the East is not so unhappy as we generally fancy it to be*. The different races and sects, of which the present population is composed, have, it is true, this in common, that they shut up their women; and the Copts, though Christians, observe this custom with much more rigour than even the Arabs themselves; but this privation of liberty is only imaginary, and extends no farther than to prohibit them from appearing in public without a veil, which is a kind of cloak of black silk, which hides their form and their face in a frightful manner, and to exclude them from the society of the men. They are, notwithstanding, perfect mistresses at home, and exclusively command the slaves in their own service, who, in spite of the favours of their masters, are no less dependent on the wife than on the latter. As their dwelling is always separated from that of their husband, they have a right to prevent him from entering it, by placing before the door a pair of slippers, which is a sign that they have company. The husband, who dares not appear in the presence of another person's wife, is obliged to respect this indication; and the German proverb, which says—that a man is under his wife's slipper—may be perfectly applicable in the East. When they wish to visit any of their friends or relations, the husband has not the right of opposing them; and, attended by a faithful slave, they sometimes absent themselves from home for several weeks together. Under the pretext of these visits, I was assured that they allow themselves incredible liberty; in

spite of their veils, and the locks under which they are shut up, they find means to indemnify themselves for this constraint; and it is here that we must see the truth of that maxim, which says—"that virtue protects itself, and that good principles are the best dowry of a female,"—&c.

We were amused with the following—speaking of Cairo:

Men in office, says the writer, and the rich, have a kind of amusement, which was in great vogue in Europe during the middle ages, namely, that of buffoons, or professed fools. They often tell their masters very plain truths, &c. I was told the following trait of ingenuity in one of these buffoons. This man one day seeing his master eat pillaw, a favourite dish among the Turks, which he would not have dared to touch before the end of the repast, amused himself meantime with holding over the dish pieces of bread, which he swallowed after they were imbued with the steam of the rice, to shew how desirous he was to have what was left. When the Turk had finished eating, he said to him, in an angry tone, "You have been robbing me of the steam of my dish; you shall pay me for it; this pillaw was worth a plaster; you shall pay me four." "Nothing is more just," answered the buffoon; "I will pay you immediately for what I have taken from you." He then drew from his purse a Spanish dollar, which he balanced on the top of his finger, and made it ring in the ear of his master. The latter, not knowing what this meant, at length asked, impatiently, when he was to be paid? "Are you not paid already?" said the buffoon; "surely the sound of this dollar is as good as the smell of your rice!"

The whole volume may be soon read, and it is worth reading. It is singularly well translated by a lady.

Specimens of Sacred and Serious Poetry, from Chaucer to the present day, by John Johnstone; 1827.—This very neat little volume has all the merit a compilation of the kind can have—judicious and unhacknied selection. It embraces the whole of Grames's "Sabbath" and Blair's "Grave," as being, we suppose, wholly applicable to his purpose—a selection of sacred and serious poetry—and neither of them very long extracts, from eighty or ninety poets, fill up the rest of the volume, from Chaucer, the "Prioresse's Tale," down to some of the more conspicuous poets of the present day—among whom we observe, to our surprise, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs—the merit of the little piece attributed to him, we leave to the compiler, who, perhaps, has read it, and to

those who *can* read it, to discover. To many of the extracts is prefixed a memoir of the author, accompanied with remarks on the genius and character of his writings—written generally with sound discrimination.

The music of the following lines appear to us to be singularly sweet. They are taken from two small volumes of great merit, entitled the "Harp of Zion," and "Songs of Israel," by the late Mr. W. Knox.

DIRGE OF RACHEL.

And Rachel lies in Ephrath's land,
Beneath her lonely oak of weeping;
With mouldering heart, and withering hand,
The sleep of death for ever sleeping.

The Spring comes smiling down the vale,
The lilies and the roses bringing;
But Rachel never more shall hail
The flowers that in the world are springing.

The Summer gives his radiant day,
And Jewish dames the dance are treading;
But Rachel, on her couch of clay,
Sleeps all unheeded and unheeding.

The Autumn's ripening sunbeam shines,
And reapers to the field is calling;
But Rachel's voice no longer joins
The choral song at twilight's falling.

The Winter sends his drenching shower,
And sweeps his howling blast around her;
But earthly storms possess no power
To break the slumber that hath bound her.

Neither Mr. Knox, nor his poetry, we believe, is much known. He was the son, it seems, of a respectable farmer in Roxburghshire. The latter part of his life was embittered by that unsteadiness and uncertainty of pursuit, in which a man without any fixed profession is but too apt to become involved, however great may be his talents, and which has too often a pernicious influence in unsettling the social habits of those, who possess more facility of temper than decision and firmness of mind. Knox was of this class—a man, of whose faults the best and worst thing that can be said is, they injured no one so deeply as himself. His failings were those of habit—his virtues had a deeper root. He died in Edinburgh, in 1825, after an illness of three days, at the age of thirty-six, affording yet another melancholy lesson of the inefficacy of mere genius to impart either happiness to life, or grace or dignity to character.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REVIEW.

AMONG the memorabilia of the month, has been the return of Kean to Drury Lane. What would our forefathers, those stubborn independents, who went out an hundred years ago, with scrip and staff, to drain the swamps of Pennsylvania, or shiver on the banks of the St. Lawrence, have said, if some newspaper, prophetic of the wonders of their children, had announced, that the freightage of every sloop should have its proportion of the profane, even the men of the drama; that if the good ship contained nothing else, it was as sure to have actors as pickled beef, and that the cargo should be passed through the Custom-house without a rebellion, and distributed through the country, without bringing a pestilence packed up along with it. America will, in spite of fate, and the memory of Oliver Cromwell and George Fox, be in course of commerce, a singing, and dancing, and dramatizing country, as by the help of cheap gin, and maple sugar, it has become a drinking and a toothless one. The vices of Europe will clothe savages in silk stockings, and send squaws to the school of copper-coloured D'Equilles. The tomahawk will degenerate into the foil, and Signor Angelo will "teach the young ideas of the tribes how to shoot." Gymnastics will thicken from Pittsburg to Pensacola: and the bargeman floating down the Mississippi, will be heard cheering his solitary hours, with "*Di tanti palpiti*;" or some coffee-complexioned sentimentalist, saturated with green tea, and the "*Sorrows of Werter*," will be seen cultivating melancholy and moonlight in a veranda, to the sound of a triple-action harp, glittering from the warehouse of a transatlantic Erard. Those will be sad doings beyond the Alleghanies; formidable tidings for the church-yards, where, guiltless of so much as the profaneness of a head-stone, the forms of the old Republicans sleep, not much stiffer than when they were alive. But the thing is inevitable, and will come to pass, probably before any European reader will have time to get over above half the speech of any American president of the race of Adams.

Kean's last experiment beyond the Atlantic was better managed than his former. In the original instance, he went out merely to teach the New World what the perfection of acting was; he moved forth, bending under his weight of British laurels, merely to show America how he looked in his glory. He travelled to play the genius: but his later trip was under other colours. He was driven out to do penance as the exile. The public had set its face against his gross contempt of matters in which the public opinion is still active, and as right as it is active; and Kean's voyage to the colonies was as regularly sentenced, as if Drury Lane had been the Old Bailey, the audience any impanelled jury, and the culprit had been conveyed to the dock by the men

of the handcuffs, instead of nag-canted round the stage by trumpeter and drummer.

On all this odious affair too much has been said and unsaid for us to touch it, were the subject even more fitting to be touched. But on the general question of the public right to mulct an actor for personal misconduct, what individual in the possession of that quantity of brains, without which a man is not properly qualified to walk the streets, without an escort from St. Luke's, can have the slightest doubt that the right exists in the fullest degree. The public has an interest in the suppression of crime of all kinds. If public disapprobation could reach and suppress the crimes of even the most private society, it would be a benefit so far as the suppression of crime was an advantage. And the fear of the public opinion does undoubtedly deter many offences, and particularly those which are most likely to see the light. But in the general case of private life, the advantage of the public supervision would be more than counterbalanced by the evil of the espionage to which it must have recourse. Thus public opinion can be legitimately exercised, only where all espionage is out of the question, and the crime forces itself on the eye.

The King's Bench Court made no mystery of the matter. The crime came before the world in its full proportions; and if the world would not shut its eyes and ears, it must have known the offence and the offender. Men change neither their rights nor their nature by sitting under the roof of a theatre; and the crime, which under every other roof they would have stigmatized, and the individual whom they would have shunned in every other place of assemblage, is not to pass muster, because the criminal is before them, susceptible of being reached by their contempt; and being taught that offences to public feeling, are perilous to popularity no less than to purse. In these observations, we do not peculiarly allude to the actor on the tapis. His offence is past, and his purgation may be expected to come. But no actor condemned by a court of justice, under the circumstances, should be suffered to believe, that the public are indifferent to the conduct of those who live on its patronage.

But this supervision is even essential to the respectability of the stage. It is so far from being a severity, that it is a positive boon. The mere evidence that no gross breach of propriety is tolerated by the public, is equivalent to a character of good conduct to all who remain unaccused. Suppose that swindling or picking pockets were not to be cognizable, provided the artist was proved to belong to the stage. The profession must instantly sink ten thousand fathom deep, and be abandoned by every man capable of honesty, or acquainted with the

value of character. Let it, on the other hand, be supposed, that any provision of law had determined that no man under a certain rank of education and morals could be an actor. The whole profession would be instantly raised in public estimation. It is, in truth, not less an act of kindness to the stage, than of justice towards the transgressor, that public opinion should be quick to mark, and slow to forgive the irregularities of men whom it has the power to punish, without injuring the privacy of society. If the actor, in the moment of balancing between the indulgence and the hazard, were to be compelled to feel "I shall be not only mulcted by the law, and shunned in private life; but I shall incur a more formidable penalty than both,—beggary!—I shall be driven from the stage." It must operate as an additional motive against the crime, and might often turn the scale.

Kean says that his offence has cost him ten thousand pounds. And if his pounds and his exile have taught him a determination to combine personal propriety with his public talents, the money will not have been too much for the lesson. We desire to be understood as saying all this, in no possible hostility to the individual: we took no part in the violence against him. We look upon him as possessing very fine qualities for the drama, great vividness of conception, great strength of expression, a remarkable insight into some of the more subtle workings of character; and, with whatever defects of voice and figure, an extraordinary power of realizing the noblest imaginations of tragedy.

His first appearance was in *Shylock*—the origin of his reputation. The character is one of the most seizable by an actor of any powers. The outline is of admirable force, and the contrast of the passions is so clear, that perhaps no performer ever failed of exciting an interest in the Jew. But it seems to have been made for Kean. His figure, his physiognomy, his hollow voice, his reluctant yet animated movements are all modelled by nature in *Shylock*.

His performance was received with loud applause by an immense audience, and he has since played *Richard* with no diminution of his popularity.

This is the pantomime season, and both the theatres have exerted their energies in the usual way of scenery, machinery, the hazard of rival tumblers, and the jumps and miracles of rival harlequins. Covent Garden has exhibited "*Mother Shipton*," a pleasant extravaganza, with a great deal of good scenery; and young Grimaldi in full spring, and transformations enough to charm the most intractable audience that ever crowded from school and country during the sight-seeing month of Christmas. But it is not enough for Covent Garden to be equal to her neighbour and competitor. Superior since the days of Rich, and dictator to all eyes

of wonders by land and sea, by machinery and painting, by man and brute, she must more than sustain her hereditary honours, or she is more than conquered. "There is something," as the philosophic Francis Moore says, "to be mended, otherwise men and kings must suffer thereby." Covent Garden is a noble theatre, and has some of our very best actors. But Achilles himself died of a shot in the heel from a hand, which if it had lived in our days, would probably have done nothing more warlike than leading a Court Debutante down a cotillon, or at best, shone as the apurtenance of a captain of the Local Militia. Covent Garden must not perish through the heel of pantomime; so let her beware: let Mr. Farley stimulate his imagination by a voyage to the continent, or a conscientious study of the absurdities of London for the next six months; or if nature and fancy, even in him, are sinking under the course of time, let him *refocillate* his chilled vigour by an infusion of the youthful brains of some auxiliary genius.

The Drury Lane pantomime, during the last two or three years, has been running neck and neck, in more senses than one, with Covent Garden. Its present show, the "*Man in the Moon*," is amusing and various; but even amusement becomes troublesome to every human being but a woman of the first fashion, from twelve to one at night; and the shortening of the "*Man in the Moon*" would be among the happiest expedients for lengthening his life. The pantomime begins in nonsense, as we suppose it ought to begin, if experience be the rule. Dog-headed figures, moon-faced monsters, and a whole battalion of hideous Sunnites, with faces of copper and monstrosity, march and re-march without any discoverable object under, or rather in, heaven. But when the fable is broken to pieces by the principal Genii, and *Harlequin* is extricated from his shell, and *Columbine* flings off her superfluous petticoat, and in the glee of her volta-tory soul, whirls about nearly as nature left her; when the *Clown* develops his striped physiognomy and his cossack breeches from the solar orb, and *Pantaloon*, delivered from his magic obesity and his nondescript visage, receives his first kick, and rolls in rapture under the heels of *Harlequin*, then begins the true triumph of the night. Pleasantries, repeated during the last three centuries, are not less pleasantries again: the chase of *Columbine* charms the city sentimentalists in the pit; and the infinite blows, tricks, and overthrows of the *Clown* and *Pantaloon* electrify the galleries into continued explosions of laughter. Some of the scenery is beautiful, as might be expected from Stanfield. And, on the whole, Mr. Barrymore, who is understood to be the presiding genius of pantomime here, has done himself great credit, or as the novelists say, has "dyed his laurels green again in the tide of popular applause."

There are rumours of a change of performers in the companies, and Jones, the liveliest actor among the living, is said to be suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between the two theatres. If his engagement at his old theatre is out, and he can get more by going to the new, he is perfectly right in so going. The life of an actor is precarious, like every body else, and his powers are still more so. The actor's talents are his stock in trade, and no man must expect him to turn away from the best bidder. But Covent Garden would be more than foolish to lose him, his place could not be filled up. There are still actors who approach his style, but none of them possessing his style; the public expect to see him wherever comedy is in question, and the managers may be assured that at whatever house the popular taste for comedy can find Jones, it will be sure to follow him.

Morton's comedy "The School for Grown Children," still fights its way. The pantomime brings up its rear with good effect; and the choice of the *time* does credit to Morton's veteran sagacity. His work is pleasant enough on the whole; but the talent of the author is farce, and he has made a five act farce. His habit is, plundering the French; and the foreign scribblers are already crying out on the English gipsy, who decoys away their dramatic children. His taste is, unfortunately, moralizing on all subjects, in the most long-winded and unwarrantable manner. To compensate for

the extraordinary quantity of virtue forced into the lips of the ladies, he dresses up Farren as a rake of sixty, makes him win a boat-race, and do half-a-dozen other acts worthy of boyhood and brainlessness, winding up all by a hornpipe, in which Farren must have astonished himself. Jones is the young rake reformed into an economist, in proportion as his uncle, the old one, grows youthful and ridiculous. He made the most of it; but the plot is already before the public. The comedy is feeble, yet it is still worth going to see, and Morton worth soliciting to write. Covent-Garden should not let him loose while he can hold a pen, or pluck the feather of a French drama.

A Miss Hargrave has appeared in tragedy. She has hitherto acted under disadvantages. The appearance of a powerful female tragedian would be a new era to the stage. Why did not the managers, when Mr. Beecher came bewitching Miss O'Neill, get an order for his transportation for the term of his natural life; or if that were too tardy, appear at the altar, and boldly forbid the banns.

The King's Theatre, which, with great propriety, closed for the melancholy loss of the Duke of York, has opened since, with "La Schiava en Bagdad," an Opera by Paccini; popular abroad, and likely to be a favourite here. The management proceeds with spirit, is making new engagements, and will, it is expected, have a triumphant season.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 30th.—Being St. Andrew's day, the anniversary meeting was held for the election of council and officers, and the awarding of the new Royal and Copley medals. The first royal prize was adjudged to Mr. John Dalton, of Manchester, for the development of the chemical theory of definite proportions, usually called the atomic theory; and for his various other labours in chemical and physical science. The second medal on the royal foundation was awarded to James Ivory, A.M., for his papers on the laws regulating the forms of the planets, on astronomical refractions, and on other mathematical illustrations of important parts of astronomy. The medal on Sir Godfrey Copley's foundation, for this year, was given to James South, esq., for his paper on the observations of the apparent distances and positions of 458 double and triple stars, published in the last volume of the transactions.

Dec. 7.—A paper was read on the composition of James's powder, and of Pulvis antimonialis, by J. Davy, M.D.

14.—On the relative powers of various metallic substances, regarded as conductors

of electricity, by W.S. Harris, esq., communicated by J. Knowles, esq.

21.—On an improved differential thermometer, by A. Ritchie, M.A., communicated by Sir H. Davy. The society then adjourned over the Christmas vacation.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 17.—A notice was read on some beds which extend through Yorkshire and Durham, associated with the magnesian limestone, and on some fossil fish found in them, forming a suit more nearly resembling that of the carboniferous limestone than has generally been imagined, by the Rev. Adam Sedgwick, Woodwardian professor. Some "observations" were read on the bones of hyenas and other animals, in the cavern of Lunel, near Montpellier, and in the adjacent strata of marine formation, by the Rev. W. Buckland, professor of mineralogy at Oxford. The result of the professor's personal investigations, was to establish nearly a perfect identity between this cave and the one at Kirkdale, both in their animal and mineral contents, as well as in the history of their introduction.

Dec. 1.—An extract was read from a letter of B. de Basterd, esq., to Dr. Fitton,

giving a short account of the succession of strata in the vicinity of Folkestone. Also, the reading of a paper by Dr. Fitton was commenced, entitled, "additional notes on part of the opposite coasts of France and England, including some account of the lower Boulonnais.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

"At the last meeting of this society, there was read a letter, addressed to the president by Lieut. Foster, R.N., on the method of determining the longitude by moon culminating stars, which was found subject to many inconveniences in the expedition under Captain Parry. There was also read a communication from Dr. Rumker, of Stargard, Paramatta, to Dr. Gregory, containing an account of some observations made at the observatory there, on the great comet in 1825, from October 18th to December 20th, and the elliptic elements thence deduced. On the comet in Leo in 1825, from July 9th to 15th, and the resulting parabolic elements. On the lunar eclipse, May 21st 1826, at Paramatta, and observations on Mars, near this opposition, from May 5th to May 12th, 1826.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris, October 16, 1826.—M. de Montferrand gave an account of a man being struck by lightning, in the streets of Versailles, at the same time that it fell upon the farm of Gally. M. P. Laurent addressed some new essays on the method of engraving he had invented. Messrs. Audouin and Milne Edwards depose with the secretary, the result of an anatomical and physiological work they had completed. Messrs. De Prony, Frenel, and Harris delivered a favourable report on the system of tonnage duties and flood-gate tolls, proposed by M. Sartois. M. Moreau de Jonnès read a memoir, entitled "researches for determining the characters and the effects of the small-pox, and discovering its origin." M. Legalas, another on a new method of exploring the canal of the urethra. M. du Petit Thouard, one on the question, "what are to be called organs in vegetables."—23. A question regarding the imposition of duty, was pro-

posed from the minister of the interior, to ascertain the quantities of cotton and wool which enter into the texture of certain stuffs. A commendatory report was made upon the proceedings of Dr. Dulau, the younger, towards those born deaf and dumb, who under his care had recovered the former sense, and a sum was awarded him, from the legacy bequeathed by M. de Monthyon. Messrs. Guy-Lussac, and Fournier reported, that the process of engraving invented by Mr. Laurent, had not as yet attained the requisite degree of perfection, and recommended him to continue his experiments.—30. Sir Gilbert Blane and Mr. Hufeland, at Berlin, were named correspondents in the section of medicine, in the place of Messrs. Paulet and Baraillon. M. Dutrochet read a memoir, entitled "researches on the progress of the sap in plants, and on the causes of its progression." A paper was communicated from M. Abel, a Norwegian, on a general property of a very extensive class of transcendental functions.—November 6. A letter was read from Mr. Raspail, on the subject of the experiments referred to by M. Dutrochet, at the last meeting. M. M. Ostrogradsky communicated a memoir on the propagation of waves in a cylindric basin. M. G. St. Hilaire made a verbal report on a work of M. Passalacqua, in which he gave an account of various domestic ornaments, utensils, &c. that he had discovered in Egypt. A memoir was communicated by Messrs. Robiquet and Colin, "on the colouring matter of madder." M. Milne, in his own name, and that of M. Milne Edwards, read a memoir on an animal of a new genus, which sucks the blood of the lobster, and which is usually called *hicottroe*.—13. M. Gambart communicated some observations on the comet he had discovered, and the orbit he had thence deduced; and, in a letter, it was stated that he had found another comet. M. Cuvier read a memoir on the genus *amphiuma*, and on a new species of this genus, a *tridactylum*. M. de Blainville made some observations on the same subject. M. Cauchy read a memoir on the nature of the roots of some transcendental equations, and in particular of those to which the physicomathematical problems lead. M. Dupetit Thomas communicated a memoir on the action which electricity produces upon vegetation.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Mineralogy.—A description of two new mineral species has recently appeared in the *Annales de Chimie*. The first *Thenardite*, was discovered nearly nine years ago by M. Rodes, five leagues from Madrid, and two and a half from Aranjuez, in a place called the salt mines of Espartines, and considered by him as a sulphate of soda, mixed with a small quantity of subcarbonate of soda.

Mr. Casaseca of Madrid, by whom it has been recently analysed, and received its present appellation, found it to consist of sulphate of soda 99.78 subcarbonate of soda 0.22. Form. A scalene four-sided pyramid, whose base is a rhomb of nearly 125° and 55° , the ratio between the axis and a side of this rhomb being $=7.3$ nearly. Crystals frequently have the apex of the pyramid taken off by a plane.

It cleaves readily in a direction perpendicular to the axis of this pyramid, and likewise parallel to planes replacing its lateral edges. It is not transparent, and its specific gravity approaches to that of glauberite, which is 2.73. The second, *Halloysite*, occurs in more or less regular globular masses, sometimes larger than the first, in those aggregated masses of ores of iron, zinc, and lead, which frequently are found filling the cavities in the neighbourhood of Liege and Namur. It was first observed by M. Omalius d'Halloy, in compliment to whom it has been named by M. Berthier. When analyzed by the latter gentleman, its component parts were, silica, 0.395; alumina, 0.340; water 0.265.

Improved Barometer.—Much ingenuity has been displayed in contriving methods whereby the mercury in the cistern of a barometer may be kept at a constant level; floating gages, moveable bottoms, &c., &c. have been had recourse to, all more or less objectionable, either from the insufficiency of the means employed, or the difficulty of their application. An extremely simple, but admirable, contrivance of Sir Humphry Davy has supplied the desideratum. The pinion that raises the vernier by which the height of the mercury is led off, depresses at the same time, and in the same degree, into the reservoir, a steel plunger, the size of which exactly corresponds to the interior diameter of the tube of the instrument.

New White Paint.—A colour-manufacturer in Derbyshire, by name Duesbury, has discovered a mode of preparing from the impure native sulphate of barytes, or what is commonly known by the name of cawk, heavy spar, ponderous earth, &c., which is found in several parts of this country in large quantities, a material, to be employed as a substitute for white lead in painting, which material, when prepared according to a process for which he has obtained a patent, is found not to be susceptible of decomposition, or of changing its hue in situations which are exposed to damp or sulphurous effluvia. It is, however more particularly designed for water colour than for oil, and when employed on flatted or distempered walls, and as the ground washes, or in the patterns of printed paper hangings, it is found to be a constant white, that is, to retain its snowy hue, unimpaired and unaffected by any chemical action to which a humid atmosphere might expose it.—*Newton's Journal*.

Artificial Cold.—Several methods of producing artificial cold are generally known, but the following, by the mixture of metals, is, we conceive, a novel result; it is stated, in the *Annales de Chimie*, that M. Dobereiner dissolved 207 grains of lead, 118 of tin, and 284 of bismuth in 1617 grains of mercury, at a temperature of 64° 5 of Fahrenheit. The mixture immediately fell to 14° Fahrenheit.

Botanical Curiosity.—A leaf of the talipot tree has lately been brought to this

country from Ceylon, of which island it is a native. The leaf is in a good state of preservation; it measures fully eleven feet in height, sixteen feet and a-half in its widest spread, and from thirty-eight to forty feet in circumference. If expanded as a canopy, it is sufficient, to protect a dinner party of six from the rays of the sun, and in Ceylon is carried about by the natives for that purpose.—*Asiatic Journal*.

Enormous Fossil Vertebra.—It is stated in the last number of the *Philosophical Journal*, that in the neighbourhood of Bridport, in Dorsetshire, a short time ago, a labourer, digging for an ingredient used in mortar, found a vertebra of an enormous animal, larger than that of the whale, and supposed to belong to a land animal. This curiosity is in the possession of a gentleman at Bridport, who generously rewarded the finder with ten guineas. Search has been made after the other parts of the same animal, but without success. The perforation for the spinal marrow is stated to be nearly equal in circumference to the body of a man.

Strength of Cohesion of Wood.—The following results of his experiments on the strength of cohesion of wood have been arranged by Mr. Bevan, in a tabular form, and communicated by him to an eminent scientific journal. Mr. B. having occasionally found part of the larger end of the wooden bars drawn out in a cylindrical shape, when the lateral adhesion was less than the longitudinal cohesion, the number of pounds expressive of the cohesion is in these cases short of what is due to the specimen, and in the table these are expressed by +, as to the other bearing; sometimes the specimen broke during the motion of the weight, and therefore would have separated under a less force with more time: these are marked—

Species of Wood.	Specific Gravity	Cohesion in Pounds.
Acacia	.85	16,000 +
Ash	.84	16,700
Ditto	.78	19,600
Beech	.72	22,200
Birch	.64	15,000—
Box	.99	15,500—
Cane	.40	6,300
Cedar	.54	11,400
Chestnut (horse) ..	.61	12,100—
Ditto (sweet)	.61	10,500—
Damson	.79	14,000
Deal (Norway spruce) .	.34	13,100 +
Ditto, ditto		17,600 +
Ditto (Christiana) ..	.46	12,400
Ditto, ditto	.46	12,300
Ditto, ditto	.46	14,000
Ditto (English)	.47	7,000
Elder	.73	15,000
Hawthorn	.91	10,700—
Ditto		9,200
Holly	.76	16,000
Laburnum	.92	10,500
Lance-wood	1.01	23,400 +
Lignum-vitæ	1.22	11,500

Lime-tree	76	..	23,500 +
Mahogany	87	..	21,800 +
Ditto	80	..	16,500
Maple	66	..	17,400
Mulberry	66	..	10,600
Oak (English)	70	..	19,800 +
Ditto	76	..	15,000
Ditto, old	76	..	14,000
Oak pile out of the river Cam {	61	..	4,500
Oak (black Linc. log)	67	..	7,700—
Oak (Hamboro') ..	66	..	16,300 +
Ditto, ditto	66	..	14,000
Pine (Petersburgh)	49	..	13,300—
Ditto (Norway)....	59	..	12,400—
Ditto, ditto	66	..	14,300
Ditto (Petersburgh)	55	..	13,100 +
Poplar	36	..	7,200—
Sallow	70	..	18,600 +
Sycamore	69	..	13,000
Teak (old).....	53	..	8,200
Walnut	59	..	7,800
Willow	30	..	14,000
Yew	79	..	8,000

Revolution of a Comet.—The zeal with which the interests of science were forwarded in New Holland, by Sir T. Breshane, deserves the warmest acknowledgments of every liberal mind. Among the most curious results obtained under his patronage, by Mr. Dunlop, at the observatory of Paramatta, may be considered the one arising from the observations on the comet of August, September, and October 1825, and on the changes which took place in the figure of the tail, tending to establish the existence of a rotation round its axis. The periodic variations in the appearance of the tail, seemed to indicate the time of revolution to be about nineteen and a-half hours. Similar appearances were observed by Le Pere Cyrat, in the tail of the comet of 1618; by Hevetius, in the tails of the comets of 1652 and 1661, and by Pingré, in the tail of the comet of 1769.

Ornithology.—Aged females of the pheasant species, who have probably attained the age of five or ten years, not only cease to be prolific, or are so in a very slight degree, but assume a plumage which becomes more and more similar to that of the male the older they grow, so that they resemble males with dull and discoloured plumage, and in some instances the resemblance is absolutely perfect. The ovary is so much obliterated in many of such females as to be no longer perceptible; the voice too changes at the same time as the plumage, and becomes, as

has been long known, like that of the male: and the spur itself is not among pheasants the exclusive property of the male, but exists occasionally in the female; so that a hen pheasant may, after a certain lapse of time, not only become clothed with the exact plumage of the male, but acquire all the external characters, the trifling development of the red circumabital membrane remaining the only index of its true sex. To the observations of M. de St. Hilaire it may be added, that Mr. Butler has collected a number of instances, not only among the Gallinæ, but also among the Palmipedes and Waders, of similar changes; and he thinks that this change is not confined to one, two, or three different species, but that probably the same disposition is common to numbers of the feathered race, and that the change is almost always natural, produced either by the effects of age, of sterility, or other causes, which tend to work some changes in the constitution of birds.—*Edinburgh Journal.*

Mexican Manuscript.—An Italian traveller of the name of Beltrami, has discovered, in an old convent in the interior of Mexico, a manuscript, which may be regarded unique, and of the most rare and interesting description. It is the gospel, or rather a gospel such as it was dictated by the first monks, conquistadores, translated into the Mexican tongue by Montezuma, who, alone, of his family, escaped the massacres of the conquest, and *bon gre mal gre* was converted to the popish faith. It is a large volume in folio, most beautifully written upon Mangey or Agave paper, as highly polished as parchment, and surpassing papyrus in flexibility. By this great monument of the ancient Mexican language, the learned, by comparing it with the manuscripts in the oriental tongues, may be enabled to throw some light upon the origin of the nations who inhabited these vast countries.

Method of restoring Wine.—A method of restoring wine that has been turned, has been in practice for some years in France. It consists in adding from half an ounce to two ounces of tartaric acid to a hectolitre of wine, according to its state of decomposition. The tartaric acid reproduces the tartar, disengages the carbonic acid, and consequently destroys the alkaline character given to the wine by the sub-carbonates. From the impossibility of determining the exact quantity for every case, this method is not always successful.

POLITICAL OCCURRENCES.

OUR summary of this month, must of necessity be brief. Nothing of moment has occurred—scarcely even a probability on which we may venture to speculate. At home, all is pacific; ministers are deservedly popular;

Mr. Canning, in particular, is the “inter mille rates millesimus,” the one paramount idol of his day, to whom all parties bow, with nearly equal admiration; and his late speech, which has since become the fashion in Por-

tugal (into which language it has, we are told, been very ably translated), has set hundreds of aspiring spirits on the watch. The ultras, indeed, of France, profess to hold it in contempt; and to discover beneath the broad fruitful surface of its principles, a sort of substratum of democracy and revolution; this opinion, however, is, by good luck, confined to the Jesuits; the majority of France have a different tone of thinking on the subject of its merits as a composition, and its liberality is an official declaration of principles. With respect to our commercial distresses, we are pleased to have it in our power to state, from the first authority, that though slowly they are yet surely ceasing; a gentle re-action has taken place within the last few weeks: the great northern manufacturing districts have put on a more cheerful appearance; Manchester presents no longer the squalid scenes of abject wretchedness, which it displayed towards the close of last year. There has been a brisk demand for most of the staple goods of the place (cottons in particular), the consequence of which is, that the greater part of the operatives, are once again in full employ. Nottingham is, by all the provincial accounts we have hitherto been able to glean, busy in exporting its local manufactures; Sheffield is full of business, and Preston (more wonderful still), contented. At Glasgow, however, we cannot conceal the fact that distress is superlatively great, probably unequalled at any former national crisis of suffering. Hundreds, both there and at Paisley, are perishing from absolute want; so much so, that a committee has been despatched by these unhappy, destitute operatives to London, with the professed view of organizing, under ministerial sanction, some plan to ensure emigration. The subject, we understand, will be brought fully before the House, at an early period in the ensuing session; but at present a disinclination evidently exists on the part of govern-

ment, towards it. We refer the reader, for further particulars respecting the benefits likely to result from emigration, to an able article (probably from the pen of Mr. Brougham), in the present number of the *Edinburgh Review*. He will there find the advantages and disadvantages very fairly canvassed, their merits carefully summed up, and an adroit deduction drawn from them. With respect to Ireland, we have little or nothing in the shape of intelligence or speculation to communicate. Messrs. Shiels and O'Connell still continue unimpeded in their vigorous and eloquent opposition to Protestant ascendancy. The former especially, seems nervously solicitous to stir up the already inflamed minds of his countrymen to desperation, if we may judge at least from his eloquent, but misguided speech, in explanation of some points in the character of the late Irish revolutionist, Wolfe Tone. On the continent all is tranquil; but it is, we fear, the tranquillity that precedes the tempest; the hush that heralds the volcano. France holds out the right hand of amity, while with the left she conceals the poignard; Spain professes to be penitent, pretty much after a fashion of her own; Portugal has received, but without any manifest signs of exultation, the late promised support of British troops; and Russia, gigantic, vaunting Russia, casts an eye, timorous but vigilant towards our Indian possessions, of which she hopes to effect the conquest, through the medium of Persia, whose fate she has already half-sealed. America, jealous of our reported attempts on the Havannah, as an indemnity for the loans owing to us by its present occupant, (Spain), has despatched an agent to England to remonstrate: and we fear that clouds are lowering fearfully in this distant quarter; but at present all is surmise, a few months will decide whether the world is to be fired, or peace preserved.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

List of Patents lately Granted.

To Thomas Morrison, Esq., of Valegrove, Chelsea, for a process of rendering boots, shoes, and other articles, water-proof—Sealed 22d Dec; for enrolment, 6 months.

To David Redmund, of Greek-street, Soho, engineer, for certain improvements in the construction and manufacture of hinges—22d Dec; 6 months.

To Elijah Galloway, of the London-road, engineer, for an improved rotary steam engine—29th Dec; 6 months.

To John Whiting, of Ipswich, architect, for certain improvements in window sashes, sashes and frames—9th Jan. 1827; 2 months.

To James Fraser, of Houndsditch, for an improved method of constructing capstans, and windlasses.—11th Jan.; 6 months.

To James Fraser, of Houndsditch, engineer, for an improved method of constructing boilers for steam engines—11th Jan.; 6 months.

To William Wilmot Hall, of the United States of America, and of Westminster, attorney at law, for a new invention of an engine for mooring and propelling ships, boats, carriages, mills, and machinery of every kind—15th Jan.; 2 months.

To William Hobson, of Stamford-hill, gent., for an improved method of paving streets, lanes, roads, and carriage-ways—15th Jan.; 2 months.

To James Neville, of New-walk, Strand, Thames, Surrey, engineer, for a new invented carriage, to be worked or propelled by means of steam—15 Jan.; 6 months.

To William Mason, of Oxford-market,
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Westminster, patent axletree-maker, for certain improvements in the construction of those axletrees and boxes for carriages, which are usually termed, or known by the name of mail axletrees and boxes—15th Jan.; 2 months.

To Robert Copland, of Wilmington-square, gent., for certain improvements upon a patent already obtained by him for gaining power—16th Jan.; 15 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in February 1813, expire in the present month of February 1827.

4. George Alexander, Leith, for his improved mode of suspending the cord of the mariner's compass.

4. William Broughton, London, for a new and better sort of canvass.

20. Peter Ewart, Manchester, for a method of working weaving looms by machinery.

— Joseph Hamilton, Dublin, for a new method of constructing and connecting earthen building materials.

— Charles Plimley, Birmingham, for an improved method of making files, and various other articles.

— John Roberts, Macclesfield, for a method of contracting or reducing into small compass such part of malt and hops as are requisite in making ale, beer, and porter.

24. Joseph Smith, Coreley, Stafford, for an improved construction and manufacture of chains.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

The Secret Report on South America, made to the King of Spain, by Don Antonio de Ulloa and Don Jorge Juan. In the original Spanish. Edited, with illustrative Notes, by David Barry. Superbly printed in one large Volume, royal 4to. With Portraits of Ulloa and Juan.

Mr. Murray announces a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge, comprising every word that is to be found in any of the various Encyclopedias which have been published down to the present time, either at home or abroad; and under each word will be given the information and explanations which the ordinary course of conversation in common life render desirable. To consist of Twenty-five closely printed volumes, with Plates, in 8vo.

Mr. Colburn is preparing for publication Memoirs of His late Royal Highness the Duke of York; from the pen of a distinguished Writer. With original and authentic Documents, &c. &c.

A Translation of the Paris Barber, from the French of M. De Kock, which was reviewed in a number or two back, is announced for early publication.

The Writer's and Student's Assistant, or a Compendious Dictionary, rendering the more common Words and Phrases in the English language into the more elegant and scholastic, will shortly appear.

There is nearly ready, a series of Twenty-five Views of Pompeii, drawn on stone, after Drawings by Wm. Light, Esq.

Part I. of the History and Description of the Ancient and highly-interesting Parish of Clerkenwell, to be completed in two small volumes, and illustrated with 60 copper-plate Engravings.

Sketches in Ireland; descriptive of interesting and hitherto unnoticed Districts in the North, West, and South, in one volume, post 8vo.

A general View of the Present System of Public Education in France, and of the Laws, Regulations, and course of Study in the different Faculties, Colleges, &c. by David Johnston, M.D., in 1 vol., 8vo.

Mr. Edward Laws, R.N., announces as nearly ready, a Practical Treatise on Naval Book-keeping in all its Branches connected with a Clerk's duty, with hints for safe Custody, Shipment, Transhipment, and final Disposal of Treasure received on board his Majesty's Ships; Sketch of a Secretary's Duty, Duties of Officiating Judge-Advocate, and a copious Appendix, containing a variety of Forms, Orders, Letters, Returns, Certificates, and other Documents of practical utility in his Majesty's Naval Service.

The Rev. Samuel Warren, LL.D. is preparing for publication Memoirs and Select Letters of the late Mrs. Anne Warren; including Biographical Sketches of her Family.

Mr. Allen's History of Lambeth, the major part of which is printed, will be finished the latter end of this month, it will form one volume of near five hundred pages closely printed, with upwards of One Hundred engravings of curious objects connected with the Parish.

The Author of Babylon the Great announces a new Edition, with an additional volume.

Preparing for publication, National Tales, by Thomas Hood, author of Whims and Oddities; with Illustrations by Thomas Dighton.

A Poem on Idolatry, in 4 cantos, by the Rev. W. Swan, Missionary and Author of the Memoir of Mrs. Patterson, is in the press.

A new Poem from the pen of Bernard Barton, to be entitled the Widow's Tale, and founded on the melancholy loss of the five Wesleyan Missionaries in the mail boat off the Island of Antigua, will shortly be published.

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The first Number of a Quarterly Naval and Military Magazine is to appear in March.

Mr. Grote, jun. of the banking-house of Grote, Prescott, and Co., has made great progress in a new History of Greece, in which the Literature, Science, and Arts of that country are treated of in a much more detailed and prominent manner than in Mr. Mitford's Work, which is more of a political nature.

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The Rev. W. Carpenter's Reply to the Accusations of Piracy and Plagiarism exhibited against the Author, in the Christian Remembrancer, in a Review of Horne and Carpenter's Introductions to the Study of the Holy Scriptures.

Dr. Hooker and Dr. Greville are preparing a new Botanical work, of which the first fasciculus, in folio, with 20 Plates, will be published immediately.

Moods and Tenses; a Volume of Miscellaneous Poems, by One of Us, is in the press.

Library of Useful Knowledge; or a series of Elementary Treatises upon the various branches of Philosophy, History, and Art. The First Treatise, on Elementary Astronomy, will be published on the 15th of February; and there will be given gratis, on that day, an Introductory Discourse upon the Advantages and Pleasures derived from the pursuits of Science. Each Treatise will

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Mr. Cole is preparing a Tour round Scarborough; historically and bibliographically unfolded.

The London Catalogue of Books, with their Sizes, Prices, and Publishers. Containing the Books published in London, and those altered in Size or Price since the year 1800, to December 1826, is in the press.

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MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

THE new Year was ushered in by some days of clear beautiful weather with slight frost, but to this succeeded a close, damp, and comfortless state of atmosphere, which added greatly to that gloom which other circumstances contributed to throw around the metropolis. It cannot be said, however, that this period has been marked by any unusual inroads upon the public health. On the contrary, the reporter seldom remembers a January so free from acute and epidemic malady. The principal febrile diseases which have fallen under his notice and professional management during the last month, are, simple fever, inflammations of the chest, diarrhoea, measles, small pox,—and among chronic disorders, those of the stomach have been particularly prominent.

It was remarked by Sydenham, that measles usually shews itself early in January, and the observation of that acute and most intelligent author is, in this instance, amply confirmed by later experience. The disease, as it has hitherto been met with, presents no uncommon features. Its symptoms have been mild and manageable, and in one instance only has the Reporter found it to withstand the exertions of medical art. In this case deep seated inflammation of the lungs took place from an early period, and the weakness of the

child's constitution precluded the employment of those active means which alone could have promised a successful result. Leeches failing to afford relief, a blister was applied. To those who know the effects of blisters when there is a tendency to effusion in the lungs, it is unnecessary to say what happened in the sequel. The blistered surface soughed, the pulse sunk, the countenance became livid, and death quickly closed the scene.

Small-pox has lately appeared in several districts in the west end of the town, especially about Burton Crescent, and in the narrow streets adjoining Golden Square. In very many cases it has proved fatal, nor does there appear the slightest disposition in this disease (when occurring in the natural way among those wholly unprotected,) to relax even in the faintest degree from that virulence which distinguished it in former times. It is peculiarly gratifying to the Reporter to be able to say, that 3016 persons were vaccinated under his superintendence, between the 1st January and 31st December, 1826,—a number which, though it falls far short of the year preceding, may yet be received as an uncontrovertible proof of the general esteem in which vaccination is still held by the lower and middling classes in the metropolis. It is very desirable that the young women who come up from the country to London, as domestic servants, should be tested (or re-vaccinated) prior to taking a situation. Partly from change of air, and partly from the imperfection of the vaccine lymph in some counties, persons under these circumstances are peculiarly prone to suffer (and that seriously) from small-pox; and the Reporter, in thus calling public attention to the fact, is anxious, as far as possible, to lessen a calamity of which he has lately seen too many distressing instances. The Bills of Mortality announce, that in the year 1826, only 503 persons died in London of small-pox, a number which, compared with that of 1825 (1309), is wonderfully small. The Reporter has generally observed that his professional brethren are distrustful of the Bills of Mortality, but he is well convinced that in the great majority of cases the causes of death are fairly reported, and that the information they convey is at once instructive and authentic. Nothing can shew more strikingly than they do the gradual but great improvements which are taking place in the value of human life. Almost every succeeding table shews an increase in the excess of the christenings over the burials. It may not, perhaps, be irrelevant to the professed object of this report to point out a few of the principal facts which the last published Bill of Mortality affords us.

The total number of deaths for 1826 amounts to 20,758, of which more than one-fourth (5290) are by *consumption* alone,—a melancholy proof (if any were wanting) of the extent and fatality of this wide-spreading malady. The deaths under five years of age amount very nearly to 8000, of which 2588 are by *convulsions*. This is, next to consumption, the most fatal of all diseases. The Reporter had occasion to witness a remarkable instance of the kind in the course of the last month. The child, one year and a half old, was very engaging and pretty, and had been far too much petted by the parents and neighbours. Indulged in every thing which her appetite fancied, the child's system became quickly too full of blood, and when the cold weather set in, the brain was the part to suffer, and a sudden convulsion put a period to the child's life. On examination of the body, the substance of the brain appeared very soft, and in a state of *excessive vascularity*. The membranes of the brain too were deeply suffused with blood, while every other part of the body was sound and well formed. These facts are interesting, inasmuch as they suggest measures, both of prevention and of cure, for this scourge of infantile life. They point out the danger that may accrue from the indiscriminate employment of the warm bath in cases of convulsion. What could it have done in this instance, and what did it actually do? but augment the determination of blood to the head, and accelerate the fatal event. The application of leeches to the head, and of cold cloths, is what science dictates, and what, at the same time, the experience of the Reporter has found, in many cases, to be most eminently useful.

Measles, water in the head, and hooping-cough, would seem, from the Bills of Mortality, to be about equally fatal to young persons. Each of these complaints has carried off, during the past year, about seven hundred victims, the common average. It is a very striking circumstance, that the deaths by small-pox should, this year, fall so far short of the mortality by those three complaints, which, though occurring at the same period of life, are viewed by the public with so much less uneasiness.

Fever has proved more than usually fatal during the last year, the numbers being, in 1825, 896, in 1826, 1025. This is no more than might reasonably have been anticipated from the tenor of former Reports in the Magazine. Inflammation is always a prominent disease in the Bills of Mortality, taking its place third in the series of fatal disorders. 2412 is the number reported as having died of inflammation in 1826. Asthma, or chronic bronchitis is the next in succession, which is followed by the other principal complaints affecting the advanced periods of life, viz. dropsy 885, apoplexy 363, mortification 244. It is worthy of remark, as a satisfactory criterion of the public health in London, that one-fifth of the total mortality of the past year has occurred in persons who have passed their sixtieth year.

8, Upper John Street, Golden Square,
January 22, 1827.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE past autumnal season, succeeding the drought of summer, was eminently favourable to vegetation, and grass on good soils was actually *growing* at Christmas. The state of the lands has been equally favourable for all the various operations of husbandry, which were never more forward, and the lands never worked better, than the spring culture, should no future obstruction arise from the weather, will be among the earliest. This is an addition to a considerable series of propitious autumns. The late change to frost, the commencement of which was severe, had a favourable effect on the too forward and luxuriant wheats of rich lands; at the same time, withering and discolouring the foliage of those on lands of an opposite character, particularly poor cold clays. The mildness of the frost subsequently, and some cover of snow, have thus far prevented any damage to the root. This forwardness of business, moreover, affords good opportunity for the preparation of manures for top-dressing and future use. The considerable and constant supply of grass, the land at the same time being not too wet to carry stock, has enabled the farmer to economize both hay and straw, which may be in high requisition in latter spring, though the present frost augurs favourably for mildness in the season which is to follow. Straw, nevertheless, which has been used freely, in order to the greatest possible saving of hay, is at an uncommon price. The worst feature in the husbandry of live stock, is the condition of sheep, penned upon poor turnips, or rather turnip tops. One would suppose, that the sheep would pay for more comfortable lodging, and for the expence of drawing and carting the turnips to them; and more especially to those who had occasion to send their sheep to a market.

In several hilly poor land districts, the proprietors have commenced plantations—a good and solid boon to their posterity, and at the instant affording employment to labourers, in such bitter request. The accounts of the state of the agriculturist labourers, long since too numerous a class to obtain a just and fair support, under the present, or any expected state of farming concerns, yet remain most distressing. This distress is, in a degree, alleviated by the judicious plan adopted in some few counties, of the farmers employing all the labourers of the parish, each in proportion to his occupation. When it is considered that those unfortunate people, in no way contributing to their unfortunate lot in society, have become outcasts and beggars, in a land super-abounding in all the necessities and luxuries of life, can it be wonderful that they became alienated and desperate, and that the country is overrun with thieves and poachers. With respect to the latter class, they allege, in excuse for their delinquency, in the first place, their starving and desperate situation; in the next, that they are making seizures from a stock, which is monopolized and unjustly withheld from public use. The complaints also of the farmers, from almost all quarters, against the immense waste of corn occasioned by game preserves, if not loud are deep; and should any unfavourable turn occur in the agriculture of the country, these complaints will be loud. Were it allowable to wonder at any thing, surely an impressive feeling of that kind, must be excited by the marvellous patience of the good people of this country, under this flagrant feudal breach of their rights, with all its concomitant enormities, dissolution of morals in the labourers, corruption in the keepers, petty warfare in society, murders, horrible and appalling accidents. These national disgraces, too, are evidently on the increase. A further degree of admiration may fairly be indulged, at the equanimity and forbearance with which the country submits to the organized body (a regular concern) of HORSE STEALERS. To preserve the old proverb from being obsolete, we regularly shut the stable-door after the steed has been stolen.

We regret to hear from several quarters, that landlords are withdrawing the power of the per centage allowance on rent. Surely this is premature, considering the present situation of the great majority of the tenantry, who have suffered the entire loss of their spring crops, which, with the depressed state of the market, has most unfortunately balanced the advantage of a productive crop of wheat. There is little or no alteration in the price of cattle or horses, excepting that cows in calf are in request, at somewhat more money. The markets of late have been fully supplied with sheep, which has kept mutton considerably under the price of beef. As the spring advances, meat must advance in price, from the great expence at which it is produced.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 10d. to 5s. 4d.—Mutton, 3s. 4d. to 4s. Veal, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 2d.—Pork, 5s. 5d. to 8s.—Dairy-fed, 6s. to 6s. 4d.—Raw fat, 2s. 10d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 40s. to 60s.—Barley, 33s. to 43s.—Oats, 25s. to 42s.—Bread, 9d. the 4lb. loaf.—Hay, 80s. to 120s.—Clover ditto, 90s. to 135s.—Straw, 30s. to 40s.

Coals in the Pool, 25s. 6d.—34s. 6d.

Middlesex, January 22d, 1827.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Cotton—At London, Liverpool, and Manchester, the markets are so dull that there has been no alteration since our last month's report, the holders of the article demand the late prices; but the manufacturers refuse, and thus the market is completely at a stand. Bowed ordinary to full fair, sold for 6½d. to 6¾d. and 7d. per lb. New Orleans 6½d. to 7½d. per lb. Sea Island 7d. to 10½d. per lb. Maranhams, Bahia, &c. 7d. to 11d. per lb. Demerara 9d. to 10d. Barbadoes 7d. to 7½d.

Coffee—is steady at last quotation, and a few purchases made for exportation to the Continent.

Sugar.—The holders having submitted to a reduction of 1s. per cwt., has caused considerable purchases to be made, particularly by the Grocers. In Foreign Sugars little has been done.

Rum, &c.—remains steady, good Jamaica at 2s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.; in consequence of which Leeward Island is in very little demand.

Brandy—is held up upon speculation, and the prices asked cannot be obtained.

Hollands—in no demand, our own British manufacture superseding in a great degree the consumption of the article.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The Tallow market has been rather heavy; Candle Tallow 38s. 6d. to 39s. per cwt. Hemp is advancing, Flax without alteration. The Exchange from St. Petersburg has fallen to 9½d. per rouble.

Spices—continue at last quotation, very dull, and few purchases made for exportation.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 7.—Antwerp, 12. 8.—Hamburgh, 37. 6.—Altona, 37. 7.—Paris, 25. 65.—Bordeaux, 25. 65.—Berlin, 7.—Frankfort on the Main, 154½.—Petersburg, 3½.—Vienna, 10. 21.—Trieste, 10. 24.—Madrid, 34.—Cadiz, 34½.—Bilboa, 33.—Barcelona, 33.—Seville, 33.—Gibraltar, 33.—Leghorn, 47½.—Genoa, 43½.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 38½.—Palermo, 114½.—Lisbon, 48½.—Oporto, 48½.—Rio Janeiro, 43½.—Bahia, 43½.—Buenos Ayres, 43.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9d.—Silver in bars, standard 4s. 11d.

Premiums on Shares and Consols, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 265l.—Coventry, 1100l.—Ellesmere and Chester, 100l.—Grand Junction, 288.—Kennet and Avon, 25l. 10s.—Leeds and Liverpool, 380l.—Oxford, 680l.—Regent's, 32l.—Trent and Mersy, 1,850l.—Warwick and Birmingham, 260l.—London Docks, 83l.—West-India, 195l.—East London WATER WORKS, 121l.—Grand Junction, 63l. 10s.—West Middlesex, 65l.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE.—1¼ dis.—Globe, 140l. 10s.—Guardian, 18l.—Hope, 5l.—Imperial Fire, 90l.—GAS-LIGHT, Westminster Chartered Company, 56l.—City Gas-Light Company, 157l.—British, 12 dis.—Leeds, 195l.—Liverpool, par.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK.

His late Royal Highness Prince Frederick was the second son of his Majesty George III. He was born on the 17th of August, 1763; on the 27th of February following he was elected Bishop of Osnaburgh, and on the 27th of November, 1784, he was created Duke of York and Albany, in Great Britain, and Earl of Ulster in Ireland. He was also a knight of the most noble order of the Garter, of the most honourable order of the Bath, and of the order of Saint-Esprit in France, D.C.L. and F.R.S., a Field-Marshal, Commander-in-Chief of all His Majesty's forces in the United Kingdom, Colonel of the 1st regiment of Foot Guards, Colonel-in-Chief of the 60th, or Royal American regiment of Foot, and of the Dublin Regiment of Infantry, Lord Warden of Windsor Forest and Great Park, High Steward of New Windsor, and Warden

and Keeper of the New Forest, Hampshire.

It may be as well also to mention in this place, that His Royal Highness entered the military service on the 1st of November, 1786, as Colonel by Brevet; was appointed on the 23d of March, 1782, Colonel of the 2d Regiment of Horse Grenadier Guards; was made, on the 20th of November, 1782, Major-General; on the 27th of October, 1784, Lieutenant-General; on the 27th of October, 1784, Colonel of the Coldstream Regiment of Guards; on the 12th of April, 1793, General; on the 18th of February, 1795, Field-Marshal; on the 23d of August, 1797, Colonel-in-Chief of the 60th Regiment of Foot; and on the 5th of September, 1805, Colonel of the Grenadier Regiment of Guards.

His Royal Highness was, with his present Majesty, educated under the paternal eye of George III. He was at all times affectionately attached to his elder brother.

They studied and played together, and were devoted to each other's society.

It was in the month of May, 1789, that the Duke of York fought a duel with Col. Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond. The Duke was reported to have said that in a political conversation that occurred at Daubigny's Club, some words had been made use of to the Colonel that no gentleman ought to submit to. Not obtaining an explanation from his Royal Highness, Colonel Lennox called upon him for the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another. Waving all distinction of rank, the Duke assented to the meeting required. The parties met on Wimbledon Common; the Prince attended by Lord Rawdon (the late Marquess of Hastings), and Colonel Lennox by the Earl of Winchelsea. It was agreed that both parties should fire by signals, and the signal having been given, the Colonel fired, and the ball grazed one of the Prince's curls. The Duke did not fire, he said it was not his intention to fire—he had come out to give Colonel Lennox satisfaction, he had no enmity against him, if the Colonel were not satisfied he might fire again. This was, of course, declined, and the parties left the ground.

At the birth-day ball, given soon afterwards, which was more splendid than usual, in consequence of the king's recovery, Col. Lennox, in violation of the established rule, stood up in a country dance with Lady Catherine Barnard. This gave great offence to the Prince of Wales, who, when he came to the Colonel's place in the dance, took the hand of his partner, the Princess Royal, just as she was about to be turned by the Colonel, and led her to the bottom. The Duke of York and the Princess Augusta turned the Colonel without notice, but the Duke of Clarence and the Princess Elizabeth followed the example of the Prince of Wales, and when the Colonel came to the Prince of Wales at the bottom, his Royal Highness led his sister to a chair by the side of the Queen, and the ball was abruptly terminated by the retiring of her Majesty and the Princesses. The King, in consequence of the shock which he had received from the duel, was not present.

On the 20th of September, 1791, the Duke married the Princess Frederica Charlotte Ulrica, eldest daughter of the late King of Prussia; but by her, who died on the 6th of August, 1820, his Royal Highness had no issue. In consequence of his marriage, Parliament, at the commencement of its ensuing session, voted to him in addition to his then income of £12,000 a-year, an additional annuity of £25,000.

In 1793, his Royal Highness was called into active service. The war of the French Revolution having broken out, he was placed at the head of the British troops which it was judged expedient to send to the continent, to join the combined army under the Prince of Saxe Cobourg. The siege and

capture of Valenciennes by his Royal Highness, the unsuccessful attempt upon Dunkirk, &c. are matter of history. In the spring of 1794 he returned to England, for instructions relative to the ensuing campaign. On his return, the allies were for a time successful. The Duke acquitted himself with great spirit, promptitude, and skill, but the British interests were not adequately sustained either abroad or at home; and, after a variety of reverses, his Royal Highness was ultimately compelled to retreat.

He returned to England in December. In the month of February following (1795) his Majesty was pleased to nominate him to the situation of Commander-in-Chief to the army. His Royal Highness undertook the duties of his high office with the determination to correct the errors and abuses which had crept into the military department, and the zeal and indefatigable attention with which he persevered in his task, were equalled only by the judgment which directed, and the success which crowned his labours.

In the autumn of 1799, the Duke of York assumed the command of an expedition projected for the deliverance of Holland. The force consisted of 30,000 British troops, to be joined by 17,000 Russians. The Dutch fleet in the Texel having surrendered to Admiral Mitchell on the 28th of August, the Duke landed his troops and advanced into the country. At first his efforts were successful; but the conduct of the allies was not staunch, his Royal Highness was not properly supported by the government at home, the Dutch would not join him, winter was approaching, and he was compelled to agree to a suspension of arms, by which he surrendered his prisoners, and then returned to England.

In 1803, when the volunteer system prevailed throughout the empire, the Prince of Wales expressed great anxiety that he might be allowed to occupy some important and responsible station. He addressed the Commander-in-Chief on the subject, who, in the first instance pleaded his Majesty's solemn injunctions not to mention the point, and subsequently, finding that the affair resolved itself into a political consideration, he most affectionately conjured the Prince no longer to press him. The goodness of the Duke's heart and his kind feeling towards his brother, were strikingly apparent on this occasion.

In 1809, a conspiracy appears to have been formed for depriving the country of the services of the Duke of York as Commander-in-Chief. A Colonel Wardle directly accused him of malversation in his office, in having suffered a Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke to sell commissions. A parliamentary inquiry was instituted, and the House of Commons resolved that Mrs. Clarke had received money, but that the Duke had had no part in that transaction. However on the 20th of March, his Royal Highness gave in his

resignation, but in May, 1811, the voice of the country having been expressed in favour of his return, he was restored to a station, which until his death, he continued to fill with the highest honour and ability. Twice, for his long and valuable services rendered to the army, did his Royal Highness receive the unanimous thanks of the House of Commons: *first*, at the conclusion of a general peace in 1814; *secondly*, in 1815, after the memorable battle of Waterloo. The army was indebted also to his Royal Highness for the establishment near Chelsea, for the orphans of soldiers, and also for the military school at Sandhurst. One of the latest objects of his attention was the advancement of the old lieutenants in the army, who were unable to purchase promotion, to the rank of captain.

The most conspicuous political act in his Royal Highness's life was the speech which, on the 25th of April, 1825, he delivered in the House of Peers on presenting a petition from the Dean and Chapter of St. George's Windsor, against any further concessions to the Roman Catholics. For the boldness with which he stood forward on that occasion, in maintaining the supremacy of the Protestant faith, he was most enthusiastically eulogised by one party, and as furiously assailed by the other.

The Duke had laboured under the description of dropsy termed *ascites*, the disease which terminated his existence, since the month of July last, and for which he underwent an operation on the 3d of September. During his illness he preserved a serenity and even cheerfulness of temper, and continued to the last in the sedulous discharge of his official duties.

Until the morning of his departure, he was not aware of the actual approach of death; he then faintly said, "now I know that I am dying!" He expired at twenty minutes past nine o'clock on the evening of Friday, the 5th of January. The affectionate attentions which his Royal Highness experienced during his last illness, from his Majesty and from other branches of the Royal Family, were alike honourable to the survivors and to the deceased.

The requisite measures were immediately taken for embalming the body, &c., preparatory to its lying in state at St. James's Palace. Orders were also issued for a court, general, military, and naval mourning. From the time of his death till the day of his funeral the principal shops, not only in the metropolis, but in the provinces, remained partially closed, and, on that day, all business was suspended.

The body lay in state on Thursday and Friday, the 18th and 19th of January; but, from the shortness of the time allowed, and the immense assemblage of the populace, only a comparatively small number of persons could be admitted. On the state coffin, which resembled that of the late Duke of Kent, was a plate, bearing the following

inscription, issued from the College of Arms:—

"Depositum,
Illustrissimi Principis
FREDERICI,
De Brunswick Lunenburg,
Ducis Eboraci et Albanie,
Comitis Ultonie,
Nobilissimi Ordinis Periscellidis,
et
Honoratissimi Ordinis Militaris de Balneo
Equis,
Fratris Augustissimi et Potentissimi Monarchæ,
GEORGIUM QUARTUM,
Dei Gratia Britanniarum Regis,
Fidei Defensoris,
Regis Hanoveræ, &c.
Obiit quinto die Januarii,
Anno Domini MDCCCXXVII.
Ætatis suæ LXIV."

On the morning of the 20th, as the clock struck eight, the funeral procession began to move from St. James's Palace, on its destination for St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where it arrived at nine o'clock at night. The first portion of the procession was entirely military; but, regarding it as a spectacle, the general impression on the public mind was, that due honour was not paid to the illustrious departed. At Windsor, the body was received by the dignitaries of the church. Whilst the service was performing, his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, as chief mourner, was seated at the head of the coffin; Earl Harcourt, who bore the baton of his late Royal Highness, stood at the foot; the Lord Chamberlain was in the same position, and the Duke of Wellington, who supported the pall first on the left hand, retained his place with the other five dukes, who were pall bearers, on the sides of the coffin. At the conclusion of the service, the coffin was lowered into the vault by machinery, and moved at once into the niche prepared for its final reception. At that moment, Garter King at Arms proclaimed the style and titles of the departed, and thus the ceremony closed.

DR. ABRAHAM ROBERTSON.

Abraham Robertson, D.D., F.R.S. Savilian professor of astronomy, and Radcliffe observer at Oxford, was a native of Scotland. He was educated at Westminster and Christ Church. As a mathematician he obtained a very high reputation. He published "*Sectionum Conicarum, lib. vii. 4to. 1793*"—"A Geometrical Treatise on Conic Sections," 8vo., 1802—and "A Reply to a Critical and Monthly Reviewer, in which is inserted Euler's Demonstration of the Binomial Theorem," 8vo., 1808. Dr. Robertson was also a contributor to the *Philosophical Transactions*. He died at Oxford, on the 4th of December.

LORD DORMER.

John Evelyn Perpont Dormer, Lord Dormer, of Wenge, in the county of Bucks, a captain in the army, was born in the year 1771. He succeeded his brother Charles, the late lord, in 1819. In 1795, he married

Elizabeth Kerr, daughter of William John, fifth Marquess of Lothian; by whom, who died in 1822, he had no issue. It is remarkable of Lord Dormer, that having rejected the errors of Popery, and conformed himself to the established religion, he was the first of his family who sat in the House of Lords, although the peerage has existed upwards of two centuries.

LORD KINNAIRD.

Charles Kinnaird, Lord Kinnaird, of Inch-hire, in the county of Perth, a counsellor of state to the king, in Scotland, F.R. and A.S., was a descendant from Rodolphus, surnamed Rufus, who had a charter from King William, the Lion, of Scotland, of the barony of Kinnaird, in Perthshire, whence the family assumed their surname. His lordship was born on the 7th of April, 1780, and he succeeded his father George, the late lord, on the 21st of October 1805. His mother, the late Lady Kinnaird, was the daughter and sole heir of Griffin Ransom, of New Palace Yard, Westminster, Esq. He married, in 1806, Lady Olivia Letitia Catherine Fitzgerald, youngest daughter of William Robert, second Duke of Leinster; by whom he had issue George William Fox, his successor, two other sons, and two daughters.—In the year 1802, his lordship offered himself a candidate for the borough of Leominster, and, in conjunction with Mr. Lubbock, he stood a warm contest, and was successful. He sat in the Commons during only one parliament, but he proved himself a good speaker and an active member. It was considered that, in consequence of his political sentiments, the influence of ministers was exerted against him to prevent his being elected one of the representative peers of Scotland. Some years ago, his lordship sold off his effects in England, gave up his share in the banking-house to his brother, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, and retired to the continent, where he was much distinguished for his patronage of the fine arts. Latterly he had suffered much from ill-health; but although he had long been in a lopsided state, his death, which took place in Regency Square, Brighton, was unexpected. His lady survives him.

PROFESSOR BODE.

John Elert Bode, a distinguished astronomer, was born at Hamburg, in the year 1747. At an early period he displayed a love of the mathematical sciences, and he was only nineteen when the eclipse of 1768 furnished him with an opportunity of manifesting his astronomical knowledge. In 1772, he was appointed royal professor of astronomy at the academy of Berlin; he soon became a correspondent of all the most celebrated astronomers, and he retained his professor's chair until the day of his death, a period of fifty-four years. Bode's works, written with clearness and precision, are numerous and valuable.

Amongst the principal of them are, his "Introduction to the Knowledge of the Starry Heavens;"—his "Elements of the Astronomical Sciences;" and his "Atlas Cælestis," in twenty sheets, containing 17,240 stars, and 12,000 more than had been previously laid down. Amongst the great men with whom Bode was most closely connected, was Sallande, who is said to have entertained a higher opinion of the professor than of any of his rivals in the same science. The professor was so indefatigable in his studies, that he was found dead at his desk a short time since; or, as his Berlin biographer observes, "he was sitting at his writing-desk when the angel of death gently summoned him away to eternal life, and conducted his spirit to the stars, among which he has been no stranger for these fifty years."

LORD RIBBLESDALE.

The Right Hon. Thomas Lister, Baron Ribblesdale, of Gisburne Park, in the county of York, D.C.L., and colonel of the Craven Legion, was born on the 22d of March, 1752, and raised to the peerage on the 26th of October, 1797. The house of Lister has had its chief residence in the parish of Gisburne, in Craven, for nearly 500 years. Its possessions on the borders of the river which gives origin to the title, are by descent of extraordinary antiquity; having been acquired about the year 1312, by the marriage of John, son of Sir Thomas Lister, with Isabel, daughter and heiress of John de Bolton, from whom Thomas Lister, the present and second baron, is the eighteenth in lineal descent. The above Isabel, it is believed, also was descended, through the illustrious families of Clare, Gaut, and Roumare, from the old Saxon Earls of Mercia; William de Roumare, one of the great Norman barons, having after the conquest, married Lucy, sister and heiress of Edwin, the last earl.

The deceased nobleman was the son of Thomas Lister, Esq., M.P. for the borough of Clitheroe, and of Beatrix, daughter of Jessop Hulton, of Hulton Park, in the county of Lancaster, Esq. During the American war he raised, at his own expence, a regiment of horse for the service of government, called Lister's Light Dragoons; and afterwards, at the commencement of the French Revolution, he became colonel of the Craven Legion of Yeomanry Cavalry. For these, and other services, he was, as already stated, raised to the peerage in 1797. His lordship married, in 1789, Rebecca, daughter of Joseph Fielding, Esq., of the kingdom of Ireland, by Elizabeth, daughter of Christopher Jackson, Esq., of the county of Nottingham. By her ladyship, who died in 1816, he had one son, Thomas, his successor in the peerage, born in 1790, and two daughters.

Lord Ribblesdale was a patron of the fine arts, and possessed a valuable collection of pictures at Gisburne Park. Amongst

some very fine portraits, were one of General Lambert, and one of Oliver Cromwell, by Sir Peter Lely; said to have been taken by the Protector's own order, and exhibiting all his remarkable warts and protuberances. Gisburne Park is remarkable for a herd of wild cattle, descendants of the indigenous breed which once crowded the forests of Lancashire. This rarity, which is without horns, differs from those of Lyme, in Cheshire, and Chillingham castle in Northumberland: they are white, excepting the tips of their noses which are black, and they are mischievous, and invidious in approaching the object of their resentment.

His lordship died at Gisburne Park on the 22nd of September; and on the 30th his remains were deposited in the family vault at the parish church. In conformity with his own directions, his funeral was as private as possible, and his corpse was carried on foot by his own tenants from the house to the church, the tenants relieving each other at intervals by relays of ten each. The mourners were, his son, the present Lord Ribblesdale, his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Parker, her husband, the Rev. J. H. Parker, Thomas Lister, Esq., of Armitage Park, and Thomas Lister Parker, Esq. late of Brows-Hall.

Thomas Lister, Esq., one of his lordship's relations, is said to be the author of "Granby."

JOHN FLAXMAN, ESQ., R.A.

This eminent sculptor was born at York, in the year 1755. His father afterwards kept a small plaster figure shop in the Strand; and it was during his attendance there that he taught himself Latin. It was not until he travelled in Italy, that he found leisure to study Greek; and though he never became what might be termed an elegant classical scholar, his knowledge of the history and philosophy of the ancients, as well as of sacred subjects, was profound. Possessing a mind highly intellectual, it was not surprising that his conversation should be luminous. Mr. Flaxman studied for a long time at Rome, where his statues and basso-relievos were held in high estimation. While in Italy, the late Earl of Bristol engaged him to execute, in marble, his magnificent group of Athamas and Io, for which he advanced him £600; a sum so short of the actual cost that the work beggared him; and, being married, he was glad to accept Mr. Naylor's offer to execute drawings to illustrate the Iliad and Odyssey at a guinea each, comprising about eighty plates.

Notwithstanding his great simplicity of character, he was not insensible to the honours of ancient descent. He used to relate, with complacency, an anecdote of one of his ancestors, a cavalry officer in Cromwell's army, who, having been wounded in the left arm, fought with his bridle in his mouth, at the battle of Naseby. Yet, after his return from Italy, in the plenitude of his reputation, when

he was appointed in his turn collector of the watch rates in his parish, he performed the duties of the humble office with the most scrupulous exactness. His friends smiled to see this distinguished artist, his ink-horn tied to his button, cheerfully and zealously collecting his dues, from house to house.

Mr. Thomas Hope engaged Mr. Flaxman to illustrate Dante by drawings similar to those with which he had illustrated Homer. Those drawings are, we believe, still in Mr. Hope's collections. Æschylus and Hesiod, were subsequent works. He has since published his illustrations of the writers mentioned in four series; and, had he never produced any thing else, he must have descended to posterity as a man of splendid and powerful genius. He established his fame among the critics and cognoscentis of Italy and Germany, with whom he enjoyed a higher reputation than has been acquired by any of our countrymen, with the exception of, perhaps, Sir Christopher Wren, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

As a sculptor, Mr. Flaxman's works are chiefly of that higher order which is not calculated to confer immediate popularity. He never, we believe, executed busts, except as portions of sepulchral monuments; for the production of which, from the devotional character of his mind, he was particularly disposed. Amongst his numerous works of this class, are the monument of Collins, at Chichester; of Lord Mansfield, in Westminster Abbey; of Sir William Jones, at Oxford; the statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c. Several of his pieces are in St. Paul's Cathedral.

In the year 1800, Mr. Flaxman addressed a letter to the Committee for raising a Naval Pillar, or Memorial, to which a reply was made by Alexander Balfour, an architect. Mr. Flaxman's proposition was, to form a colossal statue of 200 feet in height, to be placed on Dover Cliff.

Mr. Flaxman had long been a member of the Royal Academy, and professor of sculpture to that institution. Having survived his wife several years, he lived a very retired life. He did not publicly associate with the congregation founded by Emanuel Swedenberg; but, on the contrary, though he did not scruple to avow to his friends, that he adopted, in general, the doctrines promulgated by that celebrated mystical theologian, he professed himself a member of the established church. His habits were singularly modest and retired; and in all pecuniary matters, he was so severely scrupulous against his own interest, that his profession was far less productive to him, than to most artists enjoying equal rank.

Mr. Flaxman contracted a severe cold by leaving his house in Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square, on Sunday the 3d of December; but he was sufficiently well on Monday to receive a few friends at dinner. Medical advice was called in the same evening. His constitution, however, had been weak-

ened by a gradual decline of health, which had for several years excited the apprehensions of his professional and personal friends; he was, therefore, spared the suffering of a severe and procrustinated illness; and, on the morning of the 9th he departed.

It was the intention of the members of the Royal Academy to follow the remains of their late professor of sculpture to the grave,

in a manner becoming the respect which they entertained for his virtues and talents. This mode of interment, however, was found to be contrary to the express will of the deceased, and to the wishes of the survivors; and, therefore, the funeral was private. It took place on the 15th of December, many of the members of the Academy attending as mourners.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, *announced between the 21st of December 1826, and the 21st of January 1827; extracted from the London Gazette.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

ALEXANDER, A. Rashcliffe, York, dyer
Brown, T. Myton, York, merchant
Burgess, T. and Hill, T. Great Windmill-street, booksellers
Dickins, F. Bow-lane, scrivener
Essex, G. Bristol, bookseller
Holl, S. Lakenham, Norwich, brewer,
Hulme, James, Museum-street, Bloomsbury, pawn-broker
Kerridge, G. Beccles, Suffolk, grocer
M'Leod, J. Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, leather-seller
Shepherd, J. L. and Fricker, H. Southampton, linen-drappers

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 158.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

ANDERSON, W. Portsea, oilman. [Brooks and Benwell, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Hinton, Bristol
Alexander, A. Huddersfield, York, brewer. [Vansandean and Tindale, Dowgate-hill; Jacomb, Huddersfield
Atkinson, W.; Haslingden, Lancaster, currier. [Makinson and Sanders, Temple; Atkinson, Manchester
Allwright, H. R. Coleman street, packer. [Loxley and Co., Cheapside
Bore, J. jun. Kidderminster, plumber. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Slater, Birmingham
Bailey, W. Belper, Derbyshire, haberdasher. [Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Rigley, Nottingham
Badnall, R. jun. and F. G. Spilsbury, Leek, Staffordshire, silk manufacturers. [James, Bucklersbury
Bright, P. Handley, Derby, lime-burner. [Rodgers, Bucklersbury; Staniforth, Sheffield
Badnall, R. jun., F. G. Spilsbury, and R. Cruso, Leek, Staffordshire, silk-manufacturers. [Amory and Coles, Throgmorton-street
Bennett, C. A. Liverpool, surgeon. [Blackstock and Bunce, Temple; Deane, Liverpool
Baugh, J. High-holborn, clothes-salesman. [Gee and Drawbridge, New North-street, Red-Lion-square
Bennett, T. W. Great Mary-le-bone-street, carpenter. [Hallett, Northumberland-street, Mary-le-bone
Burge, J. and R. St. Philip and Jacob, Gloucester, soap boilers. [Hicks and Braikenridge, Bartlett's-buildings; Hinton, Bristol
Burkinyoung, P. Old Kent-road, coach-maker. [Whitehouse, Thavies-inn
Blogg, W. Norwich, haberdasher. [Austin, Ruckingham-street; Parkinson and Staff, Norwich
Barrett, H. Old-street-road, timber merchant. [Green and Ashurst, Sainbrook-court, Basinghall-street
Broomfield, W. M. Isabel-place, New Camberwell-road, builder. [Bostock, George-street, Mansion-house
Bakewell, G. W. Manchester, glue-manufacturer. [Tooke and Carr, Gray's-inn; Flint, Uttoxeter
Bridge, W. Deerhurst, Gloucester, cattle-dealer. [Watson and Broughton, Falcon-square; Smallridge, Gloucester
Backhouse, D. Aldmondbury, York, and J. Wood-

cock, jun. Wakefield, dyers. [Battye and Co. Chancery-lane; Sykes, Milnsbridge
Bautock, W. J. Clement's-lane, timber-merchant. [Atkins and Davis, Fox-Ordinary-court, Nicholas-lane
Bateson, John and Joseph, Wortley, York, cloth-manufacturers. [Few and Co., Covent-garden; Hemingway, Leeds
Brunnell, W. C. Natland, Westmoreland, currier. [Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Wardle, Kendal
Barnett, W. Sheerness, draper. [Ashfield, Lawrence-lane, Cheapside
Chaffey, J. Bow-street, victualler. [Young and Gilbert, Mark-lane
Cox, J. Commerce-place, Brixton-road, chinaman. [Vincent, Bedford-street, Bedford-square
Cohen, M. Devonshire-place, Commercial-road, paper-stainer. [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street
Cox, E. Wednesbury, Staffordshire, corn-factor. [White, Lincoln's-inn; Tones, Oxford
Coales, W. Wisbeach, Cambridge, grocer. [Hindman and Goddard, Basinghall-street
Clark, J. Montague-street, Russel-square, dentist. [Wade, Polygon, Somers-town
Chadwick, J. Manchester, commission-agent. [Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Morris and Gool-den, Manchester
Clarke, J. S. Austin-friars, printer. [Witherby, Nicholas-lane
Clarkson, J. Whitecross-street, victualler. [Martineau and Molton, Carey-street
Croasdill, H. Hackington, Kent, farmer. [Winburn and Collett, Chancery-lane; Sandys, Canterbury
Cook, W. Newton-upon-Ouse, York, waterman. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Robinson, Wakefield
Colbeck, G. Hatton-wall, grocer. [Fisher, Queen-street, Cheapside
Clarkson, J. late of Gower-street, Bedford-square, and Austin-friars, ship-owner. [Alliston and Hundley, Freeman's-court, Cornhill
Coe, J. W. Bath, haberdasher. [Evans and Shearman, Hatton-garden
Cridland, T. C. Piggott-wharf, King's-stairs, Rotherhithe, coal-merchant. [Smith and Weir, Basinghall-street
Dawson, S. R. Water-lane, Tower-street, wine-merchant. [Osbaldeston and Murray, London-street, Fenchurch-street
Dodd, J. Norfolk-street, Middlesex Hospital, cheesemonger. [Popkin, Dean-street, Soho
Dickins, F. Queen-street, scrivener. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle, Queen-street
Drury, C. Whetstone, Leicester, hosier. [Benbow and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Vernon, Bromsgrove, Worcestershire
Dods, A. Worcester, vender of medicines. [Hilliard and Hastings, Gray's-inn; Godson, Worcester
Eld, J. Walsall, Stafford, draper. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn; Jesson, Walsall
Ewart, F. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, hatter. [Bell and Broderick, Bow-Church-yard; Dawson, Newcastle
Elsworth, J. Bowling, York, corn-dealer. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Alexanders, Halifax

- Fisher, C. Ramsgate, chemist. [Smith and Weir, Cooper's-hall, Basinghall-street]
- Fussell, J. Stoke-lane, Somerset, paper-maker. [Edmunds, Symond's-inn; Phelps, Wells]
- Frost, J. Manchester, cotton-spinner. [Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Morris and Goulden, Manchester]
- Fisher, R. Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, dealer. [Bromley, Gray's-inn; Leech, Bury St. Edmunds]
- Fisher, J. Canterbury, brazier. [Gatty and Co., Angel-court, Throgmorton-street]
- Fricker, W. jun. Bradford, Wilts, plumber. [Popkin, Dean-street; Seymour, jun. Frome]
- Fowler, E. Neptune-street, Rotherhithe, silkmar. [Thomas, Dean-street, Southwark]
- Folks, Mary, Well's-yard, Goodman's-fields, smith. [Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields]
- Gay, J. Bristol, carpenter. [Henderson, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Taylor, Bristol]
- Graffey, S. Cannon-street, umbrella-maker. [Ashley and Goodman, Token-house-yard]
- Grist, T. Aston, Birmingham, corn-dealer. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Parker and Timmins, Birmingham]
- Gibson, R. H. Alborough, Norfolk, surgeon. [Lythgore, Essex-street, Strand; Unthank, Norwich]
- Griffiths, W. Carmarthen, ironmonger. [Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Haven, Bristol]
- Giblett, S. Shepton Mallet, Somerset, currier. [Berkeleys, Lincoln's-inn; Craddock, Shepton-Mallet]
- Goddard, J. Russell-street, Bloomsbury, merchant. [Oliverson and Denby, Frederick-place, Old Jewry]
- Harris, J. Bristol, brick-maker. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Hooper, H. Bognor, Sussex, grocer. [Tilson, Coleman-street]
- Heath, W. Hatfield-place, Westminster-road, coach-maker. [Watts, Dean-street, Southwark]
- Herring, J. F. Doncaster, picture-dealer. [Makinson and Sanders, Middle Temple; Heaton, Doncaster]
- Harrison, W. Arundel-street, Strand, merchant. [Dods, Northumberland-street, Strand]
- Heath, R. Paradise-row, Chelsea, ironmonger. [Farris, Surrey-street, Strand]
- Hallett, W. Northumberland-street, Mary-le-bone, bill-broker. [Tanner, New Basinghall-street]
- Hawker, J. A. Birmingham, merchant. [Tooke and Carr, Gray's-inn; Unett and Son, Birmingham]
- Haynes, J. H. Aston, Warwick, grocer. [Becke, Devonshire-street, Queen-square; France, Worcester]
- Hodgson, T. Pendleton, Lancaster, schoolmaster. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Higson and Co., Manchester]
- Hine, T. B. Jeffries-square, St. Mary Axe, merchant. [Bennett, Scot's-yard, Bush-lane]
- Hooker, W. Liverpool, victualler. [Hicks and Braikenridge, Bartlett's-buildings; Beswick, Birmingham]
- Hill, J. Stapleford Abbots, Essex, dealer. [Eicke, Old Broad-street]
- Hannay, J. Park-street, Dorset-square, wine-merchant. [Farris, Surrey-street, Strand]
- James, T. Nottingham, maltster. [Smith, Basinghall-street]
- James, S. Nottingham, maltster. [Smith, Basinghall-street]
- Johnson, F. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn; Perey, Nottingham]
- Jones, H. Woolstanton, Stafford, dealer in hay. [Dax and Co., Gray's-inn; Jones, Stafford and Hanley]
- Kirkman, C. and F. late of Henley-upon-Thames, linen-drappers. [Wheeler and Bennett, John-street, Bedford-row]
- Leech, J. Barnsley, linen-manufacturer. [Pocock, Bartholomew-close]
- Leicester, P. Liverpool, timber-merchant. [Taylor and Roscoe, Temple; Prest, Liverpool]
- Leaver, J. Reading, shoemaker. [Jenkins and Abbots, New-inn; Vines, jun. Reading]
- Lacy, J. Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, mercer. [Birkitt and Co., Cloak-lane]
- Littler, C. Outter-lane, warehouseman. [Turner, Basing-lane]
- Levine, H. Merthyr-Tydvil, Glamorgan, dealer. [Tripp, Gray's-inn; Williams, Bristol]
- Lawrence, S. Cheltenham, grocer. [Evans and Shearman, Hatton-garden; Haberfield, Bristol]
- Mindham, W. Holt, Norfolk, carpenter. [Surman, Lincoln's-inn]
- Mynn, J. York-street, Southwark, coal-merchant. [Fisher and Spencer, Walbrook]
- Moorhouse, T. Sheffield, victualler. [Duncan, Gray's-inn]
- Muggeridge, J. sen. Brixton-road, builder. [Farden, New-inn]
- Marsden, W. Sheffield, saw-manufacturer. [Blake-lock, Sergeant's-inn; Smith, Sheffield]
- McLeod, J. Clement's-lane, leather-seller. [Rankin and Richards, Basinghall-street]
- Moore, G. Carey-street, coffee-house-keeper. [Price, Lincoln's-inn]
- Marsden, G. Cartworth, York, woollen-manufacturer. [Wilson, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury; Coupland and Shave, Leeds]
- Miller, J. Liverpool, silversmith. [Tooke and Carr, Gray's-inn; Burnish, Birmingham]
- Nichol, J. Preston, draper. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Willis, Lancaster]
- Nicoll, E. jun. Hendon, hay and straw-salesman. [Shuter, Millbank-street, Westminster]
- Nind, John Pitt, Ledbury, Hereford, tanner. [Beverley, Temple; Phelps, Ledbury]
- Neate, W. Sweeting's-alley, Cornhill, jeweller. [James, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house]
- Nixon, F. Rowarth, Derby, cotton-spinner. [Francis, New Boswell-court]
- Oddy, R. and W. Brown, London-wall, horse-dealers. [Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields]
- Pritchard, C. Walcot-place, Lambeth, plumber. [Sherwood and Son, Canterbury-square, Southwark]
- Poole, T. Colwall, Hereford, dealer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Higgins, Ledbury]
- Pearson, R. High-holborn, money-scrivener. [Duncombe, Lyon's-inn]
- Phillips, R. Brecon, tailor. [Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Bold and Vaughan, Brecon]
- Parsons, J. St. Clements, Oxon, brewer. [Ellis, Gray's-inn; Walsh, Oxford]
- Peake, M. Arbour-terrace, Commercial-road, agent. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Slater, jun, Birmingham]
- Purcell, J. New-Cross, Camberwell, victualler. [Benton, Union-street, Southwark]
- Pool, W. Lisson-street, Paddington, stage-master. [Duncombe, Lyon's-inn]
- Peters, J. Ranelagh-walk, Chelsea, victualler. [Parnell, Spitalfields]
- Powis, R. Grosvenor-mews, New Bond-street, farrier. [Hart and Johnson, Temple]
- Plaw, T. Fulham, carpenter. [Richardson and Pike, Golden-square]
- Pyrke, T. Chelmsford, linen-draper. [Fisher and Spencer, Walbrook]
- Raffan, G. Covent-garden, fruit-salesman. [Hughes, Clifford's-inn]
- Robison, J. M. Hampstead, wine-merchant. [Robison, Walbrook]
- Rixon, R. Stoken-Church, Oxford, innholder. [James and Whitelock, Ely-place]
- Riddick, T. Penton-place, Pentonville, baker. [Bridges, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street]
- Rohde, S. Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, dealer in sail-cloth. [Lang, Fenchurch-street]
- Roach, J. St. George, Gloucester, brick-maker. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn-square; Cornish, Bristol]
- Robinson, T. Porter-street, Newport-market, upholsterer. [Richardson, Ironmonger-lane]
- Russell, E. White-horse-court, Southwark, hop-merchant. [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street]
- Rice, J. L. Taunton, builder. [Clowes and Co., Temple; Buncombe and Stone, Taunton]
- Stamper, W. Goswell-street, coach-painter. [Brough, Shoreditch]
- Spencer, J. Belper, Derby, nail-maker. [Wolston, Furnival's-inn; Ingle, Belper]

- Simons, W. Fobbing, Essex, barge-master. [Noy and Co., Great Tower-street]
- Seargill, G. Barnsley, York, linen-manufacturer. [Wilson, Southampton-street; Smith and Moore, Leeds]
- Sheath, T. jun. Birmingham, brazier. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Slater, Birmingham]
- Shurmer, J. Shirley, Hants, cattle-dealer. [Deverell, Gray's-inn-square]
- Stickland, J. B. Wareham, Dorset, linen-draper. [Gadsden and Barlow, Austin-friars]
- Shepherd, J. Beaumont-street, Mary-le-bone, hackneyman. [Goven and Price, Orchard-street, Portman-square]
- Spilsbury, E. H. Walsall, Stafford, apothecary. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn; Hayes and Hencliffe, Halesowen]
- Snigh, T. Bilstone, Stafford, surgeon. [Hunt, Craven-street; Willim and Son, Bilstone]
- Shepherd, J. L. and H. Fricker, Southampton, linen-drappers. [Hicks and Braikenridge, Bartlett's-buildings; Clement, Southampton]
- Spratt, H. Thurston, Norfolk, miller. [Lythgoe and Chapman, Essex-street; Winter, jun. Norwich]
- Saunders, J. Nottingham, cordwainer. [Taylors, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn; Payne and Dart, Nottingham]
- Smith, G. and T. Holmes, jun. Bristol, linen-drappers and haberdashers. [Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside; Bevan and Brittain, Bristol]
- Stones, S. Pontefract, York, innkeeper. [Smithson and Ramskill, Pontefract]
- Swannell, J. Chatteris, Cambridge, draper. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn; Day, St. Ives]
- Stafford, T. jun. John-street, West-Smithfield, pawnbroker. [Hinrich and Stafford, Buckingham-street, Strand]
- Steele, S. V. Bucklersbury, agent. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple]
- Stollard, J. P. Shepton-Mallet, Somerset, wine-merchant. [King and Co., Gray's-inn; Phipps, Shepton-Mallet]
- Todd, J. Sheffield, printer. [Walter, Symonds-inn; Parker and Co., Sheffield]
- Todd, W. Sheffield, printer. [Walter, Symonds-inn; Parker and Co., Sheffield]
- Tate, W. South-Shields, draper. [Clayton and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Clayton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne]
- Tucker, I. Amwell-street, Pentouville, ironmonger. [Bean, Friar-street, Blackfriars-road]
- Turner, T. Pemberton, Lancashire, house-carpenter. [Gaskill, Wigan; Norris, John-street, Bedford-row]
- Teague, W. Redruth, Cornwall, merchant. [Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Heaven, Bristol]
- Wesson, J. jun. Dudley, currier. [Robinson and Son, Dudley]
- Williams, W. Bristol, grocer. [Poole, Greenfield, and Gamlen, Gray's-inn; Williams, Exchange, Bristol]
- Weall, D. Preston, woollen-draper. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row; Haworth, Blackburn]
- Wheadon, H. Beamister, Dorset, clothier. [Hicks and Braikenridge, Bartlett's-buildings; Hinton, Bristol]
- Wagstaff, W. Mottram, Cheshire, corn-dealer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Higginbottom, Ashton-under-Line]
- Wood, B. Piteheomb-mill, Gloucester, clothier. [King, Serjeant's-inn; Hawker, Stroud]
- Walker, J. Ley-Moor, Huddersfield, York, cloth-manufacturer. [Edmunds, Lincoln's-inn; Sykes, Milnsbridge, Huddersfield]
- Wynn, H. and A. Wyke, late of Manchester, and of Baghill, Flint, brewers. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Ainsworth and Co., Manchester]
- Wild, J. W. Leeds, dyer. [Tottle and Co., Poultry, and Leeds.]

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. Parsons, to the consolidated Rectory of Ashwicken and Leziate, Norfolk.—Rev. S. Blackhall, collated to a Prebend in Wells' Cathedral.—Rev. R. W. Allix, to the Rectory of Great Warley, Essex.—Rev. R. Gape, to the Vicarage of Sibsey, Lincoln.—Rev. J. Hodges, to the Rectory of Chilcomb, Hants.—Rev. H. Alford, to the Rectory of Ampton Suffolk.—Rev. W. M. Ward, to the Vicarage of Hartington, Derbyshire.—Rev. O. H. Williams, to the Rectory of Clavelleigh, Devon.—Rev. S. Rowe, to the perpetual Cure of St. Budeaux, Devon.—Rev. W. Davison, to the Deanery or Peculiar of Hartington, Derby.—Rev.

M. Thomason, to the Curacy of Trinity Church, Cheltenham.—Rev. F. Baker, to the Rectory of Wyllye, Wilts.—Rev. L. R. Brown, to the Rectory of Saxmundham, Suffolk.—Rev. W. Browne, to the Rectory of Little Glemham, with the perpetual Curacy of Great Glemham annexed, Suffolk.—Rev. C. Day, to the perpetual Curacy of Playford, Suffolk.—Rev. R. Firmin, to the Vicarage of Pingringhoe, Essex.—Rev. J. Coyte, to the perpetual Curacy of Farnham, Suffolk.—Rev. J. Macdougall, to the Second Charge of the parish of Cambeltoun.—Rev. W. Airey, to the perpetual Curacy of Hexham, Northumberland.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON.

CHRONOLOGY.

Dec. 18.—The Right Hon. R. Peel, Secretary of State, transmitted to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York a letter, signed by the King, authorizing them to take proper measures for promoting subscriptions within their provinces, for the relief of the manufacturing classes in some districts of the United Kingdom.

Jan. 2.—T. White and Amelia Roberts, executed at the Old Bailey. Three other culprits, ordered for execution, were respited.

5.—His Royal Highness Frederick, Duke of York and Albany, died, at twenty minutes past nine o'clock, P.M., after a lingering illness.

12.—The Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey, before the Lord Mayor, Chief Baron Alexander,

Baron Hullock, Mr. Justice Burrough, and the Recorder. Their Lordships wore black robes and weepers, on account of the Duke of York's death.

Dec. 31.—British troops arrived at Lisbon under the command of Sir W. Clinton.

Jan. 18 and 19.—The remains of H. R. H. the Duke of York lay in state at St. James's Palace.

20.—The funeral of H. R. H. the Duke of York took place, at St. George's, Windsor Castle.

MARRIAGES.

At the King of the Netherlands' Ambassador's, Lieut.-Col. Nahuys, Knight of the Belgic Lion, to Ellen, daughter of B. Hodgson, esq.—J. Nind, esq., to Louisa, widow of the late W. Paton, esq., member of the Board of Revenue, Calcutta.—W. Wakeman, esq., to Miss Sibylla, Philadelphia Pas-

more.—At Paddington Church, W. S. Sewell, esq., sheriff of Quebec, son of the Hon. M. Sewell, chief justice of Lower Canada, to Miss Mary Isabel Smith.—At Mary-le-bone Church, H. Robinson, esq., to Miss Maria, eldest daughter of N. Kirwan, esq.—Edwin Maddy, esq., to Maria, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Alderman Wood, M.P. for the City of London.—Captain G. Baker, R.N., son of Sir R. Baker, of Berners-street, to Miss E. Harding.

DEATHS.

At Tooting, Lady Welsh, relict of the late Sir R. Welsh, of Eltham, Kent.—At Pimlico, 71, W. Gifford, esq., author of the *Mæviad* and the *Bæviad*, &c.—At Shepperton, 63, Dr. John Mason Good.—In Lincoln's-Inn Fields, 77, H. Cline, esq.—John Dent, esq., formerly M.P. for Lancaster.—Miss Stourton, sister to the Right Hon. Lord Stourton.—In Great Coram-street, Dr. J. Jones, author of a Greek Lexicon and other learned works.—At Putney House, Heneage Legge, esq.—At Battle-Bridge, 100! Mrs. Margaret Rule.—At Hays, 80, Mrs. Elliot; she has left nine children, fifty-eight grand-children, and forty-three great-grand-children.—At Stratford, Samuel West, esq., a member of the Society of Friends; he was 76

years of age, and his death was occasioned by being upset in his gig, in company with Mr. Martin, partner of the Lord Mayor.—Mr. Serjeant Lens.—In Piccadilly, 91, Mrs. Vaillant, relict of Paul Vaillant, esq., Pall-Mall.—At the palace, Waterford, the Hon. Mrs. Bourke, lady of the Lord Bishop of that diocese.—At Denton Park, the lady of Sir Charles Ibbertson, bart.—At Chelsea, 83, Captain Abraham, formerly of the 63d regiment.—At Bolton Row, 68, Mrs. Angelo.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At the British Ambassador's, Paris, James Dawes, esq., equerry to the Duke de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, to Mary Harcourt, eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral Manby.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Mittau, Cornelia, wife of Baron de Fircks, and eldest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Byam.—At Malaga, 80, Mrs. M. Doudeull.—At Barrackpore, 24, the Hon. Jeffery Amherst, eldest son of Lord Amherst.—At Paris, M. Malte Brun, author of various works on geography and politics, and one of the editors of *Le Journal des Débats*.—At Quito, in Columbia, H. Wood, esq., his Britannic Majesty's consul at Guayaquil.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The report of the Morpeth Savings' Banks annual statement, 20th Nov. 1826, states the amount received, at that period, at the sum of £28,891 2s. 1d.

At the Durham Christmas quarter sessions, there were upwards of thirty-three felons for trial, exclusive of assault cases, which were numerous; a number unequalled in any similar occasion in that county.

A public meeting of the inhabitants of North Berwick was held, on the 28th December, for the purpose of establishing a subscription library, also a debating society for the free discussion of every subject, religion and politics exempted; when resolutions were entered into, and unanimously carried, and a committee formed for the aforesaid purposes.

The snow storm which visited Yorkshire, extended into Durham, and was accompanied by a tremendous gale from the north. The coaches were impeded greatly beyond their usual time.

Married.] At Stockton, Benjamin Ord, esq., to Miss Anne Hutchinson.

Died.] At Newcastle, 100, Mrs. Tewart; and, 96, Mrs. M. Turner.—At Hexham, 70, Rev. M. Sharp, Roman Catholic minister of that place.—At North Shields, 89, Mr. A. Dunn.—At Berwick, Rear Admiral D. Stow.—At Leaton Carew, 102, Mrs. Isabella Eleuer.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND.

Never in the memory of man were crimes so abundant in the north of England as they now are in the neighbourhood of Carlisle. "The state of affairs is really most deplorable."—*Carlisle Journ.*

Unfortunately, robberies have been more prevalent in all other parts of the kingdom than formerly, and poaching has taken the lead.—*Query.*

Will the horrors of the last three months awaken

the legislature to a due sense of the necessity of altering the game laws, or will a project again be brought forward, to be discussed in "desultory" conversations, and to be got rid of on some night of scanty attendance, and still more scanty attention, by a miserable majority of twenty or thirty individuals? We have been told that the "giant smuggler" of the coast must be put down, by the only means of subduing him—by a *removal* of the temptation. But the poacher, the smuggler of our villages, still remains unassailed, except by force against force.

Died.] At Maryport, in her 106th year, Mrs. Sarah Harrison.

YORKSHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

The amount of the produce collected at York for the distressed weavers, at the Bazaar, and at the public ball, held for that purpose, amounted to £2,300!

A meeting of land-owners, tenants, &c., has been held at the New Town Hall, at Rotherham, when several resolutions were passed, and the following is one of them: "Resolved, that it is highly expedient that petitions should be immediately prepared to both houses of Parliament, expressing the firm conviction of this meeting, that a free trade in corn will be prejudicial to the interests of the farmer, as well as of the community at large."—A similar meeting has been held at Doncaster, and several resolutions passed, and a petition prepared to the Legislature, in which the petitioners "earnestly implore protection from any alteration that will afford the importers of foreign corn any further privileges or advantages."—The merchants of Hull have joined the agriculturalists of Holderness to petition Parliament.—Their opinion is, that nothing short of a

duty of 26s. per quarter, on foreign wheat, can secure the British grower from a ruinous competition.

Agreeable to new regulations adopted by the General Post Office, the mail between Hull and London was despatched across the Humber, for the first time, on Saturday the 6th January.

Married.] At Sealeotes, Lt. John Horseley, R. N., to Miss Sophia Barnes.—At York, the Rev. Thos. Richardson, to Miss Mary Grainger.—At Shipton, J. B. Leolywrich esq., to Sarah Hannah, second daughter of John Greenwood, esq.—At Tarvin, the Rev. C. Mytton, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Hon. Borth Grey.

Died.] At Whitby, Ann, wife of the Rev. John Husband.—At York, Henry Presly, esq.—The lady of the Rev. J. Fynes Clinton.—At Halifax, the Rev. L. Knight.—At Bolton Lodge, Christopher Marriott, Esq.—At Hotham, 86, the Rev. J. Stillingfleet, rector of that place for above fifty years. He was a lineal descendant from Bishop Stillingfleet.

STAFFORD AND SALOP.

Died.] At Clee Stanton, 79, E. Walker, esq.; and within the week, 77, his relict, Mrs. Walker.

LANCASHIRE.

The number of vessels reported at the custom house, at Liverpool, for the last six months, is 4,771, exclusive of 236 at the port of Runcorn. Of these, 1,717 were from foreign parts; 1,317 from Ireland; 1,737 coastwise, tonnage 628,187; 236 to Runcorn, tonnage 13,906; making in all 642,093 tons, which is a decrease in the present year, compared with the last, of 313 vessels, and 60,947 tons. Cotton alone amounted to 488,170 bags; while in 1825, the quantity was 703,400 bags.

We call our readers' attention to the perusal of the following heart-rending extract of a report made by the Rev. D. Whittle, curate of Church Kirk, near Blackburn. Good Heaven! what a report to be made in England, and that, too, on New Year's Day!

"Having been appointed one of the committee for the distribution of relief in this district, I have thought it right personally to visit every house, and see the situation of every family; and this is the real state of those by whom I am surrounded: Here are numbers of our *fellow creatures*, reduced, by circumstances over which they had no controul, to the very lowest condition in which it is possible for human nature to exist. Englishmen and women, toiling from day-break to midnight, without intermission except on the Sabbath; and with all their labour unable to obtain sufficient for their families to live upon. And what is the food which all this labour cannot procure? A little meal, a little flour, a few potatoes, and a little milk as a *luxury*. I know it to be true that whole families of eight and ten souls are now existing upon thin porridge of meal or flour, generally eaten *twice a day*; and even with this they *dare not satisfy* the cravings of hunger. Formerly no cottage was without a place to hang their oaten cakes upon, which any member might go to as he had occasion. Now, to have a baking of oaten bread, is a luxury which very few families can indulge in! Butcher's meat is not to be thought of, except it has been overkept, and is sold at a low price. But to describe the state of their clothing is simply impossible. When I speak of rags and shreds of garments, I cannot convey

an idea of the truth. No one who has not witnessed an assemblage of four or five hundred emaciated, squalid objects, begging, praying, in the most moving language, for a few articles of apparel, can form a notion of it. I am sure no man of common humanity can witness it without feeling his heart moved with compassion. Disease has already commenced its work in many parts!!"

NOTTINGHAM AND LINCOLN.

Died.] At Spital, 104, Mrs. Thornhill.—At Bucknall, 106, Mr. W. Carter. He was formerly a farmer, and retained his mental and coporeal faculties to the last.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

Died.] At Launde Abbey, J. F. Simpson, esq. deputy-lieutenant of Leicestershire.—At Ravenstone Hospital, 74, Mrs. T. Mart: her father is still living, at the age of 100!—At Leicester poor-house, 100, J. Bunney.—At Overseal, 72, Mrs. Joanna Lucena, only sister of the late Chevalier John Charles Lucena, consul-general from the court of Lisbon.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

As a proof of the general revival of trade at Birmingham and its neighbourhood, it appears that the tonnage upon the Old Birmingham Canal has lately exceeded, in amount, the like period, since it first opened. The iron trade keeps very brisk, which renders the situation of those employed by it comparatively comfortable.

We are sorry to see the noble trustees of that excellent establishment, Rugby School, "should have been under the necessity of lamenting the apathy and prejudice of the country gentlemen of Warwickshire, many of whom, without reasonable ground of complaint, have removed their sons from the School; and having investigated the cause, they find no reason to complain, and cannot but hope that the prevailing unpopularity of the School, unjust as it is unfounded, will shortly subside."

Died.] At Kettering, 61, M. Wilson, esq.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

The advantages of effecting the arrival of the London mail at Hereford by twelve o'clock at noon, and its return at half-past two, are so great and obvious, that the most practical mode of carrying it into practice is, we understand, now under the consideration of the Postmaster-General. In consequence of the improvements by Dowdswell-hill, &c., a coach might convey the mail in sixteen hours. Memorials have been presented to the Treasury on this subject also.

There has been such an obstinate contest for the coronership at Worcester as is almost without precedent, particularly when it is considered that the last year's allowances to the three county coroners amounted only to £203. The contest lasted ten days, and the numbers on the final state of the poll were 3875, and 3686.

Married.] At Inkborough, H. Ranking, esq. to Miss F. H. Heath.

Died.] At Earl's Croome, 80, T. Amott, esq.—At Hereford, 79, Miss Ariana Leigh, daughter of the late Archdeacon Egerton Leigh.—At Weston, Hereford, 84, Mrs. E. Clarke; she had lived as servant and housekeeper in the family of the late Mr. Smith, of that place, and his ancestors, sixty-eight years!!!

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

The sums invested in the Gloucester Savings' Bank amounted, on November, 20, 1826, to

£31,275 4s. 4d.—In the Tethbury Savings' Bank, November 1, 1826, to £26,702 9s.—In the Dursley ditto, November 20, 1826, to £14,428 2s. 5d.—In the Stow ditto, on November 1, 1826, to the sum of £43,231 3s. 11d.—In the Monmouth ditto, on the 20th November, 1826, to £26,177 5s. 10d.—In the Chepstow ditto, November 20, 1826, to £12,835 5s. 3d.

It appears, by the report recently made of the Visitors of the General Lunatic Asylum for the city and county of Gloucester, for 1826, that the annual expense was £2,960 9s. 9d., and the amount per board of patients £2,554 0s. 2d., leaving a deficiency of £406 9s. 7d.; and the committee have to regret that, from this circumstance, they were under the necessity of applying to the county and city for pecuniary assistance.

There were no less than 133 prisoners in confinement at Gloucester, for the purpose of trial, to commence the new year with !!!

Notwithstanding the great distress and stagnation of trade which generally prevailed throughout the kingdom last year, it appears that the receipt of customs at Bristol were £65,336 more than in the year 1825, which has arisen *solely* from the large importation of sugar, the increase of that article being about 3,646 additional casks.

Died.] At Clifden, R. Nicholas, esq., F.S.A. of Ashton Keynes, Wilts, formerly M.P. Cricklade, and Chairman of the Board of Excise.—At Fairfield Park, in the 85th year of his age, John Raymond Barker, esq.

DERBYSHIRE.

At the late annual meeting of the trustees and managing committee of the Derby Savings' Bank, held in the Town Hall, it appeared that the amount in the hands of government and their treasurer, was £92,464 8s. 8½d.

A public dinner took place recently at Chesterfield, at which the inhabitants celebrated the important event of the introduction of water and gas-light into that town.

At the Epiphany Sessions for this county, the chairman, after lamenting the number of prisoners to be tried, said to the grand jury: "I lament to see in the calendar a large proportion of cases under the game laws; this, I fear, proves the increase of the crime of poaching. I may here say, that I am of opinion that some modification of those statutes is required, and I hope that a great amelioration of them will shortly be decided upon in parliament; this must, sooner or later, be the case."

OXFORDSHIRE.

A large and respectable meeting of persons assessed to the poor-rates has been held at Oxford, when resolutions were entered into, to oppose the proceedings of the Board of Guardians, "who have prepared a bill, for regulating the poor, within the united parishes of Oxford," without disclosing to the town one word of its contents, and held out their intention of carrying it through Parliament, this session.

It appears, by the report of the Oxford Savings' Bank, made up to the end of December 1826, that the produce amounted to £60,135 4s. 10d.

At the commencement of the Epiphany Sessions for this county, there were no less than 182 culprits in imprisonment!

Married.] At Studley Priory, Sir Charles Wetherall, his Majesty's Attorney-General, to Jane Sarah Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir Alexander Cooke.

Died.] At Oxford, 88, W. Fletcher. He served the office of mayor three times, and had been sixty years member of the council-chamber.—At Sibford, 90, Jeremiah Lamb, one of the Society of Friends.

BUCKS AND BERKS.

Nocturnal depredations in Bucks have been more frequent than usual in any former winter, and the consequence has been, that the number of prisoners in Aylesbury goal has continued frightfully to increase; and at the commencement of the new year (Jan. 1), they amounted to 200!

Died. At Clayton-House, near Winslow, 84, Mrs. C. Verney, relict of the Rev. R. Verney.

BEDFORD AND HERTS.

At a meeting of the trustees and directors of the Hertfordshire Savings' Bank, held at the Shire Hall, in Hertford, January 5, it appeared by the report, that the sum of £123,766 10s. 8d. had been paid into their hands since its original establishment, and is now invested in the Bank of England and their treasurer's hands. The last year's receipts alone amounted to £25,618 6s. 8d.

Died.] At Chorley Wood, 73, Edmund Morris, esq.—At Clifton, where he had been rector thirty-six years, 71, the Rev. D.S. Olivier.—At Cheshunt, Jane Frances, youngest daughter of the late Sir Richard Bickerton, bart.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

A meeting has been lately held in the Guildhall at Lynn, for the purpose of forming a Society for Relieving the Sick and Indigent at their own houses, when it was resolved, that it should be under the management of a lady's committee, with the Mayoress as president; and upwards of £300 was subscribed upon this praiseworthy institution. Various meetings have been held by the occupiers of land in the hundreds of Erpingham, Loddon, Clavering, and Launditch, (Norfolk), when petitions to the Legislature were unanimously voted against altering the corn laws.

It is highly honourable to the public spirit and delicate feeling of the county of Norfolk, that so many of its respectable inhabitants have come forward in support of the widow of the Rev. Mr. Drew, late rector of Sandringham, whose overwhelming misfortunes and death have left her and ten children without the means of decent support. Nearly £3,000 have been subscribed. We trust the list will finally amount to a sum sufficient to attain its well-intended object.

The Lords of the Admiralty have undertaken to give every support to the plan of making Norwich a port by way of Lowestoffe.

Died.] At Holkham, 90, Mr. W. Jones, upwards of fifty years huntsman to T. W. Coke, esq.—At Assington Hall, Rev. J. Hallward, forty-six years vicar of Assington.

HANTS AND DORSET.

A county meeting has been held at the Town Hall, Blandford, for the purpose of establishing "The Dorset Friendly Society," which was attended by the principal gentry of the county, all of whom took a decided interest in its success. The advantages arising from the proposed plan of this institution appears to be very superior to the old societies. Directors and trustees were chosen,

subscriptions received, and it was resolved, that the Society immediately commence active operations. This is worthy the imitation of every county in the United Kingdom.

On St. Thomas's Day, the annual distribution of clothing took place at St. James's Church, Shaftesbury, when ninety-two poor persons were relieved, from the funds of the *Penny Club*, instituted there in 1825.

In the quarterly report, made by the magistrates at Winchester, they regretted to find so large a number of prisoners for offences against the game laws; and expressed a hope, that during the present session of parliament some measures would be adopted for the suppression of this growing evil. Before the march of civilization and improvement, the Forest Laws sunk (the barbarous remains of feudalism!) and unfortunately left behind them this bastard branch to curse and degrade society; but we trust the time is not far distant when all good men will unite to remove this opprobrium of our statute book, this bane of the morals of our peasantry, and initiation into robberies of every kind!

Died.] At Wimborne Minster, 82, Rev. J. Baskett, senior minister of that church, in which he had officiated upwards of fifty years!—At Southampton, 104! Sarah Millar, widow. She was at the taking of Quebec, with General Wolfe, and at various other battles; her first and second husbands both having been in the army.—75, Dame Henrietta Champneys, of Exton, relict of Sir T. Champneys, bart.—At Lyme, 82, Colonel Williams; he was brother to Admiral Williams, the oldest admiral in the service.

WILTS. AND SOMERSET.

The Speaker of the House of Commons has issued his warrant to the Mayor, to allow an inspection of all the documents relating to the borough of Marlborough.

At the last meeting of the Devizes Savings' Bank, it appeared that £41,451 0s. 3d. had been received—£15,863 ls. 3d. of which had been repaid.—At the last meeting of the West Somerset Savings' Bank, at Taunton, the total balance in favour of the contributors, this year, amounted to £196,282 11s. 7d., being only £6,000 less than the balance at the corresponding period of 1825.

At the commencement of the Epiphany Sessions, held at Wells, there were about 200 prisoners for trial!!! numbers of them for offences against the game laws!

Jan. 8. An excellent stone arch, of sixty-six feet span, over the river Parret, at Burrow, was opened for the use of the public, which will prove of very great advantage in point of convenience.

The trustees of the Sherborne turnpike roads, resolved, at their last meeting, Jan. 1, to make two great improvements—one, to lower Crackmore Hill (on the London road) thirty feet at the crown, so as to make trotting ground of what is now a steep and dangerous hill;—the other, a new line is to be cut, two miles in length, on level ground, from the foot of Cattle Hill (on the Bath and Bristol road) to near Grove Farm or Cary Hill. This will save a quarter of a mile in distance, and avoid two steep hills.

The Bridgewater and Taunton Canal was opened the latter end of December last, with great rejoicings. The first vessel was the *Hope*, from London, which arrived after a voyage of eight days.

Married.] At Priston, Major St. J. Blacker, to

Anne Hammond, daughter of Sir C. Morgan, of Dublin.

Died.] At Babington, 82, C. Knatchbull, esq., cousin to Sir F. Knatchbull, M. P. Kent.—At Bemerton, 83, Mrs. C. T. Pelham, eldest daughter and co-heiress of A. Thistlethwaite, esq. late M. P. Hants.

DEVON AND CORNWALL.

So successful have been the exertions to introduce economy into the administration of the poor-rate funds, at East Stonehouse, that they have been reduced, since March last, nearly £500.

The corner stone of the new market at Exeter has recently been laid.

The county sessions commenced January 8, in the Castle, at Exeter, when there were fifty-seven prisoners for trial in the gaol—six in the bridewell, three vagrants, four bastardy cases, and forty-seven for trial at the Lent assizes; besides thirty-two remaining in the gaol, and 168 in the bridewell, on former orders.—*In toto*, 317!!!

The quarter sessions for Cornwall commenced at Bodmin, January 9, when the number of prisoners on the calendar was unusually large.

Married.] At Eggesford, J. Chichester, esq., to Henriette Caroline, daughter of the Hon. Newton Fellows.

Died.] At Bucklan Court, Sarah Catharine, daughter of the late Sir H. Martin.—At Exeter, 89, Mrs. Barlowe.—At Stoke Cottage, Devonport, 77, Major-General Sir Charles Holloway, of the royal engineers.—At Tavistock, Mr. E. Smith; he was for many years employed in writing a history of the abbey and town of Tavistock, which was nearly complete at the time of his death.—At Compton Gifford, Alexander son of Sir Edward Thornton, of Wembury House.

WALES.

A numerous meeting of gentlemen, concerned with, and interested in shipping, has been held at Swansea, when it was unanimously resolved to present a petition to Parliament, praying for its interference in devising and adopting some means to protect sailing vessels, against the farther increase of steaming vessels for the conveyance of goods.

The amount of sums received up to November 20, 1823, on account of the Abergavenny Savings' Bank, was £9,985 13s. 5½d.

Petitions are forwarding to Parliament from Brecon, Monmouth, and Waterford, praying for a communication of the mails between the metropolis and the southern and western parts of Ireland, by the way of Milford Haven and Dunmore, &c., connecting the manufacturing districts of South Wales and the west of England with Cork, Waterford, and the adjoining counties.

A meeting of the trustees of the Cardiff Savings' Bank was held at the Guildhall, December 22, when it appeared, by the printed statement, that they hold government debentures to the amount of £14,767 6s. 8½d.

The Bishop of St. David's has appointed a principal to the College of St. David's, Lampeter, (founded in 1822, by the present Bishop of Salisbury); a vice-principal, and a divinity professor; a classical tutor, professor of Welsh, and librarian of the College. Benefits of the greatest importance, we trust, will accrue to the inhabitants of the principality from his Lordship's laudable exertions. It will be opened in February, when it will be incorporated by royal charter. It is calculated to accommodate about seventy persons,

whose annual expense each, it is supposed, will not exceed £55.

Upwards of sixty miners and smiths, from the districts of Merthyr and Monmouthshire, have embarked for South America. They are to be landed at Honduras, and from thence they are to proceed by land, to the mines of St. Miguel.

Married.] At Manerdivy, Pembroke, W. H. W. Parry, esq., only son of Capt. W. Parry, of Noyadd Trefawr, Cardigan, to Miss C. Angharad. — At Swansea, Lieut.-Col. W. I. Jones, of Veranda, to Miss Sproule, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Sproule.

Died.] At Flemstone, Glamorganshire, Mr. Edward Williams, better known by his bardic appellation—*Iolo Morganwg*. He was by trade a common mason; and although purely self-taught, never having been a single day at any school, his literary acquirements were extensive. He published, in 1795, two volumes of English Lyric and Pastoral Poems. He contributed largely to various other publications relating to Wales;—published a volume of Welsh Psalms (his own composition) for Unitarian worship. He also wrote the elaborate preface to the *Myvyrian Archaeology*, of which he was one of the editors. — At Dolgelley, 43, Francis Roberts, esq., late High Sheriff of the county of Merioneth. — At Llandaff, 74, W. Lewis; for forty years the faithful gamekeeper under the Wenfroe family—90, Mr. J. Lewis, of Aberystwith.

SCOTLAND.

His Majesty, as Baron of Renfrew, has given £100 to the assembly, held in that district, for relieving the distresses of the manufacturers.

The improvement in the trade of Paisley, we are happy to state, is at length manifest, and a great number of the unemployed weavers have got webs; and although the number of the unemployed is still considerable, such a rapid improvement could scarcely be expected, especially as it is confined to no particular branch. Many of the shawl manufacturers who have been in a manner retired from business, for the last ten or twelve months, have recommenced, although on a limited scale. The flower drawers and lashers, who have had scarcely any employment for a long time past, are now thronged, and from the preparations making, a good number of weavers must be taken on. The shawls which have been manufactured during the last year, were mostly of an inferior description, whereas those that are now making, are upon the very richest principle that goods of that kind have ever been made in Paisley. Thus a great number of hands are required, and a considerable sum of money must be expended (notwithstanding the cheapness of labour) before any quantity of these goods can be brought to market. The figured muslins of various descriptions, are likewise a great deal brisker; but at prices which make it quite impossible for the weavers to support their families. The transparent silk trade, which has been very flat for several weeks, has improved a little, but there is still a great number of weavers of this kind of goods out of employ; and numbers of them have been obliged to take the low priced muslin webs, which are giving out. The manufacturing of India imitation shawls has been the staple trade of Paisley for many years, and they are now carried to a state of perfection, which ranks them amongst the most beautiful productions of the loom. The quantity of these goods in the market has not been so limited for many years. Whilst the manufacturers have scarcely

any stock on hand. These things combined with the low price at which they can be sold, give every reason to anticipate a steady and permanent revival in the trade of that spirited town.

The fishing on the Frith of Forth has lately much improved, both in the take and quantity of the fish, which were large, resembling those taken in the West Highland lochs.

Died.] At Aberdeen, 78, G. Hogg, esq. of Shannaburn. He has bequeathed the following sums for charitable purposes:—To Gordon Hospital in Aberdeen, £2,000; to the Pauper Lunatic Fund, £1,200; to the Education Society of Aberdeen, £1,000; to the Kirk Session of Aberdeen, the interest to be paid to three old and indigent persons, as mentioned in his settlement, £300; to the poor of the parish of Marischal College, £300; to the poor of the parish of Banchory Devenick, £100; for an additional school in said parish, and school-house, £200; to the poor of the parish of Maryculter, £50. The whole of the above to be paid free of legacy duty. — At Lesmahagow, Lanark, was lately committed to the grave, an old man of 86; four of his relatives, each above 80, lowered him to his bed of rest. There is another person living in the parish, aged 104. The last of the Corehouse ladies died lately, aged 102. She was of age at the time of the Rebellion; one of her sisters was married to Theodore, King of Corsica. — At Cumlodon, Wigton, Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir W. Stewart, G.C.B. and K.T.S., Colonel of the rifle brigade, and brother to Earl Galloway. — At Edinburgh, Count G. H. de St. George, of Changins, in Switzerland.

IRELAND.

Dr. Doyle writes from Carlow, January 6, relative to the difficulty or unwillingness of collecting the Catholic rent by the clergy, in the following terms:—"This unwillingness on their parts arises from many causes—amongst these are, apprehensions that they would appear not only active but prominent in public affairs; a want of time, for their number is not at all proportioned to the wants of the ministry; the necessity they are under of soliciting constantly from an impoverished people, contributions for the building and improvement of chapels and school-houses, *aims for the support of the sick and indigent, and occasionally relief for the widows of poor people, who, without exaggeration, are dying in great numbers, of a slow but progressive famine!*"

During the present week there has been some improvement in the calico trade; considerable sales have been made, and holders of stock seem unwilling to part with their goods, at any sacrifice, which sometime ago they would willingly have made. We are sorry that weavers' wages are still distressfully low, and that there is but little prospect of a speedy augmentation. The average amount of the utmost that weavers can earn weekly, is about six shillings, from which have to be deducted loom-rent, candles, &c., leaving a miserable pittance for the support of a family.—*Belfast Chronicle*.

Married.] Captain R. Newcomen Algeo, presumptive heir to the dignities of the late Lord Viscount Newcomen, to Eliza, niece of Admiral Ross Donnelly.

Died.] At Newry, 76, Mr. George Stuart; a man very generally known for his extensive reading and singularly tenacious memory. Few men could, with such ease and facility, and yet with such correctness, sketch out with his wet finger on the table (being blind for the last 23 years), the marches and countermarches of Tamerlane, Khoul Khan, and other conquerors down to Napoleon.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of December 1826, to the 25th of January 1827.

Dec.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Cl. Red.	3 Pr. Cl. Consols.	3 1/2 Pr. Cl. Consols.	3 1/2 Pr. Cl. Red.	N 4 Pr. Cl. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols. for Acc.
26	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
27	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
28	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
29	119 1/4	79 1/4	—	86	85 1/4	—	18 9-16	—	38 40p	17 20p	80 1/4
30	199 1/4 200	79 1/4	—	—	85 1/4 6 1/2	—	18 9-16 1/2	—	38p	17 20p	80 1/4
31	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1827	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Jan.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	201 1/4	79 1/4	—	87 1/4	86 1/4	—	18 1/2	—	40 43p	20 24p	80 1/4
3	201 1/4	79 1/4	—	87 1/4	86 1/4	—	18 13-16 19	—	42 45p	22 25p	80 1/4
4	—	79 1/4	—	86 1/4	86 1/4	—	18 15-16 1/2	—	43 46p	24 26p	80 1/4
5	201 1/4	79 1/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	18 18-16	—	46p	25 29p	80 1/4
6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
8	—	79 1/4	78 1/4	87	86 1/4	94 95 1/2	18 1/2 19 1-16	236 1/2	46p	26 27p	80 1/4
9	—	79 1/4	78 1/4	87 1/4	86 1/4	94 5 1/2	19 1-16	—	—	23 26p	80 1/4
10	202 1/4	79 1/4	78 1/4	87 1/4	86 1/4	94 5 1/2	19 1-16	236 1/2	46 47p	25 27p	80 1/4
11	—	79 1/4	78 1/4	87 1/4	86 1/4	94 5 1/2	18 15-16 19 1-16	—	—	25 26p	80 1/4
12	201 1/4 2 1/4	79 1/4	78 1/4	86 1/4	85 1/4 6 1/2	94 1/2	18 1/2 19	—	44p	24 26p	79 1/4 80 1/4
13	—	79 1/4	78 1/4	—	86 1/4	94 1/2	18 15-16 19	—	46p	24 26p	80 1/4
14	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
15	—	79 1/4	78 1/4	—	85 1/4	94 1/2	18 13-16 1/2	233 1/2	41 45p	23 25p	79 1/4 80 1/4
16	202	78 1/4	78 1/4	83 1/4	85 1/4	94 1/2	18 1/2	—	38 41p	22 24p	79 1/4 80 1/4
17	201	78 1/4	77 1/4	86	84 1/2	93 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	19 23p	78 1/4 80 1/4
18	—	78 1/4	77 1/4	86 1/4	85 1/4	93 1/2	18 1/2	—	36 39p	21 23p	78 1/4 80 1/4
19	200 1/4	77 1/4	76 1/4	86	84 1/2	93 1/2	18 1/2 11-16	—	37 40p	20 22p	78 1/4 79 1/4
20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
21	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	—	79 1/4	78 1/4	—	85 1/4 6 1/2	94 1/2 3 1/2	18 1/2 15-16	—	—	21 24p	79 1/4 80 1/4
23	—	79 1/4	78 1/4	—	85 1/4 8 1/2	93 1/2 4 1/2	18 15-16 1/2	234 1/2	43 46p	23 26p	78 1/4 80 1/4
24	201 1/4 2 1/4	79 1/4	78 1/4	87 1/4	85 1/4 6 1/2	93 1/2 4 1/2	18 13-16 19	234	45p	25 27p	78 1/4 80 1/4
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. EYTON, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From 20th Dec. to 19th Jan. inclusive.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co., 50, High Holborn.

December.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 P. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20			42	43	38	29	29	93	95	E	SE	Foggy	Clo.	Rain
21			39	41	33	29	30	91	85	NNW	N	Foggy	Fine	Fair
22		☉	35	42	42	30	14	83	94	NNW	WSW	Foggy	Fair	Clo.
23			45	48	45	30	12	98	97	W	W	—	—	—
24			47	52	45	30	17	98	89	WNW	NNE	Rain	—	—
25			46	46	42	30	22	96	98	NNE	NE	Clo.	—	—
26			43	45	41	30	32	96	92	NE	NE	—	—	—
27			42	45	34	30	41	89	85	NNE	NNE	Fair	Fair	Fair
28		☉	35	40	34	30	39	85	89	NW	NW	—	—	—
29			41	47	44	30	28	95	89	WNW	WNW	Foggy	—	—
30			45	49	42	30	10	89	93	WNW	WNW	Fair	Fine	Fine
31			45	49	45	30	09	96	90	W	W	—	Fair	Fair
1827														
Jan.														
1			47	49	39	29	82	90	93	W	WNW	—	—	Rain
2			39	43	25	29	42	87	90	W	WNW	—	—	Fair
3			26	29	18	29	41	81	74	W	W	—	—	Fine
4			23	30	28	29	58	74	90	W	N	—	—	Snow
5		☉	29	30	28	29	97	30	18	91	NNW	—	Fair	Fair
6			29	36	37	30	16	30	08	88	SW	—	Sleet	Sleet
7			42	46	42	30	00	29	96	SW	WSW	Rain	—	—
8			49	50	38	29	87	98	98	WSW	W	Clo.	Clo.	Clo.
9			46	51	42	29	79	29	78	W	WNW	Fair	Fair	Fine
10			45	49	34	29	70	29	34	WSW	W	—	Rain	—
11			36	49	34	29	23	29	23	W	WSW	Rain	—	—
12			38	40	31	29	37	29	83	W	W	Fair	Fair	—
13		☉	34	47	46	29	74	29	66	WSW	SW	—	Rain	Clo.
14			51	53	33	29	29	29	65	SW	W	Clo.	Fair	Fine
15			34	38	34	30	04	30	16	NNW	W	Fair	—	—
16			43	48	36	29	92	29	90	W	WNW	Clo.	Rain	Rain
17			38	41	35	30	13	30	15	N	NNW	Fair	Fair	Clo.
18			37	38	32	30	15	30	16	ENE	NNE	Clo.	—	—
19			34	38	25	30	16	30	20	ENE	E	—	—	—

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MOVEMENTS IN PORTUGAL.

THE result of our military demonstration in Portugal has been exactly that which every man acquainted with the Peninsula anticipated it would be—provided France was sincere in her professions of pacification, and was not secretly plotting to stir up a general continental war. The Insurgent army has dispersed itself, or retreated across the frontier; without attempting to strike a blow; and our troops probably by this time will be quietly garrisoned in some of the border fortresses of the country, to keep an eye for the present upon the dispositions of Spain. Thus a complete shock has been given to the infallibility of that unhappy class of politicians, who never anticipate any thing less than defeat and bankruptcy, when resistance to any attack made upon this country is proposed; and who in the present instance (as usual), would have sacrificed the national honour, and the national safety, to their favourite system of “Economy”—upon some paltry consideration of shillings and pence. The arguments of such persons—if they require any answer from reasonable people—received it in the mere question which was being mooted through all England while their opinions were delivered. Apart from the existence of the treaty that bound us, no minister in his senses, at the time when our assistance was applied for, would have ventured to allow Spain, or Spanish interests, to take possession of Portugal: the only doubt that existed through the whole country, as soon as such an attempt appeared even probable, was, not—“Should we interfere to preserve Portugal?”—nobody questioned that:—but—“Had we not already been negligent, and had not our ministers been culpable, in not having interfered, two years earlier, to prevent the occupation of Spain?” Though our immediate object in Portugal, however, is accomplished, people of common sense will not suppose that the contest which carried us there is over; or that, because a crowd of insurgents have dispersed at the appearance of a force which they knew was too strong for them, tranquillity is therefore necessarily to follow throughout a kingdom. To go into any deep speculation as to the final result of the troubles in that country—which are precisely the same with those which agitate the Peninsula generally—would be beyond our present time and limits; but perhaps some light may be thrown upon the probable duration of the quarrel, if we look shortly to the causes by which it has been produced.

The commencement of Bonaparte's operations against the Spanish Peninsula generally, found Portugal certainly the weakest, and perhaps among the most degraded, of the States of Europe. Spain, enslaved and beggared as she was by her system of government, and duped by her superstitious creed, was a nation yet of more active habits, of prouder temper, and of a better

physique: her people had bolder national and legendary recollections; they ranged over a wider and more varied tract of country; her military establishment was not at all points contemptible; and her peasantry—single handed—were a fierce, and an indomitable race. In all its relations and positions, Portugal was enfeebled and depressed. Its government was as bigotted as that of Spain; and, if a little less ignorant, even still more slothful. Its internal regulations and police, were clogged with abuse, to absolute uselessness and stoppage. Its army, a ragged and pauperised rabble, scarcely worthy of the military name. One circumstance alone made the Portuguese available,—and in the end highly valuable—allies: their ignorance and imbecility were so hopeless and incontestable, that they did not (like the Spaniards) refuse to be guided by those who were wiser and stronger than themselves. In this state however it was of sluggish and shameful unreadiness that the French invasion rushed over Portugal, in all the horrors of a merciless and predatory warfare. Her capital was possessed and plundered by the enemy. Her finest provinces stripped as by common bandits; swept of their population, and wasted even with fire and sword. The foot of a master and of a robber, was upon the neck of every Portuguese. The history of every house became that of shame or mourning: fortunes were ruined; feelings—all the best ties which hold humanity together,—outraged and trampled upon. The whole state, in short, of the country—both as to interests political and private—was dislocated, and broken up, and cast again almost into original elements; and its inhabitants were only rescued from confirmed and permanent bondage, by calling in an army of strangers to their very hearth-stones, and blindly trusting to them for protection and relief.

A people like ourselves, who stand in the enviable situation of conquering our enemies always at a distance; and in fact know very little of the operation of a war, more than that it increases the number of Extraordinary Gazettes, and raises the price of soap and candles; have little conception of such a possibility as the meeting an enemy at our own fire-sides—far less of what it would be to be vanquished in that last position by one. In three generations, the events of the “French invasion,” and of the “British occupation,” will not be forgotten by the people of Portugal. There will not be a family that,—beyond that date—will not, by some bitter token, cherish their remembrance. For six years of incessant warfare, the country was exhausted and beggared; not by “taxes” levied upon property, but by the *seizure* of every property in possession, and by the stoppage or destruction of every source from which future property could be derived. A conflict was carrying on within it, which the best exertions of those who fought in its aid could not prevent from ruining and devastating almost every acre of its surface. The presence even of our friends became a horror inferior only to that of our enemies; and the only hope which could sustain us under the trial was, that with the victory of the *former*, their *assistance*—and our *suffering*—would cease.

As that must be an “ill breeze,” however, according to the adage, “which blows good no where,” so a ruin, and bankruptcy so complete as this—produced by no hidden or doubtful causes, but by the clear direct operation of strength and knowledge opposed to a system radically weak, and bad—could hardly fail, great as the evil was, to bring with it some portion of future advantage to Portugal. In spite of the prejudices of habit, and of that pride which is the especial companion everywhere of ignorance, the Portuguese could not help seeing at least this—that the system to which they had trusted, and which they believed invincible, *had*

totally failed them. They could hardly escape a conviction—with the immediate example of the fact before their eyes—that a population used always to submit, would want to feel the weight of an invader's hand, before it understood the advantage of resisting him. They found that the means of defence could not be organized, or the execution of orders relied on, where all the relations of government were fraudulent or weak: and that the power which was sufficient to tyrannize over a citizen, might be contemptibly inadequate to protect him. They saw that prayers and masses might be said and sung, and images exhibited, and miracles performed, in vain, when the hour for trial and execution approached. They saw their "Catholic" churches plundered and burned by "Catholic" troops: the sanctity of a saint—even in the eyes of "believers"—no proof against the value of his weight in silver. They saw themselves conquered and enslaved by "true believers," who treated all belief with infamous and blasphemous derision; and saved and protected by "Heretics," who viewed their belief with respect, although they held it in pity or indifference. They saw—all that were not besotted to very stone-blindness—that Popery—except when used against its worshippers—was not the mighty engine which they had taken it to be. That spiritual thunders had no power against fleshly bayonets. That their "vicar on earth"—he who could "keep the keys of heaven"—wanted the keys of his own dungeons, and was the prisoner of a tyrant and an infidel. They found that Faith was no bond of union as to worldly interests: Heretics were striking on their side, and Catholics against them. Catholics and Protestants fought, man by man, in the ranks of their enemies; and differed upon no point, but as to which should shed the most of their blood, or gather the most of their property. Catholic and Protestant fought side by side in the ranks of their allies, firmly united in the purpose of defending them. They saw their churches broken and plundered; and yet the curse of the priest did not kill the sacrilegious robbers. They saw convents burst and fired, and their inhabitants driven forth; and yet the Abbot's malediction passed away powerless. They saw, in short, that those who would attain the human "end," must use the human "means:" that when the wolf threatened the sheep-fold, it was the shepherd's dogs, and not his prayers, that must keep the flock. They found their whole scheme of array, religious and political, broken in an instant—laughed at, scattered, and disgraced: a system opposed to it at all useful and practical points, mowing them down without remorse as without difficulty; and a system that they held still more abominable,—a system at once practical and "heretical"—their only hope for safety and for restoration.

Of course all these truths would not be perceived in their full extent at once. Even with time, they would not be seen by all men; and by many who saw them very clearly, they would still be strenuously denied. The first impulse of the people of Portugal—of any people restored to liberty after such a struggle—would be to rush back—with the force of a river rushing to its level—into all the tastes, habits, and prejudices—whatever they might be—from which, for the time, they had been driven. Not a hallucination but would be sacred, if it only was exclusively "Portuguese." Not an abuse but would be ten times more dear by the persecution that it had suffered. Our enemies had scoffed at, and insulted our usages. Our allies had treated them with forbearance, but not always with perfectly disguised contempt. When once a people so excited felt that they held their homes and their country again in their own hands—when once more they could find some object before their eyes other than

the bayonets of foreigners, contending upon their floors for mastery—every trait of peculiarly national character would be born as it were anew—with fresh youth and vigour—in their hearts. The land of our forefathers! their faith! their institutions—and more than all, their follies—would be hallowed! Our country is delivered—we are free! Can we be free, if, in our very madness, we are not “Portuguese” again? To be French (even in taste) would be to be embowelled. To be English—little better than to be a traitor. Though the strangers had left the secret of making gold behind them, we may doubt almost if any citizen would have “filed his mind” to use it.

These are feelings which would infallibly arise; but they would not last. Nothing could be more certain than that they would have their course, and cease; that they would endure, in spite of all reason, for a specific time, at the end of which no exertion could maintain them any longer. In the beginning, all that had been done by the strangers, would be detestable. By degrees some persons would perceive the advantage of copying, or adopting, a great deal of it. In a little more, as affairs developed themselves, new rights, as well as new knowledge, would be found to have grown up under the provisional *regime*, which would be destroyed by an unqualified return to the old one. And thus two political parties would be regularly established in the state; each of which felt its interests or safety, compromised by the ascendancy—and perhaps by the very existence—of the other.

To imagine therefore that we should find all Portugal devoted to the cause of the “Constitution” was perfectly absurd; a very large proportion—perhaps a numerical majority—of the population of the country, would beyond doubt be capable of being arrayed against it. The Church, shorn as it was of its beams, was still incomparably the most powerful party in the state, and was, for very life, opposed to any departure from the ancient system. Popery would feel that Intelligence, in any shape, pointed surely to its downfall. Of the higher nobility, some would take one side, and some the other. The brains of some would get the better of their avarice and their pride; and they would tremble at the rottenness—the insecurity—the imbecility—the approved incapacity for a single hour to protect their own persons or possessions—which had been fatal to the old government. Others, on the contrary, would be blinded by bigotry and insolence; and others would be doubtful; for it requires an effort by those who participate in despotic power—although they see the evil of its abuse—to consent to its reduction. For the peasantry, they were destitute of the merest elements of education; ignorant of what would be meant by, far less constitute, a “political right;” taught from their infancy to look for, listen to, abide by, and revere, no guidance or opinion but the declaration of their landlords, and their clergy; it needed but a cry, that “the church was in danger!” and these men were sure to declare for any object which their habitual directors might think fit. The constitutional party, on the other hand, would embrace almost all the people of the middle ranks—the people engaged in commerce, and the members of professions—those persons who, in every country, being the most engaged in the real business of life, are always found the most clear-sighted in discovering their real interests. People of this class have not much affection for a despotic government; for it may oppress them, and they hold no share in it. In spite of superstition, a rapacious church is suspicious and unpleasing to them; for they estimate the value of the money taken from them by the exertion with which they acquire it. Besides these, the cause of reform would have some advocates in the army;

among men whose sense of personal interest—to speak of no spark of military spirit—would reject the return to a system under which private soldiers begged their bread in the public streets; and officers waited as footmen behind the chairs of nobles. It would be sustained also by as many of the lower classes and of the peasantry, as the influence of those persons of rank who were engaged in it, could detach from the dominion of the priest. But these last would not be very many; and we repeat—though without being in the slightest degree discouraged by the fact—that we believe, if Portugal could be polled—though the wealth, and the information would be greatly in favour of the constitutional cause—the numerical balance would be against it.

And this position of parties fully explains a circumstance, which six weeks since excited some degree of surprise and disgust in this country—to wit—that the British troops were not received with acclamations and embraces on their first landing, by the people of Lisbon. The fact is, that men's personal feelings—speaking of the community—three times in four, are stronger than their political ones; and the classes that formed the constitutional party in Portugal, were just those to whom the importation of a foreign army was sure to be the most particularly distressing and offensive. To the nation at large, scarcely any measure could be so peculiarly ungrateful. All the recollections in the minds of the people, connected with British “occupation,” were of a bitter and degrading character. They were recollections of a time when the Portuguese seemed intruders in their own land. When their very enemy looked only to the legions of a stranger; and treated their alliance, or their hostility, as a matter almost of contempt. When a host of foreigners, too powerful to be very courteous, disposed of the strength—of the resources—of the very honours, of their country; and the natives relied on them, in helplessness, for that protection, which—however compelled to receive it—the human heart may repay, but seldom can forgive. Then the constitutional party (*par préférence*) was made up of a set of individuals, who had still more paramount, because more personal, aversions to the appearance of a British force. If the mob had been “constitutional” we should have been cheered in the streets; the nobility could not have been very immediately annoyed by us; and, if we had had the monks, we should have commanded a high mass or a *Te Deum*. But the soldiers of the constitutional cause, had no desire for the presence of a body of troops, beside whose splendour they could not stand for a moment, without a mortifying exhibition of their own inferiority. And the citizens had no glimpses of “the English again in Portugal,” except of their houses filled, and their streets beset, by a crowd of overbearing strangers; with all the horrible nuisances of the former occupation, grown ten times more intolerable upon subsequent reflection, than they had been in the turbulent time of their first endurance. We stood in Portugal pretty nearly as the Irish Catholics stand in England: our cause (political) had the sanction, and good wishes, of the best of the country, the constitutional: our persons, the affection hardly of any body. And there will be nothing very surprising to any of the officers who served in the Peninsula during the last war, although it should be believed that a very large proportion of the constitutional party—but for the seasonable apprehension of vengeance to be exacted by their opponents if victorious—would have been content to let their cause fail, rather than encounter the alternative of supporting it by foreign interference.

These suspicions and apprehensions however, before this time, have disappeared. The Portuguese, no doubt, would soon discover that it was one

thing (practically) to receive assistance from an ally, and another to be cast upon him for entire maintenance and protection. And the internal struggles of the country—for so long a time as the English troops remain there—probably are over: how long after our retirement they will continue so, becomes another question.

With reference, therefore, to that question, we take at least one fact to be perfectly clear—to wit, that, unless under a government far more vigorous and efficient than any which Portugal has possessed for a very long time indeed, nothing like permanent tranquillity there (at present) is to be hoped for. The real causes of insurrection in the kingdom are not dead, nor likely to die speedily; and the state of the country affords facilities for getting it up, of a very peculiar description. The elements, in the first place, of turbulence and tumult—it matters very little to what end or for what object, provided the immediate danger of the attempt be not too great—must—from the mere schooling which they had to go through in the course of the last war—be ripe in the minds of great numbers of the younger people. For seven years the country was a camp; and every man in it, capable of bearing arms, in some shape or other a follower of the army. Thousands upon thousands of youths, taken or drawn from their homes as they were rising into manhood, received their first impressions of life, from examples only of riot, licentiousness, and contamination. The peasantry, especially, were exposed to this contagious and destructive influence. They were all soldiers: two-thirds of them little other than *guerilla*, or predatory troops; acquiring more than the common vices incident to the military character, without any of its habits of discipline or regularity. These persons, after being for years accustomed to a life of leisure and freedom—although of occasional peril—would not easily—at least such would be the case in a great many instances—settle again to their ordinary pursuits of rather ill-paid labour. The change from their character of field labourers, to that of irregular soldiers, became, at any time, the work only of a moment: the change back again—by simply dropping the pike or musket, and returning home, or hiding themselves for a short time among the mountains—was almost equally easy and expeditious. As peasants, poverty compels them to feed poorly and abstemiously; to lie at night in a hut upon a mat; and to have, for luxuries, at best but a little bad spirits, and worse tobacco. As *guerilla* soldiers, the climate would allow them to live three-fourths of the year in the open air, without inconvenience; they have no property to lose by leaving home; and they never propose to fight any farther than they “see reason” abroad. We must not estimate the characters or dispositions of these people, from any consideration of what would be those of men who have served in the armies of our own country: perhaps there are not two human creatures whose conditions are much more widely opposed than a “regular” soldier, and an “irregular” one. An English soldier ought in equity to gain something in the way of honour; for—excepting danger and hardship—he gains very little in the way of any thing else. But it is far otherwise with an avowed predator, whose license as soon as he takes up arms becomes almost unbounded; and who acquires the same liking for his trade, and the same indisposition to forsake it, as we find in England attaching to a smuggler or a poacher. While the Portuguese government continues in its present state, there will always—at least for a considerable time to come—be a sufficient number of these unsettled and demoralized people ready to join the standard of any popular leader, who can give them present pay, or even free quarter, with the prospect of plunder. If the enterprise fails, the peasantry have merely to disperse; and the government

is too weak in all its distant relations long to pursue or molest them. The chiefs, and any small body of militia, or regular troops, which they may have influenced to follow them, need but cross the Spanish frontier—to which their retreat, unless by the most gross mismanagement is always easy and certain: and although England may determine that Spain shall no longer give military aid to the refugees of Portugal, it is impossible to say that she shall be prohibited from receiving and protecting them.

For these reasons it is, as it seems to us, that, in the work of reform, and organization, and in short, regeneration, no moment ought to be lost by the constitutional government of Portugal. Enterprises of sedition and rebellion will not fail to be abundant in that country, so long as the incompetency or supineness of the executive system, offers a premium for their formation. How little these attempts need alarm an administration of the most moderate strength and vigour has been sufficiently proved. The mere landing of six thousand British soldiers in Lisbon, put the Portuguese insurgents—at a distance of two hundred miles—to flight. The power of only ten available regiments of such troops as our officers, at the close of the last war, had made the native Portuguese—would have left the constitutional government nothing to apprehend from the Marquis de Chaves's enterprise; and, in all probability, under such circumstances, it would never have existed. Within what period, or to what extent, such an improved state of things may be capable of being brought to bear, it might be difficult to predict; but, decidedly, there is nothing impracticable in the task: and in candour, we are inclined to believe that some steps have been taken towards its accomplishment already. In some of those very circumstances which those who opposed our interference were ready to quote the moment they took place, as an evidence that the constitutional cause was indifferently held in Portugal, a more sound and liberal construction perhaps would be inclined to see the first proofs of an increasing energy in the national character. The very aversion which the people displayed to the thought of being protected by the presence of foreign troops, may fairly be taken as the first evidence of that feeling which would induce them to take a position in which they could protect themselves. So again for the little accusation of "insensibility," which one of the daily papers whimsically brings against the populace of Lisbon, because they witnessed the reviews and parades of our British lancers and dragoons without "acclamation, whose appearance was so far superior to that of their own"—it may fairly be questioned, at least, whether this conduct was not an equal evidence of the *sensibility* of the people—that they were rather ashamed of a comparison which did so little credit to themselves? The provisions too of the constitution, however below the desires and demands of a people whose boast for centuries has been that they are "free," amounts at least to a recognition, which Portugal never enjoyed before, that those classes have some "rights" in her community whose numbers form four-fifths of it.

Whatever may be the extent however of that which *has* been done, as to that which *must* be done, there ought to be no delay, as there can be no question. The country must have the advantages of a change, as well as the name of one, if the new powers hope to hold out against the spirit which is resisting and opposing them. There must be a change from bigotry and tyranny to free and enlightened legislation, and not from the rule of one party of imbecile despots to that of another party. The abuses that disgraced the old system must not be perpetuated under the authority of the new. The whole scheme of rottenness, and pride, and falsehood, and job, and favouritism, and insolence, and implicit submission, must be cast away:

and men in Portugal must be allowed to become *men*, if their country is to remain a country, in the existing state of Europe and of the world. Those who hold power must avoid imagining that they can hold it, in point of fact, by sermons and proclamations. They must get rid of that taste for sloth and ignorance which dictated the memorable reply of their predecessors not a century since, to some projector who offered to render great advantage by making a part of the Tagus navigable—"That, if it had been designed that the river should be navigable there, Heaven would have it so." They must *believe*—however impossible it appears—that events have raised a spirit of general knowledge, as well as of political turbulence, within their country, which the dreaming policy of its old governments would never again probably be able to contend with.

In the meantime, the existing crisis affords an opportunity peculiarly favourable to the constitutional government. Its opponents are controlled and kept down by our strength; and time is afforded to it for preparation to controul and deal with them by energies of its own. It seems probable too, that for the present, this opportunity may continue; for, whatever may be our view of the civil differences of Portugal herself, we shall no doubt feel bound to protect her from any aggressions by her neighbour. And without distrusting any more than sound policy should compel us, the sincerity of King Ferdinand or the apostolic party, it probably would hardly be deemed worth while to withdraw our forces from Portugal, while any of the French regiments remain in Spain.*

* Since this article went to press, intelligence has been received from Portugal, announcing the sudden re-appearance of the Marquis de Chaves's party in that country; which had advanced so far as to threaten Oporto. The latest accounts add, that, by the exertions of the Portuguese Commandant at Oporto, General Stubbs, the enemy had been driven back; and that this movement may be considered as "a last effort on the part of the insurgents." This new attempt, on the part of the Marquis de Chaves, no more disturbs than it surprises us; but, for the suggestion of its probably being the "last effort" of the Royalists, we sincerely hope that the Constitutionalists are not really deluding themselves with any such belief. The only chance that the Constitutional Government has for success, will be found—not in any wild or fantastic hope that it is to remain unassailed—but in the realizing, without a moment's delay, such strength and means as shall be competent to its protection. Without an army perfectly different from that which it possesses now—an army skilfully organized, disciplined, and paid—the Constitution will not maintain itself one month after it ceases to have the English force to back itself upon. Letters from Lisbon state, that the "impressment" of soldiers for the Constitutional regiments is going on there rapidly. This is one mode certainly of doing business—raising troops by compulsion to serve in a civil contest. It is just sending so many men, armed and equipped (if they are armed or equipped), from Lisbon, to go over immediately to the Marquis de Chaves in Trás os Montes. This is a sample of a system which will *not* do; and if the Constitutionalists can find no means of mending it, the moment the British force departs, their government will fall to pieces. In the meantime, although our troops have a part of some nicety to act, yet, of the necessity of keeping them where they are, there can hardly be a doubt. The task of quelling any slight disturbances will devolve of course upon the Portuguese themselves, as far as possible, and in the first instance. And, for one circumstance which goes to make our neutrality the easier, we may be pretty secure that no part of the country, in which British soldiers are actually placed, will be very hastily molested. The eventual success of the Constitutional cause, however, if it is to succeed, must depend upon the Constitutionalists themselves. Exertions must be used, and personal sacrifices made, of a different character from any which they, or any of their countrymen, have recently been in the habit of contemplating. And, however liberally we may desire to view; their jealousy of English interference; and their aversion—if they feel such an aversion—to be protected by a foreign force; yet we are afraid their best chance for safety, until the improvement both of their political and military state is farther advanced, will be to let English knowledge, as far as possible, arrange their warlike operations, and English influence direct their councils.—ED.

IRISH POLEMICS.

Vous saurez tantôt que c'est, et jugerez que je ne passe point les limites de raison : ainsi que je galope ces gubeleurs de théologie, qui ne trouvent bon, que ce qui quadre à leur palliarde opinion.
—MOY. DE PARVENIR.

THE English have, in all ages, been desperate theologians; and they were never more so than at present. This peculiarity of temper, which we inherit not improbably with the thick blood of our northern ancestors, will be ridiculed or eulogized, according to the varying estimate men make of the relative value of things spiritual and things temporal. If our most efficacious struggles for liberty have begun in religious dissensions, it is no less true that our passion for polemics has led us into some serious scrapes. Certain it is, that the national hatred which plunged us into the slough of the revolutionary war, was directed as much against the atheism as the democracy of our graceless neighbours; and dearly have we paid for reviving religion amongst them *à coup de canon*, and propagating popery and jesuitism *on the continent*, by the preachings of our red-coated missionaries. If moral results are to be added to pecuniary losses, Protestant ascendancy in Ireland is a scarcely less expensive toy: to say nothing of what it costs the country in tithes and incidentals at home, for the pleasure of dogmatizing with effect, and of shutting the door of the constitution in the face of all dissenters from the church establishment.

Liberty of religious opinion is as necessary to man as his daily bread. His senses can, by the assistance of art, detect the existence of animalculæ—so small, that thousands of them might expatiate on the point of a needle;* and he possesses chemical tests capable of demonstrating an adulteration of the smallest quantities of a foreign substance: but Providence has bestowed upon him no such instruments for investigating moral complexes; and certainty of knowledge and uniformity of judgment, in this department, are physical impossibilities. With this conviction strongly impressed on our minds, the more sharply we English feel the injury of a force put on our own thoughts, the more anxiously we seek to place the yoke of authority on the necks of others, and to render our own conceits the measure of the ideas of the rest of mankind. This infirmity has rendered us proverbially the dupes of the designing; and, while it has made us unjust and unfeeling to others, it has blinded us to our own interests, and made us false to ourselves.

The insane desire of England to impose her faith and her establishment on the reluctant population of Ireland has been productive of manifold injury to both countries. Every year that the effort is persevered in, increases the disquiet of the one, and the expense and the debility of the other; and we have now to deplore, in addition to all ancient grievances, a rising spirit of polemical dispute and proselytism, which is spreading a flame throughout all Ireland, and is multiplying discontents and heart-burnings, till they leave no one of its teeming population at ease, save the man who is absolutely indifferent to every system and every creed.

In disputation, there is a disposition to arrangements, somewhat resembling the polarity produced by electricity. No sooner does a party arise, and become violent in favour of any opinion, than it occasions, as it were, by *induction* (to use a phrase of the electricians), a corresponding violence in an opposite party hostile to that opinion; and society is divided into

* Beudant, Cours des Sciences Physiques, p. 98.

insulated groups—instead of framing one homogeneous whole—to the utter destruction of order, industry, and internal quiet. Thus it has happened in Ireland, that the dispute between Catholic and Protestant (which, in fact, is a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence—a contest between monopoly and justice, for power, as the instrument for distributing wealth) has gradually exalted the religious sensibilities of both parties; which have acted and re-acted upon each other, till both have been lashed to an highly-excited pitch of fanaticism. The consequence is, that an Irish Catholic is more a Catholic than his co-religionists in the rest of Europe, Spain excepted; and an Irish Protestant is more a Protestant than an English one. Unfortunately, this excess of religious feeling turns much less to the account of morality, than to punctuality of ceremonial, and to jealousy of dogma. An Irish Catholic is shocked at the laxity of the continentalists in discipline, in fastings, and confessions; while the general tendency of the whole Protestant church in Ireland is towards what is called high church methodism. There is, on both sides, a greater zeal and earnestness in religious matters—but a zeal unaccompanied by charity, and ungoverned by discretion. In this state of rivalry, it will not seem strange that proselytism should become a favourite engine for gratifying the angry passions; and that occasional conversions from among the ranks of the hostile creed should be a matter of ambition and of noisy boasting. This condition of things has, perhaps, more or less, prevailed since the commencement of the unhappy schism; but, within a very recent period, it has been materially aggravated by an importation of foreign venom, and by the interference of the English missionary societies with the national quarrel. To those who are determined in their opposition to all concession, there are but two ways of dealing with the Catholics, so as to heal the religious heart-burnings of the Irish: they must be exterminated, or they must be converted. The former alternative is impossible; and though fanaticism in its madness would fain provoke the attempt, the humanity of the times will not allow it the opportunity. On this account, a leading individual belonging to that portion of the cabinet which opposes the Catholic claims, has embraced, it is said, the other horn of the dilemma; and has evinced considerable anxiety that the experiment of conversion should be tried. This is, perhaps, the secret of the encouragement, not only which the establishment has received in its efforts to introduce Bible reading, but which also has been afforded to the wildest sectarians, in their attempts to force open the eyes of the Papists, and to inoculate them, *bon gré, mal gré*, with—any other faith it may please Heaven, provided it leads them away from Popery, and the red lady of Babylon. In this quixotic enterprise, each party has chosen its own peculiar grounds. The established clergy, having the ear of government, have naturally enough seized upon the department of public education, which their habits of thinking have led them to suppose, of right, within their own peculiar jurisdiction. A society for teaching the poor of Ireland to read and write, founded by a few well-meaning individuals, was thought a fit engine for the purpose, in hand; and, having been enlarged by a powerful accession of parsons, it received from the government, in aid of its own paltry subscriptions, annual grants, which had gradually increased till they attained to nine thousand pounds, or more, per annum. How far such an engine was adapted to the education of the poor—the professed objects of its labours—is a distinct question. The supposition that intellectual acquirement can, or ought, to precede the possession of physical comforts and civilizing ease, is among

the many absurdities which will deliver modern statesmen to the contempt of posterity. This physical amendment they either cannot or will not produce; while the rising spirit of the times will not allow them to remain idle. To suffer acknowledged evil to prevail unchecked, belongs neither to the philosophy nor to the Christianity of the age: so to work they have gone, to educate the wild Irish, cramming them with science when they want food, and giving them instruction when they want labour. To kill two birds with one stone, and to engraft proselytism upon gratuitous education was deemed a deep stroke of policy; but this concealed intention is not better fulfilled than that which is put forward to meet the public eye. To effect this purpose, the polemic turn of mind of the English was again made subservient to party politics; and there was little difficulty in persuading Parliament to make the reading of the Scriptures in schools a condition of their grant. Thus a new battery was opened against the Catholic church, of slates and pencils; and tradition and infallibility were, in imagination, destined to fall before a well-directed fire of "Dilworths," and "Reading-made-Easies." It so happens, however, that the Popish clergy—not a whit behind-hand with their Protestant rivals in the desire of ruling education, and of giving to that flexible twig, the human mind, the precise bend which their interest requires it should maintain through life—have, right or wrong, a deep and rooted objection to the perusal of the Scriptures by the laity, except under certain conditions; and, indeed, are strongly averse from making the holy volume a class-book, upon any terms. To enforce Bible-reading in schools is, therefore, in itself an act of proselytism, which renders all denial of the principle nugatory. Both the jealousy and the orthodoxy of the priests took the alarm. A warm and acrimonious dispute arose, which terminated in a positive determination on their part to use their influence in preventing the children of their flock from attending these schools, kept, in by far the majority of instances, by Protestant masters, and in which the perusal of Scripture extracts violated the discipline of their church, while it opened a wide and inevitable door to insidious and under-hand proselytism. With great justice they protested against the administration of a national grant being entrusted to the management of a party, and that party of a religious persuasion hostile to the creed of the subjects upon whom they were to operate. To do the Protestants justice, the Kildare Society sported its *frenum in cornu* with a most ostentatious openness. No attempts were made to erect Catholic schools upon Catholic principles; nor were Catholic masters admitted to teach the A B C under the inspection of Protestant superintendents, in numbers at all proportionate to the respective population. If, after that, the Catholic bishops chose to trust the education of their flocks to such hands, it at least could not be said that they were otherwise than purchasers, with notice. The result was, as might be expected, that they did not so trust their children; and, if report lie not, the muster-roll of Falstaff's ragged regiment is a poor and cold type of the enumerations which have been *gotten up*, of schools that never were in operation, and of scholars that never attended. Amidst all their poverty, privation, and depression, the Catholics have made immense efforts to educate their own children; and the Kildare-street Association, with its parliamentary grant, and all its other "means and appliances to boot," has utterly failed as an instrument of national instruction. One fatal consequence to the tranquillity of Ireland has arisen out of this unhandsome juggle; a little war has been created by it in almost every parish where there is a resident Protestant parson. An army of observa-

tion is levied on either side, to watch the proceedings of the other. Tracts are dropt on the highway, and Bibles are wrapped up in frieze cloaks and flannel petticoats. Every artifice of affected candour and liberality is adopted, to seduce the peasants into disobedience to their church; and charity roams through the village, for the purpose (as the poor people themselves assert) of "doing them out of their devotion." In some instances it has been loudly proclaimed by the Catholics, that even threats have been employed to force their children into the Bible schools; that rents have been distrained, and indulgences have been withheld, in cases of non-compliance with the unreasonable demand. The visits of the established clergy, of the Protestant agent, or of the pious Lady Bountiful of "the great house" to the poor, are closely followed by those of the priest, who, like another Penelope, unravels the web they have wove, comforting the weak-hearted, and encouraging the strong to resist this novel species of persecution; and it rarely happens that an enforced compliance is continued beyond a few days. Ill-will and disputation are thus widely disseminated. The Protestant, jealous for the honour of his Bible, bitterly reproaches the Catholic for his neglect of the sacred volume: the Catholic angrily resents the infringement of his right of conscience; and both, perhaps, might assert of each other with equal reason, that "*leur savoir n'est que bêtérie, et leur sapience n'est que mouffles, bâlardissant les bons et nobles esprits et corrompant toute fleur de jeunesse.*"* It has been made a matter of public charge against the Clancarthy family, by Mr. Eneas Mac Donnell, in a speech delivered at Balinasloe, that they have used their power as landlords in the unworthy manner above noticed; and the charge has been met by a prosecution for libel! The accusation may be ill-grounded; or, being true, the facts may be as methodistically correct, as they are legally justifiable; but the effects of such squabbles upon the minds of the Catholics, cannot but be the most galling and offensive. The duty of reading the Scriptures is no matter for political discussion. Protestants think the obligation binding, because they believe the Bible to be the exclusive revelation of Heaven; and Catholics as reasonably object to the practice, because they believe in revelations from other sources. To what end should they read, who are forbidden by their creed to interpret? Which are in the right, I shall not take upon myself to assert; but if we cannot convince the Catholics, to force the book upon their children is a manifest act of cruelty and oppression—a persecution as violent and unjust as an *auto-da-fé*, though not perhaps as execrable and inhuman. Nor is the policy of the attempt less awkward and inefficient. We all know the homely proverb of the horse and the water. If the Catholics who want gratuitous instruction will not learn to read upon our terms, it is not very clear how we can ever bring them to read the Bible; but it is demonstrable, that, by waving our regulations, and teaching the Catholics to read in other books, we shall at least give them a chance of stumbling upon the Bible, from which those who cannot read are for ever precluded. It must be well known to those who follow the proceedings in Parliament, that the use which the Kildare-street Society have made of the public money was the subject of severe animadversion; and that a commission was appointed, under the auspices of the liberal part of the cabinet, for the especial purpose of remedying this abuse. This commission was fairly selected—one member of it even being, *par extraordinaire*, a Catholic—and the majority

* Rabelais.

were enlightened, liberal, and practicable men : but the leaven of fanaticism still works. The principle of forcing the Bible is still acknowledged in Parliament; and the consequence is, that discord still prevails, while the business of education is deplorably impeded. The commission is now fast hastening to the close of its third year; and it may serve to illustrate the working of a divided cabinet, and the spirit of faction and intrigue, which, prevailing in that cabinet, is propagated throughout all Ireland—to remark, that not all Lord Wellesley's power and influence can induce the established clergy to abate one iota of their fanatical pretension of interfering with the religion of their opponents. The Catholic bishops have offered large concessions: they have offered to permit certain extracts from the Douai Bible to be used in the classes; and Mr. Blake, it is said, has even taken the pains to draw up a work for this purpose, with a view to meet the wishes of both parties. But the orthodox are inflexible; and the commission seem as far from the termination of their labours as ever. While the established clergy, with the nominee of the Attorney-General at their head, are thus defying authority, and manufacturing discontent and disloyalty, by wholesale, with the public money; the sectarians have not been idle, either in Ireland or at home. The English missionary societies, acting, it is affirmed, under the protection of the same noble lord who has encouraged the biblicals of the church, have been loud and vehement of their abuse of the Catholic religion, in order to increase the subscriptions of the faithful, by the portraiture of the forlorn condition of those whom they have undertaken to convert. From vituperation to scandal, and from scandal to calumny, are scarcely a step. Such vituperation, if founded on truth, is offensive, and more calculated to rivet the chain, than to loosen the allegiance of the Catholics to their clergy; but, when built upon *ex-parte* stories, and upon direct and palpable misrepresentations, its effect upon the population can be better imagined than described. Not, however, contented with this distant velitation, missionaries, at least as remarkable for their want of discretion as for the purity of their designs, have more than once crossed the sea, to engage hand to hand with the priests of Dagon. Challenges passed, *de part et d'autre*—debating shops were opened in the midst of the Catholic population, to try the faith in which the people had been educated—and the walls of the thickly-crowded assemblies rang with

“ Discours pieux, violens, emphatiques,
Assaisonné d'injures scholastiques;
Partout l'injure est style de dévôts.”

To say that these hot-headed fools were not stoned on the spot, is to declare explicitly the moderation and forbearance of an unlettered and provoked populace, and the virtue and patriotism of a priesthood, who, by a word or a look, might have ensured for themselves an ample vengeance—could they but have been brought to place at issue the lives and the few remaining liberties of their miserable flocks. These efforts of the missionaries have been zealously seconded by domestic associations, which have given occasion to an episode that deserves mention. Upon taking the field in any district, a requisition from the friends of biblicism is ostentatiously advertised; and a meeting is convened in the very enemy's camp, for the purpose of discussing the demerits of Catholicism, and devising means for conversion. As general principles can only be illustrated by particular examples, stories are eagerly sought for, credulously received,

and triumphantly narrated, to the prejudice of the moral and intellectual character of the population. The parties interested, and for whose souls this tender anxiety is avowed, not unnaturally think that they have a right to be present at such discussions, notwithstanding any formal technicalities in the requisitions, adopted for the purpose of excluding them. "*Nostra res agitur*," they exclaim; "and we have a right to be heard." In some instances, accordingly, they have forced themselves into the meetings, and have replied to the speakers. At Balinasloe, more especially, Mr. Eneas Mac Donnell, if not "*le plus grand diseur de rien qui ait jamais été*," at least the "deadest hand" at a seven hours' speech, so completely exhausted the patience and the temper of his auditory, that the secular power was called in, in order that the whole Catholic portion of the assembly might be *turned out* at the point of the bayonet. This outrageous appeal to

"The holy text of pike and gun,"

gave very little satisfaction, and more particularly to those individuals who had been beaten and cut in the process. An immense explosion of popular feeling followed, and a formal complaint of the illegality of the outrage was forwarded to the Irish government. The official reply was a reference to the courts of law. To understand the full value of this reply, we must be intimately acquainted with the sort of redress which the Irish law courts too often afford in such cases. We must understand, not only the expense common to all procedures in all the courts of this happy empire, but the difficulty of obtaining honest juries, and the certainty of finding witnesses prepared to swear any thing and every thing that suits the interest of their party. It is the curse of religious dissension that it demoralizes its victims. The most upright judge in Ireland would be unable to contend with party intrigue, if the cause were only supported by a private purse. Such an appeal to the laws would, in the opinion of most Irishmen, be wholly nugatory, and the reference was, the addition of insult to injury. How the Orange party in the administration—for to them it must be attributed—can reconcile it to their conscience thus to trifle with the public peace, and leave so scandalous a scene unsifted and unexplained, they best can tell. To common apprehension, the crown lawyers receive their salaries for this, among other purposes—that they should interfere to protect those who are too poor and friendless to help themselves, in cases of public injury; and to watch that, as far as law is concerned, *ne quid detrimenti res publica capiat*.

Every-day scenes of this nature—sometimes sanguinary, sometimes only ludicrous—occur. At the moment at which I write, a spiritual tournament is in preparation, between six sable combatants of the Catholic church, and as many knights of the woeful countenance, friends of the reformation—to be fought *à l'outrance*, at Derry: the one party protected by the "simple rondash" of the Bible—the other, "armed at all points" in the panoply of the fathers. If humanity did not bleed for the follies of men, nothing could be more truly comic than these displays of that "too much learning" which makes folks mad. The dull, sombre, demure countenance of the disputants, gradually kindling by mutual attrition—the flash of triumph, shot from beneath the lanky dark locks of the atribillious sectarian—the rising and falling of hope in the anxious faces of the simple auditory, as blows are given or parried—the frantic zeal, the sleek self-complacency, the honest good faith with which both parties misquote,

misapply, and draw the weakest conclusions from the falsest premises—the obstinacy with which each abounds in his own sense—the saintly dialect and jargon—the papist brogue—are traits to make the two philosophers of antiquity change their parts, and laugh and cry in very spite of spite. To imagine that such controversies can end in any thing but the respective confirmation of each disputant in his own opinions, is to reject the whole evidence of history : to expect that any solicitings to reform will be listened to, when offered by the persecutor to the oppressed, is to be ignorant of the first elements of human nature. Truth flies from such ill-judged contests ; and anger and blows, and jealousies and discontents, are their only possible results. One very necessary effect of this intemperance of Protestant zeal has followed, from its tendency to excite the Catholic clergy to reprisals. Considerable and successful attempts have been made to convert the lower classes of Protestants ; and as the act of protesting implies intellectual strength, while obedience to authority is a refuge for the weak, the Catholic has a decided advantage with the illiterate. There is, however, another consequence, which some will deem of greater concernment than the souls of a few dozen of splapeens ; and that is—the political zeal which has been awakened among the Catholic priests, by the inroads of reforming missionaries. To this cause we must, in a great measure, attribute the rebellion which has been hatched among the forty-shilling slaves against their Egyptian task-masters—the *élan* which has been given to Catholic associations—the amount of the Catholic rent, and, in general, the increased activity of the whole Catholic body, instigated and encouraged by the irritated clergy. Those who could patiently brook the tyranny of the British lion, could not endure with temper the kickings of the missionary ass ; and those who were not to be stirred by the obstinacy of (the for-once-undoubting) Lord Eldon, have gone off like a sky-rocket, when kindled by a spark from the murky scintillations of Messrs. Pope and Gordon. This unexpected reaction has aroused the slumbering Orangemen, and reacted, in its turn, upon the establishment. In the face of the King's conciliation letter, Dr. Magee has again buckled on the armour of faith against his Catholic brethren ; and the virulence of his hostility assumes as many and as various shapes and forms as the *matériel* of a pantomime. The other day he followed up his far-famed antithesis, with an order to revive throughout his arch-diocese the long-obsolete practice of reading the gunpowder-plot service—an idle and an useless insult to the population which feeds him. Recently, too, he has, it is said, been stopped in a pious attempt to cause the demolition of a Catholic chapel, part of which he had discovered to stand upon ground belonging in the old time to a Protestant cemetery. His spiritual warfare, active and meddling, partakes of all the infirmity of his personal character. Impetuous, splenetic, overbearing, and uncalculating, it is irritating even when it does not injure—and it annoys, where it does not compress. Perpetually *en évidence*, he seems urged by the memory of his former liberalism, only to a more ostentatious display of high church pretension. We may say of him, in the words of Rousseau, “ *je ne sais de combien d'hommes il faisait le travail, mais il faisait toujours le bruit de dix ou douze ;*” and his noise has the additional demerit of being the more offensive, on account of the eminence on which he stands. To the reaction produced by the Catholic elections, must also be attributed the virulent and tumid harangues of Doctors Millar and Robinson—not to mention the other less striking effusions of clerical fear and hate, emitted at the various

Orange dinners in the north; for, though all have not imitated the candour of Dr. Robinson, a provocation to bloodshed is the common spirit of all their speeches. A rebellion, weakly plotted and hastily executed (with whatever horrors it might be accompanied), would paralyze the Catholic body, and put off for half a century the possibility of emancipation. This, in the eyes of faction, is a consummation devoutly to be wished; and though all do not look murder and plunder full in the face, and seek to found the triumph of their party upon the smoking ruins of cities, and the mangled remains of their fellow-citizens; yet many, in the excitement of the moment, are too apt to overlook these consequences.

Thus every day is the breach between the two religions widening—the exaltation of the passions increasing; while the bonds of society become more and more relaxed;—so that the whole political system of the country is rapidly approaching to the constitution of—a rope of sand. Religious feeling in a community is like vital force in the human body: in a certain quantum it produces vigour and health—while a trifling excess is the cause of fever, delirium, and disorganization. To this excess the alliance of church and state, with its concomitants—privilege and exclusion—inevitably leads; yet are we told that the Catholic question concerns only a few briefless barristers and disappointed demagogues! It concerns every man, Catholic or Protestant, in Ireland, who prefers order to anarchy, industry and wealth to idleness and starvation, religious peace to fanatical excitement, and the British constitution to legalized despotism. Unless something be speedily done to calm the passions, and to dilate the zeal of all the religious parties of Ireland, scenes of tumult and disorder must ensue; and the government of the British Parliament, though not permanently overturned, will at least be temporarily suspended. Here, indeed, the church *is* in danger—in urgent and imminent danger! While the great question remains unsettled, it is idle to expect a subsidence of the troubled waters, or to look for an abatement of local bigotry, jealousy, and intrigue. At least, therefore, let folks be left to their own passions—and not hallooed on to anarchy and riot by strangers. It is provoking to find those in England, who are hostile to an amicable arrangement, the most active in increasing the agitation of Ireland, by their indiscreet and silly attempts at proselytism. It is by the slow but certain operation of opinion that religious sects are created and overthrown. Time and circumstance in this are all powerful—individual and corporate exertion, nothing. Surely philanthropy and religion have either of them enough to work upon at home, in the domestic misfortunes of England, without wasting money in pouring oil on the flames of Irish discontent, under the absurd and impracticable notion of “converting the benighted Papists.”

As Protestants, we cannot but feel that the conversion of the Irish peasantry is a consummation most devoutly to be wished; and, for that very reason, we the more deplore that the attempt should have been made in so injudicious a way. That attempts at conversion, however undertaken, should have some partial successes, must reasonably be expected. Accordingly, “*de part et d’autre*,” proselytes are from time to time made, which the newspapers connected with the respective creeds egregiously exaggerate. In Cavan, more especially, where solid bank bills have been thrown into the scale against airy speculative theology—where the articles of religion have been swallowed between slices of beef sandwiches, and the bitter pill of recantation washed down by draughts of brown stout—some transitory successes may with truth be boasted. But while religion has

thus gained, how greatly morality has suffered the clearly-sighted will easily surmise. All sorts of roguery and deception have been played off by mock proselytes, for the sake of the loaves and fishes : and the number of relapsed Papists bear a fearful proportion to the number of those who have permanently embraced the reformation. To expect that things should be otherwise, is to be ignorant of the human heart ; it is to expect the results of wisdom from the combinations of folly ; it is to sow tares, and look for a harvest of wheat. When Catholic emancipation shall have been obtained, the two religions will come fairly into contact, and the best will eventually triumph. That this change will be in favour of Protestantism, we firmly believe ; and this is not among the least of the motives which influence our feelings in advocating the cause. The matter is well worth the consideration of Protestants on both sides the Channel. T.

TO ———.

THE heavens are blue, and earth is springing
 With flow'rets bright and gay ;
 And tuneful little birds are singing
 The sunny hours away.

'Tis gladness all—around—above ;
 But nought can charm me now :
 For thou art sorrowful, my love—
 A cloud is on thy brow.

Oh ! quickly let this gloom be past ;
 'Twas never, never meant
 Features like thine should be o'ercast
 With shades of discontent.

For thou art like the morning star—
 So radiant and so bright !
 I follow in thy train afar,
 Rejoicing in thy light.

Thou art my sun ! and I do borrow
 My very life from thee :
 Now, if thy beams be quench'd in sorrow,
 How dark my soul must be !

Oh ! give me then one sunny smile !
 So shall that blessed ray
 The sorrows of my heart beguile,
 And dry my tears away.

LYRA.

THE DEAD WATCH A LEGEND OF SWEDEN.

THE last moments of Ulrica, Princess of Sweden, approached. A film obscured her eye; but her voice, though weak, was clear. "I thought I scarcely could have died without bidding a last farewell," she said, "to my beloved Emeline—but life recedes apace. How many days have elapsed since the messenger was despatched to Saxony?"—"But three, my dearest princess!" replied an aged attendant, whose accents were scarcely more distinct than those of her dying mistress:—"but three;—as many weeks must pass before Countess Emeline, of Schœnberg, can arrive."—"I have not as many hours to live, and must forego this hope," resumed the lady; "our vow to meet again, before the tomb closed over us, has past unfulfilled. My faithful friends, farewell! when I am gone, think kindly of your princess!"

It was three in the morning when Ulrica expired: the next day, the body lay in state, and all Stockholm repaired to take a last look at their beloved princess. The crowd was so great, that, towards evening, the officer on guard found it difficult to enforce the order for closing the doors, and that none should be admitted until the following day. This officer was Baron Frederic, of W.—a young Swede of undoubted courage. The eleventh hour had struck; and, as he walked up and down an anti-chamber, separated from the room where the princess lay merely by a glass partition, he often paused to gaze at the idle pomp which surrounded the royal corpse, where the shades of death and the glare of a thousand tapers seemed engaged in ghastly combat—and then, his head sunk on his breast—and again he moved slowly on, wrapt in his own reflections.

So passed the next hour, and the palace clock struck twelve: as its last vibration ceased, a lady, dressed in black, whom the baron immediately recognized as the Countess Emeline of Schœnberg, the absent friend of the princess, entered.—"Noble Countess," said Baron Frederic, "the chamber of her highness is closed, and no one, until the morning, can be admitted. Nay, advance not, lady—my orders are severe; and, were I even to infringe them, it would but afford you the means of augmenting your sorrow. I pray you, refrain!"—and, seeing the pale figure advance, he moved to oppose her entering.

A cold hand was laid on his—an icy shudder pervaded his whole frame—and he remained motionless! For a moment's space, his sight was obscured; and, when he recovered it, he saw the figure approach the bed of the princess. The corpse arose, and opened its heavy eyelids; but its glance was fixed and glassy. The arms, which before were crossed on the breast, spread slowly, to embrace the pallid form which moved to meet them!—

—When Baron Frederic recovered, he found himself lying on the ground: he was alone. The corpse had resumed its former attitude; but on the lips, which had retained the convulsive contraction of the last agony, now sate a placid smile. Inquiries were made in the palace; and their only result was, that on that night, at the midnight hour, a mourning coach, drawn by four horses, had entered the palace court: a female, in black attire, alighted from it, and ascended the stairs. In what manner either the carriage or the lady had disappeared, could none explain. In the course of a month, the messenger despatched to Saxony returned, and also with tidings of the death of the Countess Schœnberg. The story is to this day well remembered in Stockholm, and recounted as often as a rude basso-relievo, representing this mysterious circumstance, arrests the attention of the traveller.

TERRA INCOGNITA.

No. I.

THE nineteenth year is now rolling away since the bright July morning when I looked on the "Land's-End," fading from the view, as we dashed along before a fresh north-eastern breeze—one of a hundred ships conveyed by the Polyphemus, and destined for various ports.

By a series of events my father had been ruined: several attempts to re-establish himself proved abortive, and he eventually came to seek his fortune in London. The first thing that presented itself he accepted—an employment of small consequence, and of smaller emolument, in the distant colony of New South Wales. Nineteen years ago, the name of Botany Bay was enough to frighten an honest man; but with the "*mens conscia recti*," my father embarked with my mother and their three infant sons. Sixty female convicts occupied the ship between decks; and an officer of the New South Wales corps, with his family, held one part, and we the other, of the great cabin. Spithead was the rendezvous for ships that were to sail with the West India convoy; and there we waited with our consort, till a signal from the Polyphemus loosened the canvas of more than a hundred sail.

We had flitted by the picturesque and beautiful coast of my own native county; and it was the next day after that on which we sailed, I think, that we saw the Land's-End; and thoughtfully I gazed, as it lessened in the distance. Many a time, during the day, I mounted on a gun, and strained my eyes for the long grey streak in the horizon, which many saw then that will never see it again. Land's-End has lived in my mind's eye, though I have never seen it since; and the emotion connected with seeing it for the last time, must have been strong in a child of seven years' old, to remember it as I do now. They talked of it, I suppose; and some more sentimental sailor may have warbled, as he stood at the wheel, and gazed around him (the *Æ*— had no poop), "Adieu! my native land, adieu!"

The following day we had quite lost sight of land, and the whole fleet was standing steadily on, on a wind, led by the convoy—when, about mid-day, she suddenly made signal for the headmost ships to lay-to, and, going about, cracked on all the sail she could carry towards the rear—where a French privateer was just about to make free with some of her charge. We had been sailing abreast of the commodore; and I remember watching the whole proceeding with great interest, as we lay-to with the rest, till she should return. The Frenchman shewed the white feather, and ran with alacrity. Defence being the object of our protector, of course the pursuit was not kept up; but all the fleet again got under weigh, and the Polyphemus returning steadily, in a few hours was in her place a-head—like a hen followed by a brood of chickens.

A fleet of merchantmen, convoyed by a man of war, necessarily sails no faster than the slowest ship in it can go; so that frequently, as it was with us, the commodore and other fast sailers will be under topsails, while the lumberers are carrying every stitch.

The Bay of Biscay brought on that *pleasant* sensation, which fresh-water sailors generally feel at the first breeze after the commencement of a voyage. Arriving at Madeira, we stood off and on, in the Funchal Roads, for the greater part of a day, sending on shore for refreshments; and then

stood on for Rio de Janeiro with our consort alone, parting company with the West India fleet. Ours was the smaller ship, and our captain the junior; so that the other was commodore, and was generally a-head: she, too, was bound for Australia—though that classic name was not then in vogue—and was laden with male convicts and a military guard. I think it could not have been many days after we passed Madeira, that the G—— made signal of a strange sail in sight, and both ships cleared the decks for action. All the women and children were started below, and the hatches were battened down; though, I believe, that we abaft were on parole, not to shew our noses above the companion-ladder. Report said that the stranger was a man-of-war, and, of course, a Frenchman, and that she was bearing down upon us; but, nothing daunted, we did not run away, and, in the course of two hours, she had spoke the G——, after shewing British colours—and then we were enfranchised. I saw her, and she must have been a line-of-battle ship—for she was larger than the *Polyphemus* (a sixty-four): and yet we—two convict craft—the one carrying sixteen, and the other twelve carronades, with not men enough in both ships to work a tythe of that number—had dared to clear the deck for action! Cutlasses and boarding-pikes were strewed on the quarter-deck; so that, I suppose, we were to have carried the enemy by storm!

After that “hair-breadth escape”—“of being taken by the insolent foe,” I do not remember any other “moving accident,” till we reached the line; when Neptune boarded us, and went through the ordinary ceremonies of the occasion. For us youngers, his godship took fees; so that we saw the fun, without smarting from its effects.

Nine weeks sojourn at Rio somewhat impressed the place on my memory;—the noble harbour, with the magnificent-looking city—the batteries among the rocks—the convent, perched beautifully on the high south coast—and the islands behind;—indeed, I think it must be very much like the Gulph of Naples in its general character; but my idea is necessarily a confused one: however, the picture on my mind is, that of a very fine subject, though very faintly impinged. Several English line-of-battle ships lay there, under the command of Sir Sydney Smith, who had his flag in the *Foudroyant*, or *Bellerophon*—I forget which: both were there.

But such narrow, dirty streets!—the women, peeping through the grated windows, too!—sweetmeats—fruits—religious processions—sour and gritty bread—lean, carrion-looking beef;—all stand, more or less, distinctly marked on the picture of the city's interior.

Just about the time we were to have sailed, some of our sailors went on shore—at one of the islands, it strikes me—and stole some goats, and rabbits, and poultry, and brought them on board. The captain, fearing that an exposure would detain him, winked at it—but that would not do;—it came out. The admiral (Sir Sydney) took it up; the captain and his first mate were turned out, and new ones put on board; and all the men concerned were removed to Sir Sydney's ship. I very well remember the gallant and chivalrous admiral coming on board of us several times; for I had the honour of attracting his notice, and of being patted on the head by him, and—more than that, too—of eating oranges, which he sent on board in profusion; but, I think, they were for the convict women—not for me. However, “dogs and children are in every body's mess, and nobody's watch.” For nine long weeks, we ate lean Brazilian beef, sour Brazilian bread, and were broiled by a tropical Brazilian sun; and then

we went to sea again—but single-handed; for the G—— sailed when our misfortune happened. Long and tedious was the passage, and rough was the sea, from Rio de Janeiro to Bass's Straits, which divide Van Dieman's Land from New Holland; but the gales off the Cape, and across the great Indian Ocean, were not so tedious as the sailing along with a ridge of low land in sight, never changing in appearance, and apparently interminable. At length we reached "the Heads;" but Macquarrie Tower was not then built, with its revolving lights; and we lay-to till next morning—when we entered the finest harbour in the world!

The north and south Heads are right and left of the entrance to Port Jackson, and about a mile apart; the former is a high and almost perpendicular cliff; but the south head is comparatively low, and is the end of a promontory that shelters the port from easterly gales. Immediately within the entrance there is a mass of sunken rock, which appears above water at flood tide only in insulated blocks—one of which, being considerably larger than any of the rest, the group is called the Sow and Pigs. Passing between the Sow and Pigs, and the land which forms the south head, it is about two miles to Bradley's-head, where this arm of the sea changes from a south to a directly west course.

It was a bright unclouded summer morning, in the month of January, when we passed this antipodal Scylla and Charybdis, and the ship had just rounded Bradley's-head, when I went on deck to gaze with delight on "land:" she was beating up for Sydney Cove, against the light land-breeze of the Australian summer morn; and, I suppose, with the tide—for she made way. I remember now with what anxiety I ran forward, whenever the ship approached the north shore, which I felt confident she must run upon, for she went so close—when the "ready about," and "helm's a-lee," of the pilot, threw her head to the wind, and then filled her off for the sand-hills, and the intervening islands, which, in their turn, we stood for. The first of them bears a thievish name—Shark's Island; the second is named after Cook's colleague—Clerk's Island; the next in the same line, and near Anson's Point, is the beautiful and romantic island, called Garden Island: many a holiday afternoon have I spent there, convoyed by Billy Blue, hunting *five corners* and *jebungs*, and breaking oysters from the rocks, and fishing for bream and mullet in the deep waters around it. About half-way across, from Garden Island to the north shore, is the little sterile rocky mound, which bears the beggarly unpropitious name of Pinchgut; and in the highest point of it, at the time I refer to, stood a gibbet, from which dangled "a murderer's banes in gibbet airns." There it stood—a standard that civilization had erected, on reclaiming the territory from the hand of nature—a sign-post, with an appropriate sign, to this inn, "where the wicked cease from troubling." Many were the stories I heard, in after-times, of the crimes and of the punishment of the man whose bones hung there, and of the marvellous things that were effected by his ghost, which mounted guard every night by the gibbet-foot, till it was dismantled in the following reign. I heard, too, many reasons for the name that the island bore; and the best-authenticated is to this effect.—In the earliest years of the settlement, when the little colony of marines and convicts—guards and the guarded—was dependant for the necessities of life, even to the bread they ate, on supplies from Europe, it not unfrequently happened that all hands were on very short allowance. On these occasions, the governor punished minor crimes by banishment to this little island, and a still shorter allowance than was given in the settlement—whence it obtained the name it now bears. Just

above Pinchgut, Bennelong's Point stretches out parallel to the south-head, and about five or six miles in a direct line from it, and forms the east side of Sydney Cove: the shore from Bradley's-head runs in an almost unbroken line about the same distance, and then throws out a high bluff point, called Ball's-head. The whole of that coast is high and rocky, but covered with lofty trees and thick brushy underwood; it forms the north side of the harbour, and is familiarly called the North Shore. Dawes' Point, with its flag-staff and batteries, is opposite, and parallel to Bennelong's, and is high and rocky—while the latter is low, and covered with underwood and green sward, till they near the bottom of the Cove, when their height approximates somewhat, and they finish in the two long hills, on and between which the capital of the infant empire of Australia is rising. I thought it a lovely sight, when we came to anchor in the Cove, before mid-day of one of the finest days I ever remember. On one side, the native forests of the north shore bounded the view; thence, Dawes' Point, with a battery on its lofty front, led the eye over a mass of dwellings on the rocks, surmounted by Fort Philip, and bordered by a line of wharfs, stores, hospitals, and docks. Further on, in the half-distance, stood the gloomy and massive gaol; and above appeared a high stone windmill, and the little church of St. Philip, with its square clock tower. The barracks, in long white rows, crowned the hill behind the church; and the space between was filled up with houses and gardens, and the one-arched bridge striding across the stream, which comes down the valley between the two hills; and near that stood the wonder of the place—a four-storied stone house, with an infinity of little windows, giving it the appearance of a granary; and, a short distance above, shrouded by a grove of trees, appeared the modest little villa called the government-house: the same stands there now. I say the same—though, I believe, that it is like the boy's knife, that had had two new blades, and one new handle; for Governor Macquarrie was never tired of altering and improving it—and yet he never pulled it down and rebuilt it. On the top of the hill, behind the government-house, stood the windmills; and from them the whole of Bennelong's Point, stretching out to where it almost meets the north shore, was unoccupied, except by the vagrant tribes of aborigines, whose black figures we could see among the bushes, about the thin columns of smoke from their fish-fires.

The beautiful peaches and delicious water-melons that we ate, on first landing in the town of Sydney, made us forget the imprisonment of a seven months' voyage; and the fine white bread seemed like manna, after the sour and sandy rolls of Rio Janeiro, and the hard biscuits of the *Æ*—.

No place in the world can have undergone a greater change in the same space of time, and under equally forbidding circumstances, than the shores of Sydney Cove have, since the foundation of the colony. Forty years ago, there was not a civilized community within eight or ten weeks' voyage of the site: it was a "vast howling wilderness," occupied only (if occupation it may be called) by a straggling—worse than Caffro population; a people, more vagrant than gypsies, idler than monkies, meagre from starvation—in a country as fertile as Egypt, and with the climate of Naples—who knew only how to procure fire, but not to shelter themselves from the autumnal rains, or the frosts of July. Now a city stands!—built truly by the refuse and scum of a nation on the opposite side of the globe—but occupied by a thriving and industrious population,

composed of free emigrants and reclaimed convicts, which already-rivals, in commerce and arts, the oldest establishments in Europe. The sea-breezes which, forty years ago, had never filled a sail, now daily waft, from all parts of the world, ships of all sizes, and of every nation. The bright waters of Sydney harbour had then never reflected but the fragile bark canoe of the native, with the black naked figures of himself and his degraded mate;—now the Cove is filled with ships—some bearing the products of Europe and India, and others lading with the products of the colony, and the seas and islands about it, to reciprocate by return.

Eighteen years ago, the settlement had just attained its majority; and then stood in the mid-distance of its original and present state. Fabrics, which were then of wood, are now of stone; gardens and orchards of that time are now occupied by the busier haunts of men; hospitals, churches, barracks for military and convicts, public and private buildings, of all descriptions, now appear on every side; dirty lanes, with irregularly-built hovels, have been changed into well-built streets;—at that time, roads were made by cutting away the trees, and leaving the carts to mark the track on the green turf; now, stage-coaches run over turnpike-roads! Eighteen years ago, the arrival of a ship from England was an era; now, not a week passes without arrivals and departures from, and for, all parts of the world. Then, almost every ship bore an unhappy expatriated freight; and now, there is not more than one so laden, to two or three which bear merchandize, and willing emigrants, seeking to ameliorate their fortunes in the sunny clime of Australia. Hundreds of colonial vessels, too, of various burden, manned and conducted by Austral-Europeans, carry on an extensive trade between the various parts of the colony, and between the two colonies of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land—among the islands of the South Seas—to China—India—the Indian Archipelago—to the Cape of Good Hope—South America both in the Atlantic and Pacific—and, indeed, some, I believe, have reached even to England!

When we arrived in New South Wales, the means of education were necessarily very scant; now, there are public schools, and asylums for the poor and the orphan, and schools of every degree for the richer part of the community. At that time, our miserable little quarter-sheet issued from the press once a week, with government orders, and a few advertisements, and year-old intelligence from Europe; now, the “Sydney Gazette” is a full sheet, well and closely printed, published twice a week, and containing all the colonial intelligence of interest—and news from England, which may be read in England again, within eight months of its first publication. The “Australian,” a journal of the same description, published also twice a-week, has been established now between two and three years, and has met with deserved success: indeed, it is fully equal in merit to any provincial newspaper in England. The “Monitor,” lately established, cannot fail of success, from the acknowledged talent of its editor. But, indeed, time and space would fail me to tell of the wonderful changes that not only forty years, but the last eighteen of them, have wrought on the shores of Australia. The *corrobera* of the naked savage by the light of the moon, on the green sod, to the beating of sticks, and the monotonous drawl of a few old withered hags (their women do not join in the dance), has given place to quadrilles and waltzes, in bright saloons—to the music of military bands, and danced by the sons and daughters of Albion.

However, it was nearer the pristine state at the time I refer to. The

governor—the always unfortunate Captain Bligh—had lately been deposed by military violence, and the rebel government “reigned in his stead.” Not long after our arrival, Governor Macquarrie arrived; and, during a long administration of twelve years, effected almost all that has been done from that time to the present—though, of course, when the plant had taken root in a good soil, it could not but thrive.

The house in which we were at first domiciliated was one of the best in Sydney, having been built for—and, I believe, occupied by—Governor Hunter: its situation, too, was one of the finest in the town; but—it was haunted! Near the spot on which it stood, the first executions had taken place; and tradition said, that some marines, who had been half-hanged for robbing the stores, were buried, half-alive, just where the house was afterwards built; their ghosts had been exorcised, but not laid: I suppose the Red Sea was too far off! I have heard them often, but never saw them—though, I am sure, our big house-dog did; for, as soon as ever the house was shut up at night, he would take his station by the cellar-door, and howl so frightfully, that at length, as a common disturber of both the dead and the living—he was hanged. At nine o'clock every night, the drums beat off before the barracks, preceded and followed by the bugles. Many a scene of fear and real danger have I passed through since the days I refer to; but in no one have I ever felt so intensely, as when, in a bleak winter's evening, after having listened, as I lay in bed, to the last long wind of the bugle, followed by a simultaneous cry of “All's well!” from all the sentinels in the town; and then, when every thing was hushed in darkness and in solemn silence—except, perhaps, the whistling of the wind, and the pelting of the rain on the windows—I have heard, in the room below me, mysterious noises, as of skeletons tumbling and scampering about the floor, and scratching, with a crackling sound, against the cedar wainscot; and the dismal howl of the tawny dog, couched by the cellar-door under my bed-room window—I cannot think of it, even now, without quaking!

For the first few months, I could not pass any of the natives in the streets without trepidation, and, in the outskirts of the town, they were to me for some time objects of terror: indeed, though they are as harmless as a fangless serpent, yet neither the one nor the other—neither a naked savage, nor a poisonous reptile—could be encountered at large, without disagreeable sensations, by a child who had never heard either spoken of but as objects of fear and aversion.

Alas! for the poor black-fellows!* At that time they ranged the country as they pleased, got drunk whenever they could get the means, and broke each other's heads when and where they pleased! They carried their spears and their waddies with them wherever they went, molested by and molesting no one. Fish and mud-oysters were their staple commodities, and these they exchanged for bread or rum. Wearing-apparel they would take, but it was merely as an article of merchandize: a shirt or a pair of trowsers might pass through their hands, but seldom rested long on their limbs—it would be disposed of, at the earliest opportunity, for rum or bread. It was a custom with the inhabitants of Sydney, particularly, to reserve the coarse *sugre*-bags, in which sugar is sent from India, to give to the first lot of black-fellows that might pass after it had been emptied, for the pleasure of seeing them get very drunk, and fight; for,

* The colonial generic name for the aborigines.

strange as it may appear, it is a fact, that they would soak a bag of the kind in a common pail of water; and then, each being furnished with a piece of the *sugee*, or with a corner of the bag, eight or ten of them get quite tipsy, by sucking the liquor out—not sucking it up, with their noses in it, like pigs—nor drinking it like civilized human beings—but by dipping the piece of stuff to saturate it with the juice, and then sucking it out, as one might suck the juice out of an orange; to prolong the pleasure they did it, and to promote intoxication, one would think—for it certainly had that effect—and then quarrels would arise, and broken heads ensued. To what a pitch of degradation have I seen humanity reduced! White *savages*, having given the filthiest means of inebriation to black *savages*—who, unconsciously, remunerated their *benefactors* by an exhibition, in the public streets, of their naked persons in gladiatorial show!—the men actively engaged in thrashing each other with clubs, hand to hand; and the women, unarmed, but receiving blows on their heads from both parties, as they happened to interfere—all, at the same time, vociferating, in their loudest tones, all the abuse that their own language was capable of; and (out of compliment to their *benefactors*), making up, for its want of force, by the use of English words—opprobrious terms—oaths—curses—and blasphemies!

The swillings of a rum-puncheon made a liquor called *bull*, which was a powerful rival of *sugar-bag*. *Bull*, however, would more frequently find its way down the throats of the convict-servants than those of the poor black fellows.

Revolting as such a state of things appears, it had existed from the earliest establishment of the colony, and did exist for several years after the late excellent Governor Macquarrie's arrival there. At length (in the year 1812, I think), a government order appeared, which put an end to the exhibition of such scenes, in the towns at least; and a later order has prohibited the natives from appearing in, or within a certain distance of, any of the townships, with offensive weapons about them. To the present day, though, I believe, they wander about the streets, naked as they were born! The women, of late years, are frequently covered with a blanket, which they either hang over their shoulders, like a cloak—or tie round the waist, like a petticoat—leaving the bust exposed. The notion the men have of the use of clothes, may be inferred from this—that they will as soon accept a coat as a pair of trowsers—supposing them to be previously possessed of neither. Nothing can have a more ludicrous effect, than to see a man (and I have seen many of them) strolling about the town, with a stick drawn across the back of his neck, held at the ends by both hands, and with not a single article of clothing on him, but an old coat—perchance it may be a short jacket, or a waistcoat, a hat, or a single stocking or shoe; sometimes it may be a shirt, or a pair of trowsers—but seldom any two articles on the same man—and, as often as any, stark naked! Custom and habit may reconcile one to almost any thing; and I am sure that no ideas of indelicacy or impropriety obtrude themselves on the minds of the Austral, or long-resident, European females, more than on the minds of those in this part of the world, who are in the habit of frequenting sculpture or picture galleries, where the human form is commonly displayed without covering.

The first Easter holidays, I went to spend at Parramatta. Two of my school-fellows, brothers, whose father was a justice of the peace, living at the Hawkesbury, had to go home by the market-cart; and as Parramatta

lay in their road, it was thought too favourable an opportunity to be neglected, of sending me to my destination. The cart had been sent down a distance of more than forty miles, with articles for the Sydney market, and to bring back such things as were only procurable in the principal town—such as tea, sugar, spirits, and manufactured goods; indeed, all such things as, in this country, are to be found at a village-huckster's. It was in the charge of a convict, or—as the term used there is—a “government servant”. Horses were, at that time, only used for the saddle, and to run in harness; but seldom, indeed, for heavy draught—for which oxen were employed. The cart in which I began my travels in Australia, was drawn by a bullock, whose utmost speed would never exceed two miles an hour, on the best of roads; but on that we had to go over, at least for the first day, I do not believe he netted one!

We started from Sydney at one or two o'clock in the afternoon of a fine autumnal day, intending to stop for the night at Brown's Half-way-house, which was not more than seven miles, or seven and a half at the utmost, on the road; but, after having safely passed through Blackwattle-swamp, which then had no bridge—and over Grose's-hill, the steepest in the line—we found ourselves, at seven or eight o'clock, abreast of Dobryde, with a broken fellow, and not less than a mile short of our destination. Hungry and tired—for we boys had been obliged to walk up every hill, and over every bad part of the road, which did not comprise a very small part of the whole distance—frightened, too, of bush-rangers (the runaway convicts are so called)—tempted by the sight of a comfortable house, standing by a grove of orange-trees, and close at hand—my companions, who were considerably my seniors, determined on seeking there an asylum for the night, and the means of repairing our damage. The proprietor of Dobryde resided in Sydney; but his absence did not prevent us from being received with hospitality. Johnny-cakes were fried, and tea made;—tea, the universal beverage of an Australian settler—at breakfast—at dinner—at tea—and at supper—and sometimes oftener! In no part of the world, I believe, is tea so much used as in that country, in proportion to the number of inhabitants—leave comparative wealth out of the question. Malt liquors are hardly known out of two or three of the principal towns. Peach cyder (apple cyder is not made) forms the field-beverage of the country people, but cannot be put into competition with tea, which is preferred to it, both in summer and winter. Rum is so great a favourite, that it never gets a day older after it has become the property of a settler—so, for the ordinary purposes of life, cannot be compared with tea. But it is settlers of the old school that I am speaking of, and they are now getting scarcer every day. I remember the time, when it was no uncommon case for a man and his wife to leave their farm with a load of grain, vegetables, or fruit, for the Sydney market—arrive there steadily enough—dispose of their wares, and expend the proceeds in the purchase of necessaries and comforts, including a few gallons of rum—reach their home again in two, three, or four days after their departure from Sydney, according to their distance from it—with an empty keg, and an empty cart! But turnpike-roads—the use of horses instead of oxen—and the tighter rein by which the convicts are held—together with the great influx of respectable and industrious emigrant settlers—have tended to make such scenes much less frequent.

If England had been a wine country, wine would have been flowing through the streets of Sydney twenty years ago: but, even now, the grape-

vine is almost treated like an exotic where geraniums run wild, and where peaches are as plentiful as blackberries are in this country. In our garden at Sydney, there were vines in the open air, under which I have seated myself to devour clusters, which might have ripened in the vallies about Etna—so fine and luscious were they! But yet, *they import wine from the Cape of Good Hope!* Several individuals have, however, lately turned their attention to the culture of the vine; and I know of one gentleman who, three years ago, took some people from Madeira to assist him in it. I think, too, that I have heard of some French vine-growers, who have gone there to settle; so that it may reasonably be expected, that, in a few years more, they will not only have wine for their own consumption, instead of vile Bengal and Mauritius rum—but that they may be able to send to England, Austral-Madeira and Burgundy!

It may easily be imagined, that, with such a community, the road between the two principal towns of the colony could not have been travelled, for one-and-twenty years, without frequent robberies and frequent murders: indeed, there was hardly a turn or winding in the old line, of which an old resident had not some tale of horror to tell;—here, he himself had been robbed, and left for dead;—and there, such-an-one had been murdered.

At a short distance beyond Dobryde, the road wound down the steep banks of Iron Cove, or, rather, of the creek at the head of the Cove. Both sides of the creek were covered with a thick scrub, affording an almost impenetrable retreat to bush-rangers—who found, too, the best possible scene of depredation in the bottom of the glen, and even in the bed of the creek itself, by the difficulty of escape for the traveller, and the warning that the thumping of wheels, or the clattering of hoofs on the iron rocks above, would give of the approach of any one, who might be better armed; for they seldom consorted but in couples, and at that time were not always furnished with fire-arms.

Long rays were streaming from the east through the dense forests, and the bell-birds were ringing their peals from the branches of the tall saplings, which spring above the thick brushwood, when we sallied forth from our hospitable covert, with renewed spirits, and little fearing, by broad daylight, the dangers which darkness had aggravated. We reached Powells (about three miles on our road) to breakfast, having passed Iron Cove in safety; and, though twitted by the mocking-bird (*vulgo*, “laughing jackass”), we were cheered by the chirping of a thousand other feathered minstrels, as they hopped from spray to spray—ranging from the loftiest gum to the lowliest honeysuckle—and soothed by the plaintive cooing of the wild pigeon, from the leafiest branch of the thickly-foliated apple-tree. Now and then, a flight of screeching Rosehill parrots, coloured like the wings of Cupid, would rise from the road before us, where they had been devouring the scattered grains of Indian corn, which had fallen from the market carts—followed by their more daring rivals, a troop of magpies; while a shrill sound in the upper regions would call our eyes to the solitary flight of a black cockatoo—or, perchance, of three or four in a line—rushing swiftly along, at ten times the height of the highest trees.

About two miles on the other side of Powells (I could find the spot at this moment, if I were there—a four-railed fence runs along by it now), there is a small round hole, about the size of the back of a man’s head, under a little scrubby tea-tree: the grass grew around it, and hung over

it; but, by some chance, it had never been filled up—nor had grass ever grown in it since it was made, eleven or twelve years before, by the head of an old man, a gardener, who had there been robbed and murdered, and whose murderer had fairly driven the scull half its depth into the ground—the indent had never been filled up, as I have said, and grass had never grown in it, at least for twenty-two years after it had been made. The murderer was never discovered; and a superstitious notion prevailed, that, till the murder should be avenged, the mark would remain. I have heard that, some years ago, a man who was about to suffer the sentence of the law in England, for some robbery committed on returning from transportation, had confessed himself guilty of that crime. However, the indent still remained, and for aught I know does to the present day.

In four-and-twenty hours from the time of our starting from Sydney, we reached Parramatta—a distance, perhaps, of sixteen or seventeen miles, though now the road makes it but fifteen. I have since seen it trotted over, from turnpike to turnpike (say fourteen miles), within the hour, by a black mare not more than fifteen hands high, rode by a gentleman not less than thirteen stone weight!

The township now called Parramatta, was at first named Rose-hill; but before he had transmitted his despatches to England, after the establishment and naming of that place, Governor Phillip discovered that the native name of the site of his new town was more appropriate than that which he had given it. Parramatta is a compound word, signifying the “head of the river.” Port Jackson continues above Sydney, to form bays and coves, some of which run inland considerably, and finish in creeks, but no one in what can properly be called a river: it is navigable for craft of considerable burden for eight or ten miles above Dawes’ Point; but, at that distance, it widens very much, and becomes very shallow—so as, at neap tides, to have but a very narrow (navigable) channel even for boats, leaving immense beds of mud uncovered. Mangroves cover the low banks, and, indeed, grow in the salt mud, detached from the main land, and are not only insulated by the flowing tide, but are bathed by it to one-third their height. Above “the flats,” the course is much narrowed, and its banks become alternately low and lofty, till it has extended to about eighteen miles above Sydney, when the bed is changed from mud to slaty rock, on which the ebb-tide fails to leave a channel. On its left bank, ascending, is the town, at the “head of the river,” Parra-matta. Above the bridge, connecting the town with a suburb on the right bank, all character of a river is entirely lost, even at high tide; it becomes a mere creek, or rather a chain of ponds, without current, and in dry summers, almost without water.

The town is just a mile in length, from the wharf to the government-house, by a street which runs nearly parallel to the river. I have said the government-house—confusing it, perhaps, with the real one at Sydney—for this is no more than a country residence of the governor’s, though Sir Thomas Brisbane lived there almost entirely. It is pleasantly situated on a rising ground, in what is now a handsome park.

The width of the town is about a quarter of a mile, and it is bounded on two sides by a long hill, which runs, for its whole length, parallel to George-street and the river, and, bending round, forms the acclivity on which the government-house is seated. The plain on which the town is, though very level, is sufficiently above the river to afford the means of keeping it perfectly dry and well drained; yet Parramatta is not con-

sidered very healthy—and one reason for its insalubrity, I believe to be, a sort of *malaria*, occasioned by the continual dampness, which might, I have said, be easily remedied. Parramatta has increased, however, almost in the same ratio that Sydney has; but I do not think that it will continue to do so. At present, the high road to the fertile districts on the Hawkesbury necessarily lies through it; but if, at any time, a communication should be obtained from Sydney to the north shore—and a chain bridge would easily effect it—the distance to that, and many other very improving parts of the colony, will be greatly shortened; and Parramatta will, at best, but stand still.

The only public buildings in the town are a church and a hospital. On the hill to the south are the military barracks; and, higher up, towards the government-house, is the parsonage—a neat cottage-villa. On the opposite, or north bank of the river, are the gaol and factory—the latter a sort of barrack for the female convicts who are not at service, where they are employed in the manufacture of a sort of coarse woollen cloth. On the same side, but considerably lower down, there are some neat cottage residences; and below them, and below the town altogether, opposite Mr. Macarthur's, is the Female Orphan Asylum. Mr. Macarthur's is at the other extremity of the town from the government-house, and is more like the establishment of an English country gentleman, than perhaps any thing in the colony besides.

At the time when I first arrived in Parramatta, it was little more than a mere straggling hamlet; and even now it is not a properly condensed town—but it has its hotels (and very good ones, too), its market, and its fair. It is to Parramatta that stage-coaches regularly run from Sydney; and thither the mates of merchant-ships hie, to spend a holiday and *to see the country!*

The friend, to whose family I went on a visit, had—what was then, and what, I believe, is now—the finest orchard in the town. In front, towards George-street, the house was shrouded in a grove of orange-trees and laburnums; and from the back of it there was a beautiful avenue of orange, lemon, and lime-trees, which finished in a large Cape mulberry arbour. To the right and left were evergreen and deciduous peach trees, mingled with apricot, nectarine, apple, pear, pomegranate, fig, chestnut, English mulberry, and a great variety of other fruit-trees—some still with bending boughs, and others turning to the “sere and yellow leaf.” The walks were bordered with rose-trees, geraniums, and a hundred beautiful and odoriferous shrubs, that in this country bloom but to die.

My holidays there were among the pleasantest I ever passed; there the ghosts haunted me not—although, in the very next house, a murder had been committed not very long before,* and the house itself had frequently been broken into by midnight burglars! I lived in the colony long enough to see great changes in that place, and in the persons who rendered it to me most interesting. Time, and his great auxiliary—Death—has since made much greater.

W— —G.

* An anecdote occurs to me connected with that murder, that I cannot pass over. The man who committed it suffered for the crime, and his body was hung in chains on the hill to the south of the town, near the spot where the military barracks now stand. He had two children—a boy and a girl: the latter was put into the Orphan Asylum, and the lad remained at Parramatta, I think, apprenticed at the Lumber-yard. At the time of their father's execution, the poor boy was not more than twelve or thirteen years of age; but, within a very short time after the body was gibbeted, he went alone one night, took it down, and buried it!

THE FAR-HOME.

I LOOK'D on the bright and burning sun,
When he set beneath the wave,
And red clouds o'er the dark earth hung,
Like banners o'er a grave:
The ocean, in its farthest bound,
Had a wild and fiery hue;
And I thought I heard a living sound
From the lands I might not view.—

It spoke not to my inward thought,
As if on land or sea
There lay the home my heart had sought,
Or where its rest could be;
And I felt as if the hopes were gone,
That sooth'd my heart before,
When I thought the sense of woe and wrong
Might be lost on some far shore.

I watch'd till the stars of ev'ning shone
In the blue vault of the sky—
But I felt my spirit dark and lone,
'Mid their infinity;
For, in that vast and glorious shrine,
Where a thousand bright worlds hung,
Could I single out that world of mine,
To which my thought had clung?

I turn'd me to the earth again—
To a lone and silent dell,
Where a fountain hush'd the sleepless brain,
As its gushing waters fell:
A quiet grave was at my feet,
Where one I had cherish'd slept;
And the calm of that resting-place was sweet
As the thoughts of him I wept.

And where then found my heart its home?—
'Mid the bright isles of the main?—
Or, was it where whate'er may roam,
Hath now no mark of pain?
Oh! was it not in that quiet place,
Where the suffering heart might see
The repose of that which bore the trace
Of its own mortality?

VILLAGE SKETCHES :

No. VI.

The Two Valentines.

VALENTINE'S Day is one of great stir and emotion in our little village. In large towns—especially in London—the wicked habit of quizzing has entirely destroyed the romance and illusion of that tender anniversary. But we in the country are, for the most part, uninfected by “over-wiseness,” or “over-niceness,” (to borrow two of Sir Walter Raleigh’s quaint but expressive phrases), and are content to keep the gracious festival of love-making and *billets-doux*, as simply and confidently as our ancestors of old. I do not mean to say, that every one of our youths and maidens pair on that day, like the “goldfinch, bullfinch, greenfinch, and all the finches of the grove.”—Heaven forbid!—Nor that the spirit of fun hath so utterly evaporated from us, that we have no display of innocent trick or harmless raillery on that licensed morn:—all that I contend for is, that, in our parts, some truth may be found lurking amidst the fictions of those annual rhymes—that many a village beaux hath so broken the ice of courtship—and that many a village belle hath felt her heart throb, as she glanced at the emblematic scroll, and tried to guess the sender, in spite of the assumed carelessness, the saucy head-tossings, and the pretty poutings with which she attempted to veil her real interest. In short, there is something like sincerity amongst us, even in a Valentine;—as witness the number of wooings began on the Fourteenth of February, and finished in that usual end of courtships and comedies—a wedding—before Whitsuntide. Our little lame clerk, who keeps a sort of catalogue *raisonnée* of marriages, as a companion to the parish-register, computes those that issue from the bursting Valentine-bag of our postman, at not less than three and a half per annum—that is to say, seven between two years.

But—besides the matches which spring, directly or indirectly, from the *billets* commonly called Valentines—there is another superstition connected with the day, which has no small influence on the destinies of our country maidens. They hold, that the first man whom they espy in the morning—provided that such man be neither of kin to them, nor married, nor an inmate of the same house—is to pass for their Valentine during the day; and, perhaps (for this is the secret clause which makes the observation important), to prove their husband for life. It is strange how much faith they put in this kind of *sortes virgilianæ*—this turning over the living leaf of destiny; and how much pains they will take to cheat the fates, and see the man they like best first in spite of the stars! One damsel, for instance, will go a quarter of a mile about, in the course of her ordinary avocations, in order to avoid a youth whom she does not fancy; another shall sit within doors, with her eyes shut, half the morning, until she hears the expected voice of the favourite swain;—whilst, on their part, our country lads take care to place themselves each in the way of his chosen she; and a pretty lass would think herself overlooked, if she had not three or four standing round her door, or sauntering beneath her window, before sunrise.

Now, one of the prettiest girls in our parish is, undoubtedly, Sally North. Pretty is hardly the proper phrase—Sally is a magnificent girl;—tall, far above the common height of woman, and large in proportion—but formed with the exactest symmetry, and distinguished by the firm,

erect, and vigorous carriage, and the light, elastic step, peculiar to those who are early accustomed to walk under burthens. Sally's father is an eminent baker—the most celebrated personage in our village; besides supplying half the next town with genuine country bread, which he carries thither himself in his huge tilted cart, he hath struck into other arts of the oven, and furnishes all the breakfast-tables, within five miles, with genuine London rolls. No family of gentility can possibly get through the first meal without them. The rolls, to be sure, are—just like other rolls—very good, and nothing more; but some whim of a great man, or caprice of a fine lady, has put them in fashion; and so Sally walks round the parish every morning, with her great basket, piled to the very brim, poised on her pretty head—now lending it the light support of one slender hand, and now of another; the dancing black eyes, and the bright blushing smile, that flash from under her burthen, as well as the perfect ease and grace with which she trips along, entirely taking away all painful impression of drudgery or toil. She is quite a figure for a painter, is Sally North—and the gipsy knows it. There is a gay, good-humoured consciousness of her power and her beauty, as she passes on her morning round, carolling as merrily as the lark over her head, that makes no small part of her charm. The lass is clever, too—sharp and shrewd in her dealings—and, although sufficiently civil and respectful to her superiors, and never actually wanting in decorum, is said to dismiss the compliments of some of her beaux with a repartee generally *brusque*, and frequently poignant.

Of beaux—between the lacqueys of the houses that she takes in her circuit, and the wayfarers whom she picks up on the road—Sally hath more than a court beauty; and two of them—Mr. Thompson, my lord's gentleman, a man of substance and gravity, not much turned of fifty; and Daniel Tabb, one of Sir John's gardeners, a strapping red-haired youth, as comely and merry as herself—were severally recommended, by the old and the young, as fitting matches for the pretty mistress of the rolls. But Sally silenced Mr. Thompson's fine speeches by a very stout, sturdy, steady "No;" and even inflicted a similar sentence (although so mildly, that Daniel did not quite despair) on his young rival; for Sally, who was seventeen last Candlemas-day, had been engaged these three years!

The love affair had begun at the Free School at Aberleigh; and the object of it, by name Stephen Long, was the son of a little farmer in the neighbourhood, and about the same age with his fair mistress. There the resemblance ceased; for Stephen had been as incomparably the sharpest and ugliest boy in the school, as Sally was the tallest and prettiest girl—being, indeed, of that stunted and large-headed appearance which betokens a dwarf, and is usually accompanied by features as unpleasant in their expression as they are grotesque in their form. But then he was the head boy: and, being held up by the master as a miracle of reading, writing, and cyphering, was a personage of no small importance at Aberleigh; and Sally being, with all her cleverness, something of a dunce, owed to Stephen much obligation for assistance in the school business. He arranged, cast up, and set in order on the slate, the few straggling figures which poor Sally called her sum—painted over, and reduced to something like form, the mishapen and disjointed letters in her copy-book—learnt all her lessons himself, and tried most ineffectually to teach them to her—and, finally, covered her unconquerable want of memory by the loudest and boldest prompting ever heard out of a theatre. Many a rap of the

knuckles have Sally North's blunders cost Stephen Long, and vainly did the master admonish him to hold his tongue. Prompt he would—although so incorrigibly stupid was his fair mistress, that, even when the words were put into her mouth, she stumbled at repeating them; and Stephen's officious kindness commonly ended in their being punished in company—a consummation, for his share of which the boy was gallant enough to rejoice. She was fully sensible of this flattering devotion, and repaid it, as far as lay in her power, by taking him under her protection at play-times, in return for the services which he rendered her in school; and, becoming more and more bound to him by a series of mutual good offices, finished by vindicating his ugliness, denying his pedantry, and, when twitted with his dwarfishness, boldly predicting that he would grow. They walked together, talked together, laughed, romped, and quarrelled—in short, it was a decided attachment; and when our village Romeo was taken as an apprentice by a cousin of his mother's—a respectable hosier in Cheapside—it is on record, that his Juliet—the lightest-hearted personage in the neighbourhood—cried for an hour, and moped for a day. All the school stood amazed at her constancy!

Stephen, on his side, bore the test of absence, like a knight of Amadis his day. Never was *preux* chevalier so devoted to the lady of his love. Every letter home contained some tender message or fond inquiry; and although the messages became gradually less and less intelligible, as the small pedantry of the country schoolboy ripened into the full-blown affectation of the London apprentice, still Sally was far from quarrelling with a love message, on so small a ground as not understanding it; whilst, however mysterious his words might seem, his presents spoke his affection in a more homely and convincing language. Of such tokens there was no lack. The very first packet that he sent home, consisting of worsted mittens for his old grandmother, a pair of cotton hose for his sister, and a nightcap for his father, contained also a pair of scarlet garters for Sally; which attention was followed up at every opportunity by pin-cushions, ribbons, thimbles, needle-cases, and as great a variety of female ware as that with which Autolycas's basket was furnished. No wonder that Sally, in spite of occasional flirtations with Daniel Tabb, continued tolerably constant; especially as one of Stephen's sisters, who had been at service in London, affirmed that he was so much improved, as to be one of the smartest beaux in all Cheapside.

So affairs continued until this identical Valentine's Day. Last spring, a written Valentine, exceedingly choice in its decorations, had made its appearance at Master North's; rather out of date, it must be owned, since, being enclosed in a packet, to save postage, and sent by an opportunity, as the country phrase goes, it had been detained either by accident or waggery till the First of April; but this was none of Stephen's fault; there was the Valentine in the newest London taste, consisting of a raised groupe of roses and heart's-ease, executed on a kind of paper cut-work, which, on being lifted up, turned into a cage, enclosing a dove;—tender emblem!—with all the rapidity of a change in a pantomime. There the Valentine was equally known for Stephen's, by the savour of the verses and the flourish of the signature—the finest specimen of poetry and penmanship, as my friend the schoolmaster triumphantly asserted, that had ever been seen in Aberleigh. “The force of *writing* could no farther go;” so, this year, our “good apprentice” determined to come himself to

be her personal Valentine, and to renew if not complete their early engagements.

On this determination being announced to Sally, it occasioned no small perturbation in that fair damsel, equally alarmed at the mental accomplishments and the personal defects of her constant swain. In fact, her feeling towards Stephen had been almost as ideal and unsubstantial as the shadow of a rainbow. She liked to think of him when she had nothing better to do; or to talk of him, when she had nothing better to say; or to be puzzled by his verses or laughed at for his homage; but as a real substantial Valentine, a present wooer, a future husband, and he so ugly and a poet too. Oh dear! she was frightened to think of it! This impression first broke forth to his sister—who communicated the news of his intended arrival—in a variety of questions, as to Stephen's height, and size, and shape, and complexion; especially as compared with Daniel Tabb's; and was afterwards displayed to that rustic adorer himself; not by words, indeed, but by the encouraging silence and saucy smile with which she listened to his account of the debarkation of his cockney rival, from the top of the B—— stage. "He's tinier than ever," quoth Daniel, "and the smartest dandy that ever was seen. I shall be your Valentine, after all, Sally," pursued her swain; "for I could hide him with the shadow of my fist."

This was Valentine's-eve. Valentine's-morn saw Sally eyeing the two rivals, through a peep-hole in her little check curtain, as they stood side-by-side, on the green, watching for the first glimpse of their divinity. Never was seen such a contrast. Stephen, whose original square dwarfishness had pined down into a miniature dandy—sallow, strutting, and all over small—the very Tom Thumb of apprentices!—Daniel, taller, bigger, ruddier, and heartier than ever—the actual Goliath of country lads! Never was such a contrast seen. At length, Sally, laughing, blushing, and bridling, sallied forth from the cottage—her huge roll basket, but not as usual filled with rolls, carried, not on her head, but in her hands. "I'm your Valentine, Sally! am I not?" exclaimed Daniel Tabb, darting towards her, "you saw me first; I know you saw me first," continued the ardent lover, proceeding to claim the salute usual on such occasions. "Pshaw! nonsense! let me alone then Daniel, can't you?" was the reply of his mistress, advancing to Stephen, who perhaps dazzled by the beauty, perhaps astounded by the height of the fair giantess, remained motionless and speechless on the other side of the road. "Would you like a ride in my basket this fine morning, Mr. Stephen?" said the saucy lass, emptying all his gifts, garters, pincushions, ribbons, and Valentines from their huge reservoir, and depositing it on the ground at his feet. "Don't be afraid; I'll be bound to carry you as easily as the little Italian boy carries *his* tray of images; he's not half the weight of the rolls—is he, Daniel?" pursued the unmerciful beauty. "For my part, I think he has grown shorter.—Come, do step in!" And, with the word, the triumphant Daniel lifted up the discomfited beau, placed him safely in the basket, and hoisted the burthen on Sally's head—to the unspeakable diversion of that saucy maiden, and the complete cure of Master Stephen's love.—No need, after this, to declare which of the two rivals is Sally North's Valentine. I think, with the little clerk, that they will be married at Whitsuntide, if not before.

M.

ON THE FEELING OF IMMORTALITY IN YOUTH.

"Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us."—SIR THOMAS BROWN.

No young man believes he shall ever die. It was a saying of my brother's, and a fine one. There is a feeling of Eternity in youth, which makes us amends for every thing. To be young is to be as one of the Immortal Gods. One half of time indeed is flown—the other half remains in store for us with all its countless treasures; for there is no line drawn, and we see no limit to our hopes and wishes. We make the coming age our own.—

"The vast, the unbounded prospect lies before us."

Death, old age, are words without a meaning, that pass by us like the idle air which we regard not. Others may have undergone, or may still be liable to them—we "bear a charmed life," which laughs to scorn all such sickly fancies. As in setting out on a delightful journey, we strain our eager gaze forward—

"Bidding the lovely scenes at distance hail,"—

and see no end to the landscape, new objects presenting themselves as we advance; so, in the commencement of life, we set no bounds to our inclinations, nor to the unrestricted opportunities of gratifying them. We have as yet found no obstacle, no disposition to flag; and it seems that we can go on so for ever. We look round in a new world, full of life, and motion, and ceaseless progress; and feel in ourselves all the vigour and spirit to keep pace with it, and do not foresee from any present symptoms how we shall be left behind in the natural course of things, decline into old age, and drop into the grave. It is the simplicity, and as it were *abstractedness* of our feelings in youth, that (so to speak) identifies us with nature, and (our experience being slight and our passions strong) deludes us into a belief of being immortal like it. Our short-lived connection with existence, we fondly flatter ourselves, is an indissoluble and lasting union—a honey-moon that knows neither coldness, jar, nor separation. As infants smile and sleep, we are rocked in the cradle of our wayward fancies, and lulled into security by the roar of the universe around us—we quaff the cup of life with eager haste without draining it, instead of which it only overflows the more—objects press around us, filling the mind with their magnitude and with the throng of desires that wait upon them, so that we have no room for the thoughts of death. From that plenitude of our being, we cannot change all at once to dust and ashes, we cannot imagine "this sensible, warm motion, to become a kneaded clod"—we are too much dazzled by the brightness of the waking dream around us to look into the darkness of the tomb. We no more see our end than our beginning: the one is lost in oblivion and vacancy, as the other is hid from us by the crowd and hurry of approaching events. Or the grim shadow is seen lingering in the horizon, which we are doomed never to overtake, or whose last, faint, glimmering outline touches upon Heaven and translates us to the skies! Nor would the hold that life has taken of us permit us to detach our thoughts from present objects and pursuits, even if we would. What is there more opposed to health, than sickness; to strength and beauty, than decay and dissolution; to the active search of knowledge than mere oblivion? Or is there none of the usual advantage to bar the approach of Death, and mock his idle threats;

Hope supplies their place, and draws a veil over the abrupt termination of all our cherished schemes. While the spirit of youth remains unimpaired, ere the "wine of life is drunk up," we are like people intoxicated or in a fever, who are hurried away by the violence of their own sensations: it is only as present objects begin to pall upon the sense, as we have been disappointed in our favourite pursuits, cut off from our closest ties, that passion loosens its hold upon the breast, that we by degrees become weaned from the world, and allow ourselves to contemplate, "as in a glass, darkly," the possibility of parting with it for good. The example of others, the voice of experience, has no effect upon us whatever. Casualties we must avoid: the slow and deliberate advances of age we can play at *hide-and-seek* with. We think ourselves too lusty and too nimble for that blear-eyed decrepid old gentleman to catch us. Like the foolish fat scullion, in *Sterne*, when she hears that Master Bobby is dead, our only reflection is—"So am not I!" The idea of death, instead of staggering our confidence, rather seems to strengthen and enhance our possession and our enjoyment of life. Others may fall around us like leaves, or be mowed down like flowers by the scythe of Time: these are but tropes and figures to the unreflecting ears and overweening presumption of youth. It is not till we see the flowers of Love, Hope, and Joy, withering around us, and our own pleasures cut up by the roots, that we bring the moral home to ourselves, that we abate something of the wanton extravagance of our pretensions, or that the emptiness and dreariness of the prospect before us reconciles us to the stillness of the grave!

"Life! thou strange thing, that hast a power to feel
Thou art, and to perceive that others are."*

Well might the poet begin his indignant invective against an art, whose professed object is its destruction, with this animated apostrophe to life. Life is indeed a strange gift, and its privileges are most miraculous. Nor is it singular that when the splendid boon is first granted us, our gratitude, our admiration, and our delight should prevent us from reflecting on our own nothingness, or from thinking it will ever be recalled. Our first and strongest impressions are taken from the mighty scene that is opened to us, and we very innocently transfer its durability as well as magnificence to ourselves. So newly found, we cannot make up our minds to parting with it yet, and at least put off that consideration to an indefinite term. Like a clown at a fair, we are full of amazement and rapture, and have no thoughts of going home, or that it will soon be night. We know our existence only from external objects, and we measure it by them. We can never be satisfied with gazing; and nature will still want us to look on and applaud. Otherwise, the sumptuous entertainment, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," to which they were invited, seems little better than a mockery and a cruel insult. We do not go from a play till the scene is ended, and the lights are ready to be extinguished. But the fair face of things still shines on; shall we be called away, before the curtain falls, or ere we have scarce had a glimpse of what is going on? Like children, our step-mother Nature holds us up to see the raree-show of the universe; and then, as if life were a burthen to support, lets us instantly down again. Yet in that short interval, what "brave sublunary things" does not the spectacle unfold; like a bubble, at one minute

* Fawcett's *ART OF WAR*, a poem, 1794.

reflecting the universe, and the next, shook to air!—To see the golden sun and the azure sky, the outstretched ocean, to walk upon the green earth, and to be lord of a thousand creatures, to look down giddy precipices or over distant flowery vales, to see the world spread out under one's finger in a map, to bring the stars near, to view the smallest insects in a microscope, to read history, and witness the revolutions of empires and the succession of generations, to hear of the glory of Sidon and Tyre, of Babylon and Susa, as of a faded pageant, and to say all these were, and are now nothing, to think that we exist in such a point of time, and in such a corner of space, to be at once spectators and a part of the moving scene, to watch the return of the seasons, of spring and autumn, to hear

———— “The stockdove plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustles to the sighing gale”——

to traverse desert wildernesses, to listen to the midnight choir, to visit lighted halls, or plunge into the dungeon's gloom, or sit in crowded theatres and see life itself mocked, to feel heat and cold, pleasure and pain, right and wrong, truth and falsehood, to study the works of art and refine the sense of beauty to agony, to worship fame and to dream of immortality, to have read Shakespeare and belong to the same species as Sir Isaac Newton,* to be and to do all this, and then in a moment to be

* Lady Wortley Montague says, in one of her letters, that “she would much rather be a rich *effendi*, with all his ignorance, than Sir Isaac Newton, with all his knowledge.” This was not perhaps an impolitic choice, as she had a better chance of becoming one than the other, there being many rich *effendis* to one Sir Isaac Newton. The wish was not a very intellectual one. The same petulance of rank and sex breaks out every where in these “*Letters*.” She is constantly reducing the poets or philosophers who have the misfortune of her acquaintance, to the figure they might make at her Ladyship's levee or toilette, not considering that the public mind does not sympathize with this process of a fastidious imagination. In the same spirit, she declares of Pope and Swift, that “had it not been for the *good-nature* of mankind, these two superior beings were entitled, by their birth and hereditary fortune, to be only a couple of link-boys.” *Gulliver's Travels*, and the Rape of the Lock, go for nothing in this critical estimate, and the world raised the authors to the rank of superior beings, in spite of their disadvantages of birth and fortune, *out of pure good-nature*! So, again, she says of Richardson, that he had never got beyond the servants' hall, and was utterly unfit to describe the manners of people of quality; till in the capricious workings of her vanity, she persuades herself that *Clarissa* is very like what she was at her age, and that Sir Thomas and Lady Grandison strongly resembled what she had heard of her mother and remembered of her father. It is one of the beauties and advantages of literature, that it is the means of abstracting the mind from the narrowness of local and personal prejudices, and of enabling us to judge of truth and excellence by their inherent merits alone. Woe be to the pen that would undo this fine illusion (the only reality), and teach us to regulate our notions of genius and virtue by the circumstances in which they happen to be placed! You would not expect a person whom you saw in a servant's hall, or behind a counter, to write *Clarissa*; but after he had written the work, to *pre-judge* it from the situation of the writer, is an unpardonable piece of injustice and folly. His merit could only be the greater from the contrast. If literature is an elegant accomplishment, which none but persons of birth and fashion should be allowed to excel in, or to exercise with advantage to the public, let them by all means take upon them the task of enlightening and refining mankind: if they decline this responsibility as too heavy for their shoulders, let those who do the drudgery in their stead, however inadequately, for want of their polite example, receive the meed that is their due, and not be treated as low pretenders who have encroached on the province of their betters. Suppose Richardson to have been acquainted with the great man's steward, or valet, instead of the great man himself, I will venture to say that there was more difference between him who lived in an *ideal world*, and had the genius and felicity to open that world to others, and his friend the steward, than between the lacquey and the mere lord, or between those who lived in different rooms of the same house, who dined on the same luxuries at different tables, who rode outside or inside of the same coach, and were proud of wearing or of bestowing the same tawdry livery. If the

nothing, to have it all snatched from one like a juggler's ball or a phantasmagoria; there is something revolting and incredible to sense in the transition, and no wonder that, aided by youth and warm blood, and the flush of enthusiasm, the mind contrives for a long time to reject it with disdain and loathing as a monstrous and improbable fiction, like a monkey on a house-top, that is loath, amidst its fine discoveries and specious antics, to be tumbled head-long into the street, and crushed to atoms, the sport and laughter of the multitude!

The change, from the commencement to the close of life, appears like a fable, after it has taken place; how should we treat it otherwise than as a chimera before it has come to pass? There are some things that happened so long ago, places or persons we have formerly seen, of which such dim traces remain, we hardly know whether it was sleeping or waking they occurred; they are like dreams within the dream of life, a mist, a film before the eye of memory, which, as we try to recall them more distinctly, elude our notice altogether. It is but natural that the lone interval that we thus look back upon, should have appeared long and endless in prospect. There are others so distinct and fresh, they seem but of yesterday—their very vividness might be deemed a pledge of their permanence. Then, however far back our impressions may go, we find others still older (for our years are multiplied in youth); descriptions of scenes that we had read, and people before our time, Priam and the Trojan war; and even then, Nestor was old and dwelt delighted on his youth, and spoke of the race, of heroes that were no more;—what wonder that, seeing this long line of being pictured in our minds, and reviving as it were in us, we should give ourselves involuntary credit for an indeterminate period of existence? In the Cathedral at Peterborough there is a monument to Mary, Queen of

lord is distinguished from his valet by any thing else, it is by education and talent, which he has in common with our author. But if the latter shews these in the highest degree, it is asked what are his pretensions? Not birth or fortune, for neither of these would enable him to write a *Clarissa*. One man is born with a title and estate, another with genius. That is sufficient; and we have no right to question the genius for want of the *gentility*, unless the former ran in families, or could be bequeathed with a fortune, which is not the case. Were it so, the flowers of literature, like jewels and embroidery, would be confined to the fashionable circles; and there would be no pretenders to taste or elegance but those whose names were found in the court list. No one objects to Claude's Landscapes as the work of a pastrycook, or withholds from Raphael the epithet of *divine*, because his parents were not rich. This impertinence is confined to men of letters; the evidence of the senses baffles the envy and foppery of mankind. No quarter ought to be given to this *aristocratic* tone of criticism whenever it appears. People of quality are not contented with carrying all the external advantages for their own share, but would persuade you that all the intellectual ones are packed up in the same bundle. Lord Byron was a later instance of this double and unwarrantable style of pretension—*monstrum ingens, bifforme*. He could not endure a lord who was not a wit, nor a poet who was not a lord. Nobody but himself answered to his own standard of perfection. Mr. Moore carries a proxy in his pocket from some noble persons to estimate literary merit by the same rule. Lady Mary calls Fielding names, but she afterwards makes atonement by doing justice to his frank, free, hearty nature, where he says "his spirits gave him raptures with his cook-maid, and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret, and his happy constitution made him forget every thing when he was placed before a venison-pasty or over a flask of champagne." She does not want shrewdness and spirit when her petulance and conceit do not get the better of her, and she has done ample and merited execution on Lord Bolingbroke. She is, however, very angry at the freedoms taken with the Great; *smells a rat* in this indiscriminate scribbling, and the familiarity of writers with the reading public; and inspired by her Turkish costume, foretells a French or English revolution as the consequence of transferring the patronage of letters from the *quality* to the mob, and of supposing that ordinary writers or readers can have any notions in common with their superiors.

Scots, at which I used to gaze when a boy, while the events of the period, all that had happened since, passed in review before me. If all this mass of feeling and imagination could be crowded into a moment's compass, what might not the whole of life be supposed to contain? We are heirs of the past; we count upon the future as our natural reversion. Besides, there are some of our early impressions so exquisitely tempered, it appears that they must always last—nothing can add to or take away from their sweetness and purity—the first breath of spring, the hyacinth dipped in the dew, the mild lustre of the evening-star, the rainbow after a storm—while we have the full enjoyment of these, we must be young; and what can ever alter us in this respect? Truth, friendship, love, books, are also proof against the canker of time; and while we live, but for them, we can never grow old. We take out a new lease of existence from the objects on which we set our affections, and become abstracted, impassive, immortal in them. We cannot conceive how certain sentiments should ever decay or grow cold in our breasts; and, consequently, to maintain them in their first youthful glow and vigour, the flame of life must continue to burn as bright as ever, or rather, they are the fuel that feed the sacred lamp, that kindle “the purple light of love,” and spread a golden cloud around our heads! Again, we not only flourish and survive in our affections (in which we will not listen to the possibility of a change, any more than we foresee the wrinkles on the brow of a mistress), but we have a farther guarantee against the thoughts of death in our favourite studies and pursuits, and in their continual advance. Art we know is long; life, we feel, should be so too. We see no end of the difficulties we have to encounter: perfection is slow of attainment, and we must have time to accomplish it in. Rubens complained that when he had just learnt his art, he was snatched away from it: we trust we shall be more fortunate! A wrinkle in an old head takes whole days to finish it properly: but to catch “the Raphael grace, the Guido air,” no limit should be put to our endeavours. What a prospect for the future! What a task we have entered upon! and shall we be arrested in the middle of it? We do not reckon our time thus employed lost, or our pains thrown away, or our progress slow—we do not droop or grow tired, but “gain new vigour at our endless task;”—and shall Time grudge us the opportunity to finish what we have auspiciously begun, and have formed a sort of compact with nature to achieve? The fame of the great names we look up to is also imperishable; and shall not we, who contemplate it with such intense yearnings, imbibe a portion of etherial fire, the *divinæ particula auræ*, which nothing can extinguish? I remember to have looked at a print of Rembrandt for hours together, without being conscious of the flight of time, trying to resolve it into its component parts, to connect its strong and sharp gradations, to learn the secret of its reflected lights, and found neither satiety nor pause in the prosecution of my studies. The print over which I was poring would last long enough; why should the idea in my mind, which was finer, more impalpable, perish before it? At this, I redoubled the ardour of my pursuit, and by the very subtlety and refinement of my inquiries, seemed to bespeak for them an exemption from corruption and the rude grasp of Death.*

* Is it not this that frequently keeps artists alive so long, viz. the constant occupation of their minds with vivid images, with little of the *wear-and-tear* of the body?

Objects, on our first acquaintance with them, have that singleness and integrity of impression that it seems as if nothing could destroy or obliterate them, so firmly are they stamped and rivetted on the brain. We repose on them with a sort of voluptuous indolence, in full faith and boundless confidence. We are absorbed in the present moment, or return to the same point—idling away a great deal of time in youth, thinking we have enough and to spare. There is often a local feeling in the air, which is as fixed as if it were of marble; we loiter in dim cloisters, losing ourselves in thought and in their glimmering arches; a winding road before us seems as long as the journey of life, and as full of events. Time and experience dissipate this illusion; and by reducing them to detail, circumscribe the limits of our expectations. It is only as the pageant of life passes by and the masques turn their backs upon us, that we see through the deception, or believe that the train will have an end. In many cases, the slow progress and monotonous texture of our lives, before we mingle with the world and are embroiled in its affairs, has a tendency to aid the same feeling. We have a difficulty, when left to ourselves, and without the resource of books or some more lively pursuit, to “beguile the slow and creeping hours of time,” and argue that if it moves on always at this tedious snail’s-pace, it can never come to an end. We are willing to skip over certain portions of it that separate us from favourite objects, and irritate ourselves at the unnecessary delay. The young are prodigal of life from a superabundance of it; the old are tenacious on the same score, because they have little left, and cannot enjoy even what remains of it.

For my part, I set out in life with the French Revolution, and that event had considerable influence on my early feelings, as on those of others. Youth was then doubly such. It was the dawn of a new era, a new impulse had been given to men’s minds, and the sun of Liberty rose upon the sun of Life in the same day, and both were proud to run their race together. Little did I dream, while my first hopes and wishes went hand in hand with those of the human race, that long before my eyes should close, that dawn would be overcast, and set once more in the night of despotism—“total eclipse!” Happy that I did not. I felt for years, and during the best part of my existence, *heart-whole* in that cause, and triumphed in the triumphs over the enemies of man! At that time, while the fairest aspirations of the human mind seemed about to be realized, ere the image of man was defaced and his breast mangled in scorn, philosophy took a higher, poetry could afford a deeper range. At that time, to read the “ROBBERS,” was indeed delicious, and to hear

“From the dungeon of the tower time-rent,
That fearful voice, a famish’d father’s cry,”

could be borne only amidst the fulness of hope, the crash of the fall of the strong holds of power, and the exulting sounds of the march of human freedom. What feelings the death-scene in Don Carlos sent into the soul! In that headlong career of lofty enthusiasm, and the joyous opening of the prospects of the world and our own, the thought of death crossing it, smote doubly cold upon the mind; there was a stifling sense of oppression and confinement, an impatience of our present knowledge, a desire to grasp the whole of our existence in one strong embrace, to sound the mystery of life and death, and in order to put an

end to the agony of doubt and dread, to burst through our prison-house, and confront the King of Terrors in his grisly palace!.... As I was writing out this passage, my miniature-picture when a child lay on the mantle-piece, and I took it out of the case to look at it. I could perceive few traces of myself in it; but there was the same placid brow, the dimpled mouth, the same timid, inquisitive glance as ever. But its careless smile did not seem to reproach me with having become a recreant to the sentiments that were then sown in my mind, or with having written a sentence that could call up a blush in this image of ingenuous youth!

"That time is past with all its giddy raptures." Since the future was barred to my progress, I have turned for consolation to the past, gathering up the fragments of my early recollections, and putting them into a form that might live. It is thus, that when we find our personal and substantial identity vanishing from us, we strive to gain a reflected and substituted one in our thoughts: we do not like to perish wholly, and wish to bequeath our names at least to posterity. As long as we can keep alive our cherished thoughts and nearest interests in the minds of others, we do not appear to have retired altogether from the stage, we still occupy a place in the estimation of mankind, exercise a powerful influence over them, and it is only our bodies that are trampled into dust or dispersed to air. Our darling speculations still find favour and encouragement, and we make as good a figure in the eyes of our descendants, nay, perhaps, a better than we did in our life-time. This is one point gained; the demands of our self-love are so far satisfied. Besides, if by the proofs of intellectual superiority we survive ourselves in this world, by exemplary virtue or unblemished faith, we are taught to ensure an interest in another and a higher state of being, and to anticipate at the same time the applauses of men and angels.

"Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

As we advance in life, we acquire a keener sense of the value of time. Nothing else, indeed, seems of any consequence; and we become misers in this respect. We try to arrest its few last tottering steps, and to make it linger on the brink of the grave. We can never leave off wondering how that which has ever been should cease to be, and would still live on, that we may wonder at our own shadow, and when "all the life of life is flown," dwell on the retrospect of the past. This is accompanied by a mechanical tenaciousness of whatever we possess, by a distrust and a sense of fallacious hollowness in all we see. Instead of the full, pulpy feeling of youth, every thing is flat and insipid. The world is a painted witch, that puts us off with false shews and tempting appearances. The ease, the jocund gaiety, the unsuspecting security of youth are fled: nor can we, without flying in the face of common sense,

"From the last dregs of life, hope to receive
What its first sprightly sunnings could not give."

If we can slip out of the world without notice or mischance, can tamper with bodily infirmity, and frame our minds to the becoming composure of *still-life*, before we sink into total insensibility, it is as much as we ought to expect. We do not in the regular course of nature die all at once: we have mouldered away gradually long before; faculty after faculty, attachment after attachment, we are torn from ourselves piece-meal while living; year after year takes something from us; and death only con-

signs the last remnant of what we were to the grave. The revulsion is not so great, and a quiet *euthanasia* is a winding-up of the plot, that is not out of reason or nature.

That we should thus in a manner outlive ourselves, and dwindle imperceptibly into nothing, is not surprising, when even in our prime the strongest impressions leave so little traces of themselves behind, and the last object is driven out by the succeeding one. How little effect is produced on us at any time by the books we have read, the scenes we have witnessed, the sufferings we have gone through! Think only of the variety of feelings we experience in reading an interesting romance, or being present at a fine play—what beauty, what sublimity, what soothing, what heart-rending emotions! You would suppose these would last for ever, or at least subdue the mind to a correspondent tone and harmony—while we turn over the page, while the scene is passing before us, it seems as if nothing could ever after shake our resolution, that “treason domestic, foreign levy, nothing could touch us farther!” The first splash of mud we get, on entering the street, the first pettifogging shop-keeper that cheats us out of two-pence, and the whole vanishes clean out of our remembrance, and we become the idle prey of the most petty and annoying circumstances. The mind soars by an effort to the grand and lofty: it is at home, in the grovelling, the disagreeable, and the little. This happens in the height and hey-day of our existence, when novelty gives a stronger impulse to the blood and takes a faster hold of the brain, (I have known the impression on coming out of a gallery of pictures then last half a day)—as we grow old, we become more feeble and querulous, every object “reverbs its own hollowness,” and both worlds are not enough to satisfy the peevish importunity and extravagant presumption of our desires! There are a few superior, happy beings, who are born with a temper exempt from every trifling annoyance. This spirit sits serene and smiling as in its native skies, and a divine harmony (whether heard or not) plays around them. This is to be at peace. Without this, it is in vain to fly into deserts, or to build a hermitage on the top of rocks, if regret and ill-humour follow us there: and with this, it is needless to make the experiment. The only true retirement is that of the heart; the only true leisure is the repose of the passions. To such persons it makes little difference whether they are young or old; and they die as they have lived, with graceful resignation.

NUGE LITERARIE.

A CHAPTER ON DREAMS.

— γὰρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Διὸς ἔστιν. — HOM.

HAVE you ever wandered into the bright fairy land of dreams? Has your mind ever risen from its dark ashes of wearisomeness into that glorious atmosphere of ideal magnificence? How many of the dull cold hours of midnight have sullenly flitted on, while you lay steeped in all the wild witcheries of dreamy romance! But who equipt you with your plumes? I would fain discourse a little on this subject.

Causaubon informs us, that the word *dream* is derived from δράμα τῆ βίης; i. e. the “comedy of life.” But this seems rather fanciful than correct. He appears to contend, that the ideas of dreams have no archetypes in actual life. With him they are wonderful and fantastic combinations of unreal scenery: he would needs assign to them a distinct province from the ordinary realities of every-day existence. But here his hypothesis fails: for who knows not that, in a vast majority of instances, the aspect of dreams is on the past occurrences of life? And there are many extraordinary and well-attested narratives of dreams, which have even anticipated the course of human events, and met with a most marvellous corroboration.

“Dreaming,” says Locke, “is the having ideas while the outward senses are stopped—not suggested by any external objects, or known occasion, nor under the rule or conduct of the understanding.” This last seems the distinguishing characteristic of dreams—freedom from the control of judgment. In the day-time, all the faculties of the mind are exactly balanced: at night, the equipoise is destroyed. Judgment slumbers on its lofty throne, while imagination makes head against it, and carries away captive all its fellow-faculties. Assuming the general fact—that the majority of dreams are of a pleasing character—I have often thought that, as the body requires repose after its physical exhaustion, so the mind seeks a respite from its severer duties, by wandering, unfettered, amidst the unbounded latitude of dreams. It is a well-known fact, that men are often visited with the most enchanting dreams, after suffering a complete prostration of their mental and physical energies. I remember it was said of the murderer Thurtell, that, on the morning of his execution, to a person who inquired whether he had not been dreaming about his death, he replied, “Far from it; I have dreamed very pleasantly of past times;” or words to that effect.

Many of the phenomena of dreaming are very obscure and difficult to be accounted for. This interesting branch of mental philosophy is too generally neglected. Men commonly will not think twice on a subject, whose apparently irreconcilable anomalies occasioned them, at first thought, perplexity and disappointment. Who can tell what parts of a human body are exercised in dreaming? Why do we sometimes, but not always, dream? In short, why do we dream at all?

I go, at midnight, into a bed-chamber, where all is silent except the ticking of a watch: I gently draw aside the dusky drapery of the bed—and there is disclosed to me the figure of a man—pale, noiseless, motionless—closely hugged in the embraces of death’s mimic—in a word, asleep. I examine him more narrowly; it is evident that his senses—those inlets

to the understanding—are closed; and, consequently, can convey to the mind no information from without. I touch him—rather roughly; but he is insensible of the contact. I whisper—I speak loudly: he hears me not. The light of my candle flares on his eye-ball, through the half-opened lid; but his powers of vision are not roused into exertion. His powers of smell are not excited on exposure to fragrant, or even stimulating odours; and—though, of course, the experiment would be rather difficult—I may fairly infer, that his organs of taste for a while forego their operation. I gaze on this strange figure—a man cut off, *pro tempore*, from all intercourse with the external world—a substantial abstraction; and may I not well be amazed, when, on suddenly awakening the subject of my speculations, he peevishly exclaims, “Why did you disturb me? I have been dreaming gloriously! You have plucked me from a paradisiacal scene of fruits, and flowers, and golden sun-light—fragrant odours, bewildering melody—from throngs of playful sylphs and houris;—why did you awake me?” I do insist upon it, that this circumstance—dreaming—affords a very powerful evidence of the soul’s immortality, and capacity for a separate existence.

We have thus seen, that the mind is deprived of the assistance of the senses, and, as it were, locked up in a dark dungeon. Yet, is it in this state inert?—Far from it. Although excluded from the perception of external objects, the imagination roves amidst scenes of incessantly-varying splendour. Next to imagination—if it be not before—the most powerful faculty called into exertion is—memory. It flares its torch amidst all its avenues of secret and long-cherished images and associations; whilst imagination moulds them into innumerable gorgeous and grotesque combinations. The researches of memory are very deep; it often elicits a series of impressions, which, like figures on the sea-shore, one fancied the tide of active mental exertion had long since obliterated. I have often been startled, when, on waking, I have found that a train of thoughts—which I afterwards recollected to have flitted through my mind many, many years ago—has started into sudden and vivid reminiscence in my last night’s dream.

WOLFUS supposes that dreams originate in a preternatural irritation of the organs of sensation; that those of smell, touch, or taste—of sight or hearing—communicate information in some secret and inexplicable manner, and thus superficially arouse the lethargic faculties, and call them into confused and irregular exertion. This hypothesis is explaining *ignotum, per ignotius*, and goes but a very little way towards elucidating the phenomena of dreaming. The very first aspect is misty and indistinct, and so far partakes of the character of dreams. Other physiologists would persuade us, that, in dreaming, the mind is to be considered as in a state of *delirium*.—Sleep, say they, is attended by a collapse of the brain, during which its nerves are unable to carry on the communication between the mind and the organs of sensation; and, when only half the brain is thus collapsed, we are neither asleep nor awake, but in a sort of delirium between the two: and this (say they) is dreaming.—This theory supposes the mind to be incapable of action without the aid of sensation, and would represent dreams to be merely a confused chaos of images—*dissecta membra* of real and artificial objects—which is at variance with the known fact. But it would be endless and supererogatory to discuss the thousand-and-one philosophisms to which dreams have given birth.

In dreaming, the mind is passive: uncatenated by the will, ideas glide on before the fancy, like leaves and straws on the surface of a rapid river.

This state of the mind has been happily compared, by an able writer, to a person sitting at a window, who idly stares at the crowd passing before him—but has no influence on those who are running to and fro, passing and repassing, or standing still before him. And—“*Tales sunt aquæ,*” says Pliny, somewhere in his Natural History, “*qualis terra, per quam fluunt.*” It is the same river whose surface glitters in the rich sunlight of noon, and, in a few hours, booms through dreary darkness. The consonance existing between one’s sleeping and waking thoughts, is known to every man’s experience. The heated imagination of the lover transports him into the presence of his mistress; and he chaunts, in the still moonlight, beneath her vine-wreathed lattice;—the snaky statesman wriggles his tortuous folds through the inexplicable labyrinths of his endless plots and counterplots, and outwits half the courts of Europe in a night;—a Napoleon climbs the blood-slippery hill of his ambition, timing his steps to the thunder of the distant cannonade, and wakes while the laurel is binding on his brow;—the philosopher returns to his fire-fed alembic, or confounds himself with the fancied trisection of the triangle, or quadrature of the circle;—the knave runs his customary round of chicanery, and awakes in the pillory or the halter. When the pious and learned Chrysostom dreamed—immured in the solemn solitude of his monastic cell—he did not launch into the libidinous latitude of sensual indulgence, but trod in the ensanguined footsteps of his bleeding Master—fainting, though glorying, in his “cross and reproach.” The pale scholar does not tramp to the exchange or the market; nor does a R—— hunt, with aching brain, after the Greek metres, or the Æolic digamma.

It is also certain, that the state of a person’s health, and the manner in which the vital functions are carried on, exert a considerable influence in determining the character of dreams. The atrabilarious invalid stares with dim, jaundiced eyes on shrouds and funeral processions; and the obese carcass of the dyspeptic alderman groans beneath the hideous incubus of ten thousand turtles. A friend of mine—a classical young spark, as it were—in a recent fit of the hypochondriasis, beheld, written every where—on night-cap, bed-clothes, curtains, wainscot, windows—every where grinned those hateful lines—“*Pallida mors æquo, pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, regumque turres.*” If he sat down to dinner—if he went out—his eye was sure to settle on something inscribed with the hateful words, “*Pallida mors!*” Though this was a dream, he has mortally loathed poor old Horace ever since.

I have often compared the mind, when dreaming, to a harp sending forth fitful and mysterious melody, beneath the superficial undulations of the midnight wind; but, at length, the impulse becomes gradually louder and stronger—till, by the sudden and startling recollection of some thrilling passage of past life, the whole internal mechanism of the mind is disturbed, and the sleeper awakes in consternation. Or, it may be compared to a mirror, held up to some dim, mysterious, and unearthly scenery—and reflecting transient images of ghastly horror, or regal splendour, linked and commingled with all that is ludicrous and grotesque in nature. An ingenious friend near me, to whom I happened to mention the subject of my thoughts, compares the mind to that once-popular plaything—the kaleidoscope; in which tube the due collocation of a few simple pieces of coloured glass, will afford an incalculable number of changes.

There is one more fact connected with the economy of dreams, which I cannot omit to notice. It is universally supposed, that, if the mind is more than ordinarily occupied and excited with some subject of intense

and overwhelming interest, this is sure to become the theme of dreaming;—e.g. a man is condemned to die on this day fortnight. Instead of meditating on the interesting fact—*quotidie quotnoctibusque*—behold, his excursive imagination can settle on any subject except that of his approaching dissolution, and lead him many an *ignis-fatuus* dance to scenes of past gaiety and happiness. Witness the case of Thurtell, to which I alluded at the commencement of this article. So it is with myself. When my mind has been hourly, daily, and monthly fixed in intense contemplation on some object of high concernment, I have been amazed to think that I have never once dreamed of it; whilst, on the contrary, a casual and almost imperceptible impression received in the day-time, has afforded occupation to my erratic fancy all the night long. I have been frequently puzzled by this anomaly.

—It so came to pass, that, once upon a time, I was sitting pensively in my study. The wind blustered without, and the rain spit on the closed shutters, as though envious of the merry blazing fire, whose comfortable light flickered fitfully over many a solemn folio ranged around. On my desk lay an ancient copy of the Stagyrte's *Metaphysics*. His subtleties had fairly *done* me, as the saying is: so—*quid multa?*—after half an hour of irrepressible oscitancy, I fell into an abstraction, *i. e.* asleep. I experienced a strange, momentary shudder, as I felt myself in rapid motion; but whether upward or downward, I could not divine. At length, I found myself sitting at the porch of an ancient temple. A strange light beamed through its colossal pillars and architraves. I entered, and looked about me. On several of the pillars were bound slips of parchment, inscribed with Greek: one of them was—

μηδὲν ἔκ του μὴ ὄντος γίνεσθαι· μηδὲν εἰς τὸ μὴ ὄν φθίεσθαι,*

and, from other similar passages, I concluded the place in which I stood to be the scene of philosophical discussions. Whilst I was gazing around me, and wondering at the profound stillness which every where prevailed, I beheld, at the further end of a long vista, a strange figure approaching, with rapid but noiseless steps. In a twinkling, he was at my side. His face was of a cadaverous, or rather bronzed hue; and his unearthly eyes “burned like two decaying stars.” The crown of his head was bald; and a few straggling, dirty-looking locks hung carelessly behind. He had a coarse dark cloak, confined by a broad leathern girdle.

“What think you of the metempsychosis?—what think you of the metempsychosis, my good friend?” inquired the stranger, with startling abruptness.

“The metempsychosis—metempsychosis!—hem! hem! There *may* be something in it,” stammered I.

“Pshaw!” replied the stranger, hastily; “do you believe in spiritual interchanges? Are you of the creed of my worthy friend, Pythagoras?”

“Why, I have not exactly made up my mind on that subject; it is deep and difficult,” said I, striving to collect my scattered wits.—“But, if it please you, may I inquire who or what you are?”

“Humph!—I?” replied the stranger, passing his pale and sinewy hand over his brow; “I am many persons at once—one successively, and two interchangeably—and so on, as it were. Dost thou understand me?”

“Excellent—excellent well!” replied I, striving to laugh at what I conceived to be the old man's drollery. However, he went on rapidly.

“Who am I, i’faith?—I was once Hesiod; then I migrated into Confucius; from thence into Aristotle. I then animated the carcass of an old ass, ridden by Epictetus; but shifted my quarters into Ptolemy—till I was weary of sines, and tangents, and ellipses. But, in short, I have to make thee a proposal: if thou wilt be me, I will be thee; we will reciprocally animate one another. What sayest thou? Shall we come into one another, and each be somebody else?” (!!!)

—“*Obstupui steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.*”

This interesting but inexplicable proposal well nigh unmanned me.—“Come into one another, *and each be somebody else!*”—Forsooth! was ever such a thing heard of before? I had rather too great a partiality to myself, to give myself away in this hasty manner. How did I know but that, if I once opened the gate, I might commence an almost endless series of migrations, and end in a flea? However, on pondering the proposal in my mind, it struck me that he might possibly be some person worth interchanging lots with. What might be his wisdom—what his power?

“If I thought it were worth my while——” said I, stammeringly.

——“In short, you want to know whether such an old fellow as I, am worth changing with?”

“Exactly.”

“Then a trial would set you at ease—eh? What would you wish to know?”—

Just the issue I wanted. Now it must be known, that my thoughts had been long occupied on an inquiry into the relative claims to profundity of wisdom, which had been allowed to certain great men figuring in the philosophy of my country. I told him this.

“Very good, i’faith! a modest demand! But you shall be gratified for once—and then for the metempsychosis.”

With a faint smile, I followed whither he led me, to a large chamber in the interior of the temple—if such it might be called: over the entrance of which glittered, in golden letters,

‘ΑΙ ΤΗΣ ΣΟΦΙΑΣ ΒΑΘΥΤΗΤΕΣ.

I scarcely know how to describe the odd, but striking scene that presented itself. From what seemed a ceiling above, through innumerable punctures, depended a vast number of ropes, of different degrees of thickness, to the extremities of which were attached little golden buckets. When I looked beneath, I beheld a stupendous profundity of space, as it were, illuminated with mild but clear effulgence, whose source could be nowhere discerned. The deeper seemed the brighter. Many of the ropes were knotted and twisted together; and some descended to a little depth, and then were enveloped in little clouds, through which their buckets were scarcely visible; these were sceptics—who knew enough to cloud their intellects, and no more. But I am anticipating.

After gazing on this strange scene in silent wonder, I inquired of my conductor—“What can be the meaning of all these bell-ropes?”

“Each rope is the measure of the wisdom of any given philosopher. Do you see that central rope, of immense length and thickness? It is *Sir Isaac Newton’s*.”

I remembered the “*PRINCIPIA*,” and looked with reverence. But I observed with surprise, that, within a few feet of its commencement, it deviated from its rectilinearity, towards another rope, at a little distance,

and of equal thickness, round which it coiled several times; but it soon reached its extremity, and then, in solitary strength and magnificence, depended to an amazing depth. Its golden bucket hung incalculably lower than any of the thousand-and-one glittering around, like so many planets.

"What is indicated by the deviation from the perpendicular towards another rope, to which it seems to cling for support, in Sir Isaac Newton's rope?" said I, anxiously.

"That a considerable share of his discoveries was stolen from another. You observe, it leaves its own track, and goes to another, round which it twines for support."

"And whose rope may that be?" I inquired, with somewhat scornful incredulity.

"Good old JACOB BEHMEN. Do you know any thing of my friend Jacob's *Three Properties of Eternal Nature*, most learned disciple?" inquired the stranger, with a bitter and subtle smile.

This question rather staggered me. I certainly was familiar enough with the name of Behmen—but entirely innocent of any acquaintance with the writings of that mysterious philosopher. So I answered sheepishly—striving to appear as though I did not choose the extent of my acquirements to be known at once—in the negative.

"Go, then, and read them—and understand, if you can," said the old man. "But, you see, Sir Isaac soon leaves the leading-string of Behmen, and plunges alone to a depth that is bewildering—to you, at least."

My attention was now directed to a huge cable of four-fold thickness, to whose extremity was attached a broad and comprehensive golden bucket; it reached the nearest to Sir Isaac's depth; its chief distinction was, that innumerable little ropes clung round it for a few feet down.

"And what means this?" I inquired.

"That rope signifies the wisdom of Lord Chancellor Bacon:" and the old man's eye kindled, and his shrunk frame seemed to swell, at the mention of that lofty name.—"Here you may behold the substratum of all the philosophy of yonder earth."—"Yonder earth!" thought I, and trembled.—"His is the oak, and your modern philosophers are the tendrils of the ivy clasped round it. He possessed the key of creation; he unlocked its deepest mysteries; and thousands have followed him—but forgotten their great guide."

I observed many curious things connected with this rope of Bacon's—particularly that, round it, were closely wreathed and twisted the ropes of many great personages, who have hitherto passed as men of profound and original research, but whose names it would not be decorous to mention. At a little distance was my Lord Bolingbroke's rope, which, after dangling a little way down in a zig-zag fashion, ended in a confused and unseemly knot, with that of Lord Shaftesbury. Lord Monboddo's hung down with a lanky, unmeaning curve, very like—(*parvis componere magna*)—the rigid tail of a dead ape.* On looking above, there seemed to be an absolute forest of little ropes (pardon the comparison!), reaching only one or two feet from the ceiling: these belonged to the mere *tirones*, or ducklings of science.

I was gazing thoughtfully on this whimsical spectacle, when the old man abruptly called me away to behold his CABINET OF SECRETS, as he called it. After passing through many a dim avenue, we entered a sort of laboratory, where were all sorts of philosophical instruments—as dials,

* See Monboddo's *Origin of Languages*, &c.—*passim*.

astralobes, compasses, quadrants, alembics, &c. &c. But there was one quarter more interesting than any other of this mystic chamber. On a few shelves, which were defended by a stout grating, were divers little silver boxes, on each of which were inscribed certain characters, declaratory of their contents.

"Here," said my companion, "are all those great secrets in literature and philosophy, which, like so many *ignes fatui*, have led learned men into clouds and darkness—till, despairing of success, they have sunk into quagmires of doubt and error, or toppled headlong down the precipice of presumptuous disbelief. Here are all those *magna studii industrieque præmia*, which have turned men's heads, from Plato down to David Hume. I know them all; yet they afford *me* no pleasure. Verily, to me they seem nothing else than as the gilded toys of an infant. I often sit unseen by the profound and laborious philosopher, and view with pity his fruitless investigations after mysteries* which must ever be occult, till" — (and here a strange smile flitted over his ancient features)—"till they cease to toil beneath the incumbrance of mortality."

My curiosity was whetted to agony as the old man, with a somewhat melancholy air, concluded his brief interpretation of that which lay before me. I peered anxiously through the grating, and distinguished a number of small packets, as it were, or small boxes; one of which bore the letters, "*Solution of the Eleusinian Mysteries*;" another, "*Transmutation of Metals*;" another, "*Author of Junius*"—"Quadrature of the Circle"—"*Mind and Matter*"—"Elixir of Life."

"Now, which of these should you wish to know?" asked the old man.

I had lately taken some interest in the controversies respecting the identity of "*Junius*:" so I answered directly—

"Let me know the author of Junius."

He opened the grating, and reached down the box which contained the object of my wishes. It felt ponderously heavy, in comparison of its magnitude. I opened it—when a great toad leaped out; and I let fall the box with disgust.

"And this suffices, at present, to amuse the curious in your world," said the old man, reaching down a box inscribed, "*North-West Passage*." I opened it with great curiosity—but found only a little smoke! "I wish Captain Parry knew this!" thought I, as my eye fixed on a small, dingy-hued box, which bore the magical superscription, "*Human Happiness*!"—"Let me know but that, and I am content," I asked, in an earnest and imploring tone. He fixed on me an inexplicable, soul-searching glance, and then reached me the wondrous packet; but he no sooner put it into my hand, than he spit furiously in my face; his countenance was frightfully metamorphosed into the hideous snout of a boar—he leaped upon me—his tusks crunching over my shoulder; and we both fell down—down—down——

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—Behold, my fire was out, and my candle flickering fitfully in the socket, diffusing a disagreeable odour.

Q. Q. Q.

* *Ut ait Cicero*—"Duo vitia vitanda sunt, in cognitionis," etc.—"*alterum est vitium, quod quidam nimis magnam operam conferunt, in res obscuras atque difficiles—eas demque non necessarias.*"—*DE OFFICIIS.*

THE FOUR NATIONS.

"Quatuor homines—quatuor chartæ"

The nations are an Atlas: every man
 Bears in his face the outlines of a map.
 Here, in the soft bland visage, you may trace
 The fertile meadow and the fattening stream,
 Which draws its oozy course; there, in perk'd bones,
 And sharpened nasal prominence, you ken
 The man o' the mountains; while there, puckered features,
 Purs'd up as each were forging of an oath,
 Proclaim the bullying trooper of the bog;
 And that hard front, flattened at top and square.
 Has Snowdon or Plinlymmon plain upon it.
 Read faces, and you are a shrewd geographer;
 See countries, and you instantly shall know
 The gauge of their inhabitants.

GODOLPHI

IN the whole range of physiological science, there is not a truth more demonstrated by every day's experience, in every country and in every county, than that "man is formed out of the dust of the earth." Nor does this apply only to the external form; for the qualities of the clay, either directly, or by being its organs, stamp upon the mind their own characteristics; and, if you have attended closely to this curious science, you shall be enabled, from the knowledge of a man, to tell directly in what kind of locality he was born; and indirectly, if you are well acquainted with any locality, you shall be enabled at once to estimate the general character of its inhabitants. A certain portion of this philosophy is intuitive in every human heart; and, perhaps, that is the reason why it has never been formally admitted into the circle of the sciences. But this want of respect for it in the schools, how much soever it may make against the *acumen* and good sense of those who have legislated there, detracts nothing either from the curiosity or the utility of the study.

No where are there finer opportunities of practising one branch of this philosophy, and of profiting by the practice, than in the British metropolis—in the various associations and circles of whose inhabitants the ends of the earth are brought together, and every variety of human character made to pass before you in a single day. Go to the haunts of business, the halls of feasting, the saloons of gaiety, or the dens of vice; and, whether at one or at another, the map of the world is still spread full before you—not only in its continents and its empires, but in its small islands and smaller provinces.

Upon the general geography, I shall not enter in the mean time; but shall confine myself to those provinces which are the most easily studied, and which it is of the greatest practical use to know—the Four Nations that make up the British Public. In whatever place you meet them—whatever be their occupation, their relative talents, or their relative virtues, there is not the smallest danger of your confounding the one with the other. Your Englishman stands with his feet as firmly planted, as though the earth felt upon its surface nothing valuable or weighty, but that body of which they form the base: his facial line deviates not from the perpendicular by the twentieth part of a degree; and you are instantly impressed with the idea, that here is a being who counts himself superior to every being around, and who must stand or fall openly and in the light, and would be unworthy of himself were he to resort to any thing

partaking of cunning. You at once perceive that he has no ideas of what it is to be shadowed by a hill, or sheltered by a cave; but that, from the beginning of life, he has had his horizon equally level throughout, and could, with equal freedom, turn his observation to every point of the compass. Your Scotchman, on the other hand, places himself hesitatingly upon the ground, as if he were trying to persuade it either that he is not there, or that the pressure of his *corpus* can give it no inconvenience. His feet are brought close together, by a contrary flexure at the top and bottom of his femoral bones; he assumes somewhat of a Z-shape, or rather that of the long Italian *f*—while his facial line falls almost as much in front of the perpendicular, as that of a young bride receiving her first visitors. Instead of that straight-forward, cannon-like gaze, which the Englishman directs towards whatever strikes his fancy, the eyes of the Scotchman twinkle from under his depressed brows, just like poachers peeping through a hedge, or scouts reconnoitring a battered wall by moonlight. Your Cambrian takes an attitude different from both, and bears himself—not with that admiration and possession of his own person, which are characteristic of the Englishman; or with the pliant liteness of the Scot—but, as if he scorned all about him, and belonged to the elder house, which, by primogeniture, is destined to bear rule over all the rest. His face is thrown just as much in the rear of the perpendicular as that of the Scotsman is deflected to the front; and this, together with the peculiar construction of the lower part of his face, gives him an air of sensuality and animal irritability, of which there is scarcely a trace in either of his co-islanders. Your Irishman is still different: he is a bird perpetually on the wing—an atom always in motion; and his whole body, as well as every individual member of it, retains not the same posture for two seconds. If he has any point to carry, or any purpose to serve, the knobs and prominences which are native to his features are lit up with smiles, which, to a shallow observer, have all the appearance of a visage blessed with perpetual sunshine—although, to those who can scan a little deeper, the gleaminess is nothing more than an occasional glare thrown upon habitual sterility and storm; and, under what he conceives to be his most fascinating aspect, shrewd observation may always find out that there is a masked battery, or a mine ready prepared; and that he will, without much knowledge or care how, discharge the one, or explode the other, against the very subject of his highest adulation.

Such are the Four Nations in a single line of their appearances; and many have hereupon built the whole structure of their several characters—have said, that the Englishman is bold, open, and manly, but haughty withal, and not over-prone to reason sagaciously, or to draw his inferences with very sound logic;—that the Scotsman is cold, cautious, and cunning—ever on the watch to worm himself into place and profit, by anticipating the wishes of his superiors, and paralysing and supplanting the efforts of his equals;—that the Welchman is a mule in labour, and the father of a mule in mind—that he is laborious, trustworthy, and conscientious to a proverb—but that, while his god is his belly, his brains are there to worship—and that, moreover, he is ever prone to brawl and fight, and the more so, the less important the subject in dispute;—that the Irishman, all passion and impulse—at the mercy of the moment—uncertain what may be his opinions, and reckless what may be his destiny the next hour—pretends to every thing, arrogates every thing, and always concludes by being little or nothing.

Conclusions like these, drawn from a single circumstance, and that perchance not general to the nation but peculiar to one or two individuals, are really of little value; and though they be by no means uncommon, they are undeserving of the name of philosophy. Nor do we fare better if we admit the parties to plead, and take the character of each nation as that nation fashions and puts it on for itself. John Bull, indeed, is not very guilty in this respect; for though he boasts a great deal about England and Englishmen, his England is narrower and less populous than the world of the midwife in "Tristram Shandy:" she took in a circular mile, of which her own dwelling was the centre, while John Bull's own premises are England, and he himself is the nation. With the Scot, it is very different; and if you receive him as he offers himself, you would imagine that out of Scotland there is found neither wisdom nor virtue, save what is smuggled thence by the natives. His country is the foremost and the finest of all countries; his hovel overtops and outshines the palaces of other nations; a single dip in his springs of knowledge conveys more than repeated plungings in those of any other country; his women are all lovely; his very hind is a philosopher, his husbandman is equally master of the flail and the lyre; none are invincible but his soldiers; none are eloquent but his orators; none are profound but his philosophers; and, in short, if you would bless yourselves by visiting a people who, by the express inspiration of heaven, and without any effort of their own, can "do all deeds, and know all knowledge," why, you must cross the Tweed, or bore into the Land of Cakes by some arm of the eastern, the western, or the hyporborean sea. Do you wish to be bled or blistered, or have your leg, or even your head, amputated *secundum artem*, where can you possibly find a craftsman, if he has not drudged in "Surgeon's Square," or attended the midnight orgies in the charnel-houses beneath that most classical of all structures, the new University of Edinburgh? If you would be served honestly, faithfully, or successfully in any one respect, and be yourself honoured by the service, the man for your money is a subtle Scot; and if you need advice, your Caledonian is an Hushai, who shall instantly overturn for you the sagest opinion of the Achitophel of any other land. In fine, to sum up the whole in the opinion of those who, proverbially speaking, should know best, there is neither honour nor success in this world but what springs from Caledonian soil; and in nasal strains, there is no salvation in the next world beyond the pale of the Presbyterian kirk.

Your Cambrian boasts not so much of the passing generation; but he contrives to base himself upon a pyramid founded at or before the beginning of time, and considering himself as a legitimate part and parcel of this, uncontaminated by foreign admixture, he, in his own person comes down upon you charged with the whole importance of "Cadwallader and all his goats." He sets not much store by his learning, he boasts not of his individual deeds; but every mountain has its story, and a thousand ages have their annals, all of which are his by direct inheritance, and according to his reply to the king when distanced in the race, "Hur keffel is not so good a keffel, but hur is a better gentleman." In consequence of this immense *coma* of glory which the Welchman trails behind him from distant and even oblivious antiquity, and which is not very manageable, because of its great magnitude, he has to make every passion of his nature a sentinel continually upon duty; and for this reason, he avows himself at once the most deservedly proud, and the most determinedly pugnacious of God's creatures.

Bid an Irishman sit down and limn for you his national portraiture, and you shall be rapt by the effort of his wonderful pencil. He is an ethereal essence—a something lent to this world for its especial glory and blessing; and that benediction of St. Patrick which banished every thing poisonous from the green isle, banished also every thing mean and malignant from its airy inhabitants. Irish heart, Irish honour, Irish kindness, and Irish independence, are the theme of his every-day song; and though you may convict him of having just hidden the gun, dropped the dagger, or flung away the shilelah, he is ready to demonstrate to you, and confirm that demonstration by “blood and wounds,” that even these were used from an overflowing of the milk of human kindness—a delightful ebullition of that most Irish, and therefore most amiable of all qualities—a heart always warm and generous, whether on the lip, the lead, the steel, or the cudgel. The business habits—the steady and straight-forward prosecution of one purpose, together with its concomitant personal comfort and independence of the Englishman, he scorns, as being of too tame, mechanical, and every-day a nature for a heart so warm, and a soul so attuned to ethereal feeling as his. The close, metaphysical wriggings of the Scotsman are his abhorrence; and he despises alike the ancestry and the perseverance of the Welchman. It was the boast of the Roman that he came, saw, and conquered; but the Hibernian’s is a more daring boast—he it over man, woman, or thing, he requires not to come or to see, but conquers in anticipation, and as it were by report.

These characters, which three at least out of the Four Nations take to themselves, may well be questioned, inasmuch as the inhabitant of any country is as incapable of faithfully portraying the character of his nation as he is of doing the same for his own character as an individual. The mental superiority of the Scot exists nowhere but in his own idea; neither is he, abstractedly considered, one jot more sagacious or trustworthy than his fellows. No doubt, from the peculiar nature of his institutions, and it may be also from his more limited means of natural indulgence, and from the whip of necessity being more early and more continually extended over him than the Englishman; he aims at a greater breadth of knowledge and speculation than the native of the Southern part of the island; but, when we wish to determine their usefulness, knowledge and speculation, like all other things, must be estimated according to their solid contents and not their mere surface; and, therefore, for every good purpose in life, the knowledge of the Englishman, which extends, it may be, to a single subject, but embraces every quality and circumstance in that, is vastly more efficient than the more rambling, but the more superficial speculation of the inhabitant of the north. The very fact of a preliminary argumentation about every thing which is in any way co-relative with the matter, is in itself presumptive evidence of a less accurate perception of the real matter itself; and perhaps the most just and equitable decision between the Scotsman and the Englishman upon any single point or subject would be—that the former can say more about it, and the latter can do it better.

The Welchman, again, evidently does not value himself upon those qualities which constitute his real value. All the world have had just as many ancestors as he has had; and if we may judge from existing circumstances, they have, in every thing valuable which sire can transmit to son, been as fortunate as he. But the Welchman is still a sober, laborious, and steady animal; and while his habits fit him for a very large share of

sensual enjoyment, his dispositions qualify him for bringing that enjoyment within his reach.

The Irishman, however, is the grand mystery; and one would be almost tempted to rank him with those persons who can see value only in that which they do not possess. He has his good qualities; and many of his bad ones may be well accounted for, from the political circumstances under which he has been placed; but, when an Irishman comes forward and lays claim to a kinder heart and a warmer susceptibility of friendship than any of his compatriots, the whole history of his race rises up in condemnation of the assertion. For, without any cause which can be discovered by an ordinary application of philosophy, without any necessity which can be established from any induction,—the Irishman turns his friend into his foe, and his benefactor into his victim.

If we were to take a single feature in each of the nations, and upon that to build a character of them, we would say, that the Englishman is an isolated being in mind, in habits, and in pursuit—that his feelings, his disposition, and his occupation tend to a single object; but that in the pursuit of that object he is more at home, more skilful, more steady, and less disposed to interfere with the progress, or disturb the enjoyment of others, than the inhabitant of any other country under the sun. The Englishman forms his own plan, keeps it to himself, and in the prosecution of it, relies upon his own powers, not by sudden or miraculous impulse, but by perseverance and assiduity. The Scotchman, on the other hand, appears to exist in those about him. He communicates his own secret, pries into the secrets of others, and attempts to make them auxiliaries toward his own purpose, while he is all the time appearing and offering to render himself subservient to them. The great difference between them appears to be, that the Englishman is a world to himself, and with that world he is perfectly satisfied; while the Scotchman is ever attempting to mould to his purposes a certain number of those about him. The Welchman partakes a little of the qualities of both; but he is less isolated than the Englishman, and less prying than the Scot; and while he does not possess in perfection the peculiarities of either, he is without the more striking virtues and vices of both—not pretending to the independence of the one, or the acumen of the other, and being less gruff and overbearing than the Englishman, and less subtle and undermining than the Scot. The Irishman, again, is without any fixed principle, save that of endeavouring to enjoy as much of what he calls pleasure at as little expense as possible. He wants the steadiness and the perseverance of the Englishman and the Welchman, and though he makes a greater parade of flattery than the Scot, it is doubtful whether he be so successful in the practice of it; at all events, it is certain, that passion alters his mode of operation, much more readily or frequently than it alters that of the others. It is not, however, from any single point, or from any combination of points, taken theoretically, that we can arrive at any accurate character of the Four Nations. One must see them upon the same arena, find them placed in as nearly as possible the same circumstances, and then, while one is never in the least danger of confounding the one with the other, one can by study arrive at their several characteristics; and when this is done, one has only to turn to the peculiarities, natural, social, and political, of their several countries, in order to find an explanation of the differences which one has observed.

The most remarkable, and by no means the worst subject, from which

to form at least one portion of his subject, is the eloquence of the Four Nations, as displayed in the chapel of St. Stephens ; because, amid abundance of chaff, it is presumed that one may find there the choicest wheat of each. Go then to that great mansion of words, cast your eyes around the benches, and though you may not be acquainted with the name of a single individual, you will find, ere yet a tongue be loosed, no difficulty in apportioning each mass of the wisdom to the country to which it belongs. Wherever you observe a man sitting cool and collected, and prepared to enjoy in himself his speech or his vote, with all his muscles unruffled, and all his limbs at their ease, you may be sure that that man is a real representative of merry England. When you find a figure half-doubled up, with its hands delved into its pockets, and its eyes stealing slowly and cautiously towards every crevice, you may be just as sure that here there is a *fac simile* of the Land of Cakes. When, again, you find a short, burly figure, with its arms folded, its features relaxed, and its muzzle turned upward, gazing upon the vacuity towards the ceiling, be certain that that figure is a Welchman. Yet, again, if any one be fidgeting, twisting its arms to this side or to that, looking every way, and no way long, and alternately rolling and unrolling its face as it were, there cannot be the least doubt that that is an Irishman. Even in their physiognomy there is something which you cannot mistake. There is always, even in the most querulous Englishman, a taciturnity of face—a placid satisfaction with himself, which is quite alien to the others. There is in the Scotsman a lowering of the head, a lengthening of the visage, and a watchman-like steal of the eye, which are just as peculiar ; there is an indescribable heat and love of the table about the Welchman, which cannot deceive you ; and, the most accomplished Irishman has a cast of face, which fails not to put you in mind of a shilelah or a row.

Thus they are in their external lineaments, and you may judge of their active powers just as you would do of the flame and heat of so many different species of coal, by attending to the form and gloss of the surface. But when an animating subject kindles them up, and they blaze in turn, then you come to know them as well by the varied brilliance of the flame, as you do by their different tendencies to produce smoke. It would be unfair, however, to form a judgment from the more elevated characters which belong wholly, or partially, to any of the nations ; because none of them can be a type of the general character of the nation. Canning, for instance, though he inherits all the better qualities of the English character, has something superadded which properly belongs to no one people, or rather, which is above what can be predicated of the common nature of men. His characteristic is out of, or rather above, every-day humanity, and is not, therefore, available as a standard. Nearly the same may be said of Brougham : the first lines, both of his character and his eloquence, are perhaps just as much Scotch as those of Canning are English ; but then so much more has been added as to raise him above fair comparison. Eloquent and commanding Welchmen, there is none in the House ; and transcendent geniuses from the principality visit the world like angels ; neither is there any one who can be taken as a specimen of the Welch character. Plunkett, again, is radically Irish : but he is refined from those peculiarities which are most characteristic of the disposition and the eloquence of his countrymen.

But, in like manner, as it would be unfair to judge of the national character from the stars of the House, so would it also be unfair to judge from

the firmament—the blue vacuity, as it were—of *simple voters*, by contrast with whom those stars are made to shine; because, what Pope says ironically of the fair sex, may be said of them without much irony—most of them have no character at all. To get at the real character, one must take a bustling member who loves to hear himself talk, and who lays claim to occasional or habitual independence.

Taking such, the substrata of the three (omitting the Principality) are, freedom or business on the part of the Englishman, economy on the part of the Scot, and Ireland on the part of the Irishman. The Englishman's speech proceeds chiefly upon matters of fact, keeps to the single point at issue, and though it often be cold and shallow, it is always clear. He has one aim, and one way of arriving at that. Be his deportment what it may among the varied subjects which come before the legislature, he keeps himself to it; and if you have heard him once, you have no great difficulty in predicting what he shall say upon another occasion. The disposition to keep his own ground and to respect that of others, is apparent in every thing that he says; his propositions are very often mere truisms; he is occasionally mistaken in his facts; and, in the less fortunate specimens, there is a very obvious want of logical concatenation, though an abundance of common sense runs through the whole, and all tends directly to practical usefulness.

The Scottish speechman goes to work in quite another manner. He tries every subject, whether he happens to understand it or not, and so mixes together an attempt to be acute and plausible, with lame, lengthy, and lumbering execution, that he invariably leaves the subject darker than he finds it. Instead of proceeding upon facts like the Englishman, he invariably proceeds by hypothesis, and that hypothesis is generally so very wide and vague, that he really produces less effect than an Englishman of inferior powers. Amid all his apparent caution, too, there is a much greater admixture of passion than in the Southern, and, if he does not succeed in exciting his audience very strongly, he cannot speak for any length of time without having excited himself.

The Irishman wants the facts of the Englishman and the hypothesis of the Scot, and you require to listen for a long time before you can find out what he would be at. If the debate happens to be respecting Ireland, the chance is that party-feeling shall prevent him from seeing where the real gist of it lies; and if it be not about Ireland, then Ireland is sure to come in and dismiss the other subject whatever it may be. At a general glance one would say that, in St. Stephen's, the Englishman appears a native, the Scotsman an alien, and the Irishman an enemy.

These characteristics, which have been taken without any directly private or personal application, have only to be received according to place and profession, and they will serve for all classes of society. The Englishman is detached both in his habits of life, and his modes of thinking; and this, though it makes him appear a cold neighbour and rather an indifferent friend, is yet the very quality which has placed Englishmen foremost in knowledge, in the arts, and in personal comforts and engagements. In as far as mechanical talent and mere industry are concerned, the Cambrian bears a considerable resemblance to the Englishman; but his mental powers are less elevated in kind, and more confined in range, which a strong bias of credulity, or rather perhaps of superstition, clashed with much ardour and shortness of temper, form the real characteristic of his race. The Scotsman, superficially acquainted with a greater range of subjects, and also

perhaps possessing more curiosity and thirst after knowledge than the Englishman or the Welchman, and appearing in consequence more shrewd, is yet not so successful, inasmuch as other persons and other subjects are continually distracting his attention from his own concerns. It has been remarked, and perhaps justly, that an Englishman always succeeds best in the management of his own affairs, and that a Scotsman makes the best manager for another. The Irishman has neither the unity and constancy of purpose of the Englishman; and altogether presents a character which cannot, perhaps, be so well described as by a compound term fitting the vocabulary of his country—"restless indolence"—immense bustle, activity and pretence—all the noise of the water-fall, with very little of its efficiency for turning the wheel. If you are to choose a friend for life, let him be English; if for a season, let him be Scotch; and if for a day, let him by all means be Irish. The Englishman you cannot know till you have been for a considerable time in juxta position with him; he does not as it were, hang out a sign-board, and you must arrive at a knowledge of his character by that slow and patient process which himself employs in the making of his fortune. At every single transaction you see him fully and undisguisedly; and thus when you have collected a sufficient number of instances, your judgment may be reckoned as perfectly secure. The Scotsman, with a great affectation of concealment, comes out much more rapidly, and shews you more than you ask, or even wish for: but it requires some reflection in order to separate the wheat from the chaff; and though there are many instances in which this character improves upon experience, there are not a few in which the result is directly opposite. For the moment an Irishman seems the most disinterested of God's creatures; and while you are merely introduced to him, he will persuade you that his labour and his life are to be constantly devoted to your service, and that other than your happiness, he has not a single object in the world. The next casual acquaintance, however, receives precisely the same protestations of friendship; and thus, though the man may have all the sincerity in the world when he makes his promises, the carrying of the twentieth part of them into effect, would be a moral impossibility. Milton's "dark with excessive brightness," finds something corresponding in the Irish character, which is "heartless from excess of heart." It would be injustice to suppose that there is in the people of this nation less disposition to perform what they promise than in the more solid sons of the southern parts of the sister island, or in the more smooth-tongued sons of the northern. Nor is there any necessity for assuming so uncharitable a hypothesis, inasmuch as, especially in an ardent people, the very scrambling after and promising to do a number of kind offices, involves, or at least soon generates a habit of non-performance. There is such a thing as penury or prodigality in the elements of a man's character, as well as in the items of his expenditure; and it is true in the one case as well as in the other, that "the waster must come to want."

It would now remain to inquire what are the circumstances which stamp upon the Four Nations those great lines of their several characters; and, in order to do this, no single theory would be of much utility. Geographical position may have some effect, although not much; and so also may have the relative fertility of the different divisions. Original race, too, may come in for a share, and a considerable share, because though each nation be more or less mixed, there is still as much of a different stock as stamps a peculiar physiognomy upon each; and though this

science cannot solve all the mysteries which its devotees pretend, there is far more in it than the greater proportion of mankind are willing to allow.

The greater portion, however, of the character of each nation is to be sought for in its social and political state—in its institutions—its mode of education—its means of employment—its religion—its internal laws—and the habits of its various classes. This is a difficult though a curious subject of inquiry, inasmuch as it is little else than studying a thing through the medium of itself. The same difficulty meets one at the threshold, as one finds at the threshold of political economy, in the doctrine of “supply and demand.” We know that these two are connected, and that they reciprocally promote each other; but we are unable to fix upon the one which in all, or even in a majority of cases, is entitled to the precedence. It is just the same with the institutions of a people and their character. We know from every day’s experience, that where the institutions are bad so also is the character, and that the character is good where they are good; but we cannot lay it down as a general principle that the good institutions originally made a good people, neither are we warranted to go entirely into the opposite hypothesis. Still, however, the passing generation must be materially influenced by the circumstances alluded to: and therefore it may not be amiss in a subsequent paper to throw together a few conjectures as to how far education, employment, opinion, intellectual state, and political condition may go toward forming the peculiarities of character which distinguish the Four Nations.

X.

THE ASTROLOGER’S HYMN.

“Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven—
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires—’tis to be forgiven—”

Childe Harold, Canto iii.

TELL me, oh! ye Stars of Heaven—
Countless fires that flame on high!
Tell me, if to ye ’tis given
To rule our mortal destiny?
Is the colour of our days
From your beams mysterious caught?
Are the wand’rings of our ways
By your evolutions wrought?
Tell me—tell me—as ye roll—
Our changeful fate can ye control?—
Ye Stars of Heaven!

When lone I gaze the livelong night,
When ye on high are gleaming—
Watching your pale prophetic light
Athwart the darkness streaming—
Then gath’ring thoughts across my soul,
Like troubled waves, flow darkly on—
Creating fancies as they roll,
Wild as the scene I gaze upon;
For then I deem ye can bestow
On mortal man or weal or woe—
Ye Stars of Heaven!

L * * * *

LETTER UPON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL, FROM A GENTLEMAN IN
LONDON TO A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

PARLIAMENT has assembled since my last; but up to this day (the 18th of February) nothing very material has been done. The question of the Corn Laws is to come on next week, and will be decided before this paper is printed: it is understood, that the terms and effect of the new arrangement—each party of course meaning to take as much more by the debate as it can get—are agreed upon already. The Catholic Emancipation too, it appears, after all, is to be brought forward: this is not surprising, because it has for a long time seemed to be the particular object of the people who manage this question, to take every step which can bring it into more dislike and discredit. In the meantime, the monstrous folly of a “prosecution” is getting up, against M. Shiel, for saying something about “the best mode of invading Ireland”—something so needlessly and sedulously indictable, that it could only have been pronounced in the hope of attracting that description of notice. On the whole—though a great deal of business was threatened—the session of Parliament is not likely to be a very heavy one. The war question—except as regards the maintenance of perhaps seven or eight thousand troops in Portugal—that will be requisite for some time probably—is over. The Chancery business will take three or four nights debating; and end, probably, in nothing material being done: there are too many interests compromised in any attack upon the enormities of that court: the nineteenth century—whatever other characteristics may distinguish it—is beyond question, the golden age of law. Mr. Serjeant Onslow has also a promise that the usury laws this year shall receive the attention of the government: if there be any doubt as to opportunity to do every thing, the attention of government, in the first instance, to the Game laws, would perhaps be better applied.

The Impressment of seamen, too—among some other subjects of importance which have been rather artfully shunned from time to time—gave rise to a smart discussion the other night on the first bringing up of the Navy Estimates; and it is to be hoped the session will not go over without some serious inquiry as to the possibility of getting rid of the practice. Some very strong, and, indeed almost unanswerable arguments on this question, have appeared in the *Times* and *Globe* newspapers of the 14th and 15th inst., in a comment upon the queries put by Mr. Hume and other members on the subject in the House of Commons. In fact, it seems to be mere nonsense to lay it down at once as a principle—even as matters stand—that we cannot man our navy without impressment: the truth is, *we don't try*. But, beyond this, when men are found in abundance—and more than abundance—to undertake the most laborious, unwholesome, personally repugnant, and seriously dangerous, employments every day on shore—if the service of the Navy be still such as men decidedly will not undertake, there is some mistake in the system of that service; there is no need that it should be so repulsive—it ought not to be so. And one part of the secret, we believe those who know the navy best are perfectly well agreed, is, that the service is one of most needless tyranny and hardship: and that, from some absurd notion—as a certain class of physicians used to have an idea that the peculiarly filthy flavour of a medicine constituted a circumstance in its excellence—there has been a sort of silly pride, never completely argued out of those who command in it, that it should be so—and be so understood and considered. The very name of “the discipline of a Man of War,” has

been made a sort of bugbear term—synonymous with every idea of a scheme of wanton ferocity and oppression—a sort of legalized “Reign of Terror.” The Midshipman of twelve years old, is understood to walk about, strapping—by way of morning exercise—the able seaman of forty; and the Captain’s eye is an object of alarm—such as the very cats of the ship—proverbially privileged to look even upon Royalty—dare not venture to encounter. Now, all this is very sad stuff: no necessary part of any public system; but merely impertinence; and such impertinence as we certainly ought not to countenance a most gross and oppressive violation of the liberty of British subjects, for the sake of supporting. The short fact is that the service of the Navy ought to be improved: sailors should be both better paid than they are, and better protected against wanton insolence and injustice. It is trash to talk of the impossibility of “disciplining” men unless by blows and curses. We used to hear the same stuff forty years ago about the Army. The *power* to inflict corporal punishment, I believe, can never be got rid of entirely in either service; but the suggestion that *blows* must be inflicted upon men, even for the most trifling offences—that they must be so used as to form part of every man’s daily expectation and understanding—is an insult to one’s common sense. Let it only once be understood that naval officers *must* be found who can accomplish their discipline without this resource; and, my life on it, they will soon be found in very sufficient numbers: we shall have no need (even then) to “impress” Captains, whatever we may have to do by foremast seamen.

There are one or two points on which I think the *Times* writer is not quite correctly informed: for instance, as to the comparative advantages (immediate) of the Government, and Merchant naval services. Excepting as to the provision of a pension, and the chance of Prize-money, I think the merchant service has the superiority. The pay of an able seaman on board a West-India ship, during the last war, was as high often as from four pounds ten shillings, to five pounds a month: that of a man-of-war’s-man not more than forty-five, or fifty, shillings. The men live better, too, upon the whole—at least, the allowance is more ample on board merchant vessels: and though the quantity of useful work for the ship which each man performs is greater, yet, as he is not harassed by needless exertion, his actual labour, I should be inclined to say, is less.

These last two circumstances, however, are not those which throw any difficulty in the way of the Government navy’s getting seamen—the real causes of the difficulty are equally incontestible and obvious—they are the higher wages given by the Merchant service—the absence even of the common inducement of a “Bounty”—and, still more, the needlessly and ostentatiously oppressive and arbitrary character of the “discipline.” We offer Twelve or Fifteen guineas Bounty to a soldier, for a limited service—say seven years, or during the war; and only Three or Four guineas to a sailor, whose service is to have *no* limit—but the mere fact of his having served once (although voluntarily), is a sure certificate, if he can be laid hold of, high or low, to his being compelled to serve again. It is impossible not to see that this is a course of the most manifest cruelty and injustice; and that, if we ever wish to get rid of the odium which sailors attach to our navy, every seaman who voluntarily enters it ought to be enlisted for a given period; at the end of which, he is—without any sort of excuse or equivocation—to be *free*. For the argument, that in time of war—without the power of impressment—“Government will always be outbid by the merchant ships”—this argument, which I believe is Sir G. Cockburn’s—

seems to be the very worst that could be used upon the subject!—"Government" must *not* be "outbid" by the merchant ships. On what principle should the labour of a sailor, more than that of any other artisan—if the question is to be one merely of *money*—be *seized* at a lower rate of payment than he can obtain for it in the market? The argument is precisely that which would justify a colonist in retaining his slaves—to wit, "that he believes it to be manifestly to his interest to do so."

In fact, however, A never could—since the world was created—possibly get on without the power of tyrannising over B and C, until D, E. and F, agreed that he *should* do so no longer—the difficulty of the case is not half so great as persons are pleased to suppose. We have twenty-one thousand seamen, enlisted, and paid, and maintained upon the peace establishment. These men, taking them all to be *able* seamen, joined to an equal number of landmen (who constitute always *full* one-half—and often *more*—of a ship of war's complement) would give us, if a war were to break out to-morrow—without the necessity of competing with the merchant ships at all (who cannot employ any landmen)—a force, at starting, equal to forty thousand men. And to say that this supply, or even an unlimited supply, could not be obtained, under a more just and humane system of regulation in the Navy, without coercion, is just to assert that there is something about the Navy which distinguishes it from every other pursuit in the world. Every military man knows what it is that enlists two-thirds of the recruits for the army; it is not a preference (upon reflection) for fourteen pence a day and a musquet, before five shillings a day and a loom? And, of all men in existence, sailors—from every circumstance about their tastes and habits—would be the least proof against such attractions, as bring in our soldiers—the "Grog—Good usage—and Ten guineas of gold in hand!"

The truth is, my case of A and B explains the real difficulty. In the days of Elizabeth and James, when bear-baiting was a court diversion, the master of the royal bears was authorised to "impress dogs, bulls, and bears," for the king's diversion, all over the country. I have no doubt that if Edward Alleyne had been asked whether bear-baiting could be maintained without the power of "impressment," he would have declared that it was impossible for a week. I hope, however, that before parliament separates, this subject will receive the serious consideration which its importance deserves. And, at least—if we forbear to strike, at once, at the ultimate *power* of Impressment—there can be no excuse for suffering that practice systematically to be resorted to, while all the more just, constitutional, and equitable modes of manning our Navy, remain out of operation, and even untried.

Qualification for a Juror.—In consequence of the operation of Mr. Peel's Bill, which makes every man possessed of a certain property liable to be summoned on juries, a *chimney sweep* presented himself a few days since on the tally at the Westminster Sessions. *John Bull* says that he ought to have been admitted, and that he would have *sooted* his fellow-jurymen to admiration. I think John is wrong, and that he was properly rejected; because it is a principle that every juror should "*come into court with clean hands.*"

The simplicity of the following description, in an advertisement of today's *Herald*, is admirable. "Wanted Two Reporters for Newspapers. The Situations to be filled are *not* of a reporting nature," &c. The conclusion of the "Want" is excellent—except that it seems lamentably in the teeth of the proverb—that "Learning is better than House and

Land.”—“A thorough knowledge of the classics, arithmetic, with the ability to speak French,” applicants are informed is required. “Salary—two pounds a week!”

Nice Calculation.—A nice, and even laborious exactness, in the statements and computations of persons high in office, is often exceedingly commendable. Mr. Peel, in his speech to the House of Commons, moving the Address of Condolence to the King on the death of the Duke of York, on Monday night last, had actually taken the trouble to count the number of *days* which His Royal Highness had been in office as Commander-in-Chief! They were *ten thousand* in number; not *one* of which the Right Honourable Secretary continued to assure the House, had passed without some portion of it being devoted to the duties of His Royal Highness's situation.

The Address of Condolence passed, of course, unahimously. And the vote of £9,000 a year more to the Duke of Clarence, also passed on the following Friday; against a minority of sixty-five, and some sturdy opposition from Mr. Hume and Lord Althorpe. The chief questions in the matter seem to be two—First, whether there was any thing in the Royal Duke's change of situation to make the additional allowance necessary?—And next, whether it had been the custom, under similar circumstances, to grant to the Heir Presumptive such an additional allowance? To neither of which facts—as a plain man would understand the discussion—any very satisfactory case was made out. But I don't think that Mr. Hume's argument upon the state of the country—to wit, that the House improperly votes £9,000 a year to the already large income of the Duke of Clarence, after having just refused the prayer, for a small sum, of the weavers of Blackburn, who were starving for want of bread—quite fairly applies. Because it is to avoid establishing a dangerous principle—and not from want of money—that a parliamentary grant is refused to the distressed manufacturers. It is not because the nation cannot afford to give away £5,000: but because, dreadful as the present calamity is, it is held inexpedient to hold out a premium for the creation of future distress—more than those which already exist—and which many sound politicians believe are already too many—in the country. If the grant to the Duke of Clarence, upon its own merits, were a fit one, the state of the country is not yet quite such as should prevent its being passed. There seems to be no reason why His Royal Highness should bear the weight of the distress out of his income, any more than any body else. But it is a glorious state of things, to see sixty-five of the first gentlemen in a country, who can venture to stand up publicly, and refuse a grant of additional income to an individual, whom the lapse only of a single life will make their sovereign!

Lunacies for February.—Lunacy 1. On Saturday the 10th inst., Mr. Pickman, a Coffee-house keeper, in Smithfield, being opposed in his opinion on some point of political economy, said that “he would as soon stab himself as be argued out of his senses;” and, taking up a carving knife, killed himself on the spot. I think a fact like this deserves a place in the History of England. A person still more irascible, about the middle of last summer, got up out of bed and hanged himself because *the* bugs bit him. I think I mentioned this case at the time when it occurred.—Lunacy 2. A gentleman who dropped a purse in Cheapside, containing a five pound note, four sovereigns, and some silver, pays six shillings to advertise in the *Post*—that “Whoever will bring back the purse and the note, shall have the sovereigns and the silver for their trouble.” I should like to know if this advertiser got a customer.—Lunacy 3. Dr. Borthwick Gilchrist on Tuesday last, made a seven hours' speech on the study of the

Oriental languages, at the India house.—Lunacy 4. The people staid to hear him. But I must not continue this article: the subject is too fruitful, and would lead me to too great a length.

IMPORTANT.—“Brighton, Feb. 12th. The King is perfectly well, and highly pleased with the Pavilion. His majesty says *it looks just as it did when he was last here*; and, speaking of the music room the other day, he declared *there was no room like it!* The Baroness de Robeck, whose *elopement* with Lord Sussex Lennox has made so much noise in the *fashionable world*, was very recently *one of the gayest among the gay circles of Brighton*. His lordship was staying at an hotel here at the same time; and the *flirtations of the amorous pair* were even then the subject of much conversation and scandal. His lordship paid the Baroness great attention, and was *always to be seen at her side*, whether on the Steine, at Almack's, the theatre, or concerts.” (Whose side the *Baron* was to be “seen at” does not appear.) “The Prince Pucklerchuscan has left his name in the Palace book.” (I am sure, if he has, it must have taken up a whole page of it.) His Majesty's Chapel will in all probability be shortly opened for the celebration of *Divine service*: it has hitherto been deferred, *on account of the cold weather*. The Duchess of Clarence, as well as the Duke, will, it is expected, pay a visit to the King shortly at the Pavilion; but their Royal Highnesses have *not received an invitation yet!* Colonel Camac (who was *swindled out of £1,500*, a short time ago, *in trying to obtain a seat in Parliament*) was in the theatre last night,” &c. &c.—“Fashionable Intelligence” from *the Globe*.

The quantity of tobacco consumed in France has, of late years, increased considerably. In 1812 the whole amount of tobacco smoked was 4,800,000 francs—about £192,000; last year, the amount was 11,000,000 francs—or £440,000. Tobacco must be on the increase considerably with us, too. “Divans” are making progress in all quarters. And as I passed along the Quadrant the other evening, even in “shop hours,” I saw something at a linen-draper's door that looked as if it had a cigar in its mouth. Puns for the month—“How my corns *shoot* this cold weather!” said a gentleman at a public dinner, at the Free-Mason's Tavern the other day.—“Do you find that they *kill* any thing?” asked Dr. Kitchener who sat opposite. That was not bad of the Doctor. I noticed a little way back, that bears—for the purpose of baiting—had at one period of English history been subject to impressment. Bear-baiting was then esteemed the highest sport in the country; and bears obtained great personal notoriety when they exhibited peculiar strength or prowess. One animal, named “George Stone,” flourished in James the First's time; and was known for “the single combat,” from Hockley in the Hole to the Land's End. Shakspeare, in his *Merry Wives of Windsor*, mentions another, whom he calls “Sackerson,” no doubt a person of reputation in his time. And, as late as the day of James the Second, a third, known as “Young Blackface,” who belonged to an Irishman named O'Sullivan, fought the extraordinary number of twenty-two “single and double” combats, in one day, against the best dogs in the country. This excellent champion was killed at last, by being fought against three dogs at once, without his “protection,” as the iron collar was called, which he wore; and which, as he always fought muzzled, formed a very efficient part of his defence. And a song, celebrating his virtues, was written upon his death, part of which is to be found in a collection of old ballads, most of them imperfect, in the British Museum. The title of the poem is “O'Sullivan's Bear.” And it begins—

The lamps in the cockpit no longer burn brightly,
At the cockpit the rum ones no longer chaunt nightly,
No more to the fancy is Tufton-street dear,
Since the death of our darling, O'Sullivan's bear !”

The second verse is wanting ; but the third alludes to the unfair manner of “ Blackface's ” death, and chastises his master.

“ —to muzzle the baste, and take off his ‘ protection.’ ”

Och Sully—you spalpeen—was that your affection !”

The fourth runs in the style of lamentation over the body.

“ In that pit where the bull dogs so many times pinned ye,
To make muffs for the ladies, my Blackface, they've skinned ye ! ”†
And those claws that, in life, you could flourish so hardy,
Some tailor will stick on the cloak of a dandy.”‡

Another verse calls down retribution, for this merciless proceeding upon the head of the bear-keeper, O'Sullivan himself.

“ Och Sully—you divel ! bad luck overtake ye,
The neat bear that ye lead, divil send he may shake ye !
For the swells shall fall off, and the fighting coves leave ye ;
And the butchers go too, and so every thing grieve ye.”

A long gap then ensues ; and the last verse only remains, which seems to glance darkly at general evils, likely to result to the purveyors of bear-baiting from the catastrophe.

“ Ill luck had Blue Billy ; ill luck had his daughter,*
For she's married a Pig after all that he taught her :§
But worse luck than ever shall Westminster swear,
Since the death of our darling O'Sullivan's bear !”

The last number of the *Edinburgh Review* but one—(and the subject is referred to again in the last number that comes out)—contained the following story extirpated from Mr. Combe's book on the later transactions in Phrenology. I quote from memory ; but the facts of the case—which was well avouched—were these :—

A bricklayer's labourer, who had fallen from a scaffold of considerable height, was brought, in the course of the last year, to one (I forget which) of the London hospitals. The man was senseless when he was taken into the house ; and, when he recovered his faculties after some hours, he spoke a language which no person about him could understand. Inquiries were made of the workmen who had known him, and had brought him to the hospital ; but all that could be learned was that he was an Englishman ; and no one had ever heard him speak any other language than English. At the end of two days, however, a milk woman came into the ward where he lay, to visit another patient ; and she understood him immediately ; the language which he spoke was Welch. The result is, that this man had left Wales twenty years before his accident, and had so completely forgotten the Welsh language at the date of it, that he was unable to speak that tongue at all. The effect of the injury received on his head, however, had been to revive the faculty of speaking Welch, which he had lost ; and

* The “ protection,” was the heavy iron collar, used on some occasions in bear-baiting to this day.

† From this line it would appear that bears' skin muffs were already worn in England.

‡ This is a curious point, and shews how fashions are revived after long disuse. The “ bears paws ” upon cloaks (as clasps) were used universally so lately as two years ago.

† Blue Billy was a famous clipper and coiner of that day.

§ A “ Pig ” was the tant name for a constable or police officer.

entirely to deprive him of that of speaking English, which, up to the moment previous to his fall, he had possessed completely.

Now this story, at first sight, seems to be rather too good. If it were offered as a burlesque case upon the doctrines of the Phrenologists, it would be voted excellent. And yet a great many very strong facts—and well authenticated—may be found in support of it. There is a case which I believe may be fully relied on, of a gentleman who went out to dine (it was in the country) at the house of a friend; and in returning home at night, was thrown out of his gig, and fell upon his head. He was a good deal hurt, and lay for some hours stunned by the blow; and, on his recovery—never could recollect the fact of his having *gone out* to dinner.

Another case came within my own knowledge; arising, not from sudden violence, but from an affection of the brain by temporary disease. An officer on service in Spain, with whom I was well acquainted, became ill from brain fever. I had known this man from his youth; and I fully believe that he had never thought of turning a rhyme in his life, much less of composing poetry. On the second day after his head became affected, he, to every appearance, composed, and certainly uttered, verses, which no one about him had ever heard before. The matter was rambling; but the rhyme was generally correct; and this process was continued for many hours with the most inconceivable rapidity. As this gentleman recovered, his poetic fever left him; and with it I believe the faculty—he could make no verses afterwards.

Mr. Southey's second volume of the *History of the Peninsular War* which is just published, contains an account too of two very curious instances, pretty nearly to the same purpose.

"Two singular cases of contusion of the brain was observed at this time in the hospitals." (This was at the siege of Gerona.) "One man did nothing but count, with a loud and deliberate voice, from forty to seventy, always beginning with the one number and ending with the other, during the whole night. Another continually uttered the most extraordinary blasphemies and curses, exhausting the whole vocabulary of malediction, without any apparent emotion of anger."

I certainly never myself found a Phrenologist, who could state a single rule in his science that he (or any body else) could maintain. But, on the other hand, there is nothing within our physiological knowledge at all capable of explaining facts like these.

I see by the play bills that Miss Fanny Ayton, who was a "Miss" (I believe) when she lived next door to me three years ago in Berner's-street, since she has been at the Opera House, has become "*Mademoiselle* Fanny Ayton." I don't well understand this. I should like to know the nature of the process which turns a "Miss" into a "*Mademoiselle*."

The barbers of London are getting to be great people now. Their shops are almost as numerous, and as splendidly fitted, as those of the chemists; and, in every one—bolt upright behind the counter—you see either the master or the journeyman—with his hair in most overpowering buckle—stuck up for a sign! I always wondered how it was—on what sort of customers for practice—that the apprentice boys to this calling acquired the power of frizzing and curling—running a pair of red hot pincers open along within half a line of a man's ear, and never scathing the "listener" in their progress; until the other day, passing a shop in the Strand which has an area before it, I happened to cast my eyes downwards—and saw, through the kitchen window, two urchins in the very act of a first expe-

riment—curling and frizzling away, with both comb and irons at the worsted *chevelure* of a new mop.

LAW OF LIBEL: THE IDIOT SMITH.—I feel great pleasure in mentioning this case once more, in order to shew that the discussion which has arisen upon it has not been quite without its utility in the country. The facts were stated, I believe fully, in our Magazine for January last, therefore I shall not repeat them. It appears by the papers of to-day, that another action—the fifth or sixth I think on the same question—has been brought against a provincial paper, called *The Wolverhampton Chronicle*. And, for the very same act—the copying a paragraph from the *Salopian Journal*—which the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in the action against the *Times*, called “an offence against God and man”—and for which the jury, in the case of the *Birmingham Chronicle*, gave Four hundred pounds damages—the jury in the case of the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*, have given a verdict of—Damages, *One Farthing*.

Translators—especially on works of fancy—make very whimsical mistakes sometimes; where they know only the language which they are translating, without knowing any of the customs or peculiarities of the country to which the language belongs. And the selection or adoption of proper names and localities in works of the same kind, where the author lays his scene in a country of which he is ignorant, or half informed, are often equally ridiculous. The French novelists, until within these few years, always gave their English heroes the most extraordinary names—as, “Milord Brompton”—“The Marquis Smith”—or, “The Duke of Jones.” And probably, very often, when our “Minerva Press” romance writers fancy they have given their French or Italian count or prince—for there is no getting on in a story with any dignitaries less than these—the most romantic and euphonious title in the world, he in reality enjoys—considered by a native—some particularly vulgar or ridiculous appellation. A lady, the other day, publishing a novel in Paris, and placing the action in England, gives an exquisitely pre-eminent example of this kind of error. Wishing to give her work a title, which shall convey the very extreme of romance and horror, she calls it—“*Les Souterrains de Birmingham!*”

The exploits of that abominable class of persons, called the Resurrection men, have got to such a pitch as to spread consternation through the country. And the medical students, too, have lately become so presumptuous on the subject, that it is nothing but a mercy—and the extent of their charity—that they don’t take possession of us, as we walk about the streets—staring, and alive! A whole surgical academy attended the other day at a coroner’s inquest, on a question whether some unhappy man, who had died in an hospital, should or should not be opened—to ascertain whether it was really the falling of a house upon his head that had killed him or not! and one incipient rogue—not higher than a pot of lenitive electuary—defied the coroner, and protested he should like to have the cutting up of the jury. But, in our desire to reconcile appearances with expediency in this case, as in many others, it is whimsical to see the manner in which we administer the law. We punish a man severely whom we find keeping two dead bodies locked up in a stable or a cellar; but we say nothing to any body when we find ten locked up in a surgeon’s dissecting room. A man applies to the magistrates at Bow-street concerning his “lost relative;” and is sent (as of course) with an officer, to look for him at St. Thomas’s Hospital. But, among the “various subjects” which are met with there, they are “unable to identify the missing

party."—This is the statement made in the open office, at twelve o'clock; and, at one, a hackney coachman who is found with a single "subject" in his vehicle, is compelled to *account* for it, and sent—in default of an answer—to spend six weeks in the Treadmill. Our neighbours the Parisians, by the way, have got hold of this question; and are gibbeting us in quips, and "particular ballads," out of number. I will translate one of these effusions—as well as I can twist an imitation of French verse—which is very badly.

A doctor there lived in the county of Fife,

Physic em, tistic em, ho!

And he had a wife, was the plague of his life,

With her squallery, bawlerly, ho!

She worried and teased the unfortunate elf,

If his patients were few, he was *patient* himself;

But at last she fell sick, and was laid on the shelf,

With her sigh away, die away, ho!

Now in sables the doctor had often rehearsed,

Whine away, groan away, ho!

And he always wore mourning for fear of the worst,

With his seem to grieve, laugh in sleeve, ho!

So a coffin he bought of a friend in the trade,

And ma'am under ground very snugly was laid;

And the very next night Bolus married his maid,

With her fie for shame! change her name, ho!

Now it happened that night that a gentlemen, bred,

Dig away, in the clay, ho!

To the *grave* occupation of raising the *dead*,

With his coffin crack, spade and sack, ho!

Rang at one in the *morning*, the doctor's *night* bell,

And said—"Sir I've brought you a *subject* to sell:

But the watchman is near, so be quick—or he'll *tell*;

With your cut and slash—pay the cash—ho!

The doctor had scarcely refastened the door,

With his bolt and chain, lock again, ho!

When he thought in the sack he heard somebody snore,

With their snooze em, fozzle em, ho!

But who shall describe the poor doctor's surprise,

When he opened the sack to examine his prize:

For his wife was come back! and she opened her eyes,

With her squallery, bawlerly, ho!

Et Monsieur le docteur!—he ron vid his legs—away—so!

Notwithstanding the imputed small means of the country just at this time for works of supererogation, the scheme of building new Churches in all quarters of the metropolis continues, I perceive, in active operation. We have three churches now in the parish of Mary-le-bone; one in Portland-place—one at the top of Portland-road—and one, about two hundred yards farther west, at the end of High-street—all within sight, and within a quarter of a mile as to distance, of each other, and yet they talk of more. I am sure I hope that it is the increasing piety of the country that makes all this expense necessary; but, as far as my own knowledge goes—certainly I do not understand what the story of "the old churches not being sufficient for the wants of the people" means. I am sure—speaking from my own experience—I never was refused a seat in a church in all my life. But there are some people who never can find accommodation any where.

Apropos to the subject of Churches, the *French Globe* of the 5th of

February contains a ludicrous deprecation of our English intolerance, in compelling the Unitarians—(I mentioned this matter in our last Magazine)—to *marry* according to the rites of the Protestant Established Church. According to my friend of the *Globe*, the horrors of conscience which these sincere seceders experience, in being compelled “to submit to ceremonies which they regard as idolatrous and superstitious,” are as afflicting as those of a Jew, who should be induced, by the fears of an *Aulo da Fé*, to swallow pork.—“*Voici la formule*,” says the editor, “*dont ils se servent ordinairement* :” and he then goes on to give an illustration of the manner in which the bride and bridegroom get through the repetition of the ritual, and yet avoid the abomination.—*Au nom du pere. Et*—(mais en protestant contre lui)—*du fils. Et*—(mais en protestant contre lui)—*du Saint Esprit*,” &c. &c. This protest reminds me of the qualificatory sentence of the proud young lady in the story books, who was condemned to cry “Hot grey Pease,” in order to bring her to a sense of humility ; and cried—“ Hot grey Pease !—(I hope nobody hears me !)” —But our Frenchman’s conclusion is scandalous. He says—“ *Quelquefois le prêtre Anglicane se fâche ; et alors l’église devient un champ de bataille !*” I think this is an exaggeration ; I don’t recollect a fight in a church since the “ Trial by battle,” in the case of the Iron-Coffin Company.

An evening paper (I believe the *Sun*) states that the extensive library of the late Sir Charles Wilson, turns out, on examination by his executors, to be almost totally destroyed and valueless. Sir Charles was an extremely easy and liberal man ; and there appears to be scarcely a copy of any voluminous work, of which some portion is not wanting—single volumes having been borrowed by his acquaintances, and never returned. This is a hard case, but I have no doubt of its truth ; for I recollect myself a still more signal instance of the extent to which the system of borrowing books, and forgetting to return them, is sometimes carried ; I knew a man—I will not mention his name—whose *whole library* at his death was found to consist of odd volumes, which he had borrowed from his friends and omitted to carry back again.

Speaking of Phrenology, a little way back, reminds me—I attended two or three lectures on that science once ; and I recollect it was argued as a strong evidence of the probable divisions of the brain into various compartments—each having its own business to perform, and not troubled by the operation of any other—the power that the mind possesses of relieving itself by a change of subject or study.—As, for instance, a man fatigued with reading law or mathematics, takes up one of the Waverley novels, or even a poem which excites deep reflection, or even a work of metaphysics, like Mandeville’s Fable of the Bees ; and reads on—as if with new strength—without difficulty. Now this is a curious fact ; but if it will support a scheme of divisions and departments in the head, there certainly is an opening for a new system of the same character as to the construction of the *stomach*. Because, just as certainly as a man who can *read* no more Coke or Newton, will get on again with Byron or Captain Basil Hall, just as certain it is that a man who can *eat* no more turtle, starts afresh when he gets upon venison—then upon woodcock—then ratafia pudding—then a little macaroni with parmesan—and so on to fruit—devilled biscuit, &c. &c. &c. through his four removes. I think this is a new point ; and I wish Dr. Kitchiner would apply his mind to it.

It seems an odd habit that they have in Ireland, of calling every man “ Counsellor,” who happens to have paid his £120 for admission to the

Bar. It would be thought very strange in England if we were to designate every man by his calling: and direct two penny-post letters to—"Tailor Weston." "Barber Truefit!" "Perfumer Gattie!" &c. &c. It seems to be a sort of insane appetite craving for imaginary distinctions—the straw crown of the naked Emperor of Bedlam. But I'll consider of it more maturely, and take up the subject at some other time.

Talking of Insanity—I am very curious to know what the Coroner's verdict will be in the case of the Coffee-man in Smithfield, that killed himself (because he was out argued about political economy,) with his carving knife. I think it must be "Insanity." The man had probably been mad for some time, and it had not been perceived. I recollect a commission upon the case of a gentleman who was a considerable epicure; and whose first symptom of insanity had been the eating some cold *Fricandeau* at a public dinner. A friend—who was a man of observation—had noticed the fact, notwithstanding its apparent slightness; and the Jury found the lunacy—commencing from that day. The theory of mind, and its operations, are abstruse, and little understood!

The *Morning Herald* newspaper, a few days back, tells the following story, under the title of HONESTY REWARDED. "A young girl, who keeps a stand at the Bazaar, in Soho-square, found a £20 note on the ground some time back; and, according to the rule of the house, carried it immediately to Mr. Hopkinson, the steward. Notices were put up of the money having been discovered, but no claimant appeared; and, a few days since, six months having expired since the young woman found the note, Mr. Hopkinson *returned it to her*." This is a very praiseworthy arrangement on the part of the keeper of the Bazaar; but, for the "Reward"—it is something like "Rewarding" a man, by giving him two farthings for a half-penny.

Johnson, the celebrated informer, is plaguing the pawnbrokers unmercifully just now. The position of the pawnbroker is an offence. His trade implies that he *has money to lend*; for which all who are like to be borrowers naturally hate him. But in general, informers are so detested by the English, that I have often thought it would be curious matter of inquiry where such a man as Johnson—or the common hangman—any body whose sight would be abhorrent to all the world, and who could not easily conceal his real character (one would think)—could *live*? Now the hangman, on consideration, has his natural *gite*—his home is the prison. But still I cannot conceive where a man who is known as a common informer contrives to live; and I dare say there is some very cunning and peculiar arrangement connected with it.

The third volume of M. le Comte de Chabrol's "*Recherches Statistiques*," contains some curious information as to the arrangements of the city of Paris. The following points are collected from the chapter upon "Burials."

The funerals of Paris are all performed, most people are aware, by a Licensed company; a privileged body of undertakers, who enjoy a monopoly of the trade, and account to Government for a share of their profits. The charges of these people, however, are regulated, and they have six different scales of magnificence for funerals; above the highest of which, or under the lowest, nobody can go; the price of each being fixed by Government, and liable to no variation. It is curious to observe—according to M. de Chabrol's tables—how the comparative average of burials stands, with reference to the different characters or degrees of price.

The first (or most expensive) manner of burial, costs 4,303 francs, or £175; and of these, the average number in the year is 55.

The second price is 1,825 francs, or £73; and here the number is 311.

The third, and fourth, at 725 francs, and 275 francs, or £29, and £11; are nearly equal in number, the one is 1,075, and the other 979.

The fifth class has the numbers higher still. Here we get lower in the scale of society. The price is 125 francs, or £5; and the number 1,531.

And in the sixth class, which is lower still, the price being only 41 francs, we have almost as few as in the second scale of expense, at 1,825 francs—the number is only 339.

The most singular fact, however, is to come. The whole amount of burials, in Paris, in these six classes, is 4,290: and the pauper burials (*inhumations sur certificats d'indigence*) within the same period, are 12,663! So that more than three in four of the people who die in Paris are buried by charity! And this account does *not* include the burials from hospitals. Some of the French political and statistical writers attempt to account for this circumstance by the fact of the *monopoly*; and by the tax that the Government levies (in the shape of sharing the Company's profits) upon funerals generally. But the sixth class of burial—at the Company's prices—costs only 41 francs, or about £1.14s. British—"tout compris." It would hardly be possible to do the work at a much cheaper rate than that.

Another column in this same chapter of M. Chabrol, gives a curious calculation upon the number of tombs and monuments standing in the churchyards of Paris, with their cost and value. In the year 1824, it appears that there were 19,148 tomb-stones, and 1,750 monuments, in the three cemeteries of the city; the cost of which was estimated at 5,359,550 francs, or about £223,300. Four-fifths of these erections were in Père la Chaise—which is certainly the most beautiful specimen of churchyard scenery in Europe.

Speaking of the pawnbrokers above, puts me in mind that Mr. Peel promised Mr. Serjeant Onslow that the Usury Laws should be seriously considered in the course of the present session. I only hope we shall proceed cautiously. The subject is one of very great importance. And a great many of my personal friends—who have thought about it—declare that *they* don't know where to borrow money at Five per cent. already.

While I am on the subject of money, too, I may as well take notice—there have been some odd omissions lately to recognize the authority of the King's image in his current coin. Two persons have been taken up as utterers of bad money, whose money—just as they were going to Newgate as forgers—was discovered to be perfectly genuine; and such as the prosecutors—if strict justice had been insisted upon—had, perhaps, rendered themselves indictable by refusing to accept. In fact, the practice used in these cases seems to be monstrous. A tradesman is fairly entitled, if he doubts the goodness of the money offered to him, to express that doubt, and decline parting with his goods for it: but nothing short of the most transparent proof of fraudulent intent can warrant his even accusing—far less laying hands upon—a stranger. To get rid of this growing ill-habit, I would recommend—always under correction—to the next gentleman who shall be seized upon for offering a shopkeeper money—(provided he knows the affair will bear investigation)—that he shall thrash the peccant glover or hosier, simply—because I would not commit murder—within an inch of his life. In doing this, he would do the public a service; and himself—if he is a

man of proper feelings—a pleasure; and he would incur *no legal penalty* whatever. It is possible that respectable females might be exposed to insult and violence in this way; and such instances, if I am not mistaken, have actually occurred. I am decidedly of opinion, that the next huckster who does these things, should be boned and potted by way of example to the other scarecrows of his kind.

Spanish Bon Mot.—Monsieur Adolphe Blanqui, in his recent travels in Spain, confirms the accounts of M. Ouvrard and others, as to the unpopularity of the French in that country; and complains bitterly of the neglect which he experienced every where from the constituted authorities. At length, being worn out one day with the insolences and carelessness of half a dozen police clerks, or officers, who had some duty to perform for him, and who were, as usual, quite determined to evade it, he went to Venyolas, the Secretary of the Intendant, and insisted on knowing what was meant by such treatment.—“M. Blanqui,” said Venyolas, “Your countryman, General Cambronne, being one day in Italy with a detachment of eight hundred men, demanded five thousand rations of the mayor of a little village in which his troops passed the night. ‘How, General,’ said the Mayor, ‘you ask for five thousand rations? you have only eight-hundred men.’—‘Mr. Mayor,’ answered General Cambronne—commanding his guard to fix their bayonets—‘I never talk politics.’ Now, M. Blanqui, as the General said—I say to you in my turn—‘*I never talk politics.*’”

The events of the last part of the month oblige me to conclude almost abruptly; for they are too important, and lead to too much discussion, to be talked about at the end of a letter. The (political) death—as I fear it must be called—of Lord Liverpool; the illness of almost every one (with the exception of Mr. Peel) of the other leading cabinet ministers; a report of the decease of the Duke of Cumberland; and some news from the Peninsula, which seemed to make hostilities not quite impossible still with Spain, all came upon the country at once; and excited for the day considerable inquietude. The Peninsular news ought not to surprise any body. The quarrel in Portugal is not over; but, while the British troops are there, unless the arrangements of the two governments are to tie their hands, the country, and the cause which we support, will be safe. The home question is one of more difficult settlement. All parties, I believe, concur in the opinion, that a successor for Lord Liverpool will not easily be found. Whether the premiership will be filled up from among the peers, or, whether one of the secretaries of state must be moved from the lower house—or in fact, what are the materials of the new government—no one (before the curtain) knows: and every newspaper has its separate speculation. One circumstance, however, would seem to make it likely, that the perplexity of those at the head of affairs is not quite so great, under the dispensation, as has been supposed. If it be true—as it is stated—that the health of Lord Liverpool has been such for some time, as to render his retirement (or failure) a matter of likelihood; the event has not occurred without something like a consideration beforehand—in case such an accident should take place—as to who should be the noble Lord’s successor.

THE THINGS THAT CHANGE.

Know'st thou that seas are sweeping
 Where domes and towers have been ?
 When the clear wave is sleeping,
 Those piles may yet be seen ;
 Far down below the glassy tide,
 Man's dwellings where his voice hath died !

Know'st thou that flocks are feeding
 Above the tombs of old,
 Which kings, their armies leading,
 Have linger'd to behold ?
 A short smooth greensward o'er them spread,
 Is all that marks where heroes bled.

Know'st thou, that now the token
 Of cities once renown'd,
 Is but some pillar broken,
 With grass and wall-flowers crown'd ;
 While the lone serpent rears her young
 Where the triumphant lyre hath rung ?

Well, well I know the story
 Of ages pass'd away,
 And the mournful wrecks that glory
 Hath left-to'dull decay ;
 But thou hast yet a tale to learn,
 More full of warnings, sad and stern.

Thy pensive eye but ranges
 Thro' ruin'd fane and hail—
 Oh ! the deep soul hath changes
 More sorrowful than all !
 Talk not, while *these* before thee throng,
 Of silence in the place of song.

See scorn, where Love hath perish'd,
 Distrust, where Friendship grew ;
 Pride, where once Nature cherish'd,
 All tender thoughts and true ;
 And shadows of oblivion thrown
 O'er every trace of idols gone.

Grieve not for tombs far-scatter'd,
 For temples prostrate laid ;
 In thine own heart lie shatter'd
 The altars it had made !
 Go, sound its depths in doubt and fear—
 Heap up no more its treasures *here* !

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

The Present State of Columbia, by an Officer, late in the Columbian Service; 1827.—The writer professes, we see, to have been an officer in the Columbian service; and he is evidently well acquainted not only with the military concerns of Columbia, but with its political, and financial, and statistical condition generally. He withholds his name, and he may have his reasons for doing so; but we like names and stations, on all matters of fact. They are something like pledges for integrity. If a man have not the fear of the public censure before his eyes, he must have that of his friends and acquaintance.

The object of the publication is professedly to sketch the history of the independence of Columbia, and exhibit the existing condition of the country. That object is pretty fairly accomplished, though little can be said for the literary execution of the attempt. It is a prosing, though not indistinct kind of statement. The writer has no notion of rejecting superfluities. He begins 'ab ovo,' and before, with every thing. He undertakes to epitomize the war of independence, and thinks it necessary first to distinguish all the possible classes of colonies; and how the matter stood with the ancients, and how it has been with the moderns. All nothing to the purpose. As little almost is it to dwell upon the causes which led to the first attempts at independence. The desire of independence is inseparable from colonies, and they wait for nothing to gratify that desire but the growth of their strength. Whether the mother-country oppresses, or not, the filial affection of the colony vanishes at the first fledging of its pinions; but in all modern cases, and as far as we know, in all ancient cases, the mother was always for controlling the daughter, and exceedingly slow in admitting any approaches to equality of privilege, and always resolute in resisting attempts at independence. This was the fact with the Spanish colonies—with those which now constitute Columbia particularly. During the revolt of our own colonies, several attempts at little revolutionary movements were made at Caraccas; but it was reserved for Miranda, a native of Carraccas, to rouse up his countrymen to effectual resistance. Very early in life did he enter, heart and soul, into these views. His plans were approved and occasionally encouraged, but never effectively assisted by our own government, during the war with Spain, in the French Revolution; but when Buonaparte invaded Spain, and we resolved on repelling him, and defending the Bourbons of Spain, we ceased to hold communion with the malecontents of her restless colonies. But that same invasion of Bonaparte for a time absorbed the full attention of Spain, and interrupted the usual intercourse with the colonies. Juntas were in consequence

formed to administer the several governments—this was in 1808—and of course greatly facilitated the views of the independents. The Cortes disapproved of these juntas; and by their haughty and ill-timed disapproval, and worse-timed severity, completely alienated the colonies.

Miranda skilfully availed himself of the state of exasperation excited by the Cortes, and a plan of defence was quickly organized to resist the aggressions of the Cortes. In 1811, a regular government was formed by his partizans on the "federative system;" and on the 5th of July of that year, the confederate provinces proclaimed their independence at Caraccas. In the following year the hopes of the independents were suddenly damped by the terrible destruction of Caraccas—an event, which spread ruin and dismay through the country. Twelve thousand persons were buried under the ruins of the city, and among them one of Miranda's finest corps, consisting of eight hundred. Disaster after disaster followed; till Porto Cabello, then under the command of Bolivar, was lost, and Miranda himself was forced to capitulate at Laguira. The terms of this capitulation were violated;—Miranda was arrested, conveyed to Cadiz, and there perished in prison.

The royalists had now military possession of the whole country; but not long were they suffered to keep it undisturbed. Marino, Bolivar, Paez, and others were quickly in the field again. An active campaign ensued, in which the patriot troops were generally, at least in the commencement, victorious. Bolivar in triumph re-entered Caraccas, and on the 2nd Jan. 1814, the new government was instituted—a military one—and Bolivar was placed at the head of it. These advantages, however, the patriots were not long able to maintain; Bolivar sustained two signal defeats at La Puerta, and Driguita, and eventually was obliged to abandon Caraccas, and embark for Carthage. The patriots were every where dispersed.

At this season of depression, in the beginning of 1815, arrived Morillo. Ferdinand had just been restored. The resolution was immediately taken in the councils of Spain to reduce the colonies, and Morillo was dispatched with reinforcements to complete the reduction. Quickly he got possession of Carthage, and Bolivar then fled to Jamaica. Nothing now was left but New Grenada; and that country Morillo speedily over-ran.

Bolivar, however, in the meanwhile, was not idle. Quitting Jamaica, he procured some assistance from Boyer, president of the republic at Port-au-Prince, and made more than one vigorous, but fruitless attempt to get a footing in the country, and stir up his countrymen to another effort. At last, in

December 1818, with some supplies from Aux Cayes, he landed at Venezuela, and traversing the plains to the Orinoco, seized upon Angostura, on the banks of that river, and there fixed the seat of his new government. Hither, in a few months, he was pursued by the royalists, and an harassing and destructive warfare was carried on for eighteen long, trying months; till at last, wearied with this useless waste of his resources, he resolved to make one desperate effort to cross the mountains, which separate Venezuela from New Grenada, and surprise the Spaniards in that province. In this effort he succeeded, and forcing the Spaniards to an action, defeated them at the Pontano de Bargas, on the 26th July 1819, and on the 7th of the following month, gained the great and decisive battle of Boyaca, and thus opened a way to the capital. In the numerous conflicts which ensued, the independents were eminently, though not uniformly, successful; and at last, on taking Porto Cabello by storm, on the 9th November 1823, the Spaniards were completely, and, we hope, finally exterminated from the country.

The desolation to which this unhappy country has been reduced, must be manifest. The contest has been a peculiarly sanguinary one—*plus quam civile*. The most barbarous cruelties have been practised on both sides; and the very worst features of revenge, in hot blood and in cold, are visible through the whole portentous struggle. "Her towns have been laid in ruins," says the writer before us, "and her provinces depopulated; her agriculture has languished, the working of her mines, an important source of her wealth, has been suspended for want of hands to carry on the necessary operations, and the commerce of her maritime cities has been completely paralyzed by the diminished quantity of her produce, and the contracted demand for the supplies of foreign merchandise."—"But such is the fertility of the soil," continues the writer, "the salubrity of her climate, and the facility with which the necessaries of life are procured, that, under the fostering care of a provident and patriotic government, a very few years will suffice to recruit her exhausted population, repair her losses, and spread over her lands that abundance, with which nature so prodigally rewards the exertions of man in those favoured climes."

Columbia, however, is not yet at rest. No more attacks are to be apprehended from without—Spain will trouble her no more—but she is herself divided. The territory, in fact, is far too extensive—the population too thinly, and remotely distributed, to be brought conveniently under one superintendence. New Grenada and Venezuela wish to separate; and in each, some are for one form of government, and some for another. Bolivar is hostile to the federative, and Paez the advocate for separation. Too probably, nothing but a military government, and perhaps two,

will be able to keep things quiet; and irreproachable as has been Bolivar's conduct, and temperate as appears to be his character, he will probably be driven, even in his own defence, or in conviction of its necessity for the peace of the country, to carry the bayonet into the government and play the despot.

The finances of the government are in a most deplorable condition; and without an entire change in the system of administration, matters cannot go on. The whole concern is conducted on too expensive a scale. It is not that the official personages are individually too highly paid, but that they are far too numerous—we say not precisely for the occasions, but for the resources of the country. The expences of a people, not amounting to three millions, actually surpass those of the United States, with a population quadrupling that number. The revenues seem to amount to about six millions of dollars—more, probably, cannot be raised—and the scale of expences swells up to fifteen millions. Each department, and there are twelve of them, sends four members to the senate; now each of these, and each of the hundred representatives, are paid nine dollars a day during the annual sitting of congress—varying from ninety to one hundred and twenty days—and their travelling expences; and from Bagota, the present seat of government, to Angostura, the distance is 1,200 miles; to Cumana, as many; to Guayaquil, 1,000; and to Carthagena, 900.

The government has shewn itself extremely anxious to recover its credit in this country; and different funds, it seems, have been appropriated for this purpose; but of what use is such an appropriation, when the revenue falls so very far short of the more immediate, and more imperative demands of the domestic administration? No more money can be borrowed. Borrowing to pay borrowings is a financial manœuvre that ceases to be any longer relished, at least by the lender. No, no; Columbian bonds—sanguine as the writer before us seems to be—are not, and cannot be worth the price of so much unsoiled paper for years to come. It is just possible, that fifty years hence—supposing all along the government of Columbia fifty years hence will trouble themselves about the matter—the value of the bonds may begin to mount up again. As matters are, a few months, and the keenest efforts of the keenest jobber, will be completely baffled in any attempt to keep up any assignable value to these miserable scraps of spoilt paper.

Very little is generally known, we believe, of the English officers and soldiers, who have, from first to last, gone into the Columbian service. The volume before us gives an interesting, and we have no doubt a very authentic account of the matter. The number far exceeds the notion we had formed of them. Six thousand have actually embarked from this country; and at the end of 1823, not more than 160 survived—we say

survived, for few, we believe, ever returned. The miseries incurred by them are scarcely to be paralleled. We had intended to compress the particulars, but have already exceeded our limits, and must refer our readers for them to the book itself.

A Popular Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures, by W. Carpenter; 1826.—“The design of this work,” says the author—a man evidently of cultivated talents—is to furnish a digest of the most valuable information on the subject of scripture interpretation and antiquities, adapted to the use of that class of persons, whose knowledge of language is confined to the English—and to very many others, we shall add, who would by no means be thought to come under the description of such as know none but their mother-tongue. The expression is somewhat equivocal; but the writer alludes to ignorance of Greek and Latin: and how many, or rather how few, out of every thousand, who are set to learn these languages in their youth, even know, or ever retain enough of them to make any serviceable use of them?

The book is intended to be a more accessible, that is a more generally useful work than Mr. Horne’s Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures; and it will prove in truth to be really more useful;—not that the writer speaks or is at all disposed to speak depreciatingly of Mr. Horne—quite the contrary—as indeed that gentleman’s indefatigable industry cannot deserve. We would accordingly, warmly recommend Mr. Carpenter’s work to nineteenthists of those who are enjoined to study Mr. Horne’s, but to whom his learning is rather an incumbrance than an assistance. There is none of the parade of learning in it, but all the essence of it. The author is himself manifestly a man of learning; and he gives us quietly, and unaffectedly the fruits of it—the kernel without the shell. Learning indeed was not required for the undertaking; what was wanted, and what the writer possessed, is sound judgment to select the useful, and stern resolution to reject the superfluous, and still more, the ostentatious. To the orthodox, the volume will seem to come from a suspicious quarter, but we assure them—notwithstanding the panic of the “Christian Remembrancer”—and who more orthodox than we?—*there is no offence in it.*

The work is divided into two parts. The first, occupying about forty pages, enumerates the moral qualities for the profitable reading of the Scriptures, and furnishes some useful rules for collecting the sense of them; and the other part, embracing all of what may be termed the *literary* helps for a right understanding of the Scriptures, fill up the remaining pages—full six hundred, closely printed. This part is sub-divided very judiciously, and distinctly, into chapters and sections. Of the larger divisions, there

are eleven. The 1st contains prefatory observations on every one of the books of the Old and New Testament, indicating all that is known of the several writers, with the specific object of each piece, and analyzing the contents; 2, a sketch of what is known by the term “sacred geography;” 3, political antiquities of the Jews; 4, laws of the Jews; 5, festivals; 6, sacred places, of worship, that is; 7, sacred things; 8, members and officers of the Jewish Church; 9, corruption of religion among the Jews, including the sects; 10, national and domestic customs, including divisions of time, weights, measures, coins; their literature, houses, costumes, marriages, &c. &c.; and, 11, an enumeration of allusions to foreign customs and opinions.

The execution of the whole work is not only creditable, but unexceptionable. In point of *composition*, too, Mr. Horne’s work will bear no comparison with plain William Carpenter’s.

Confessions of an Old Bachelor; 1827.

—The “Old Bachelor’s Confessions” are mixed up, clumsily enough, with the incidents of a narrative. The Confessor himself is a nervous and vapoured old man—as a man without a wife must of course be—indulging his own whims—retaining tenaciously his opinions—professedly at least—his habits and his dress, of forty years ago, even to his pig-tail, and railing against the changes of the times, which annoy and exasperate him, and prompt floods of spleen and bile. He is a valetudinarian, too, of nearly seventy; and under the care and surveillance of his housekeeper, he undertakes the painful operation of a visit to the country, and the visit is extended to Bath, and a return by Cheltenham and Oxford. The Confessions are written on the several stages of his tour, and fill up the dearth of incident. They, however, amount to little or nothing—a few school-boy tricks—his college adventures are reserved for a separate volume—his tour in search of a wife—the opportunities he found, or made, and missed, or lost, or disregarded—none of them of any interest or novelty whatever.

The volume, however, has a great deal of sensible and well-founded remark in it—common enough still, but always judicious in itself, though rarely appropriate to the assumed and described character. The spirit of the remark, in short, is manifestly of too modern a cast for the antiquated character of the bachelor, and too liberal and vigorous for the enfeebled and querulous invalid. The sentiments spring from a younger and more active mind, than of one who has done nothing for thirty years, but pass from his lodgings to his club—now and then visiting a bookstall, or a picture shop—monosyllabising with the members of the club, or at home with his nurse, whining over his aches and his plagues, or grumbling at his disappointments. The “Old Maid,” whenever

she comes forth—and that will not be long first—with her Confessions, will prove, we doubt not, far too knowing; and the “Old Man,” in like manner, will forget he has never seen forty.

The writer is too apt to run into caricature—his description of the person and qualifications of the Schoolmaster is mere extravagance, with no smartness to redeem it. The pic-nic party in the forest, very little better. He is best when he is serious, and warmed into argument; and even then it is questionable, whether he is not really quizzing. The writing has frequently all the air of a piece of magazine embroidery—mistaking flippancy for vivacity.

Take a specimen of his serious remarks—whether he be serious or not—no matter—we are. Speaking of *improvements*, he says,

I fancy I know as much about the merits of modern and ancient times, as those who pretend to be more knowing; but let me tell them this; let me tell those impertinents, who brag of their modern improvements, that they may do so with a little more justice, when they have rectified the various evils of the present day. Yes, when wretched, bleeding, and lovely Ireland is pacified, by whatever means that object may be effected; when the present fluctuations in the price of productions have been smoothed down to a fixed and level standard; when a general reformation has been made in the laws, both civil and criminal, in substance and in practice; and a new code has been framed; when something like uniformity has been established between the east and west sides of Northumberland House, which will only be, when the prejudices of cockney proprietors is overcome; when the projected quay is erected on the banks of our noble river; when quiet people can walk by the side of the docks without being kidnapped, under the pretext of legal impressment and public expediency; when the sale of game has been legalized, to the entire abolition of poaching, (for what tradesman will not sooner buy game, brought him by the proprietor, than purloined for him by the nightly marauder?) when sweeping boys are able to wash the soot from their faces, and heal the wounds of their raw and festering knees;—why then, I say, when all this has been done, people may indeed talk, with reason, of improvement; I shall then be willing to listen to them with a little more patience. When all this has taken place, why then—why then—there will be, comparatively, nothing left to be hoped for, but the apotheosis of the Lord Chancellor Eldon.

The Wolfe of Badenoch, an Historical Romance of the Fourteenth Century, by the Author of “Lochandu.” 3 vols. 12mo.; 1827.—Of “Lochandu,” we never before heard. If the reader have any curiosity, the writer, we are assured on “good authority,” is another Scotch Baronet, and not one of recent creation, but one who can count transmissions of the title, six or seven, through a distant line of ancestors. The name itself, though already known to some few, and to ourselves too, happily among that favoured few, is not yet to be bruited to the vulgar; and decorum forbids that we should indis-

creetly, or ungratefully break the sacred silence.

We love a preface, and therefore we glanced at the writer's preface—we beg pardon of his superior taste—the writer's “preliminary notice.” It is at once declarative and exculpatory. The “Wolfe of Badenoch,” it seems, was advertised in June 1825, at which time it was ready for the press. Since then, certain circumstances, easily guessed at—meaning perhaps—it is only a guess of ours—Constable's bankruptcy—have subjected it, with many a more important work, to an embargo, &c. The *author himself had forgotten it*, until now that it has been unexpectedly called for; and this must be his apology, &c. Now what silly affectation is this? Does he not know that no man of common, or uncommon sense, will give him credit for the truth of this declaration? Then why, whether true or not, does he make it?

“But he has been accused,” he says, “of being an imitator of the Great Unknown. He is not so wilfully,” &c. What then? His subjects are the same, his scenes, his characters. His more elaborated descriptions bear upon the same topics—fires, floods, sieges, battles, escapes, scarcely intelligible and utterly incredible; rocks impassable, and precipices unscalable, by limbs and sinews of mortal mould—detailed indeed with some vigour of fancy, and intensity of conception, but with a particularity, and labour, and length, that not one reader in fifty ever peruses or perusing, surmounts their intricacies. Of difficulties and embarrassments by flood and field, Mrs. Ratcliffe treated us with abundance; and Godwin, with miraculous escapes, that every witling thinks to parallel; but Sir W. Scott it is that riots in these and similar scenes; and this author of “Lochandu” does the same. All his energies are reserved for these momentous descriptions, and nothing else seems deserving of his exertions. We do not say that he *imitates*, in his sense of the word; but Sir Walter has been pre-eminently successful in these matters, and this second Sir Something Somebody must try his powers on the same topics; and this is all we presume that is meant by the charge of which he complains. But is not this imitation? He follows Sir Walter; and but for his predecessor, he would never have gone over the ground he has gone. If he wishes to escape the offensive charge, he must *originate*.

The “Wolfe of Badenoch” is a good taking title; but the Wolfe of Badenoch is not the subject of the romance. The incidents of the Wolfe are strictly an episode, and connected with the main story by the slenderest threads. This “Wolfe” was the *nom de guerre* of the third son of Robert the Second of Scotland, and flourished, as the chronologers have it, of course, in the Fourteenth Century. He must be made to merit his ferocious “addition,” and all rage and violence, we find him—

full of fire and fury—an active volcano. With a boiling spirit of impetuous impatience, that knows no control from within or without, he has a son of the same blessed temperament—ready at every carouse to fling the tankards at each other's heads; and at every contradiction, each to plunge his sword into the other's bosom. The “Wolfe” had deserted his wife, and living, as he does, in open profligacy with a leman, draws on him the censures of the Church. The Church and her censures he sets at defiance, and in revenge—impelled, besides by a desire to grasp at some ecclesiastical lands—he sets fire to the town of Forres, and burns down the Archdeacon's mansion, and part of the cathedral. The Church retaliates with her final censures, and again the “Wolfe” gives free course to his vengeance, and wreaks it upon the buildings and the magnificent cathedral of Elgin. On this occasion, three of his sons are severely wounded, and a fourth is in imminent peril from the conflagration. The terrors of the father are too mighty for his energies, and he is seized with a raging fever. In the agonies of disease and apprehension, sharpened by the activity of a resolute Franciscan, who administers to both soul and body, he is finally brought to submission—is reconciled to the Church and to his father; and on his recovery, undergoes the penance of walking barefoot, in public, to the church—manifestly in the determination of proceeding with the same contumacy, and haughty, and impetuous spirit as before. The writer professes to adhere rigorously to historical facts. All the common histories of Scotland represent the Wolfe, after the outrage upon Elgin, as being thrown into prison by his father, and remaining there to the end of his life. The author relies upon a contemporary chronicle, and may have reason for his reliance. Our received histories are full of convicted blunders. The Wolfe's sarcophagus is still in the cathedral of Dunkeld, from the inscription of which, it seems he died in 1394. His father died in 1390.

The story of the Wolfe is, as we have said, strictly an episode; but it is by far the best part of the romance. All that relates to him is vigorously and effectively executed. That which really constitutes the romance—that with which the volumes begin and end, and with which they are chiefly occupied, is of far inferior interest, and much of it of far inferior execution. An Hephorne returns, with a friend, from the wars of France, passes through England, and stops at Norham Castle, on the borders. Here he gets a few glimpses of a lady, and being red-hot for falling in love with the first fair form he meets, is at once desperately, and as it proves, permanently enamoured. He goes on to Scotland with his friend, and visits his paternal roof—marries his sister to his friend; sets out to a splendid tourney—visits the court—joins a challenging party to London, to fight on London Bridge—re-

turns, and accompanies the expedition of the Douglas' to Newcastle, and is present at the fight of Otterbourne, where the Douglas is slain, and Hotspur and his brother are taken prisoners, &c. &c. On all these occasions, and on all others, he is distinguished by his gallant bearing, his frank and courteous manner, and in short by a cluster of generous and gentlemanly qualities. In all these places too, he encounters the lady of Norham Castle—sometimes believing her to be one person and sometimes another—at one time she attends upon him, unknown, as his page; but at last the cloud of mystery clears away, and the parties, in the wonted way, are blessed.

Though much of the tale may be said to be ably done, the effect is heavy; and but for the relief of the Wolfe, would be intolerably oppressive. The dialogue of the leading persons is insufferable from the affected quaintness of the language—a medley of ancient and modern—of English, and Saxon, and French, and Latin. Does the writer imagine the gentlemen of the age, of which he writes, spake such a mag-pie dialect? But the language of the underlings is past bearing at all.

A General View of the Present System of Public Education in France, and of the Laws, Regulations, and Courses of Study in the Different Faculties, Colleges, and inferior Schools, which now compose the Royal University of that Kingdom. By David Johnston, M. D.; 1827.—Very early in the French Revolution, the University of Paris was broken up—all its privileges were annihilated, and its possessions dispersed; and with it every other public and protected institution for education. The common resources and scenes of instruction were swept away, and instruction was sought for from any quarter, from pretenders and unpretenders—without authority, since it could not be obtained with—by hook or by crook—any way—wherever it could be procured. There were none to control the master or the scholar; the wonted course might be safely abandoned, and another method as safely adopted. There was a chance for getting rid of the bad, and at least of trying a better. Education was completely unfettered, and left—as surely it ought to be—to the effects of unthwarted competition.

This free state of things, however, was not suffered to last long. The essence of education is not enough for people. They require certain outward and visible signs to recognise the man, who is qualified to teach, or to preach, or to cut off a limb, or dabble in physic, or quibble in the courts; and there must therefore be authorities, under whose control men may graduate, and thus win titles to confidence. Besides, among the philosophers of the national convention, education was a favourite subject of speculation. Man is the creature of habit. Take

the management of him into your own hands, and you make him what you like. He is clay in the potter's hand. Excogitate then a comprehensive scheme of education, and give the bent and law to his habits. Make the adoption of that scheme imperative, and you mould your people into just what form you would have them. Men and women are but flesh and blood, and flesh and blood follow the laws of mechanics as steadily as plants and fossils.

Hence originated the national plan of education by primary, central, and special schools in 1795, which was to pervade the whole territory of France; but which, however, was never carried, to any considerable extent, into execution, and was itself superseded by another, in 1802—the work of Fourcroy, Roederer, and Regnaud. Essentially, perhaps, the new scheme differed from the first more in names and distinctions than in realities. The schools were now divided into primary, secondary, Lycea, and special schools, each succeeding one rising in importance over the other, and all placed under the superintendence of the civil magistrate, and confined to the same commanded course of study.

This second institution, however, assumed a new and more imposing aspect under the Emperor; for, in 1808, it was transformed into the Imperial University. To the control of this university—still existing, with scarcely any but insignificant changes, though of course now, with the title of “Royal,”—is exclusively confided the public instruction throughout the kingdom. To it is entrusted the education of the people in all its branches. The Royal University is no longer the University of Paris; but is a body that stretches its feelers through every corner of the kingdom—subject solely to the jurisdiction of a council residing at Paris, called the Royal Council of Public Instruction, the head of which has the rank and title of Secretary of State.* No establishments, except those connected with the public service—military ones—can exist in France, independent of the University. Every school, of whatever nature, public or private, high or low, for the great or the little, is subject to its statutes or its surveillance; and no one can open a school, without being a member of the University, or sanctioned by its authority.

This university consists of twenty-six academies, as they are styled, corresponding with the courts of appeal, or royal courts. That is, the limits of each of the twenty-six royal courts constitute the limits of an “academy.” Its schools are classed thus:—1. Faculties, of which there are five; theology, law, medicine, sciences, and letters. These are destined to the teaching of science and literature in their highest branches, and can alone confer the highest academical honours. 2. Colleges, in which are taught the ele-

ments of philosophy and science. 3. Private institutions and boarding-schools. 4. Primary schools, for reading, writing, arithmetic, &c., which are again divided into three orders, according as the instruction is more or less advanced.

The author of the volume before us—a gentleman, apparently well acquainted with France—enters very minutely into the operations of this magnificent institution, its mode of government, and course of study, of the whole of which he is inclined to speak in a very laudatory tone. The total silence he observes,—we cannot forbear remarking,—upon the facilities, which this system of control gives the clergy of France, and the actual use they are known to be making of those facilities is, for an Englishman, and even for a Scotchman, to say the least of it, something singular. Dr. Johnston must know perfectly, that the Royal University is, under existing management, essentially a clerical institution, and altogether in the hands, or at least altogether under the control of the clergy. Can he be insensible to the consequences?

But he has a particular motive for this publication—at least for publishing at this particular period. A commission—a “royal” commission, as he reverently phrases it—is actually at this time inquiring into the state of the Scottish universities; and the author considers the publication, therefore, at such a time, of a History of the University of France, with an account of its institutions and arrangements, and particularly its course of study, in the higher schools and the lower, eminently appropriate. Bearing these things in mind—but one conclusion can be drawn—that if any change be contemplated in Scotland, it is desirable to assimilate them to that of the Royal University of France. We know but little of Scotch universities; they may want reforming; but we should wish to see all institutions of this nature with fewer restrictions, rather than more.

Dr. Johnston introduces his view of the present state of education, with a history of the origin and progress of the old University of Paris, which is well enough as a sort of syllabus of the succession of facts relative to that once conspicuous and formidable institution; but in any other light, is miserably dry and meagre. In the course of his after-statements on the existing system of education, he speaks of the remarkable extension of schools for mutual instruction in France. Is he not aware that these institutions are looked upon with great coolness by the University, and have, in fact, during the last year, received a serious check?

We quote a fact or two relative to education, incidentally mentioned by Dr. Johnston—page 228.

The King of Prussia, by a late edict, calls upon all his subjects, *under penalties*, to send their children to school at a certain age;—and the King of Sardinia, by an edict of nearly the same date, forbids all persons,

* The present head is Fraissinous, Bishop of Hermopolis, and is, or lately was the King's confessor.

who do not possess a certain annual income, from attending the literary institutions of his kingdom.

So much for sovereigns meddling with education!

Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary; 1826.—This is the first time Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary has been translated; and some of our readers will think, perhaps, it would have been better left alone now. We are not precisely of that opinion, though we do not think the translation was called for. Those who can taste Voltaire, will prefer him in the raciness of his own inimitable language. But there is more good than harm in the work; and we are not for suppressing good, because it happens to be mixed up occasionally with what is less acceptable. Every thing requires sifting. What good is unaccompanied with evil? Or what so bad from which good may not be extracted? If Voltaire is to be proscribed—how many scores of admitted denizens should share in the proscription? Voltaire was a man eminently free from prejudice—bad as well as good. He looked with a direct and searching eye through the institutions of society; his keen and penetrating glance detected absurdities, perversions, cruelties; and his impetuous activity compelled him irresistibly to expose them. The ardour of his temperament hurried him frequently beyond the point of discretion, and the desire of victory, no doubt, occasionally beyond the bounds of truth and propriety. He made war upon hypocrisy, as openly as he dared. The power of the hypocrites he attacked, forced himself into hypocrisy, but it was hypocrisy of another cast—a different texture. The object of *his* hypocrisy was not to deceive the world, but to screen himself from a formidable party. But in how many instances did he not dare the worst resentments of his enemies; and how much did he not in reality suffer from them? Were these persecutions encountered in the pursuit of self-interest? No, but of general humanity. He had faults enough of character, perhaps; and has offended in his writings, sometimes, against truth, and delicacy, and accuracy, but never against the charities and kindly feelings of mankind. Uniformly he inculcates humanity, and freedom, and intelligence; and if he attack the priests of his country, it is because he believed, and he found them to be hostile to these, the noblest qualities of our nature.

He blunders, now and then; but looking to the mass, and the variety, the wonder is, that he is so often as he is, just, discerning, original, and sometimes profound. The articles on religious subjects—some of them, at least—might, and should have been omitted;—to the believer, they are offensive; and to the unbeliever, surely superfluous.

"The Philosophical Dictionary," says the translator, who has sketched the character of Voltaire with a good deal of discrimination,

"is one of the most lively, amusing, and various books of fact and illustration now in existence; comprising information, adapted to every taste and line of study, delivered with the wit, animation, ease, and perspicuity, for which its gifted author was unrivalled. There is scarcely a topic, which has instructed or amused the world of letters, which is not treated of, nor any part of the varied shores, which bound the ever-revolving tide of human opinion, left unexplored."

Three Months in Ireland, by an English Protestant; 1827.—This "Three Months in Ireland" has very much disappointed us—not but that the writer has very correct notions of the state of Ireland, and very becoming feelings on the subject of her wrongs; but, because the materials, on which he builds his opinions, might have been readily obtained at home. The volume contains nothing which might not have been compiled in Albemarle-street, where, after all, perhaps, the materials were obtained, and the book elaborated. It absolutely has nothing to mark the individual *observer*. We have indeed seldom seen such a specimen of mere book-making from Mr. Murray's laboratory. If the statements put forth really be the result of a three months' residence, and of "very favourable opportunities," the writer must be regarded as a new convert to liberal sentiments relative to Ireland; for this supposition alone can account for his recapitulating, at this time of day, the grounds on which he forms the opinions put forth, on tithes, and absentees, and orangemen, and charter-schools—opinions, on which others have made up their minds long, and long ago. He is in the case of those, who make discoveries, which prove to be what every body knows.

These novel sentiments, expressed in tolerably plain and unobjectionable prose; we found, to our surprise, again appearing in another style of prose—obscure and unreadable—with a pair of rhymes for every twenty syllables. What could induce the writer to trouble himself, and plague his readers with this metrical *rechauffé*, is beyond all explanation. *Facit indignatio versus*, was Juvenal's excuse, and verses followed, or at least there was no want of the fervour that indignation generates. But here we have neither one nor the other—indignation, nor verses—the indignation evaporates in the preface, and the verses are the laborious result of the shadows of indignation—the recollections of spent enthusiasm; and not the promptings of natural feelings. The lines are utterly without passion or vigour; and yet *quando uberior vitiorum copia?* The writer must look to other quarters for inspiration—indignation fails him.

In the appendix—the book is all preface and appendix—the verses occupy thirty or forty pages only—is given a return of the compositions for tithe, made in consequence of Mr. Goulburn's bill, by which it appears

that 368 parishes have compounded for £111,529 8s. 8d.; amounting to about £300 a year each. Returns usually mislead. The one before us is calculated directly and designedly to do so. These 368 constitute only 234 livings, and should therefore have been returned as such. This number of 368 is reduced, by unions, to 234; that is, two or more livings have been from time to time consolidated, for want of Protestant congregations. This 234 brings up the value to £500; but even this is no criterion of the value of the livings, which the writer before us, and others, apparently on good grounds, place at £800. Take the writer's particular statement. We are sorry it is so prosy—the facts are worth something:—

From the evidence of Justin Mac Carthy, esq., a magistrate of the county of Cork, before the House of Lords, and quoted in the appendix, it seems that it has been usual to fix the new incomes, under the Composition Act, lower than the former incomes, on account of the additional security and increased facility of collection. The average, therefore, of livings, which have not compounded must be higher than that of the livings which have. Besides, in this document of compositions, there are reckoned, as district benefices, parishes which, it is true, are not joined in an union with others; but which, from peculiar circumstances, produce so very small an income, that they cannot possibly be held alone, and must naturally and properly occasion pluralities. Thus, for instance, the benefice of Vastinay (diocese of Meath) produces only £17 a year; and this, and similar instances, tend unfairly to lower the apparent average of clerical income. Dismissing, however, these two important considerations, it may be shewn even without them, that the average revenue of Irish benefices is at least £800. It appears from the official document of Compositions already quoted, that the averages of the benefices that have compounded must be much higher than £500 a year; because many of the parishes in unions have not, while others have, compounded. Thus it frequently happens, that if, for instance, there are six parishes in an union, and only three have compounded, the incomes of these three, from the official document, when added together, seem to form the whole income of the living, instead of which, the produce of the other three should be added also. Now in these 234 benefices, there are, as appears from the official returns, comprehended 151 parishes, which have not compounded for their tithes, but of which it would be necessary to know the incomes, before we can ascertain the total profits, and therefore the real average of the benefices in question. Taking these parishes at the average of £300 a year (which the advocates of the Irish Church have themselves stated as the average of the total yearly income they afford, would be above £45,000; and dividing this sum among the 234 benefices, it gives each of them yearly about £200. Thus it raises their average to £700 a year. But we must now take into consideration the glebes, which amount to above 83,000 Irish acres, that is, to more than 120,000 English acres. These we will assume at the very low estimate of their producing only one pound for each English acre, and the number of benefices in

Ireland being about 1,250, this computation gives us about £100 a year for each benefice; that is, it raises their average to £800 a year.

Triple the average value of the livings in England!

The writer recommends reduction, and more unions of bishoprics and deaneries—moreover, to abolish tithes altogether, and apply the produce of superfluous episcopal and chapter lands to compensate the clergy for loss of tithes. This might be done as lives drop. Unions of bishoprics are of frequent occurrence in Irish history; Denn and Connor were united in 1441; Waterford and Lismore, in 1536; Cashel and Enley, in 1568; Cork and Ross, in 1583; Leighton and Ferns, in 1600; Clonfert and Kilmagdnagh, in 1602; Tuam and Ardagh, in 1742; and Killaloe and Kilfenora, as lately as 1752.

The Golden Violet, by L. E. L.; 1827.—L. E. L. and Mrs. Hemans divide the popular laurel of the lady-poets of the day. They are equally ubiquitous and equally intrepid. No fears of exhaustion disturb or retard the flow of "words that breathe"—no feeling of weariness in themselves, and no misgivings have they of weariness in their readers; they pour forth their floods of nectar, as if the sources could never dry, nor the streams lose their sweetness, nor their price. They scatter—to change the figure—there is no talking of poets without figures—they scatter their flowers with a profusion that cares not for the withering—for the loss can easily and instantly be replaced. The rose-buds are yet young and vigorous—in the full strength of their bearing—of the Macartney kind, and bloom the year round, in eternal succession.

"Tell the same tale day after day, and in a few months it will be placed beyond the reach of contradiction." The ladies, of whom we speak, have been zealously and ably proneured. Talents far less effective, might have been stimulated to successful exertion, and have gained almost the same eminence, by the same means. Far be it from us to depreciate their performances. We have been delighted with the occasional felicities of their smaller efforts. Short flights are all they should, either of them, aim at—their pinions are of too slight a texture for the muscular exertions demanded for towering and struggling up the higher and more ethereal regions of Olympus—they are of Dædalian manufacture, tastily constructed and skilfully fitted to the shape—adhesive too—but not of native growth—neither connate nor concrete, and will not bear too near approaches to the sun.

The language of poetry is become as accessible to common handling as that of newspaper-prose. Rhymes are of the promptest recurrence; phrases, specific and general, of every kind, are ready-turned, or wearing down to smoothness, which flow from the pen and glide along the paper, leaving indeed little or no impression, but yet equally filling up the page; similes accumulate by

successive inheritances in myriads; and illustrations of all sizes, shades, and shapes of approved propriety, apt and pretty, are at every one's fingers'-ends, and always at hand, and admitted, as of course, and no questions asked. Practice has given L. E. L. considerable facility, and applause and success no little confidence; and let her write of what she will, it will take a poetical air that will secure readers, and frequently admirers.

The "Golden Violet" is the prize of a poetical contest, and several tales of romance and chivalry are told by the competitors, in a variety of measures. To L. E. L., indeed, it seems a matter of perfect indifference, into what metre she plunges—Trochaics, Iambics, and Anapests—the medium is equally navigable—her agility and dexterity are the same, and she floats or flows with the same ease. At the close of the volume are thrown in two or three smaller pieces, which, to our own taste, are the best of the book; and of these, "Love's Last Lesson," the best. It tells of the feelings of one who is bidden by her lover to "forget" him. The pathos of the thing is true and deep. It looks less like the mere effort of fancy than the rest. It is either "inspiration," or she knows and feels what she tells about. It is the best of the volume.

Teach it me if you can—forgetfulness!
I surely shall forget, if you can bid me;
I, who have worshipp'd thee my god on earth.
I, who have bow'd me at thy lightest word.
Your last command, "forget me," will it not
Sink deeply down within my inmost soul?
Forget thee!—ay, forgetfulness will be
A mercy to me. By the many nights
When I have wept for that I dared not sleep—
A dream had made me live my woes again,
Acting my wretchedness, without the hope
My foolish heart still clings to, tho' that hope
Is like the opiate, which may lull awhile,
Then wake to double torture; by the days
Pass'd in lone watching and in anxious fears,
When a breath sent the crimson to my cheek,
Like the red gushing of a sudden wound;
By all the careless looks, and careless words,
Which have to me been like the scorpion's
stinging:

By happiness blighted, and by thee, for ever;
By thy eternal work of wretchedness;
By all my wither'd feelings—ruined health,
Crush'd hopes, and rifled heart, I will forget
thee!

Alas! my words are vanity. Forget thee!
Thy work of wasting is too surely done.
The April shower may pass and be forgotten,
The rose fall, and one fresh spring in its place;
And thus it may be with light, summer love.
It was not so with mine: it did not spring,
Like the bright colour on an evening cloud,
Into a moment's life, brief—beautiful;
Not amid lighted halls, when flatteries
Steal on the ear like dew upon the rose,
As soft—as soon dispersed, as quickly pass'd;
But you first call'd my woman's feelings forth,
And taught me love ere I had named Love's
name.

* * * * *

She flung aside the scroll, as it had part
In her great misery. Why should she write?
What could she write?—Her woman's pride for-
bade
To let him look upon her heart, and see
It was an utter ruin;—and cold words,
And scorn, and slight, that may repay his own,
Were as a foreign language, to whose sound
She might not frame her utterance. Down she
bent
Her head upon an arm, so white, that tears
Seem'd but the natural melting of its snow.
Touch'd by the flush'd cheek's crimson; yet life-
blood.
Less wrings in shedding than such tears as those.

And this then, is Love's ending! it is like
The history of some fair southern clime.
Hot fires are in the bosom of the earth,
And the warm'd soil puts on its thousand flowers,
Its fruits of gold, summer's regality,
And sleep and odours float upon the air:
At length, the subterranean element
Breaks forth its secret dwelling-place, and lays
All waste before it; the red lava stream
Sweeps like the pestilence; and that which was
A garden in its colours and its breath,
Fit for the princess of a fairy tale,
Is as a desert, in whose burning sands,
And ashy waters, who is there can trace
A sign—a memory of its former beauty?

* * * * *

—Had he not long read
Her heart's hush'd secret in the soft dark eye,
Lighted at his approach, and on the cheek,
Colouring all crimson at his lightest look?
This is the truth: His spirit wholly turn'd
To stern ambition's dreams, to that fierce strife
Which leads to life's high places, and reek'd not
What lovely flowers might perish in his path.

Mathematical and Astronomical Tables, for the use of Students of Mathematics, &c. &c. by William Galbraith, M.A. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.—"The application of the mathematical sciences to practical purposes, has of late made great advances in accuracy and precision, the perfection also which astronomical and geological operations have reached, and the extreme delicacy of construction to which instruments have been carried, require correspondent improvements in the methods of computation and reduction, and therefore, convenient tables, of moderate expense, must be of great value to those engaged either in the details of practice or the business of instruction. There are two classes of tables chiefly in use; one either larger and expensive, or attached to expensive works, and which, therefore, can with difficulty be procured by the generality of purchasers; the other so limited and defective as to be totally unfit for constant reference. It has been my study to hold a middle course between these two extremes. By making such additions to the usual tables as to render their application more easy without greatly increasing their bulk; by selecting the most useful from larger

collections; by supplying some new tables, and simplifying the practical rules, several very laborious processes have been rendered more simple and precise, while the requisite accuracy for the nicest purposes has been strictly preserved." Such is the statement with which Mr. Galbraith has submitted this most useful work to the public; and from a close examination of the tables it contains, as well as the preliminary and accompanying matter, we feel much pleasure in declaring that the expectations it holds out are amply fulfilled; and we recommend it to every person engaged in practical science, as a collection of tables supplying a gap, which, from the serious inconvenience that has hitherto arisen, they alone can appreciate.

Holland-Tide, or Munster Popular Tales; 1827.—We have here apparently a new candidate for the laurel of Irish novelist, and one of no common pretensions—evidently familiar with the features of the country, and the habits of the people, and capable of exhibiting their peculiarities with truth and vigour. "Holland-Tide," or "November-Eve," is a season of enjoyment, the usual festivities of which, though no longer pursued to the same extent as in other days, are still not neglected in Ireland. One of the amusements consists in story telling, and the volume before us contains the tales supposed to be told on one of these cheering anniversaries.

The principal tale—occupying two-thirds of the volume—has little or no Munster peculiarity, except its scenery, about it. The same combination of events might have suited any province in Ireland, or any county in England. The story, we suppose, originates in a local tradition, and thus is entitled to the name of a Munster tale. Aylmer, of Bally-Aylmer, meets with his death on board a smuggling boat, at a time, when no one is on deck but his friend Fitz-maurice. Fitz-maurice is suspected of the murder, and is brought to trial on the suspicion, but acquitted for want of evidence. The degrading event changes the character of Fitz-maurice, and he becomes morose and melancholy. He adopts, however, the son of his dead friend; educates him at his own expense, and by generosity and good management eventually clears off the incumbrances on the father's estate. When the narrative begins, young Aylmer is returning from Dublin College, and crossing the Kerry mountains, where he encounters some perils from storms and sheep-stealers, on his way to Fitz-maurice's. On his arrival—after an absence of some years—his suspicions are, in a variety of ways, awakened against his guardian as the murderer of his father. He is enamoured of the daughter; but his filial remembrances and duties stimulate him to clear up the mystery. The spirit or the substance of his father appears by the bedside, and seems just on the point of denouncing Fitz-maurice as the

murderer, when an interruption occurs. Aylmer wrings from his guardian a confession of guilt, and brings him eventually again to trial. At the trial, young Aylmer deposes to the confession of his guardian, and the imperfect declaration of the ghost. To confirm this evidence, the ghost is summoned by the crier of the court, in behalf of our lord the king, and the elder Aylmer—the supposed murdered person—forthwith appears in *propria persona*. Aylmer had actually been dashed into the water by his friend; but had escaped drowning. He had, however, found it necessary to withdraw, from the fear of being himself implicated in a charge of murdering a king's officer in a smuggling affair. His, however, had not been the hand that dealt the blow. The peril of his ancient friend now prompted him to run all hazards. Danger, however, there was now none—the evidence against him was lost. The friends are reconciled; Aylmer is restored to his home, and the young people are of course made happy.

The next best tale is the "Hand and Word"—extremely well told; but entitled to the epithet of Munster only on the same grounds as the former. The remaining four or five bear more upon the extraordinary—the prevailing belief in the existence of fairies—their obliging or mischievous qualities: and, though less attractive as stories, are more characteristic of the habits and prejudices of the province.

Truckleborough Hall: 3 vols. 12mo.; 1827.—This is a political tale, and the object—blending the intemperate terms of conflicting parties—to shew how readily a red-hot radical is transmutable into a treasury-tool. The scene is thrown back into the French Revolution, and jacobins are substituted for radicals—being, we suppose, somewhat more available. The aim of the writer—no novice as a scribbler—manifestly is to hold up to ridicule every species of opposition to the existing government. Extremes tell best; and the ridicule, which extremes will always furnish, is easily thrown over whatever can be twisted into alliance with them, however foreign it in reality may be. There is no fierceness about him. The days, indeed, of anti-jacobin truculence are gone by; but the tory contempt, which has taken its place, for all pretensions to public spirit, and zeal for public welfare, is scarcely less intolerable, or less to be lamented. Through the whole volumes runs a tone of hardened levity, exceedingly revolting, and political profligacy is treated as universal. Low and contemptible as are the sentiments, and worthless as is the tale itself, the book will be relished by the Tories—particularly Tories in the country, always in arrear—and will be referred to by them as a rich treasury of detraactive abuse and insinuation, against the pretensions and the purity of reformers of all kinds. It will answer its base purpose to a certain extent.

Truckleborough Hall is the residence of a

whig peer, who has just purchased the interest of the adjoining borough. His lordship's eldest son takes one seat, and the other is to be filled by some dependant till the second is of age. In the neighbourhood of the borough resides also a gentleman of some property—a man of education—bitten by jacobin principles; a member of the corresponding society; assuming the cognomen of citizen; shunning the society of his equals, and spreading his opinions among the vulgar—the barbers' shops and pot-houses. On the approach of a general election, he receives a parcel from an old political enemy of his, containing "Burke's Reflections," which his friend advises him to read, avowing himself not merely shaken in his revolutionary views, but inclined even to support existing establishments; and intending, moreover, to offer himself as a candidate for the borough, under the patron's wing. The patriot North is disgusted at this tergiversation, hurls Burke into the fire, resolves upon putting more vigour than ever into his exertions, and talks of itinerating to lecture on the rights of the people.

On the eve of the election, Lord Slender—the patron, and his son—accompanied by the apostate Turnstile, wait upon the citizen North—addressing him with all possible respect, and inviting a further acquaintance. The citizen has a very amiable daughter, and the peer another. The young people are quickly attached to each other, and a family intercourse ensues. The jacobin contemner of rank is secretly flattered by these attentions; but is nevertheless impelled to try his strength, or rather that of his principles in the borough, with the peer. The right of election is solely with the corporation—all of whom, with the exception of an unemployed and therefore discontented attorney, and another or two are in the peer's interest, and North of course fails. Nothing daunted, after the election he resolves upon carrying his itinerating intentions into execution; and coming to town, he gets up a meeting for political discussion, at the Pig's-foot and Pie-crust in Shoe-lane. The police interpose—some of the speakers are arrested; confusion follows, and in the confusion North escapes through a window, and flies for refuge to Lord Slender's, the patron of Truckleborough. He is assisted in his flight by young Slender; but, at Litchfield, by a series of unlucky encounters, is recognized, brought to town, thrown into prison, and in due time tried on a charge of high treason. Evidence fails, and the citizen is acquitted. A public dinner follows, at which North, now cooling from the perils he has incurred, reluctantly attends, and makes a speech professing of unchangeable sentiments, but in terms, if not ambiguous, at least accompanied by restrictions, of which he had not spoken before.

The philosopher now visits Lord Slender, and proposes to return to his cottage, and withdraw from the storms of political life. But soon in his way falls an unexpected temptation. Turnstile is ruined by gaming,

and obliged to accept the Chiltern Hundreds. The vacant seat of the borough is offered to the patriot, and the advocate for political purity consents without difficulty to enter the house through a rotten borough—the better to enable him, of course, to promote his patriotic views. He revisits the borough, goes through the whole farce of canvassing, speechifying, dining, balling, with the same persons—then his violent opponents—he met, but a few months before—and all with a grave face, professing himself to have made no change in his sentiments—he has always been mistaken; but, nevertheless, at the same time applauding what he had before condemned. He even fraternises with the orthodox and loyal rector of the borough, and finally marries a daughter of his.

Now arrives the period for the meeting of parliament. He comes to town, and waits upon Lord Vellum—high in office—to pay his respects on his marriage with the daughter of his patron. The noble lord makes a careless inquiry as to the line of politics Mr. North proposes to take—concludes he will vote with the Slenders. North assures him he is an independent man, and shall of course vote with his conscience. The man of office approves of such upright principles; and mentions he has a place, at his disposal, not worthy of Mr. North's merits, or perhaps of his acceptance; but, if he will accept, it is at his service. The apostate accepts, and triumphs on the treasury bench.

An introductory Lecture on Human and Comparative Physiology, by Peter M. Roget, M.D.; 1826.—Dr. Roget, as might be expected, has here given a very distinct and comprehensive survey of the subjects of physiology. The same thing has no doubt been done before, over and over again; but Dr. Roget is not a man merely to repeat—he has suggested valuable hints. Physiologists have, most of them, wandered from the proper object of the science. That object is the search into physical causes—an object too frequently lost sight of in the pursuit of final causes. They have trespassed upon the territories of the anatomist and the theologian—pardonably enough—but still, men of science should know and keep to their business. The physiologist thus betrays the very science he professes to advance, and not only professes, but believes he does advance it, and makes his readers believe so too. How is *vital action* produced? By an archæus, or anima, say Van Helmont and Stahl. How are certain morbid changes restored—without the interference of art, we mean? By the *vis medicatrix nature*, exclaim Hoffman and Cullen. What coagulates the blood? The stimulus of necessity, says John Hunter—replies, all of them, which amount to nothing.

There is a something, which sets organized beings in action—a something in them which modifies and controuls the physical laws, to which unorganized matter is subject—a

something, which gives new cohesive powers to the solids of the body, and coagulable ones to the fluids—a something, which changes the effects of chemical affinities, retaining some, contrary to their wonted tendencies, in a state of equilibrium, and checking in others the course of agencies destructive of that equilibrium—a something, which produces, in degrees corresponding less or more apparently to the wants of the system, an addition or deduction of caloric, &c. &c. What is this, or these? The “principle of life,” replies the physiologist, with all possible complacency. Just as if this “principle of life” was something definable, simple, specific—something intelligible or measurable—the law of whose action was understood—and not, as it really is, a cover for ignorance. The truth is, these are effects, for which no physical cause can at present be assigned, and in the room of which therefore no names should be substituted, but such as are expressive of the want of knowledge. Words are too often things—and when we hear the words “principle of life” from men of science, in general, conscious of our own ignorance, we conclude, in all humility, they know what they are talking about, though we do not, and really have discovered something beyond the ken of ordinary mortals. Between many of the effects, for the cause of which the “principle of life” is assigned, as Dr. Roget very truly observes, there exists not the remotest analogy, and therefore it is unphilosophical; that is, it is idle to assign a common cause, particularly when the cause we do assign is a mere phrase, without a meaning. It is one thing to point out the relation of means and ends, and quite another that of causes and effects. These, however, physiologists perpetually confound. Such and such effects are manifestly conducive to the welfare of the individual—such or such things are destined for such purposes; something directs them to their objects, and that something is the cause. No, that is not forthwith the cause—it is not the cause physiologically, and, till we know the cause in that sense, the immediate physical cause, we know nothing about the matter physiologically.

This is the business of physiology. Here is an effect. What is the immediate cause of this effect? So and so: and what is the cause of that cause? and so on, till we are able to determine what is life—through all the intermediate causes of action, from the first movement to the final effect.

We are in too much haste with our conclusions; it is possible there may be scores of intermediate causes still traceable, and the more of these we actually trace—the more we confine our views to immediate causes—the more enlarged will be the conquests of the science of physiology.

The French Genders taught in Six Fables; being a plain and easy Art of Memory, by which the Genders of 15,548 French Nouns

may be learned in a few hours; 1826.—The genders of French nouns present a serious difficulty to learners; and in fact, not one in fifty of foreigners, who speak the language with tolerable fluency, ever get over the embarrassments occasioned by the impracticability of bringing them within any principle of association; and even with the natives themselves, correctness in this respect is one of the latest attainments. To facilitate is something.

There are 15,548 nouns it seems; 8,415 of which are masculine, and 7,133 feminine. Of the masculine, Mr. Goodluck has thrown 7,747, consisting of 115 different terminations, into three classes; and for each class he has constructed a fable, embracing one word of each termination assigned to that class. Of many of these 115 terminations, there are exceptions; but the whole are enumerated in the notes. There still remain 704 refractory ones, of which a few are classed in different ways; but the greater part must be committed singly to memory.

By way of specimen, we quote the first four lines of the first masculine fable.

*Un sanglier, fier de son pouvoir,
Prenant le frais dans un bosquet,
Rencontra un beau soir
Par hazard un bidet.*

Here are five words in italics—these are masculine terminations. Now of nouns ending in *er* there are 643; in *oir*, 144; in *ais*, 24; in *et*, 315; and in *ard*, 83—all masculine, excepting only two in *er*, and one in *et*; so that the beginner, by learning these four lines, and remembering the three exceptions, will be in possession at once of the genders of 1,199 nouns. The exceptions, Mr. Goodluck suggests, might be formed into short sentences, after Feinagle’s manner. “For instance, of the two exceptions in *er*,” the learner might say, “the man who attempts to learn without method, is like one who tries to empty the sea with a spoon—*vider la mer avec un cuiller.*”—The more absurd the better.

The same process is followed with the feminines; of these 6,935 are brought within the limits of three other fables, and the remaining 220 are left, of necessity, to shift for themselves. A useful list follows of words, masculine in one sense, and feminine in another—of which there seem to be about a hundred.

The author has done as much as appears to be practicable. He himself is “convinced that the genders may thus be learnt in a few hours, and learnt so as never to be forgotten.” Luckily we are not bound to decide by experiment. Let Mr. Goodluck be content with the credit of *facilitating*, and measure memories by an average standard.

La Divina Commedia di DANTE Alighieri; 1827.—This is a very neat little edition of Dante, from the Chiswick press, published by Arnold, of Tavistock-street. The whole is

compressed into one volume of about six hundred pages in 24mo.—by no means of an inconvenient thickness. The paper is good; the type distinct, and the price very moderate. Brief, but very useful notes—facilitating the construction, and explanatory of obsolete terms—are placed at the foot of each, eight or ten on an average, by Pietro Ciocchi, professore de lingua Italiana dell' Accademia

di Arte e Scienze; and all the words, the quantity, or rather the accent of which is at all doubtful, are carefully accented.

The preface announces the speedy publication, in a similar form, of *La Gerusalemme liberata*; *le Rime*; *l'Orlando Furioso*; *il Pastor Fido*; *la Secchia rapita*; and some *opere scelte* of Metastasio and others. The attempt is deserving of support.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

The rumour is continually gaining ground that a new president will be appointed to the chair of the Royal Society.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 15th.—The reading of a paper was concluded, entitled “additional notes on the opposite coasts of France and England, including some account of the lower Boulonnais,” by the president Dr. Fitton.

Jan. 5.—A notice was read, accompanying some specimens from the Hastings formation, with a copy of a work on the fossils of Tilgate forest, by G. Mantell, esq. The reading of a paper was commenced on the coal-field of Brora, Sutherlandshire, North Britain, and upon some other secondary deposits of the North of Scotland, by R. J. Murchison, esq.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 8.—A letter from Mr. Flaugergues, of Vivieres, communicated the intelligence that while looking for the comet, in the constellation Taurus, discovered by Mr. Gambart, of Marseilles, he had found another under the left arm of Orion. A letter from Mr. Gambart, dated Marseilles, October 29, announced his discovery, the preceding evening, of a comet, having then 14 h. 38 m. A.R., and 36.1° Dec. North. A letter from Professor Santini, dated Padua, November 6, detailed observations of a comet, discovered by M. Pons, at Florence, the 7th of October. Of the planet Aries, near its opposition to the Sun, in 1826, and of Pallas and Vesta, under the same circumstances. M. Santini has compared these observations with the geocentric positions of Pallas and Vesta, as computed by Professor Encke, and the mean differences are, for Pallas in A.R. + 3.96", in decl.—0.54'; for Vesta in A.R. + 11.43', in decl.—4.32'. A postscript, dated November 7. The discovery of another comet, on the 22d of October, in Bootes, by Mr. Pons, was announced. An account of the solar eclipse of November, as observed by Colonel Beaufoy, at Bushey, was read to the society. At the meeting on February 9, after the seventh annual report of the council had been delivered, they proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, when the following list was de-

livered in by the scrutineers: viz.—*President*: J. F. W. Herschel, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., L. and E., M.R.I.A., and F.G.S.—*Vice-Presidents*: Capt. F. Beaufort, R.N., F.R.S.; Lieut.-Gen. Sir T. M. Brisbane, K.C.B., F.R.S., L. and E.; Henry Thomas Colebrooke, Esq., F.R.S., L. and E., F.L.S., and G.S.; James South, Esq., F.R.S. and L.S.—*Treasurer*: Rev. W. Pearson, LL.D., F.R.S.—*Secretaries*: Olinthus G. Gregory, LL.D.; Prof. Math. Royal Mil. Acad. Woolwich; Lieut. W.S. Stratford, R.N.—*Foreign Secretary*: Charles Babbage, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., L. and E., and M.R.I.A.—*Council*: Francis Baily, Esq., F.R.S., L.S. and G.S., and M.R.I.A.; Colonel Mark Beaufoy, F.R.S. and L.S.; Lieut.-Col. Thomas Colby, R.E., LL.D. and F.R.S., L. and E.; Capt. George Everest; Davies Gilbert, Esq., M.P., V.P.R.S., F.L.S., and G.S.; Benjamin Gompertz, Esq., F.R.S.; Stephen Groombridge, Esq., F.R.S.; James Horsburgh, Esq., F.R.S.; Rt. Hon. Lord Oxmantown; Edward Riddle, Esq.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris, November 20.—A letter of Mr. Achille Richard was read, offering to the academy a copy of a posthumous botanical work of his father, which had been completed by himself. The work was referred to M. Desfontaines. Messrs. Thenard and Chevreul were charged with the examination of a note of M. Morin, an apothecary at Rouen, relative to a concretion found in the brain of a man who had died of an affection in the stomach. A letter from Mr. Gambart, of Marseilles, detailed some observations of the last comet. A memoir on the attraction of spheroids, was presented by M. Poisson. M. Jomard communicated some geological remarks on the countries to the west and south of Darfour, from the notes of M. Koenig, a French traveller. A memoir on some equations in physics was read by M. Cauchy, and another by M. Vallot, on the living animals found in solid bodies; the last was referred to Messrs. Brongniard and Bendant.—27. A manuscript entitled the elements of arithmetic, according to a new system, was presented by M. Bardel, and referred to Messrs. Legender and Poinso. A manuscript treatise on the mathematical knowledge necessary to artists, was forwarded by M. Guibal, and referred to

Messrs. Lacroix, Dupin, and Fresnel. "A theory of social riches" was delivered from Count Skarbek, and Messrs. Fourier and Coquebert-Montbret, appointed commissioners to examine it. Messrs. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Latreille, and Dumeril, reported very favourably on the memoir of Messrs. Audouin and Milne Edwards, concerning the parasitic animal which sucks the blood of the lobster, and which they call *Nicthoë*. A report was delivered by Messrs. Bosc and Latreille, on the memoir of M. Le Normand, concerning the tissue produced by the caterpillar of the moth of the *prunus padus*. M. Hebenstreit placed many of these insects under a bell glass, and by oiling those parts of the paper which were to remain uncovered, soon obtained the stuff in question. The Queen of Bavaria wore a robe of it, which was torn by the slightest breeze. This curious but useless discovery received the thanks of the academy.—Dec. 14. A letter was received from M. Gambart of Marseilles concerning the comet in Bootes. An indelible ink, with some specimens of its performance, and an account of the proofs to which it had been subjected, was transmitted from M. Pallu. M. Vincent Portal, a physician at Montmirail, sent a manuscript description with plates, of several human monsters, referred to M. de Lamarck, G. St. Hilaire, and Boyer. M. Frederic Cuvier was elected member of the academy, on the decease of M. Pinel. A second memoir was read by M. Magendie, on the liquid which is found in the skulls and spines of man and other mammiferous animals. M. Dupin read a

memoir on the state of primary instruction in France. M. De Blainville a note on the paps of the female ornithorynchus, and on the spur of the male, and Mr. Clement one upon steam engines, referred to Messrs. de Prony, Girard, and Dupin.—11. A work was presented from M. Vautro relative to money and finance; and a letter from M. Vall on the comet in Bootes. M. Becquerez announced that by physical force alone, he had succeeded in producing some new compounds, of which each had its own peculiar system of crystallization, and most of which might be decomposed by water. A favourable report was made by Messrs. Legender and Poinot, on the elements of arithmetic of M. Bardel. M. Dureau de la Malle presented a piece of the root of a mulberry tree, which when deprived of its trunk had lived in the earth for twenty-four years, without throwing out any suckers, and then produced some in 1826. M. Poisson read a memoir on the numerical calculation of definite integrals, and M. Vicat some physico-mathematical observations, on some cases of the fracture of solid bodies; also M. Segalas a note on a method of illuminating the urethra, &c. so as to admit of the inspection of the interior of these organs.

French Academy.—In the meeting which took place on the 14th of December, the places vacant by the deaths of Messrs. Lemontey and Villar, were supplied by the appointment of M. Fourier, perpetual secretary of the Royal Academy of Sciences, and the Abbé Feletz.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Greenwich Observations.—A short time since, an offer of sale was publicly made of about two tons and a half of Mr. Pond's Greenwich Observations, at three shillings per annual volume. The singularity of the offer led to some inquiry, when it was found that the original quantity of waste paper, in which shape these observations had been sold, amounted to about five tons, but that half had been disposed of. The selling price of the volumes is, we believe, two guineas. Suspicion naturally arose as to the honesty of the parties implicated; an investigation ensued, by the eminent institution, under the more immediate superintendence of which the Observatory is placed, when it appeared that the unsold copies of the observations being the perquisite of the Astronomer Royal, he had disposed of them as he thought proper. The funds placed in the hands of the society in question, are, for the most part, so judiciously managed, and abuses, when discovered, so immediately rectified, that we make no comment upon the fact of five tons of the finest paper and printing, which on an average must have cost about two shillings a pound, being sold for, at the most, three-pence, for the worth of waste paper is in-

versely as its goodness, and that in question could be used for little else than the manufacture of Bristol board. But we do complain of, and strongly reprobate the spirit displayed by Mr. Pond. The Greenwich observations are published by a scientific body, not for the private emolument of their servant, but for the use of the scientific, and, consequently, not the richest part of the community. They are published in a style and at an expence that defeats the main object of their publication; an opportunity occurs by which that error may be repaired, but no: sooner than allow them to be offered at a reduced rate to those for whom alone they were designed, rather than permit the market price of the article to be lowered; in fact, sooner than advance the great cause of science, by a nominal sacrifice of his vanity, he consigns all his observations to destruction. We are far from joining in the hue and cry against Mr. Pond, that because he is not a regularly educated man, therefore he is unfit to be intrusted with the management of a national establishment. The charge is illiberal and improper. Mr. Pond is an accurate observer, and we doubt if a practical astronomer ought to be much more. But we have very

little hesitation in saying that such a proceeding as we have just mentioned, would never have been had recourse to, except by a nominee of the late Sir Joseph Banks, the greatest incubus that ever sat on the scientific genius of a country.

Chinese Logarithms.—In proportion as our knowledge of the Chinese is augmented, are we led to suspect their title to the inventions to which they so uniformly lay claim. An eminent historical writer, of the last century, was led, on what appears just grounds, to doubt the very ancient use of gunpowder in this nation, and to consider that the knowledge of its composition had been communicated to them by some European traders, about the time that this destructive matter was discovered in the western world. An acquaintance with the logarithmic canon, and the possession of logarithmic tables, boasting a much higher antiquity than any which had appeared in this quarter of the globe, were among the scientific claims, with which, for a long time they imposed upon the credulity of the learned. A very accurate comparison that has recently been made between the Chinese and European logarithmic tables, has satisfactorily shewn that they had translated and copied an original edition of those by Vega, with such scrupulous fidelity as to have transferred to their pages the errors of the former; and some of them of such a nature as to leave no possible doubt of the fraud they have unblushingly practised.

New Musical Instrument.—Mr. G. Gurney, with whose chemical labours the public are not unacquainted, has contrived a musical instrument, in which glass tubes are substituted for strings, and from which the sound is elicited, by an endless revolving band, which the action of the keys brings into contact with the tubes. The effect produced resembles, but is superior to that of the celestina.

Bismuth Cobalt Orr.—The following analysis of bismuth cobalt orr, which has hitherto been found only at Schurrberg, in Saxony, is furnished in the *Edinburgh Journal*.

Arsenic 77.9602, cobalt 9.8866, iron 4.7695, bismuth 3.8866, copper 1.3030, nickel 1.1063, sulphur 1.0160—99.9282. The characteristic ingredients of this ore are, arsenic cobalt, and arsenic bismuth, a combination of these metals not being met with in the animal kingdom.

Mozart's Requiem.—From researches made in Germany, relative to the authenticity of the Requiem of Mozart, it appears that an anecdote, which has been injudiciously repeated by all the biographers of this eminent German composer, and according to which he died of poison, immediately after finishing the Requiem, was invented by the music-sellers, after the death of this great genius, with the design of speculating upon the works which they refused during his life. However, it seems that the Re-

quiem was far from complete when Mozart breathed his last, and that Süssmayer, with the assistance of some of the works of Handel, put the final hand to this inestimable production.

American Gold.—A mass of native gold, weighing nearly ten ounces, has been found on the bank of a stream, in the town of Newfane, Vermont. In its general appearance it strikingly resembles the North Carolina gold. Its specific gravity is 16.5, considered worth 89 cents per pennyweight. It was studded with crystals of quartz.—*Newton's Journal*.

Painting on Glass.—The French are very loud in their praises of a mode of painting upon glass, equal to the ancients, invented by the Count of Noe, a peer of France.

Scotch Jet.—Beautiful specimens of jet have been found between a bed of peat and yellow clay, in the peninsula formed by Loch Ryan and the Irish Channel.—*Edinburgh Journal*.

American Aerostation.—A series of aerostatic experiments have been carried on in a very intrepid manner, by Mr. Robertson, of New York. Neither the proximity to the sea, nor the dangers of the equinox, have prevented the ascensions of this gentleman, even by night. On the 20th of last September, he rose to such a height that the fireworks attached to his balloon were visible to a vessel at the distance of twenty-three leagues. The result of his inquiries are looked for in Europe with much anxiety.

Produce of the Oural Mines.—The produce of the new discoveries made in these mountains, has been greatly exaggerated. Mr. Erdmann, an intelligent and accurate traveller, relates that, in 1823, the whole produce of these new mines, as well the royal as the private ones, amounted to 4,508 Russian pounds, about 40,035 English ones; but that the attendant expences would reduce this to about £2,434, English, so that the net produce of these mines cannot exceed £137,500 sterling. The number of workmen (for the most part children) employed in searching for the gold, amounts to about 11,000.

Discovery of an Ancient Manuscript.—It is reported that the Abbé Angelo Mai, to whom literature is so much indebted, has discovered in the royal library, at Naples, the manuscript of an ancient Latin writer upon Husbandry, remarkable for the purity of its style, and the interesting subjects of which it treats.

French-Egyptian Medal.—Many of our readers may remember an impudent hoax, played off some thirty years ago, by an intriguing Scotch bookseller, in London, in conjunction with an alderman of some celebrity as an engraver, regarding an edition of Shakspeare, too splendid for use, and too costly, even for the unbounded enthusiasm for that author which Garrick had manœuvred to excite. The subscribers to Boydell's Shakspeare were to have their

names enrolled upon vellum, and the document to be consigned to immortality, in the British Museum, while a medal struck, in honour of the bard of Avon, was likewise to bear each subscriber's name, &c. &c. &c. A similar expedient has now been had recourse to by a French printer, distinguished for wearing out the patience of all the subscribers to the interminable works which are issuing from his hands—this is M. Pan-kouche. The voluminous description of Egypt by the French savans is well known. Were there no other than the internal evidence of the inaccuracy of this work, the Frenchified air of all the figures, would be sufficient; however, this work is to be re-printed, but the expense is great, and it must be done by subscription. A medal is announced, to perpetuate the names of all who subscribe to this truly national undertaking, &c. &c. M. Champollion designs the medal, at least describes it, and with the characteristic effrontery of his nation, and the peculiar assurance which has fallen to his exclusive share, positively denies that any other nation beside his own has contributed to dispel the darkness which hung over Egypt; or any person except himself has advanced one step in decyphering the hieroglyphics. Why will France, who possesses so much of which to be proud, encourage the pretensions of this weak man? Whatever he may have subsequently done, Dr. Young first opened the path, to follow it was comparatively easy. But the most ridiculous part of this farce is the execution of the medal; on the obverse side of which, in a border of Egyptian gods and goddesses, is the genius of France, holding a standard in one hand, with the singular impertinence of a cock for its device; while the other is designed to raise a veil, beneath which the genius of Egypt has been concealed; her back is supported against a crocodile, who has turned its tail upon the Frenchman, but in apparent surprise, has moved round its head into a position parallel to its body—a degree of flexibility of which even a snake might be jealous.

The Institutes of Gaius.—This work, recently discovered in Italy by some German literati, is the elementary book of Roman law, which the professors (antecessores) at Rome, placed in the hands of youth, as we learn from one of the constitutions of Justinian, who from these very Institutes of Gaius derived the greater number of those to which his name is attached. They were known to the world only by some fragments to be met with in the Digest, and by what is contained in the Breviarum Alaricianum, when in 1816, M. Niebuhr deciphered in a palimpsestus of the library of the chapter of Verona the first pages of a book, which was at length entirely restored by the labours of Messrs. Goesched, Bekker, and Hoburg. Soon after the publication of this discovery,

this new classic, containing the elements of a legislation more than three hundred years anterior to that of Justinian, and of which the various branches ceased to be in harmony when that emperor introduced very many innovations, some of which were inconsistent with the ancient principles, was introduced wherever the study of the civil law was pursued. A corrupted text, however, and general inaccuracy rendered the work at least difficult to be understood; but a French advocate, M. Boulet, has just succeeded in amending the text which he has translated for the benefit of other juriconsults; and we may now express a hope to see the original work issue from one of our university presses, a worthy companion to those with which classical literature has been enriched by the labours of the Abbé Maio.

Mean Equatorial Temperature.—Baron Humboldt, as a result from his own observations in America, was led to consider the mean temperature of the Equator as $81^{\circ} 5$.—Other investigations seem to indicate that it cannot be placed higher than 83° Fahrenheit nor lower than 81° . Generally speaking let T represent the mean temperature of any latitude L, then, according to Mayer, the equatorial temperature may be represented

T
by = ——— Dr. Brewster represents it as
Cos² L

T
= ———
Cos L.

Ornithology.—It is a remarkable circumstance, that in works on zoology, the albatross is always mentioned as peculiar to the southern hemisphere. Although the occurrence of the bird in the north Pacific has attracted but little attention, it was ascertained long ago by Mr. Menzies, is recorded in Vancouver's voyage, and was observed near the shores of New Albion, by Mr. Scouler, in a voyage to those regions, performed in the years 1824-5. It is also worthy of notice, that though the albatross is so common on both sides of the tropics in the Pacific, no one has ever detected it in the Northern Atlantic Ocean. After repeated examinations and dissections, Mr. S. could detect no difference either in its external appearance or internal structure, from that of the D. Fuliginosa, taken off the coast of Terra del Fuego.

Nebula in Orion.—A small star, between the seventeenth and eighteenth magnitude, has recently been discovered by Mr. Struve, near the trapezium, in the nebula, in the sword-handle of Orion, and if it be not a new star, which seems most probable, it must occasion some surprise, that as it is distinctly visible with a mirror of twelve inches aperture, it should have escaped the observation of the able astronomers in this country, who have directed their attention to this magnificent object,

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REVIEW.

COMPETITION is good in all things; and the rivalry of the two great theatres has stirred them up to more activity than we have seen for some years. A farce from the French, a revival from some obsolete writer among ourselves, and a melodrama from Heaven knows where, were the usual spring regimen of a London audience. Times are, however, altered; and we may congratulate the town on the transatlantic vigour which has roused up the diligence of Covent Garden. Morton's play still continues in the land of the living, has passed its twentieth night—a rare longevity for meriment five acts long; and due perhaps to a little skill in theatrical doctorship. But, let the cause be what it will, we are glad of it for the sake of the ingenious, dexterous, and pleasant writer. We hope to see Morton stimulated by this success, and that he will give us another *Sir Abel Handy* and his family before he quits the pen, and draws on the treasury of his good-humour no more.

Mr. Peake, who is rising in reputation, has produced an amusing farce, "*The £100 Note*," founded on the adventures of Mr. James Bradshaw in chase of Miss Tree, and a little from the French—a sin, now so regularly practised, as to have become perfectly venial, and therefore not recorded with any hope of putting the author to the blush. The adventure was natural enough, and yet sufficiently eccentric for the artist's purpose; and however Mr. James Bradshaw may relish this public remembrance of his flame, or his bride hear the history of the hundred pounds with which he tried to win his tardy way, the public have had their laugh; and Mr. Peake, we may suppose, has felt his genius plumed for a new flight into the world of ridicule.

When we talked of venial plunder, we limited ourselves to the foreign stage. There the spoil is from the Egyptians—they can afford it—the thing is prolific; and, whatever might have been thought once about the want of invention—which sends men to explore the highways of the continent, pen in hand—the art is now perfectly common; is rather to a man's credit, as it implies at once the being able to read French, and to steal dexterously; and has become even gentleman-like, if being adopted by all gentlemen who contemplate the honours of farce, can raise it into such distinction.

But we rather dislike *tricking*; if we might venture on any opinion on this delicate subject, in this delicate age of stock-jobbing, mining companies, and the glories of Greek speculations. It is also not pleasant to us to be reminded that we are sinking into that time of life when gentlemen are presumed to lose their memories, and the act of yesterday is forgotten before to-morrow. Nor is it altogether grateful to our feelings of the honour due from authors to the muse, to see an experienced and well characterized person of

the profession, forced to mount the pillory of all the newspapers, and after a persevering pelt, compelled to a tardy acknowledgment of trespass. Yet all this has been inflicted on the feelings of mankind, in the shape of the piece of *dexterity*, "*Englishmen in India*, an Opera." This performance was brought forward, after long preparation, by a concealed author; and was to produce a prodigious sensation, and, as those in the secret whispered, such was the manager's rapture, that he had gone the generous and unparalleled length of paying for it beforehand." The Opera appeared. It was pleasant enough, had some very good scenes, mingled with some which were very sufficient foils to them. The music was of that kind, which Bishop, a man who looks with an uncommonly predictive eye through the columns of modern authorship, appropriates to the short-lived; it was light, pleasant, transitory; and, if it could not give immortality to either the composer or the piece, yet did credit to both. The acting was as good as the dialogue could possibly sustain. Miss Kelly was all animation, and shewed a power of pleasant mimicry, which we suppose is inherent in the profession, but which this cleverest of all soubrettes, flirts, and boarding-school misses, had not condescended to exhibit before. Mrs. Davidson was vulgarly fashionable and fashionably vulgar to the life. Downton, the perfection of rich yet easy acting, as he always is; and Harley, animated, grotesque, and laughable as ever, was tailor turned gentleman. Gattie's Frenchman had but one fault, but that was large enough to hide all others. His broken French is so completely mumbled into jargon, that he might as well have been playing on the Boulevards, or have been spouting Ethiopic. Every syllable is lost to the audience, and the dialogue is restricted to the interval between the actor's mouth and nose.

"*Englishmen in India*" prospered in the smiles of the morning critics, with whom a rather vigorous canvass is supposed generally to take place on those occasions, and the amateur world was congratulated on the turning up of a new writer, whose jests were not the palpable evisceration of Joe Miller; and whose plot, persons, and dialogue, were not the open burglary of the *Paris Diligence*. Suddenly, however, a light broke in upon the world. A paragraph shewed its ominous face in some morning paper, announcing that the *new* opera was an *old* opera, written by Cobb, of the India House, some twenty or thirty years ago; and therefore, as being presumed to be fairly out of the memories of the mature, and never in the memories of the young at all, was taken as fair game for some theatrical hunter after the stray geese of our forefathers. The hint set the angry amateurs on the alert, and in a few days after, the public

were presented with the whole of the jests, and three-fourths of the dialogue in a popular work, and there was thenceforth nothing to do but to confess the whole plunder. This was done at last, with the usual grace of gentlemen detected; and by an ingenious partition, the affair was divided between Kelly, who was dead, and Diamond, who is yet among the living. A third partner should have been taken into the firm, and we hope that our American friend, the manager, will feel it his duty on similar occasions, to anticipate public discovery: and if he does produce *réchauffés*, at least not call us to adore them as fresh provision. The matter might have been done without any injury to the piece or the proprietorship. Cobb was at least as pleasant a dramatist as Diamond; "Love in the East," as lively a title as "Englishmen in India," and the thing besides would not have required such an expenditure of rival paragraph, tardy acknowledgment, and clumsy apology. The truth is, that the public does not like the look of deception; and we hope that the parties will be awake to the advantage of *fact* in future.

Far be it from us to say that the lesson has worked its effect beyond the walls of Drury Lane. But it is at least gratifying to know at last, that the "new comedy" so long announced as coming from the pen of Mr. Poole, a writer from whose pleasantry the public has received so much amusement, and has a right to expect so much more, is at length announced as a *revival* from Shirley. We shall thus avoid the disappointment of dulness from the pen of our best farce writer—for Shirley will of course, return speedily to the shelf whence he came—the ingenious reviver's popularity will be still in bloom; and we shall not be compelled to puzzle our own sagacity in the detection, nor extort newspaper apologies from a man of merriment, who is so much better employed in fabricating Paul Prys from the rude material of mankind.

The "Revenge" has been played at Covent Garden, with success. Young's *Zanga* is capital. It is no high compliment to the features of a handsome man to say, that he looks the perfect villain. But Young's fine countenance is singularly capable of that mixture of scorn, subtlety, and boldness, which makes him the unrivalled representative of the *Iagos* and the whole class of stage dissemblers. We limit this character of his visage, however, to the drama, and leave the actor to pass among the other well-looking population of the west-end, for the very respectable and gentleman-like personage that he unquestionably is.

The Oratorios are about to begin at both theatres, and at both to be under the conduct of Bishop; a Herculean task, which if the director can tolerably accomplish, will do no slight credit to his intelligence and activity. One Oratorio, the usual *avant courier* of the season, has been already perform-

ed, some weeks since. It was a clever and popular selection, well performed, and what makes an important feature in those affairs, well attended. A fragment of an Oratorio, or Sacred Cantata, from Milton's *Battle of the Angels*, produced a strong impression of Bishop's future success, should be turn to the composition of a full oratorio. It was brief, but highly animated, picturesque, and bold. Some of its bursts of harmony reminded us even of Handel; a high praise for any composer, past, present or to come; and which if Bishop can realize on a larger scale, will place his name in a rank, to which no charm of canzonet or cavatina, neither stage chorus nor overture, will raise him nor any man. A great oratorio is, like a great tragedy, the consummation of the respective triumphs of music and poetry; and we may well congratulate the age when it shall find a genius competent to either.

The King's Theatre goes on spiritedly. "La Gazza Ladra" which contends for the mastery with "Il Barbiere di Sevilla," and contains, perhaps, as much characteristic and delicious music as Rossini ever crowded into one Opera, has been played with much success. Mademoiselle Ayton, a new singer, imported from the foreign stage, and certainly highly tasteful and accomplished *artiste*, is the *prima donna* of the opera, and sustains the part with a skill calculated to add to the popularity of the singer and the establishment. "La Schiava" has been played occasionally, in which Madame Caradori, as the heroine, exhibits the same delicacy and feminine grace which first made her a favourite; and is rapidly adding to those merits, an improvement in the volume, style, and facility of her singing. She must still throw additional animation into her acting; for languor is tolerable only in fine ladies who have nothing to do, and fine gentlemen who can do nothing. The character of the *sleeping beauty*, however romantic in description, or in the boudoirs of high life, the flattest of all lives, is the least attractive on the stage; and if it be possible, this very interesting young actress should add the charm of movement to the charm of melody. The public feel an increased interest in Madame Caradori, from the respectability of a conduct, which throws so many of even the clever persons of the drama, to such an unmeasurable distance. We wish to see her acquire the only merit she wants, and to assume the rank upon the stage to which she is entitled by her natural gifts, and her personal propriety. A new ballet is promised, which we believe has been the rage in Paris. A new opera is in rehearsal, and all is activity, the true secret of success. Madame Sontag, the terror of all fathers whose estates are entailed, and the admiration of German and French mankind, is coming over; and on the whole, we are threatened with a most brilliant season.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

A new Comedy, by the Author of Athens, is very nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Sweet, the celebrated botanist, is engaged preparing a work to be entitled *Flora Australasia*: it will consist of Portraits of the finest Plants native of New Holland and the South-Sea Islands, correctly coloured from living specimens.

Sir Henry Parnell, Bart., M.P., has in the press, and nearly ready, a volume on Paper-Money, Banking, and Over-trading, which will contain those parts of the Evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons which explain the Scotch System of Banking.

At the Russell Institution, Great Cornamstreet, Three Series of Lectures are now in course of delivery—On the Application of the Chemical Arts to the Conveniences of Life, by Mr. C. F. Portington; Lectures on English Poetry, by H. Neele, Esq.; and on the Sources and Nature of Terrestrial Heat and Light, by E. W. Brayley, jun., Esq.

In one volume, post 8vo, the *Lettre de Cachet*, a tale.

The Rev. Julius Hare, and C. Thirlwall, Esq., Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, are preparing for publication a Translation of the Second Edition of Niebuhr's Roman History, undertaken in concert with the Author.

Reynolds, the engraver, is at present employed on an admirable likeness of Captain Parry, from a picture by Haines; the print, which is of a size to allow of its being placed in a 4to volume, will appear in March.

Constable's Miscellany will be published in the order as follows:—

1. *Adventures of British Seamen in the Southern Ocean*: Edited by Hugh Murray, Esq., F.R.S.E. Three Numbers, or One Volume, will appear on 10th March.

2. *Memoirs of the Marchioness of Laroche Jaquelin, the War in La Vendee, &c. From the French*. With Preface and Notes by Sir Walter Scott, Bart.—Three Numbers, or One Volume, will appear on 31st March.

3. *Converts from Infidelity; or Lives of Eminent Individuals who have renounced Sceptical and Infidel Opinions, and embraced Christianity*. By Andrew Crichton, 2 vols., or 6 Numbers. Volume First will appear on 21st April.

4. *Table Talk; or Selections from the Ana*; containing Extracts from the different Collections of Ana, French, Italian, and English.—One Volume will appear on June 2d.

5. *Birman Empire.—An Account of the Embassy to the Kingdom of Ava, in the year 1795*; by Michael Symes, Esq., Major in his Majesty's 76th Regiment.—Narrative of the late Military and Political Operations in the Burmese Territory; from Communications of an Officer in the British Army, and other

Authentic Sources of Information. Two Volumes will appear 23d June and 14th July.

Mr. Babbage has nearly completed for publication, a Table of the Logarithms of Natural Numbers to Seven Figures. This work was undertaken for the use of the Trigonometrical Survey of Ireland, and has been corrected with the greatest care; in doing which, several errors have been detected, which run through almost all known tables.

Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq., will shortly publish, in one 4to volume, beautifully printed, and illustrated by upwards of 100 wood-cuts of Arms, *The Siege of Carlarverock*: a French Poem, containing an account of the Siege and Capture of Carlarverock Castle, in Scotland, by King Edward the First, in June 1301, with a description of the Arms and Merits of each Knight in the English Army who was present on the occasion; written soon after that event. With a Translation; an Historical and Topographical Account of the Castle; and Memoirs of all the Individuals who are mentioned.

Davidica: Twelve Practical Sermons on the Life and Character of David, King of Israel, by Henry Thomson, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, Assistant Minister of St. George's, Camberwell.

Flirtation; a Novel. In 3 vols. post 8vo.

Falkland. In 1 vol. post 8vo.

The History of George Godfrey, related by himself. In 3 vols.

Richmond, or Scenes in the Life of a Bow-street Officer; drawn from his private Memoranda. In 3 vols. post 8vo.

Tales from the German, with Lithographic Sketches; by a Lady.

Mr. Bowring has in the press a volume of the Poetical and Popular Literature of the Servians, intended to fill up one of the chasms which have hitherto prevented the English reader from taking as comprehensive a view of the Modern, as contradistinguished from Classical Minstrelsy.

The Pocket Road-Book of Ireland, on the plan of Reichard's Itineraries, intended to form a companion to Leigh's Road-Book of England, &c.

A Life of the eminent Dr. Jenner is in preparation by Dr. Baron, who attended him in his last moments, and received all his papers, to enable him to become his biographer.

Verbal Analysis of *L'Histoire de la Conjururation contre Venise* par St. Réal, adapted to teaching on the Hamiltonian System, as well as for Private Study; with a Treatise on the Conjugation of French Verbs, from the *Cours de Langue Française* of P. A. Lemaire, by Ph. O. Skene, Esq.

The Comic Songs of the late clever Actor Mr. Knight, in a uniform Collection; with the Music, chiefly composed by his eldest Son.

Keeper at Home; by the Author of *Keeper's Travels in search of his Master*.

Latin Manuscript: M. Angelo Mai, to whom bibliography is already under so many obligations, has recently discovered in the Royal Academy at Naples, the Manuscript of an ancient Latin Treatise on Agriculture, remarkable for the purity of its style, and interest of its subjects, which is about to be printed.

A Guide to Phrenology, with an illustrative Engraving, by Henry W. Dewhurst, Surgeon, T.A.S., Author of a Dictionary of Anatomy, is in the press.—Also preparing for publication, by the same, the Anatomy and Physiology of the Eye, with an explanation of the Theory of Vision, with Engravings.

A Posthumous Poem, ascribed to the celebrated Tom Paine, and entitled *The Religion of the Sun*, is announced in a recent New York paper.

The first number of Mr. Brockendon's Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps, by which Italy communicates with France, Switzerland, and Germany, from Drawings made during the five Summers from 1821 to 1826, is nearly ready.—We believe that this able artist has literally crossed the Alps forty times, in pursuit of this object. He maintains, that the pass of the Little Saint Bernard was undoubtedly the route of Hannibal.

One Hundred and Twenty Engravings of Views in England and Wales, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner; with Descriptive and Historic Illustrations by Mr. Lloyd, the Engravings by Heath.

The Living and the Dead, by a Country Curate.

Messrs. Hosking and Jenkins, architects, will, in the course of next month, publish No. I., of a Selection of Architectural and other Ornaments, Greek, Roman, and Italian, drawn from the Originals, in various Museums and buildings in Italy. The work will be completed in eight parts, to appear at intervals of six weeks.

Professor Lee's Lectures on the Hebrew Language, which have been so long in preparation, are now nearly ready for publication, and will appear in the course of the ensuing month.

The Rev. Greville Ewing has just completed a new Edition of his *Scripture Lexicon*, very considerably enlarged, and adapted to the general reading of the Greek Classics.

M. W. Orme is preparing the *Memoirs, Correspondence, and other Remains* of Mr. John Urquhart, late of the University of St. Andrews.

The Rev. John Noble Coleman, M.A., late of Queen's College, Oxford, has in the press, *Sixteen Sermons; Doctrinal, Practical, and Occasional*; with illustrative Notes and Authorities.

Preparing for publication, in 3 vols. 12mo. A new and interesting Work, entitled *A General Compendium of the County Histories of England*; comprehending the History, Antiquities, Topography, &c. of every County in England.

The Rev. T. D. Fosbroke, M.A. F.S.A. is about to publish *Foreign Topography*, or an *Encyclopedick Account*, alphabetically arranged, of the Ancient Remains in Asia, Africa, Europe (England excepted), and America.

There is nearly ready a Series of Twenty-five Views of Pompeii, drawn on stone, after drawings by W. Light, esq.

Colonel Trench proposes publishing a Collection of Papers, illustrated with explanatory Plates, relating to the Thames Quay; with Hints for some further improvements in the Metropolis.

W. Allen's *History of Lambeth*, with upwards of a hundred engravings of curious objects connected with the Parish, is announced as nearly ready, by J. Nichols.

Travels from India to England, by way of the Burman Empire, Persia, Asia Minor, Turkey, &c. in the Years 1825 and 26, containing a Chronological Epitome of the late Military Transactions in Ava. By James Edward Alexander, esq. H.P. late H.M. 13th Light Dragoons, in 4to. Also by the same Author, *Sigurf Namah-I-Valaet*, or Excellent Intelligence concerning Europe; being the Travels of Shaikh Itea Moodeen Moonshee in Great Britain and France. Translated from the Original Persian Manuscript into Hindoostanee, with an English Version and Notes.

A Reply to Dr. Lingard's "*Vindication*" is in the press. By John Allen, esq.

No. II. of Robson's *Picturesque Views of all the English Cities*, will be ready on the 1st of April.

The Union of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, exemplified in a Series of Illustrations of, and Descriptive Dissertations on the House and Museum of J. Soane, esq. in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, will be published on the 1st of April, by J. Britton.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

ARCHITECTURE, &c.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

MISS BENDER.

By the death of this truly estimable woman, the literary world has been deprived of one of its most useful ornaments; and her extensive circle of attached friends, has experienced a loss which will not easily be repaired.—By an affectionate tribute to her memory, from the pen of Miss Lucy Aikin, we learn that Elizabeth O. Bender, was

born in the city of Wells, in the year 1778. Her father was a purser in the navy; and, having experienced many reverses of fortune, he, at his death abroad, in 1796, left his wife and his daughter, the subject of this sketch, with a very slender provision. For some years after this event, Miss Bender continued with her mother in Wiltshire, where her friends and relations were nu-

merous. Though her connexions were not literary, the love of literature was her early passion. Miss Benger has herself related, "That, in the want of books which she at one time suffered, it was her common practice to plant herself at the window of the only bookseller's shop in the little town which she then inhabited, to read the open pages of the new publications there displayed, and to return again day after day, to examine whether by good fortune, a leaf of any of them might have been turned over." About the age of twelve, by the advice, we are told, of a judicious, though unlearned friend, she was sent to a boy's school, to be instructed in Latin. In the country, as well as in London, strange things are sometimes done! At fifteen she is said to have written and published a poem, which, though imperfect, evinced considerable genius.

About the year 1802, Miss Benger with her mother removed to London, where, principally through the friendship of Miss Sarah Wesley, she immediately found herself in superior society. By the late Dr. G. Gregory, and his wife, she was introduced to Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, of whom she wrote and published many years afterwards, a highly interesting memoir. By the same friends, she was introduced to Mrs. Barbauld, and to the late Dr. Aikin, with the various members of whose family, she ever preserved an affectionate intimacy. To the family of R. Smirke, Esq. R. A., especially to that gentleman's accomplished daughter, she was also warmly attached. Amongst her numerous literary connexions should be particularly mentioned Mrs. Joanna Baillie, the Misses Porter, &c.; and Miss Aikin has most truly observed, that "she was often able to assemble round her humble tea-table names, whose celebrity would have attracted attention in the proudest saloons of the metropolis."

Miss Benger's first wishes were to write for the stage; but it was not for a mind like hers to submit to the injustice and caprice of managers, or the insolence of upstart players. Her poem on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, possessed considerable merit.

She afterwards published two novels anonymously. Biography, however, appears to have been her forte. Her Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, Memoirs of John Tobin, Notices of Klopstock and his Friends, prefixed to a translation of their letters from the German, her Life of Anne Boleyn, Memoirs of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Memoirs of the Queen of Bohemia, each in succession experienced a highly favourable reception, and are all standard works. At the period of her decease, she had been some time employed on Memoirs of Henry IV. of France, which, as they are announced for early publication, were, we presume, nearly if not quite finished.

Miss Benger's health was generally delicate. She had been confined some weeks by a rheumatic fever; but her death, we believe,

was not anticipated. She died at her apartments in Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, on the 9th of January. Her mother, with whom she resided, is yet living and in active health. —Miss Benger's mind was richly stored with historical and general information; her conversation was cheerful, lively, and even eloquent. She was a most amiable, kind, and benevolent minded woman.

MALTE BRUN.

Conrad Malté Brun, distinguished as a geographical, historical, and political writer, was born in 1775, in the Danish province of Jutland. His father's family was one of the first in Jutland; and possessing the nomination to several benefices in the Lutheran church, he sent his son to the University of Copenhagen, to study theology and take his degrees. While there, however, he suffered his taste in the Belles Lettres to supersede theological pursuits; he published a volume of poems, and undertook the management of a Theatrical Review. At the University, however, he acquired that lofty power of reasoning which he was enabled afterwards to apply with so much success on various subjects. His father was of the aristocratic party which called for a war with France; but he espoused the cause of freedom, and wrote in favour of the emancipation of the peasants and the liberty of the press; and, a party having arisen which demanded the establishment of a free constitution, he became one of its most active members. In 1796, he published *The Catechism of the Aristocrats*; a biting satire against feudality and the coalition of sovereigns. Menaced with a prosecution, he took refuge in Sweden; and while there, he published a volume of poems which required for him the encouragement and approbation of the Academy of Stockholm. When Count Bernstoff was on his death bed, he recommended to the Prince Royal to recal Malté Brun, and employ him in some diplomatic capacity. Accordingly, in 1797, he returned to Denmark, and was favourably received; but, having publicly attacked certain ministerial measures, he was again under the necessity of seeking an asylum in Sweden. Soon afterwards he removed to Hamburgh; and it is said to have been about this period that he became either the founder, or one of the most active members of a secret society, called the United Scandinavians; the object of which was to unite the three kingdoms of the north into one federative republic. This project excited so much alarm, that Paul of Russia, and Gustavus of Sweden, demanded from the Danish government, the punishment of its authors. In consequence, a prosecution was commenced against Malté Brun, who was then in Paris, and he was sentenced to banishment. He settled in Paris in 1799, devoting himself to literary employment. In conjunction with Mentelle, he published, between 1804 and 1807, "*Political, Physical, and Mathematical Geography*," in sixteen

volumes, 8vo. On the reputation obtained by that work, the proprietors of the *Journal Des Debats*, requested him to join in the editorship of that paper. He accepted the invitation; and, excepting for one brief interval, he devoted himself to that laborious duty to the very day of his death. Only one hour before he expired, he traced a few lines for the *Journal*, but had not strength to finish them.

M. Malté Brun was acquainted with all the languages of Europe; he wrote French with the facility of a native; and he had a thorough understanding of the character of all the European Cabinets.

In 1807 appeared his *Picture of Ancient and Modern Poland*; and in 1808, he commenced a periodical work which is still continued, under the title of *Annals of Voyages and Travels*, and of *Geography and History*. It is a faithful and learned analysis of all the voyages and travels, and of all the discoveries in modern times. In 1814 and 1815, he produced another periodical, called the *Spectator*, which was completed in three volumes. Of his great work, his *Summary of Universal Geography*, six volumes have appeared; and the printing of the seventh and last volume is nearly finished. During the *Hundred Days* he published his *Apology for Louis the Eighteenth*; and in 1825, appeared his *Treatise on Legitimacy*. During the last few months preceding his decease, he was employed in the drawing up of a *Dictionary of Universal Geography*, in one volume, which is in part printed. His labours were too great for his strength. His physical energies were rapidly giving way. An interval of repose might have restored him; but he neglected the counsels of friendship; and the moment that was to terminate his existence speedily arrived. For three days only he kept his room. He died on the 14th of December; and on the 17th his remains were interred in the Cemetery of the West; where M. Eyries paid the tribute of his esteem and regret to his colleague, and M. de la Renaudière bade a last adieu to the man who had preceded him in his office. In the church Rue de Billettes, a funeral oration was pronounced by M. Boissand, the Lutheran minister.—M. Malté Brun has left a widow and two sons.

JOHN NICHOLS, ESQ., F. S. A.

John, son of Edward and Anne Nichols, was born at Islington, on the 2d of February, 1744-5. His original destination was the navy; but, in consequence of the decease of his maternal uncle, a lieutenant in that service, in 1751, the views of his family were altered; and, before he was quite thirteen, he was apprenticed to Mr. William Bowyer, the celebrated printer. To that gentleman he proved a most valuable and confidential assistant. He was not only a good classical scholar, but had considerable talent in poetry and general literature. During his minority,

he wrote several essays on the manners of the age; and, from 1761 to 1766, his productions in prose and in verse, made no inconsiderable figure in the *Westminster Journal*, and other periodicals. His attention to business was rather increased than diminished by his devotion to literature. On the expiration of his term, Mr. Bowyer, in token of his high satisfaction, returned a moiety of his apprenticeship fee to his father; and as early as the year 1766, he took him into partnership. In 1767, Messrs. Bowyer and Nichols removed their office from Whitefriars to Red Lion-passage, Fleet-street, where it remained until a very few years since. The union existed upon the most cordial terms till the death of Mr. Bowyer, in 1777.

In 1763, Mr. Nichols published two poetical pamphlets; *Islington*, a Poem, and *The Buds of Parnassus*; but his first publication of consequence was a work on the origin of printing, in two essays, in 1774. This obtained most respectful notice, in foreign as well as in English literary journals.—Lord Marchmont, Drs. Birch, Parsons, Warton, and Farmer, Sir James Burrow, and Sir John Pringle, were now among the friends and patrons of Mr. Nichols, who was regarded as the probable successor of Mr. Bowyer. Dean Swift was one of his great favourites; and, in 1775, he published a supplemental volume to Dr. Hawkesworth's edition of that writer. He afterwards displayed his editorial skill in a newly arranged edition of Swift's works, with numerous additions and biographical notes. This has long been regarded as the standard edition. In this, and his next publication, the original works in prose and verse of William King, L.L.D. with historical notes, in 1776, he was assisted by his friend Isaac Reed, the commentator on Shakspeare.—In 1778, Mr. Nichols obtained a share in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of which he became the editor, and of which we believe, he retained the control until the time of his death.

In 1779, in conjunction with Dr. Ducapel, and assisted by Richard Gough, Esq. the celebrated antiquary, he published the *History of the Royal Abbey of Bec*, near Rouen; and some *Account of the Alien Priories*, and of such Lands as they are known to have possessed in England and Wales. Mr. Gough had long been an able contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and the intimacy and friendship which subsisted between him and Mr. Nichols, continued till his death, in 1809.—In 1780, Mr. Nichols published his *Collection of Royal and Noble Wills*—a *Select Collection of Miscellaneous Poems*, with *Historical and Biographical Notes*,—and commenced his *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, the completion of which employed ten years. In 1781, he published his *Biographical Anecdotes of William Hogarth*, and his *Biographical Memoirs of William Jed*, including a *Particular Account of his Art of Block Printing*. In 1782, first appeared his *Anecdotes of Bowyer*, and of

many of his Literary Friends which, ultimately, passing through many succeeding editions, became one of his most important and most valuable works. His next great work, which grew from several minor and distinct efforts, was his History of Leicestershire, completed in 1815, in four large folio volumes, illustrated by numerous plates. Amongst his other literary works may be particularly mentioned the Progresses and Royal Processions of Queen Elizabeth; the Progresses of James I.; Illustrations of the Manners and Expenses of Ancient Times in England; the History and Antiquities of Canonbury, with some Account of the Parish of Islington; the History and Antiquities of Lambeth Parish; Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century, &c.

In 1784, Mr. Nichols was elected a Common Councilman for the ward of Farringdon Without; a situation which, with the interval of only one year, he held until 1811, when he resigned his civic honours. In 1804, he served the office of master of the stationers' company. The rooms of that company are decorated by several portraits presented by Mr. Nichols.

This able and worthy individual was not altogether without his share in the calamities of life. In the summer of 1803, he partially withdrew from business to a private residence in Islington, hoping to pass the evening of a laborious life, in the calm enjoyment of domestic tranquillity. However, on the 8th of January, 1807, by an accidental fall, at his house in Red Lion Passage, he had one of his thighs fractured; and, on the 8th of February, on the ensuing year, his printing office and warehouses, with the whole of their valuable contents, were consumed by fire. Under each of these misfortunes, he displayed the utmost firmness and vigour of mind.—It is remarkable that, only three days before his death, he affirmed that, though he could not then read any printed book, he could read manuscript. Of his death, which took place on the evening of Sunday, November the 26th, he had no presentiment. In the course of the preceding week, he had written two or three articles for his Magazine. On the evening mentioned, he had passed some cheerful hours with his family, and was retiring to rest about ten o'clock. On reaching the lower staircase, accompanied by his eldest daughter, he said, without any particular alteration of voice—"Give me your hand," and instantly sunk gently on his knees, and expired without a sigh or the slightest symptom of suffering.

Mr. Nichols's disposition was mild and amiable, charitable and benevolent. For many years he was Registror or Honorary Secretary to the Literary Fund; an office which frequently enabled him to gratify the best feelings of his heart. Mr. Nichols married, first, in 1766, Anne, daughter of Mr. William Cradock; by whom, who died in 1776, he had two daughters, one of whom married the Rev. J. Pridden, M.A., F.S.A.,

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and died in 1815; and the other is yet living: secondly, in 1778, Martha, daughter of Mr. William Green, of Hinkley, in Leicestershire; by whom, who died in 1788, he had one son, John Bowyer Nichols, and four daughters, the eldest of whom is married to John Morgan, Esq. of Highbury. He was interred in Islington churchyard, where the remains of his parents, and of all his children, who died before him, had been buried. His funeral, though private, was attended by all his adult male relations; and by his friends J. and W. Morgan, and W. Herrick, Esqrs., W. Tooke, Esq. F.R.S., A. Chalmers, Esq. F.S.A.; H. Ellis, Esq. F.R.S.; C. and R. Baldwin, G. Woodfall, and J. Jeaffreson, Esqrs.

J. M. GOOD, M.D. F.R.S., &c.

Dr. Good, who has been long known as a learned and accomplished writer and able member of the medical profession, formerly practised as a surgeon and apothecary in Guildford-street; but, about seven years ago, he took out his diploma as M.D.—Dr. Good was the author and editor of numerous publications; amongst which were the following:—A Dissertation on the Diseases of Prisons and Poor Houses, 8vo. 1794;—The History of Medicine, as far as relates to the Profession of an Apothecary, 12mo. 1725;—On the Best Method of Employing the Poor in Parish Work-houses, 1798;—Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late Dr. Alexander Geddes, 8vo. 1803;—The Triumph of Britain, an Ode, 1803;—Song of Songs, or Sacred Idylls from the Hebrew, with Notes, 1803;—Essay on Medical Technology, 8vo. 1810;—A Complete System of Medicine;—A Translation of Lucretius on the Nature of Things, 2 vols. 4to.;—The Book of Job, Translated from the Hebrew, &c.—Dr. Good was also one of the editors and principal writers of the *Pantologia*, one of our best cyclopedias on a small scale.

This truly valuable member of society, died on the 2d of January, at the house of his daughter, at Shepperton. His death was occasioned by an inflammatory attack brought on by an exposure to cold.

JOSEPH CRADOCK, ESQ., F.S.A.

This gentleman, the senior Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, was born about the year 1742. He served the office of High Sheriff of Leicestershire, in 1767. In early life, he figured both in the fashionable and literary circles; and was honoured with the friendship of Johnson, Warburton, Hurd, Halifax, Parr, Reynolds, Burke, Percy, Goldsmith, Garrick, Steevens, Nichols, and the whole of the Literary Club. About a twelvemonth ago, he published the first volume of his Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs; and a few weeks before his death, the second volume appeared. He died at his apartments in the Strand, on the 15th of December; and on the 23d his remains were interred at the church of St. Mary-le-Strand.

The funeral service was performed by the Rev. G. T. Andrews, son of Mr. Cradock's old friend, the late Dean of Canterbury. The Hon. H. Washington Shirley, J. P. Stratford, Master in Chancery, L. C. Humpey, Esq., Barrister, A. Chalmers, Esq., F. S. A., N. Carlile, Esq., F. S. A., and T. G. Pettigrew, F. S. A. Esq., were pall-bearers on the occasion. The body was followed by his executors, John Bowyer Nichols, Esq., F. S. A., John Pearson, Esq., and William Tooke, Esq., F. R. S.; also by Geo. Dyer, Esq., John Britton, Esq., F. S. A., John Taylor, Esq., John Mayne, Esq., Thomas Cadell, Esq., Dr. Nuttall, and many other gentlemen.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

The Hon. and Right Rev. Edward Legge, born on the 4th of December, 1767, was the seventh son of William, second Earl of Dartmouth, by Frances Catherine, sole daughter and heir to Sir Charles Gunter Nicholl, K.B. He was consequently brother to the late and uncle to the present Earl.—He was educated at Rugby, and thence became a member of Christ Church, Oxford. In 1789, he was elected to a Fellowship in All Souls' College, where, on the 9th of June, 1791, he took the degree of B. C. L.; and, on the 6th of April, 1805, that of D. C. L. For many years he enjoyed the family living of Lewisham, in Kent, together with the Deanery of Windsor. The former he resigned at an earlier period, the latter in 1811. Dr. Legge's correct conduct recommended him much to the notice of the late King; and a bishopric was consequently expected for him by his friends, some time before he was raised to that dignity. However, upon the demise of Dr. Jackson, Bishop of Oxford, in 1815, he was appointed to that See. In 1817, he was elected warden of All Souls; and from that period to the time of his decease, on the 27th of January, in the present year, he resided chiefly at Oxford, where his loss is universally felt and sincerely lamented. His Grace was one of the Governors of Greenwich Hospital.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

The Hon. and Right Rev. George Pelham, was the third son of Thomas, first Earl of Chichester by Anne, daughter and heiress of Frederick Meinhardt Frankland, Esq., son of Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart. He was brother to the late Earl of Chichester, whose death it was our task to record some months ago, and uncle to the present Earl. He was born on the 13th of October, 1766; and he married on the 14th of December, 1792, Mary, daughter of Sir Richard Rycroft, Bart. This nobleman was educated at Cambridge. He was at first intended for the army; for some time he held a commission in the Guards; but afterwards he determined for the church. After his ordination he was successively promoted to be a Prebendary of Chichester, and Vicar of Hellingley, and of

Bexhill, in Sussex. In 1802, on a vacancy of the See of Bristol, he received his degree of D. D. from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and was made Bishop. On the translation of Dr. Fisher to the See of Salisbury, in 1807, Dr. Pelham succeeded him at Exeter; and, on the removal of Dr. Tomline to the See of Winchester, in 1820, Dr. Pelham was elected Bishop of Lincoln.

His lordship was clerk of the closet to the king; and visitor of King's College, Cambridge, and of Brazenose and Lincoln College, Oxford. He published a Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Bristol, in 1804; and a sermon, preached at St. Paul's Cathedral at the yearly meeting of the charity schools in 1805.—His Lordship in general, was not a prominent speaker in the House of Peers; but, upon the trial of the late Queen Caroline, he shewed himself a warm supporter of the prosecution.—He died on the 7th of February last, in consequence of a severe cold which he caught in attending the funeral of the late Duke of York.

The Right Rev. Father in God, Dr. John Kaye, Bishop of Bristol, has been elected Bishop of the See of Lincoln, in the room of Dr. Pelham.

DR. COLLINSON.

The Rev. Septimus Collinson, D. D. Provost of Queen's, the Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity at Oxford, and Prebendary of Worcester, was born about the year 1740. He became a member of the University in June, 1759; M. A. May, 13, 1767; B. D. February 10, 1792; D. D. January 16, 1793; Provost of Queen's, on the death of Dr. Fothergill, 1796; and Margaret Professor, on that of Dr. Neve, in 1798.

The duties of his provostship, an appointment which Dr. Collinson enjoyed for a longer period than any former provost, were discharged by him with just ability, diligence, and discretion; and in his office of Professor, he laboured with unexampled efficiency and zeal. His Lectures on the 39 Articles of the Church of England, which he delivered in that capacity, evinced deep research, sound judgment, correct and enlarged views of religion, and great moderation. So great was his anxiety to be useful, that he delivered a course of lectures at the age of 80; and he frequently preached before the University when he had arrived at a very advanced period of life. His sermons exhibited decisive proofs of a vigorous and acute mind, habituated to calm and patient inquiry, to close and accurate reasoning. His delivery was peculiarly impressive. Dr. Collinson's character was distinguished by independence, liberality, and benevolence. Even to the close of his long life he retained unabated cheerfulness, and unimpaired energy of mind. His frame was weak and delicate; yet, from regularity of habit he enjoyed almost uninterrupted good health; and he closed his earthly career at his lodge, after a very short illness, on the 23d of January.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

List of Patents lately Granted.

To Robert Barlow, of Chelsea, for a new combination of machinery, or new motion, for superseding the ordinary crank in steam-engines, and other purposes where power is required—Sealed 1st Feb., 1827; for enrolment, 6 months.

To J. F. Daniel, esq., of Gower-street, for his improvement in making gas—1st Feb.; 6 months.

To J. Oldham, of Dublin, for improvements in the construction of wheels designed for driving machines which are to be impelled by water, or by wind, and which improvements are applicable to propelling boats and other vessels—1st Feb.; 6 months.

To Ralph Hindmarsh, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for an improvement in the construction of capstans and windlasses—1st Feb.; 6 months.

To R. Clerk and J. Stirling, of Glasgow, for certain improvements in air-engines for moving machinery—1st Feb.; 6 months.

To J. White, of Southampton, for certain improvements in the construction of pistons or buckets for pumps—1st Feb.; 6 months.

To S. Parker, of Westminster, for improvements in the construction of lamps—1st Feb.; 2 months.

To Antoine Adolphe Marcellan Marbott, of Norfolk-street, Strand, for an improved machinery for working or cutting wood into all kinds of mouldings, rebates, cornices, or any sort of fluted work—3d Feb.; 6 months.

To Sir William Congreve, bart., of Cecil-street, Strand, for a new motive power—8th Feb.; 6 months.

To William Strahan, of Limehouse, for an improved apparatus for heating air by means of steam—12th Feb.; 6 months.

To J. G. Christ, of Bishopsgate-street, for improvements in copper-plate and other plate printing—14th Feb.; 6 months.

To P. J. Heisch, of America-square, for improvements in spinning cotton—20th Feb.; 2 months.

To C. Barwell Cotes, esq., of Duke-street, Manchester-square, and W. Nicholson, of Manchester, civil engineer, for a new method of constructing gasometers, or machines or apparatus for holding and distributing gas for the purpose of illumination—20th Feb.; 6 months.

To William Benecke, of Deptford, gent., for a machine for grinding or crushing seeds and other oleaginous substances, for the purpose of extracting oil therefrom—20th Feb.; 6 months.

To William Jefferies, of Radcliffe, for certain improvements in calcining or roasting and smelting, or extracting metals and semi-metals from various kinds of ores, and matter containing metals or semi-metals—20th Feb.; 6 months.

To Pierre Erard, of Great Marlborough-street, for certain improvements in the con-

struction of piano-fortes—20th Feb.; 6 months.

To A. Count de La Garde, of St. James's-square, for a method of making paper from the bullen or ligneous parts produced from certain textile plants: in the process of preparing the same textile plants by the rural mechanical brake, and which substances are to be employed alone, or mixed with other suitable materials in the manufacture of paper—20th Feb.; 6 months.

To Wm. Smith, of Sheffield, for an improved method of manufacturing cutlery and other articles of hardware, with or by means of rollers—20th Feb.; 6 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in March 1813, expire in the present month of March 1827.

3. John White, London, for his machine for cooking without wood or coal.

— James Thomson, Clithero, Lancashire, for a method of producing patterns on cloth previously dyed Turkey red, and made of cotton, or linen, or both.

— Alexis Delahante, London, for a method of making a green colour, and the application thereof to various useful purposes.

— Richard Green, London, for his stirrup, with a spring in the eye, and a spring bottom, to prevent persons being dragged in the stirrup.

— Sir Thomas Cochrane (Lord), for his method of more completely lighting cities, towns, and villages.

— Frederic Hanek, London, for his improvements in musical instruments.

— Joshua Stopford, Belford, Northumberland, for his mangle, to be called "the complete family accommodation mangle."

— William Mitchell, Edinburgh, for his important discovery in the manufacture of soap.

9. Benjamin Merriman Combes, London, for an improved apparatus for the cooking or dressing of victuals, and possessing other advantages in lessening the consumption of fuel.

13. George Duncan, Liverpool, for several improvements in the different stages of rope making, and in machinery adapted thereto.

— Sigismund Rentzsch, London, for his hydrostatical or pneumatical chronometer.

— Robinson Kitts, Woolwich, for his double coned revolving axle for carriages.

— Benford Decon, Islington, for an improved method of applying air for domestic and manufacturing purposes, and of employing therein improved fire-places and bricks.

— William Hedley, Wylam, Northumberland, for mechanical means of conveying carriages laden with coals and other things.

15. Richard Edwards, Budock, Cornwall, and William Williams, of Penryth, for cer-

tain processes for extracting arsenic from any of the ores or other substances in which it is contained, in a purer state than it is at present procured in this kingdom.

16. George Dodd, Wandsworth, for *improvements in umbrellas, which renders the same more portable and convenient.*

22. William Robert Wale King, London, for *an improved application of heat, to boil water, &c. and to other useful purposes, and of apparatus for performing the same.*

23. Colonel William Congreve, London, for *a mode of constructing locks and sluices of canals, &c. for transporting floating bodies from one level to another.*

26. Thomas Brunton, London, for *improvements in making ships anchors, windlasses, chain cables, and moorings.*

27. John Hughes, Poplar, for *a method*

of raising gravel or earth from the bottom of rivers and pits, and for delivering the same into barges, &c.

29. John Heathcoat, Loughborough, for *improvements in the machine for making bobbin lace, nearly resembling foreign.*

30. David Thomas, Bristol, for *a method of burning animal bones, for the purpose of extracting the greasy or fat property and spirituous quality therefrom, and for reducing the remainder into a substance sufficiently prepared for being ground into ivory black, all which is done by one process.*

Robert and Samuel Hall, Basford, Nottingham, for *a machine for finishing frame work knitted goods, manufactured from the stocking frame.*

— Joseph Egg, London, for *his method of applying and improving locks.*

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

Cold and dry winds from the East and North East, have prevailed almost uninterruptedly since the date of the last report. The Thermometer has never fallen very low, but, in the reporter's remembrance, there has seldom been felt so long a period of piercing cold. This intensity in sensation, is unquestionably attributable to the permanence of the wind in one particular quarter, rendering it nearly certain that that which we have lately experienced, had its origin in some of the great mountainous chains of the continent. The effect of this peculiar condition of the atmosphere has been very apparent upon the human body. Those complaints have prevailed which have their source in a constricted state of the capillary vessels of the skin; while others, which require the permanent application of moisture and cold for development, have been comparatively rare.

Severe colds, as they are popularly called, have been very general. By this term the physician understands inflammatory affections of the mucous lining of the nose, throat, larynx, and windpipe, characterized by swelling of the membrane, diminution in its secretion, and general fever. Hoarseness, dryness of the throat, long continual fits of coughing, with scanty and difficult expectoration, have been the predominant symptoms, and their severity and obstinacy, have given to them, in many instances, an unwonted degree of importance. The disease next in frequency, has been diarrhœa, and there can be no doubt but that the same principle which explains the occurrence of the preceding ailments at this season, is equally applicable to the pathology of this. A mucous membrane is in both cases the structure primarily, and probably alone affected; and very trifling circumstances, such as the clothing of the individual, his habits of life, his mode of diet, or some pre-existing weakness, determine the particular form which the disease in that individual assumes. In general, the diarrhœas of the last month have not been characterized by unusual severity, but in two or three instances the reporter has met with a most profuse discharge of blood, unattended, however, by those other symptoms which constitute true dysentery. The third and only other well marked effect of cold which the reporter has observed, is rheumatism of the subacute kind, affecting the fibrous and muscular structures, very migratory, not of an aggravated character, and certainly not deserving the name of an inflammatory affection. He has principally noticed it as affecting the shoulders, neck, and thoracic parietes.

These are the complaints under which the adult population of London, appear of late principally to have suffered. Among children, whooping-cough and scarlet fever have also been prevalent, and many instances have come to the writer's knowledge, in which these disorders have proved fatal. Small-pox very seldom occurs extensively, and never with any portion of malignity in such a state of atmosphere as has lately been experienced. It is, therefore, in strict accordance with this generally received principle, that the wards of the Small-Pox Hospital have been nearly deserted during the last month.

The remedies which have been most in request within this period, are such as diffuse the circulation, and excite to action and increased energy, the torpid and constricted vessels of the surface. Of these the most decidedly efficacious is ipecacuanha, both in large and small doses,—in large doses to excite vomiting and restore the equilibrium of circulation, in small doses, united either with white opium, or with calomel, according to the nature of the case, to act as an aperient, or expectorant. A more valuable remedy than this, or one applicable to a greater variety of cases, is not probably to be found on the shelf of the apothecary. While others are lauding the virtues of blue pills, and insisting on the

prodigious influence of the alvine secretion, and the indispensable necessity of continual attention to it, the reporter would recall the thoughts of the profession to the recorded experience of times long past, and acknowledging the paramount influence of the stomach, recommend the more frequent adoption of emetics than is usual in the present day. They have their use when the stomach is perfectly free from noxious matters, and when the medicine brings up only the warm water by which it was accompanied; but it is chiefly when the stomach is loaded with sordes, that their good effects are observable. These sordes are, first, undigested aliment, secondly, bile, and thirdly, the depraved secretions of the stomach itself. It is very necessary that the practitioner should keep in view these different causes from which foulness of the stomach originates, the very different character of symptoms to which each respectively gives birth, and the several kinds and stages of disease, in which they may occur. Without this knowledge he will never thoroughly appreciate the great variety of cases to which ipecacuanha is applicable. It has been said that the frequent employment of emetics weakens the tone of the stomach, and increases the tendency to dyspepsia. When, however, we look to a different element, and observe the small amount of evil which is ever found to result from even long continued sea-sickness, ample reason will be found for distrusting this doctrine. The writer, indeed, has long been convinced, that both in acute and chronic diseases, the value of emetics is at present underrated, and that purgatives are too often exhibited with a view to clear the stomach from offending matters; an effect, which in very many cases, they are quite incompetent to produce.

Calomel and ipecacuanha have proved of the greatest service in the treatment of the severer kinds of bowel complaints, which have lately been so common; but the practitioner should be very careful not to push the employment of calomel too far, as the mouth becomes affected rapidly, and to an extreme degree in very cold and dry weather, of which numerous instances are now to be met with in London. The warm bath has proved an useful auxiliary in all the varieties of disease of which mention has been made in this report. Opium has also been highly serviceable, but some delicacy is required in the management of this powerful medicine, whenever fever is present; and the secretions, in consequence, both diminished in quantity, and vitiated in quality.

8, Upper John Street, Golden Square,
February 22, 1827.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

OUR letters in reference to the business of the last month, afford nothing of novelty and matter for but a slender report. Christmas found the lands universally, in the finest state which could be produced by a most favourable autumn, and due advantage had been taken by a generally sedulous cultivation. The earliest frost quickly alternating with thaw and poaching the lands, necessarily became an impediment, and put a temporary stay to bean-setting, which had commenced both here and in the North. The frost has continued remarkably dry and free from snow, for those considerable falls which occurred were local, and of short duration, yet, nevertheless, sufficient to bury and destroy a considerable number of sheep, in certain mountainous districts, where, according to good old custom, it is deemed an admirable property in those animals to starve well, and to escape in certain proportions, with skin, horns, and bone, through the rigours of winter. This dry winter following a droughty summer, has failed to replenish the exhausted springs, so that there is in some parts yet a cry of the want of water. The present dry, agreeable, and sunny frost, seems a counterpart to that of 1774, which, according to our recollection, lasted until within a day or two of Lady-day; and who shall say the similitude may not be completed? The prevalence of Easterly winds is favourable, since, if the stock should be exhausted, we shall have the less of them in the critical growing months of March and April; but a Westerly change has occurred this day. The continuance of frost will, in course, retard the Lent seed season, but if otherwise, it will be sufficiently early, the lands being in a fine state of preparation.

The wheats standing, for the most part, thick upon the soil, may probably have been benefited rather than injured by the frost, the discoloration of the foliage being of no importance. Much manure has been carted upon the land, and much road-work done, from the leisure afforded by the state of the weather; in the mean time the provision of the fold yards is exhausting in a most alarming degree, and many feeders are under serious apprehensions of being at all able to support their stock through this most critical season. Hay and straw where most wanted, are either too dear, or cannot be purchased at all. Linseed boiled, and mixed with cut wheat straw, forming a jelly, is successfully given to store cattle at the cost of about sixpence per day each. Store sheep and ewes are doing badly. Pigs are kept at great expence, yet stores are getting considerably dearer in some parts. A number of cart horses have died suddenly from intestinal obstruction, accompanied by violent inflammatory symptoms; the cause assigned by a veterinary surgeon, is indigestion, occasioned by feeding with unthrashed peas and tares. Beans and Spring tares, for seed, rising in price. The ancient provender for cattle, furze

and beath-tops getting into use, but the expense is complained of. No remarkable variation in either the cattle or horse markets. Fat cattle sell readily and well, and good horses are fetching Spring prices.

The accounts from Lincolnshire, that great cattle and sheep district, are more distressing and of a deeper unfortunate interest than from any other part of the country. The Lincoln farmers are not only suffering from, it may be called a total loss of their turnip crop, of late years their great dependence, but from want of water for their live stock, after having had the most ruinous experience of the same wants during the summer. Many of them during that period, from the parched and desolate state of their lands, were under the necessity of putting out their stock to keep, in the adjoining counties, where, numbers of the sheep being in a starved and exhausted condition, were suddenly destroyed, instead of being improved by the luxuriance and goodness of the pasture. Thousands of store sheep and lambs, mere skeletons, were either lost, or sold at a few shillings each. But even this first loss was best, for the calamity is still raging in this ill-starred country, for, particularly in the vicinity of Horncastle, multitudes of cattle and sheep, and many horses, are perishing through want, farmers losing six or eight beasts, two or three horses, or twenty or thirty sheep per week. Hay they have none, and the straw of last year was necessarily short in quantity and defective in substance. Here is a powerful call upon the liberal patronage of landlords; and it is a public object of no slight importance, that the lands in Lincolnshire, on which water is ruinously deficient, be thoroughly examined by boring, and that every feasible means be resorted to, for obtaining that indispensable article, in a country which produces so much of the national provision.

Those, however, are temporary calamities, the unavoidable chance of the seasons; our duty leads us to advert to one of infinitely more melancholy and serious consequence, and which seems at length, but too plainly, to have cast off its former presumed temporary and local character. From the appalling numbers of farming labourers out of employ, throughout the country, it can no longer be doubted, that the number is too great, both of our agricultural and manufacturing hands; and, from the circumstances of the country, that number must continue to multiply, whether under the influence of good or ill success. No doubt but systematic errors, not to be here discussed, have mainly contributed to this end; and as little doubt remains that, in the ultimate, no efficient remedy can be found but in *EMIGRATION*, or rather, colonization; and that not in temporary and partial acts, but in a regular national system, continuous and permanent. The introduction of this principle, and the experiments on the small and exploring scale, will form a prominent wreath of the laurels of our patriotic administration, who, strange as it may seem to former experience, appear really solicitous for the public good, and to be struggling hard in its promotion. The laborious assiduity and enthusiasm of Mr. W. Horton does him signal honour, both as a politician and as a man. The experiments, however, have had their critics and reprovers. As if men who attempt the wild and the wilderness, must colonize on velvet. Our colonists, it seems, were annoyed by musketoes. Were musketoes then, new settlers in America? Mercy on us, this is surely enough to remind a reader endowed with any tolerable share of the *animal risibile* of the old punishment of being fast bound to a daisy and baited by butterflies. But what are the stings of natural and buzzing musketoes, in comparison with the cruel and deadly goadings of the metaphysical musketoes of destitution, hunger, and famine? If numbers have perished from casualty, in the brave attempt to earn subsistence and property in a foreign land, it did but save them, in all probability, from dying ignominiously at home, the slow and lingering death of starvation. This materially points to unfortunate Ireland, the seat, during ages, of foul oppression. Ireland—where, in some parts, “men have no place in which to hide the head and sleep, but the bog, and nought to cover them but sedge; and when those who can find any employment, must exchange their labour for three-pence and five-pence a day.” Instead of vainly seeking an impossible remedy in those unnatural restraints, which are the disgrace and ridicule of political economy, let this surplussage of the people be constantly and gradually exported to fruitful countries, where the loud cry of the wilderness is for human inhabitants, and where they may cheerfully, and without risk, fulfil the old and sacred injunction—*increase and multiply*; and where, in due time, they may, by their consumption of manufactures, and their commerce, amply reward their mother country, for the fostering care of its administration. Has it not been the course in all ages, for a superabundant population to seek refuge and sustenance in foreign lands?

Smithfield.—Beef, 4s. 2d. to 5s. 4d.—Mutton, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 8d. Veal, 5s. to 5s. 10d.—Pork, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 8d.—Dairy-fed, 6s. to 6s. 4d.—Raw fat, 2s. 6½d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 40s. to 66s.—Barley, 36s. to 45s.—Oats, 24s. to 42s.—Bread, 9½d. the 4lb. loaf.—Hay, 75s. to 112s.—Clover ditto, 90s. to 130s.—Straw, 30s. to 42s.

Coals in the Pool, 28s.—40s.

Middlesex, February 19th, 1827.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Cotton.—The markets at London and Liverpool continue very dull, and prices nominal, Orleans 6½d. to 7d. per lb. Sea Island 7d. to 10d. per lb. Brazil 7d. to 11d. per lb. Demerara 9d. to 10d. per lb. Barbadoes 7d. to 7½d. per lb.

Coffee.—continues steady at our last quotations, and in little demand for exportation, but a good deal has been done for home consumption, and prices keep steady.

Sugar.—The Sugar market is pretty brisk, and the grocers have bought freely this month, good and fine Jamaica 52s. 66s. Ordinary dry 48s. to 56s. per cwt.

Rum.—Old Jamaica rum is scarce and in demand. Leeward Island of good strength 2s. 2d. to 2s. 6d., and inferior 1s. 8d. to 1s. 10d. per imperial gallon.

Brandy.—of fine marks scarce and held upon speculation, but purchasers refuse to give the prices demanded.

Hollands.—in little or no demand, with a good stock on hand, and likely to remain so, unless for export.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The two former articles remain steady, and as the spring advances the latter is in less demand, and prices rather declining.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 7.—Antwerp, 12. 8.—Hamburgh, 37. 6.—Altona, 37. 7.—Paris, 25. 85.—Bordeaux, 25. 85.—Berlin, 7.—Frankfort on the Main, 154½.—Petersburg, 84.—Vienna, 10. 21.—Trieste, 10. 24.—Madrid, 34½.—Cadiz, 34½.—Bilboa, 33.—Barcelona, 33.—Seville, 33.—Gibraltar, 33.—Leghorn, 47½.—Genoa, 43½.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 38½.—Palermo, 114½.—Lisbon, 58½.—Oporto, 48½.—Buenos Ayres, 43.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9d.—Silver in bars, standard 4s. 11d.

Premiums on Shares and Consols, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 268l.—Coventry, 1100l.—Ellesmere and Chester, 99l.—Grand Junction, 288l.—Kennet and Avon, 25l. 15s.—Leeds and Liverpool, 385l.—Oxford, 680l.—Regent's, 34l. 10s.—Trent and Mersey, 1,850l.—Warwick and Birmingham, 270l.—London Docks, 83l.—West-India, 195l. 10s.—East London WATER WORKS, 122l.—Grand Junction, 64l. 10s.—West Middlesex, 68l.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE.—1 dis.—Globe, 142l.—Guardian, 18l. 10s.—Hope, 5l.—Imperial Fire, 90l.—Gas-LIGHT, Westminster Chartered Company, 56l.—City Gas-Light Company, 157l.—British, 12 dis.—Leeds, 195l.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 21st of January and the 21st of February 1827; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

BADNALL, R. jun., F. G. Spillsbury, and H. Cruso, Leek, Stafford, silk manufacturers
Blake, J. Zeal's-green, Wiltshire, grocer
Dawson, S. R., and W. Matton, Water-lane, Tower-street
Dentith, R. Butterbeach, Cheshire, farmer
Elwin, G. Norwich, baker
Grueber, J. H. and H. Hope Mills, Denbigh, spinners of linen
Horn, R. Oxford, baker
Morgan, D. Neath, Glamorgan, ironmonger
Spawton, C. Northampton, tallow-chandler

Baggott, R. Ledbury, breeches-maker. [Beverley, Temple; Phelps, Ledbury
Bell, G. Morent-gardens, Lambeth, dealer. [Gibbard, Stangate-street, Lambeth
Bancks, W. Brierley, Stafford, dealer. [Wimburn and Collett, Chancery-lane; Robinson and Son, Dudley
Burrow, T. Worcester, glover. [Hilliard and Co, Raymond-buildings, Gray's-inn; Godson, Worcester
Buston, J. Muggleton, Derby, lime-burner. [Smedley, Ely-place; Jessop, Derby
Beadle, G. Bishop-Stortford, Hertfordshire, tailor. [Jackson, New Inn
Bates, T. Thayer-street, Manchester-square, linen-draper. [Jones, Shoe-lane
Brown, T. Lynn, Norfolk, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane
Brittain, J. B., Charlotte-terrace, New-cut, Lambeth, oilman. [Thomas, Bernard's-inn
Booth, W. Manchester, victualler. [Bower, Chancery-lane
Beard, N. Lambeth, Surrey, common brewer. [Fisher and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn
Banks, W. Pain's-lane, Wrockwardine, Shropshire, grocer and draper. [E. S. Bigs, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane; Nock, Wellington, Shropshire
Bottomley, J. Delph, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, merchant and manufacturer. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; J. Ainby, Delph, Saddleworth, Yorkshire
Brierley, M., and P. Arrine, Manchester, machine-makers. [Gorton, Chancery-lane; Hampson, Manchester; Ellis and Co., Walsley

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 173.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

ARNITT, T. Thirsk, Yorkshire, tanner, [Simpson, New Malton; Williamsons, Gray's-inn-sq.
Atkinson, J. Lancaster, grocer. [Wheeler and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Robinson, Lancaster
Brenell, J. H. and R. B. Anderson, Liverpool, merchants. [Taylor and Roscoe, Temple; Lace and Co., Liverpool
Bennett, J. Whitecroft, Gloucester, grocer. [King, Serjeant's-inn; Chadborne, Newnham
Board, J. Ham, Somerset, coal-merchant. [Burl, Mitre-court, Wood-street
Bunting, J. Liverpool, hardwareman. [Rogers, Bucklersbury; Siddell, Sheffield
Banks, P. Bradley, Stafford, iron-master. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Mason, Birlton
Bowen, T. (of the ship Darius), merchant, [Cobb, Finsbury-circus

- Chantlef, T. Pendleton, Eccles, Lancaster, hop-merchant. [Gorton, Chancery-lane; Ellis and Co., Walmesley; Higgs and Co., Manchester]
- Cox, E. Ledbury, Herefordshire, carrier. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Higgins, Ledbury]
- Charlton, F. Blyth, Northumberland, draper. [Bell and Broderick, Bow-church-yard; Bainbridge and Tappenden, Newcastle]
- Carpenter, T. St. John-street, Clerkenwell, butcher. [Scarb, Lyon's-inn]
- Chase, J. W. Eastington, Gloucester, shopkeeper. [Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Vizard and Co., Dursley]
- Collins, R. Chew Magna, Somerset, surgeon. [Burfoot, Temple; Dowling and Marshall, Chew Magna]
- Chambers, W. Ely, tailor. [Lillie, Austin-friars]
- Cash, J. Liverpool, tailor. [Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Mawdsleys, Liverpool]
- Cade, T. Shalford, Surrey, schoolmaster. [Dyne, Lincoln's-inn-fields]
- Clarke, J. H. Hollis-street, Cavendish-square, ap-
praiser. [Parker, Dyer's-buildings, Holborn]
- Cottle, J. St. John-street, victualler. [Vander-
com and Comyn, Bush-lane, cannon-street]
- Crerar, J. Bagnidge-wells-road, baker. [Pontifax, St. Andrew's-court, Holborn]
- Cox, W. Burton-upon-Trent, Stafford, mercer. [Hurd and Johnson, Inner Temple; Wright, Burton-upon-Trent]
- Clarke, H. Rochester, hatter. [Collins, Great
Knightrider-street, Doctors' Commons]
- Cogger, T. Wardrobe-terrace, Doctors' Commons,
engineer. [Gresham, Barnard's-inn, Holborn]
- Clemence, T. Truro, Cornwall, cabinet-maker. [Patten, Hatton Garden]
- Clarke, T. Oswestry, Shropshire, timber merchant. [Wheeler and Co., John-street, Bedford-row]
- Cruckshank W. Bloomfield, Somersetshire, malt-
ster. [Marson and Co., Church-row, Newington
Butts]
- Crangfield, J. Newington-causeway, tailor. [Vin-
cent, Clifford's-inn]
- Drosier, T. Blakeney, Norfolk, miller. [Bridger, An-
gel-court, Throgmorton-street; Withers, jun.
Holt]
- Dentith, R. Huntington, Cheshire, butcher. [Hux-
ley and Sun, Temple; Leacroft, Chester]
- Dunham, J. Cook's-court, Carey-street, bill-broker. [Neale, Great Ormond-street, Queen-square]
- Dawes, S. and G. Ballard, and C. Yorke, King-
street, Cheapside. [Bowden and Walters, Alder-
manbury]
- Dalton, J. Rathbone-place, man-milliner. [Law-
rence, Dean's-court, Doctors' Commons]
- Dyson, J. Ratcliffe-row, Old-street, builder. [Col-
lyer, Lyon's-inn]
- Danvers, T. Gower's-walk, Whitechapel, silk-dyer. [Bishop, Chancery-lane]
- Dunk, D. Brighthelmstone, Sussex, butcher. [Fai-
thful, Brighton; Faithful, Birch-in-lane,
Cornhill]
- Dowding, C. Shadwell Dock, cooper. [Armstrong, St. John-square]
- Eseudier, S. Carpenter-street, Berkley-square, coal-
mer. [Lane, Marshall-street, Golden-square]
- Elkington, C. Birmingham, printer. [Tooke and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn]
- Fletcher, J. Liverpool, merchant [Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Avison, Liverpool]
- Fenton, J. Hanley, Stafford, engraver. [Clowes and Co., Temple; Tomlinson, Staffordshire Potteries]
- Farr, G. and R. Bread-street, merchants. [Rob-
inson and Hone, Charterhouse-square]
- Fairland, R. Willow-walk, Bermondsey, glue ma-
nufacturer. [Brooking, Lombard-street]
- Fairhurst, J. Prescott, Lancashire, saddler. [Ches-
ter, Staple-inn]
- Ferryman, J. B. G. Cheltenham, brick-maker. [Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields]
- Goodrick, C. Etton, York, cornfactor. [Jacques and Battye, Coleman-street; Wood and Overton, York]
- Greenland, S. N. Frome, Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier. [Hartley, New Bridge-street; Black-
friars; Henry, Frome, Selwood]
- Gill, G. G. Billingham, Lincolnshire, miller. [Prit-
chard, Bridge-street, Blackfriars]
- Gibbon, T. and D. Evans, Marchmont-street, linen-
drapers. [Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury]
- Gardiner, W. Chalford, Gloucestershire, clothier. [Dax and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Goulden, J. Kendal, Westmoreland, auctioneer. [Addison, Gray's-inn; Wilson, Kendal]
- Hopkins, J. Bristol, dealer. [Poole and Co., Gray's-
inn; Pullen, Bristol]
- Heywood, E. Abchurch-yard, dentist. [Virgo, Change-alley]
- Hart, J. jun. Birmingham, coach-maker. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Burman, Birmingham]
- Hine, W. Bristol, innholder. [Hartley, New Bridge-
street, Blackfriars; Miller, Frome]
- Hindle, R. F. Kendal, woollen-manufacturer. [Mos-
ser and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Harvey, J. M. Goole, York, innkeeper. [Capes, Gray's-inn; Capes, Howden]
- Hopson, S. Long-lane, Smithfield, turner. [Smith, Carthusian-street, Charter-house-square]
- Hathway, E. Poland-street, bookseller. [Hailstone-
Devonshire-street, Queen-square]
- Holgate, W. Stanton-Cotes, York, grazier. [Be-
verley, Temple; Hartleys, Settle]
- Hallewell, W. Little Sheffield, builder. [King, Hatton-garden; Hardy, Sheffield]
- Haecher, S. Canterbury, builder. [Plumber and Sons, Canterbury; Nethersoles and Baron, Essex-
street]
- Hutchinson, B. B. Wapping-wall, victualler. [Fearnley, Ratcliffe-cross]
- Hodges, B. Bristol, bookbinder. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Johnson, Bristol]
- Hilder, J. Charles-street, City-road, brewer. [Cranch, Union-court, Broad-street]
- Hall, C. Andover, Southampton, builder. [Bous-
field, Chatham-place; Mann, Andover]
- Hague, J. Ashton-under-Line, ironmonger. [Gib-
bon, Ashton-under-Line; Battye and Co., Chan-
cery-lane]
- Hodsell, T. late of Oxford-street, auctioneer. [Con-
stable and Co., Symond's-inn]
- Hayward, W. Nottingham, glass-merchant. [Tay-
lor, John-street, Bedford-row; Badger, Rother-
ham]
- Harrop, J. Ashton-under-Line, grocer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Higginbottom, Ashton-
under-Line]
- Jalland, G. Mansfield-Woodhouse, Nottingham, mil-
ler. [Alexander and Son, Carey-street; Flower, Mansfield]
- Johnston, W. Caroline-street, Bedford-square, jew-
eller. [Vincent, Bedford-street, Bedford-square]
- Jones, D. High-street, Southwark, hatter. [Ham-
ilton and Co., Berwick-street, Soho]
- Jackson, W. Rochford, Essex, banker. [Nelson, Essex-street, Strand]
- Jagulden, J. Dover, painter. [Kennett, Dover; Stocker and Co., New Boswell-court, Carey-
street]
- Johnson, J. Manchester, victualler. [Norris, John-
street, Bedford-row; Gray, Manchester]
- Latham, R. S. Bath, woollen-draper. [Jones, Bishopsgate-street; Hellings, Bath]
- Lomax, B. and E., St. Mary, Rotherhithe, ship-
wrights. [Lawrence, Dean's-court, Doctors' Commons]
- Ledgard, W. E. Brighouse, York, merchant, Smiths, Hatton-garden; Taylor, Mirfield]
- Lees, J. Drury-lane, smith. [Harris, Bruton-street, Berkeley-square]
- Lenton, W. Vere-street, Clare-market, and Shoe-
lane, builder. [Steele and Nicol, Queen-street, Cheapside]
- Langley, F. Spring-gardens, dealer. [Hamilton and Co., Tavistock-row, Covent-garden]
- Lambert, J. T. Chalford, Gloucestershire. [King, Sergeant's-inn; Newman and Co., Stroud]
- Loagley, P. Rainsgate, carpenter. [Kennett, Dover; Stocker and Co., New Boswell-court, Carey-street]
- Lusty, S. Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, corn-dealer and mealman. [Cardale and Co. Gray's-inn]
- Messenger, J. Wigton, Cumberland, mercer. [Mounsey and Gray, Staple-inn; Hodgson, Wig-
ton]

- McKnight, T. Wellington-place, West India Docks, merchant. [Phillips, Bedford-street, Covent-garden]
- Musgrave, T. C., and T. Garrett, Wincanton, Somerset, bankers. [Hicks and Dean, Gray's-inn; Buckland, Shaftesbury]
- Morgan, J. Bottisham Lode, Cambridge, baker. [Nicholl, Stamford street; Tabram, Cambridge]
- Moon, J. Manchester, cotton merchant. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Edge, Manchester]
- Matthews, A. jun. Chatham, tailor. [Haslem, Leadenhall-street]
- Mitchell, H. Tottenham, coach-master. [Pope, Bloomfield-street, London-wall]
- Millor, J. Alstonefield, Staffordshire, cheese-factor. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Brittlebank, Ash-bourn]
- Moye, J. Drury-lane, oilman. [Fyson and Beck, Lothbury]
- Nash, J. Vassal-road, Brixton, builder. [Glyne, Burr-street, East-Smithfield]
- Nicholson, S. New-street, Covent-garden, cheese-monger. [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Thread-needle-street]
- Neely, S. D. Regent-street, bookseller. [Nind and Co., Throgmorton-street]
- Neek, R. L. P. Beamidster, Dorsetshire. [Bartlett, West Teignmouth; Horie, Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields]
- Ogden, T. Manchester, grocer. [Appleby and Charnock, Gray's-inn; Whitehead and Monk, Manchester]
- Oliver, T. B. Ipswich, tallow-chandler. [Rodwell and Co., Ipswich; Bridges and Co., Red Lion-square]
- Pierce, J. Mardon, Kent, carpenter. [James and Whitelock, Ely-place; James and Ottway, Staplehurst]
- Pellatt, H. Queenborough, Kent, stone-merchant. [Wright, Bucklersbury]
- Proffitt, R. Friday-street, warehouseman. [English, Oxford-street]
- Proud, F. J. Upper Thames-street, merchant. [Pearce and Co., St. Swithin's lane]
- Price, J. B. Hereford, timber-merchant. [Robinson, Walbrook]
- Picard, J. K. Russell-street, Covent-garden, white lead-maker. [Rosen and Co., Gray's-inn-place]
- Pope, W. St. John-street, West Smithfield, tailor. [Richardson, Ironmonger-lane, Cheap-side]
- Pickering, J. F. late of Wath, Yorkshire, tallow-chandler and grocer. [Young and Co., St. Mildred's-court, Poultry]
- Palmer, T. Manchester, dealer in music. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Smith, Manchester]
- Rymer, J. Ramsgate, surgeon. [Redaway, Clement's-inn; Wells, Ramsgate]
- Rogers, J. Duncan-terrace, City-road, printer. [Goote and Son, Austin-friars]
- Raywood, J. Barnsley, Yorkshire, linen-draper. [Stocker and Co., New Boswell-court; Newman, Barnsley]
- Reynolds, C. Clapton-square, Hackney, apothecary. [Tebbitts, Austin-friars]
- Ray, J. Peel Town, Isle of Man, merchant. [James and Co., Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane; North, Liverpool]
- Robbins, W. Birmingham, grocer. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn; Arnold and Co., Birmingham]
- Smith, S. Manchester, engraver. [Bower, Chancery-lane; Owens, Manchester]
- Smith, E. Coventry, corn-dealer. [Wheeler and Bennett, John-street, Bedford-row]
- Sayner, J. and G. Leeds, dyers. [Maxon, Little Friday-street; Upton and Sons, Leeds]
- Silvester, C. S. Maida-hill, Edgeware-road, builder. [Cliff, Gray's-inn]
- Symes, C. and A. C. Smart, Bath, cabinet-makers. [Elgies, Poultry]
- Skinner, R. Tiverton, cabinet-maker. [Constable and Kirk, Symond's-inn; Partridge, Tiverton]
- Smith, J. P. Cornwall-road, Lambeth, brewer. [Church, Great James-street, Bedford-row]
- Stidolph, W. H. Bagnor Mill, Berkshire, paper-maker. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Sampson, E. and J. Greek-street, Soho, vitriol-manufacturers. [Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane, Queen-street]
- Sharp, H. L. Hornton-street, Kensington, chemist [Wells, Dyer's-buildings, Holborn]
- Springford, J. Warrminster, Wilts., victualler. [Helders, Clement's-inn; Phelps and Co., Warrminster]
- Sharpe, G. M. and J. Stroyan, Newcastle upon-Tyne, drapers. [Dun, Raymond-buildings, Gray's-inn; Wilson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne]
- Sedden, T. Liverpool, shoemaker. [Kaye, Liverpool; Dean, Palsgrave-place, Temple]
- Smith, W. Middleton-street, Clerkenwell, builder. [Dax and Co., Bedford-row]
- Slingsby, T. Cheapside, cotton-printer. Steel and Co., Queen-street, Cheap-side
- Silcock, M. Graham-street, Beresford-street, Walworth, Surrey. [Thomas and Co., New Basinghall-street]
- Spratley W. and Co., Long Acre, coach-axle-manufacturers. [Hamilton and Co., Berwick-street, Soho]
- Schofield, G. Farnley Tyas, Yorkshire, clothier. [Willshue and Co., Austin-friars]
- Strickland, A. New Malton, York, banker. [Wiglesworth & Ridsdale, Gray's-inn; Smithson, York; Simpson, Malton]
- Thomas, W. Ledbury, maltster. [Beverley, Temple; Gregg, Ledbury]
- Tyler, W. Barron-street, Pentonville, builder. [Williams, Alfred-place, Bedford-square]
- Tootal, J. G., N., and C. T., Wakefield, York, corn-merchants. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Taylor, Wakefield]
- Tripp, J. R. Caerleon, Monmouthshire, money-scriver. [Greville, Bristol; Hicks and Co., Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn]
- Taylor, J. Halifax, Yorkshire, innkeeper. [Stocks, Halifax; Battye and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Trobridge, J. Exeter, victualler. [Turner, Bedford-street, Bedford row; Turner and Co., Exeter]
- Taylor, J. Somers'-place, New-road, baker. [Wintner and Co., Bedford-row]
- Touray, M. P. and Co., City-road, mustard-manufacturers. [Gatty and Co., Angel-court, Throgmorton-street]
- Underwood, W. M. Nailsworth, Gloucester, millwright. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Wathan, Stroud]
- Wickers, H. Greenwich, victualler. [Atkins and Davies, Fox Ordinary-court, Lombard-street]
- White, T. Lower Brook-street, tailor. [Hamilton and Twining, Berwick-street]
- Wells, H. New Bond-street, tailor. [Williams, Bond-court, Walbrook]
- Withy, R. B. Phoenix-alley, Long Acre, coal-merchant. [Brownes, Fumival's-inn]
- Williams, J. Half-Moon-street, Piccadilly, boarding-housekeeper. [Cunningham, Bryanstone-street, Portman-square]
- Waite, R. Spilsby, Lincoln, maltster. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Walker and Sons, Spilsby]
- Walker, G. L. Leeds, commission-agent. [Wilson, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury; Smith and Co., Leeds]
- Wells, W. Norwich, tailor. [Crowder and Co., Lothbury]
- White, J. Baker-row, Walworth, tailor, [Richardson, ironmonger-lane]
- Wharton, T. Finsbury-place, South, tailor. [Pope, Bloomfield-street, London-wall]
- Walker, E. Birmingham, victualler. [Swain and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry; Wall and Co., Birmingham]
- Woodcock, J. Westham, Essex, carpenter. [Lang, Fenchurch-street]
- West, J. sen. Shepton-Mallett, clothier. [Evans and Co., Hatton-garden; Haberfield, Bristol]
- Weisby, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Phillips, Liverpool]
- Wardell, G. R. Liverpool, team-owner. [Ravenhill, Poultry; Wilson, Liverpool]
- Weston, J. H. and R. late of Manchester, calendarers and makers-up. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]
- Yeatherd, W. Jewry-street, Aldgate, wine-merchant. [Overton and Coombe, Tokenhouse-yard.]

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Hon. and Rev. G. Pellew, to the Rectory of St. George, with St. Mary Magdalen, Canterbury.—Rev. C. Musgrave, to the Vicarage of Halifax, York.—Rev. T. Morgan, to the Vicarage of Llan-sadwra, with Lanwrda chapel, Carmarthen.—Rev. J. Headland, to be Archdeacon of Richmond.—Rev. W. Vaughan, to the perpetual Curacy of Astley, Salop.—Rev. Dr. E. Nares, to the Rectory of Newchurch, Kent.—Rev. R. Martin, to the Vicarages of Ratby and Breedon, Leicester.—Rev. W. E. Coldwell, to the Vicarage of Sandon, Stafford.—Rev. F. Swanton, to the perpetual Curacy of St. John's Church, Winchester.—Rev. Dr. French, to the Rectory of Moor Monkton, York.—Rev. J. Vernon, to the Rectory of Shawley, Worcester.—Rev. T. H. Coventry, to the Rectory of Croome Montis, Worcester.—Rev. S. Oliver, jun., to the Vicarage of Calverton, Nottingham.—Rev.

R. Burnaby has been licensed to the new church of St. George, Leicester.—Rev. O. L. Collins, to the perpetual Curacy of Osset, York.—Rev. W. Swete, to the Rectory of St. Leonard, Devon.—Rev. C. Lloyd, to the Bishoprick of Oxford.—Rev. C. A. St. John Mildmay, to the Rectory of Chelmsford.—Rev. L. M. Halton, to the Rectory of Woolhampton, Berks.—Rev. L. A. Cliffe, to the Vicarage of Sampford Arundell, Somerset.—Rev. M. Croft, to the Vicarage of Hutton Bushel, York.—Rev. J. Lupton, to the Vicarage of Black Bourton, Oxon.—Rev. O. H. Williams to the Rectory of Clovelly, Devon.—Right Rev. Dr. J. Kaye, to the Bishoprick of Lincoln.—Rev. R. Tweddell, to the Vicarage of Liddinton with Caldecot, Rutland.—Rev. J. B. Atkinson, to the perpetual Cure of West Cowes, Isle of Wight.—Rev. J. Vernon to the Rectory of Shrawley, Worcester.

APPOINTMENTS.

January 22, 1827.—His Majesty appointed Field-Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington, Commander-in-Chief of all His Majesty's land forces.

Official order issued by His Majesty to the army, on the death of the Duke of York, dated January 23, 1827.

The Commander-in Chief appointed Lient. Gen. Sir H. Taylor, to be his military secretary.

*Sheriffs appointed by his Majesty in Council
for the year 1827.*

Bedfordshire—George Nigel Edwards, of Henlow, Esq.

Berkshire—Thomas Dufield, of Marcham Park, Esq.

Buckinghamshire—Thomas Saunders, of Aston Abbot, Esq.

Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire—J. Margetts, of St. Ives, Esq.

Cheshire—Peter Legh, of Booth's, Esq.

Cumberland—William James, of Barrock-Lodge, Esq.

Cornwall—Sir Charles Lemon, of Clarelew, Bart.

Derbyshire—E. Sacheverell Chandos Pole, of Radbourne, Esq.

Devonshire—Robert William Newman, of Sandridge, Esq.

Dorsetshire—J. B. Garland, of Stone Cottage, Wimbourne, Esq.

Essex—Sir John Tyrell, of Boreham-house, Bart.

Gloucestershire—G. B. Prowse Priun, of Charlton Kings, Esq.

Hertfordshire—John Griffiths, of the Weir, Esq.

Herefordshire—Joseph Latour, of Hexton, Esq.

Kent—Isaac Minet, of Baldwin's, Esq.

Leicestershire—Otho Manners, of Goadby Marwood, Esq.

Lincolnshire—John Reeve, of Leadenham-house, Esq.

Monmouthshire—William Addams Williams, of Llangibby, Esq.

Norfolk—Charles Tompson, of Great-Witchingham, Esq.

Northamptonshire—John J. Blencowe, of Marston St. Lawrence, Esq.

Northumberland—Dixon Dixon, of Long Benton, Esq.

Nottinghamshire—Frederick Robinson, of Widmerpool, Esq.

Oxfordshire—Joseph Wilson, of Nether Wharton, Esq.

Rutlandshire—Thomas John Bryan, of Stoke Dry, Esq.

Shropshire—William Taylenr, of Buntingsdale, Esq.

Somersetshire—Henry P. Collins, of Hatch Beauchamp, Esq.

Staffordshire—Hugo Charles Meyneli, of Hoar Cross, Esq.

County of Southampton—George Collins Poore, of Wiekham, Esq.

Suffolk—John Francis Leathes, of Herringfleet, Esq.

Surrey—William Crawford, of Dorking, Esq.

Sussex—Sir Charles Foster Goring, of Highden, Bart.

Warwickshire—William Duke, of Maxtock Castle, Esq.

Wiltshire—Thomas B. Mynors Baskerville, of Rockley-house, Esq.

Worcester—George Farley, of Henwick, Esq.

Yorkshire—Henry Darley, of Aldby Park, Esq.

SOUTH WALES.

Carmarthenshire—Joseph Gulstone, of Derwydd, Esq.

Pembrokeshire—Anthony Innys Stokes, of Scoveston, Esq.

Cardiganshire—Arthnr Jones, of Cardigan, Esq.

Glamorganshire—John Henry Vivian, of Marino, Esq.

Breconshire—Capel Hanbury Leigh, of Llanelly, Esq.

Radnorshire—Samuel Beaven, of Glasscombe, Esq.

NORTH WALES.

Anglesey—R. B. W. Bulkeley, of Baronhill, Esq.

Carnarvonshire—William Glynn Griffith, of Bodegroes, Esq.

Merionethshire—Thomas Hartley, of Llywyn, Esq.

Montgomeryshire—John Jones, of Maesmawr, Esq.

Denbighshire—John Price, of Plasoch Llanychan, Esq.

Flintshire—Jones Pantton, of Coieshill, Esq.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON.

CHRONOLOGY.

Jan. 21.—The City of London voted an address of condolence to His Majesty on the death of the Duke of York.—N.B. Almost all the cities and principal towns of the kingdom have since followed the example.

22.—The Corporation of Bath voted the freedom of that city to Mr. Canning, in a gold box, of the value of fifty guineas.

24.—His Majesty arrived at Brighton.

26.—A preliminary meeting held at Freemason's Tavern, for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the Duke of York.

Feb. 4.—The Duke of York's stud sold at Tatlersall's, producing £8,804 0s. 6d.

Feb. 10.—The shares for the New London University were filled up, and the second instalment paid, or a large portion of them.

15.—Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey; 248 prisoners formed the calendar. Two jurymen begged to be excused, as they could not (they said) return any verdict inflicting the penalty of death; they were ordered to attend the Court during the sessions, it not being deemed a sufficient excuse, although the Court would endeavour to dispense with them.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Ann's Blackfriars, John Frost, esq., F.S.A. of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to Harriott, only daughter of the late John Peter Yo-y, esq., of Berne.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Joseph Whately, esq., to Charlotte, widow of T. Crespigny, esq., formerly M.P. for Sudbury.—At St. George's Hanover-square, the Rev. Joseph Wolff, missionary to the Jews, to Lady Georgiana Mary Walpole, aunt to the Earl of Orford.

DEATHS.

At Milbank-terrace, Westminster, Mr. Vidler, the celebrated mail-coach contractor.—At Lovell-Hill Cottage, near Reading, J. Cumming, esq., F.S.A. late of the Board of Control. It was to this gentleman the public were indebted for the latter editions of that excellent work "Owen Feltham's Resolves."—At Brix-Hill, Dr. Blegborough.—At his house in Harley-street, the Right Hon. James Sutherland, Lord Duffin, at an advanced age.—In Duke-street, Westminster, 78, the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Macdonald, widow of the late Right Hon. Sir Archibald Macdonald, bart. and eldest sister of the Marquis of Stafford.—Mrs. Jones, relict of the late Right Hon. Theophilus

Jones, sister to the late Countess of Clermont and Dowager Lady Rossmore.—Major Wall.—In Sloane-street, 72, W. Minto, esq., late Lieut.-Colonel of the royal marine artillery.—Regent's Park, Mrs. Grant, widow of C. Grant, many years a director of the East India Company.—In Bedford-row, Mrs. F. Pollock.—At Islington, the Rev. John Evans, L.L.D. author of several works.—In Connaught-place, the Hon. and Right Rev. G. Pelham, Bishop of Lincoln, in consequence of a severe cold caught by attending the Duke of York's funeral.—At Southwood, Highgate, Miss F. Longman.—At Hoddeson, 82, General J. A. Harris.—At Rochester, the Rev. Dr. Law, Archdeacon of that place.—At Nottingham-place, 74, General W. Cartwright; he was Colonel of the King's regiment of dragoon guards.—Lieut.-General Ramsay, royal artillery.—At Whitehall, Lady Carrington.—In Wimpole-street, Mary-Anne, wife of Major-General H. F. Calcraft.—Sir W. Rawson, late of Albemarle-street.—At Brompton, Mr. Branstons, the celebrated wood engraver.—In Woburn-place, Mrs. Rouse, widow of the late B. Rouse, esq., of New Bridge-street.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At St. George's Church, by the Bishop of Barbadoes, the Rev. S. Isaacson, Rector of St. Paul's, Demerara, to A. M. M. Killikelly, youngest daughter of the late B. B. Killikelly, esq., of Barbadoes.—The Earl of Huntingdon, Sir B. D'Urban, Lady D'Urban, and the Archdeacon of Barbadoes, honoured the ceremony by their presence; and it being the first instance of a Protestant bishop having performed any of the offices of the church on the vast continent of South America, its novelty excited a considerable degree of interest, and attracted many other persons to the ceremony.—*Guiana Chronicle and Demerara Gazette*, Nov. 27, 1826.—At Guernsey, J. Gimmingham, esq., to Ellen Maria, daughter of R. Saumarez, esq., and niece of Admiral Sir James Saumarez.—At the Cape of Good Hope, John Carlisle, esq., to Catherine, daughter of T. Phillips, esq., late of Milford Haven, but now of Glendour, Albany district, Cape of Good Hope.—At Leipzig, A. H. Wolston, of Torrenston House, Devon, to Henrietta Semmel, widow, of Leipzig.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Tampico, Mexico, Commodore Charles Thurlow Smith, of the Mexican navy, late Post Captain in the British service, and nephew to Sir Sidney Smith.—At Naples, Lady Emily Montagu, youngest daughter of the Duke of Manchester.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

A meeting has been held at the Guildhall, Newcastle, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of establishing a "Society for the Relief of the Indigent and Sick," when resolutions were entered into, and a liberal subscrip-

tion made for immediate relief—in clothing, food, money, or other necessities, as the urgency of the different cases may require.

Another meeting, of ship-owners, has been held at North Shields, when a petition was unanimously agreed on to the House of Commons, against the Reciprocity system, and praying the

Legislature to examine into the cause of the present depressed state of the shipping interest of the country, &c.

A splendid silver candelabrum has been presented by the inhabitants of Hexham, to T.W. Beaumont, esq., M. P. for Stafford.

On the 3d of February, about a quarter before twelve o'clock at night, there was observed at Bishopwearmouth, in the north-west, a large flat arch, three or four degrees broad; it appeared like a cloud illuminated by the moon. At the time of observation, strong flashes of fire darted upwards, beginning at the western end of the arch, and proceeding eastward, and might require six or eight seconds to traverse from one end to the other. The lower end of the arch was 6° below the horizon, and extended upwards of 90°, and the upper end was about 80°. This *aurora borealis* had entirely vanished by half-past twelve o'clock.

There are forty-five prisoners for trial in Durham gaol.

Married.] At Durham, Wm. Taylor, esq., to Miss Maibly.

Died.] At Morpeth, Mr. J. Watson; he had been senior bailiff of that borough once, and five times junior bailiff.—At Durham, Miss Jane Pearson.—At South Shields, Thomas Green, esq.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

A sameness continues in our trade. Gingham are most wofully depressed; light checks and other fancy fabrics maintain, perhaps, a good ground. But there is plenty of complaint, little work, less wages, and no satisfaction on any side, for all are grumbling. To speak plainly, it is astonishing how the people subsist. When we think on the privations of the middle classes, unknown to any save the sufferers themselves, how many sorrowful hearts are hidden under smiling countenances, we must pursue the thought further, and are bound to believe, that the sufferings of the poor are greater than they appear. A few months since, they could subsist by selling their all; but now that all is gone, and where can they procure food? —*Carlisle Journal*.

A widow woman, of the name of Mary Dawson, who has six children, and has, we believe, seen better days, kept a horse and cart, and from the work of the animal she had herself and family to maintain. She felt herself under the necessity of applying for parish aid; and *Sunday*, the 14th January, was appointed to consider her claim. The select Vestry met in Troutbeck church. The poor woman attended; and after some deliberation she was told that she could not be relieved until her goods and property were sold. To this she demurred, begging them to consider her destitute situation. Remonstrance was in vain, and her horse and three cart loads of hay were actually put up for sale, at a short distance from the altar table, *in the body of the church*, on Sunday afternoon! Ten shillings were paid down in the church for the horse, and a promise was made that the hay should be paid for when taken away. Thus far the *Westmoreland Advertiser*.—Breathe we in a *Christian* land? But we forbear to comment upon the matter, as we understand a statement of the case has been laid before the Bishop.

YORKSHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

A general meeting of ship-owners has been held at the town hall of Whitby, for the purpose of

preparing petitions to Parliament against the Reciprocity system, under which the shipping interests of England are at present so grievously suffering. The petitions passed unanimously.

A meeting has been held at Sheffield, to take into consideration the law relative to the exportation of machinery from these kingdoms, when it was unanimously resolved to form a committee to communicate with the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester, to co-operate in any way that might seem desirable to oppose the passing any Act of Parliament for the purpose of allowing the exportation of machinery.

A memorial to the same effect has been unanimously passed by the merchants, manufacturers, and machine makers of Leeds, at their Court-House, to be presented to the Lords of the Treasury.

Application will be made to Parliament for an act to enable several gentlemen (as proprietors) to effect an intended canal from Wakefield to Ferrybridge. This very useful undertaking will, amongst other advantages, save seven miles in the distance.

The silk trade at Macclesfield is improving, and the people fast resuming employment.

An exhibition of paintings is about to be formed at Hull, on the same plan as that of the Northern Society, at Leeds.

A bazaar, at Leeds, for the benefit of the Dispensary, realized upwards of £1,400: and a ball, for the same purpose, upwards of £80.

There are upwards of one hundred prisoners in York Castle for trial, at the assizes, which commence the 24th of March.

An intention exists of founding a joint-stock bank at Huddersfield, on the Scotch system.

On the 31st of January, the head, horns, vertebrae of the neck, and somerib bones of a large animal, of the deer kind, which may now be regarded as a distinct species, were discovered in the cliff, at Hornsea. They were embedded in saponaceous clay, overlaid with vegetable matter, about five inches in thickness. The head, with the upper jaw, containing a row of fine teeth on each side, is entire; the under jaw is wanting. The horns are of the following dimensions:

	Ft. In.
Length, from the extreme tip of each horn	3 0
From the tip of one horn to its root	5 9
From the tip of one of the inner branches to the tip of the opposite branch	3 0
The breadth of one of the palms within the branches	1 7
The length of the head from the back of the skull to the extremity of the upper jaw	1 10
The breadth of the skull	0 10
The brow antlers, as well as the main bones, are palmed, and slightly divided at the ends; and the whole may justly be considered as a rare and interesting specimen of organic remains.	

A young woman, named Jane Shaw, the daughter of a peasant, at Ailne, near Beverley, was lately in a profound sleep for eighteen days, during which time the animal functions were entirely suspended.

On the 14th of February, a diocesan committee of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, was formed at York. President, his Grace the Archbishop.

Married.] Rev. H. Torre, rector of Thornhill, to Sarah Caroline, eldest daughter of Sir John Lister Kaye, bart., of Denbigh Grange.—At Wakefield, Edward Fenton, esq., to Miss Briscoe.—At Pickering, Captain Gray, to Miss Bird.—At York, Mr. Gawson, to Miss Wolstenholme.—At Terrington, John Atkinson, to Miss Tate.—At Leeds, Thomas Ferguson, esq., to Miss Emma Bevyen.

Died.] At Holme-on-Spalding Moor, Mrs. Falkingham, widow; she left behind her upwards of 150 children, grand-children, great grand-children, and great-great-grand-children; and she occupied the house, in which she died, the last 73 years of her life.—At Easingworth, Thomas Jackson, esq.—At Whitby, Mrs. Walker.—At York, Miss Ingram.—At Harden Grange, the lady of Walker Ferrand, esq.

STAFFORD AND SALOP.

The foundation stone of Wolverhampton race stand has lately been laid.

A number of workmen are now engaged in lowering the hill on the Bristol road, between Birmingham and the first turnpike.

LANCASHIRE.

The distress which has prevailed so extensively and for so long a period in the neighbouring towns, appears at length to have reached Liverpool. The applications for parochial relief are numerous beyond any precedent for several years past. More than four hundred individuals, and the families of many of them, were relieved yesterday at the parish offices. The workhouse is almost as full as it will hold: it contains nearly one thousand six hundred paupers. Disease, the sure concomitant of starvation, is very prevalent; the fever ward is full, and a temporary one has already received several inmates.—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

The differences which have so long existed between the cotton-spinners of Oldham and their workmen, have at length been accommodated, by the return of the men to their employment, at the prices which they before refused to accept. Most of the men signified their wish to return to work; and, with the exception of a few, who were known to have been active instigators of the late riots, they were accepted by the masters. On the day before this event took place, however, there were some further disturbances, of a rather serious character; in which, the civil and military authorities displayed great decision and promptitude; which, we have no doubt, had considerable effect in leading to accommodation.

Died.] At Harrock Hall, 77, the Rev. Rigby Rigby.

NOTTINGHAM AND LINCOLN.

There has been a trifling amendment in the lace trade at Nottingham, and there has been a small advance in the price.

Such is the extreme scarcity of provender and winter keeping in many parts of Lincolnshire, that the most serious apprehensions are felt by the farmers for their cattle, and the horrors of scarcity are prevalent. The calamity has been increased by severe and most unfavourable weather. In the neighbourhood of Horncastle, the sheep and cattle, both beasts and horses, are dying by multitudes.

Died.] 82, Rev. W. Harrison, vicar of Winterton.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

The nobility and gentry of the county of Leicester have come to the resolution of patronizing, on an extensive scale, a grand musical festival, for the benefit of "the Infirmary, Lunatic Asylum, and Fever House of Recovery," and a committee has been formed to carry their benevolent intentions into effect for which purpose they have already engaged some of the first performers in the kingdom. It is to be solemnized on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of next September, at Leicester.

At Loughborough, a ball lately took place, for the benefit of the Dispensary; it was well attended, and produced £90.

Died.] At Newhall Park, 86, Mr. Jackson; and the day after, Mr. Gilbert, an inmate of his house, and for whom he had liberally provided, expired, after a few hours illness.—At Loughborough, 87, Mr. Nash.—At his seat, Cole Orion Hall, 73, Sir George Beaumont, bart. He was well known as one of the best amateur painters in the kingdom, and the liberal donor to the nation of his excellent collection of pictures.—At Bisbrooke, Rutland, Mr. Robert Clarke, a man well known in the neighbourhood for his singular habits. It will appear that he was descended from an eccentric stock, when our readers are informed, that he put down a grave-stone to the memory of his father, agreeably to his directions, with a gorgeous representation of a waggon and horses, a waggoner, a gate, and a green hedge, with the following lines:

"Here lies the body of Nathaniel Clarke,
Who never did no harm in the light nor in the dark;
But in his blessed horses taken great delight,
And often travell'd with them by day and by night."

WARWICK.

In the case of the King v. the Mayor and Corporation of Warwick, the rule for a criminal information has been discharged, the defendants paying all the costs: "This, I think," said the Lord Chief Justice, "will be sufficient to make the defendants know that it is their duty to attend on the election-days specified in the Charter."

The Warwick Gas Light Company have made a dividend of five per cent.

Died.] Mrs. Millicent Ludford, sister of the late J. N. Ludford, esq., of Ansley Hall.—At Warwick, Mrs. E. Hudson.—At Sutton Coldfield, Mrs. Perkins.

NORTHAMPTON AND HUNTINGDON.

Died.] At Pitsford, Charles, second son of E. Bouverie, esq., of Delapre Abbey.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

Died.] At Leigh, 102, Catherine Hill. — At Worcester, 97, Philip Lane; he was known by the appellation of *Blind Phil*, and had been bell-ringer at Hereford Cathedral for upwards of seventy years.—At Flagoner's Green, Bromyard, 101, Hannah Smith, widow; and at Eccles Green, 1001 Mary Powles, widow.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

His Majesty has consented to become the patron of the musical festival, called the "Union of the Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester."—The Friends congregational collection in Bristol, for the relief of the distressed manufacturers, on Sunday, January 24, amounted to £159 5s. 2d.—It appears, by the third annual report of the visitors of the General Lunatic Asylum, for the County and City of Gloucester, that its expense for 1825, was £2,960. 9s. 9d., while the amount for

board of patients was only £2,554 0s. 2½d.; leaving a deficiency of £405 9s. 7d. Thus the committee are under the necessity of applying to the county and city for pecuniary assistance. We cannot neglect to add, that the deficiency in the finances, the committee conceive, are in a great degree to be attributed to causes of a temporary nature, the incidental expenses of the year having been unusually great, while the necessity have been more than equal to the ordinary and regular disbursements.

Married.] At Cheltenham. T. Thistlethwaite, esq., late M. P. for Hauts, to Typhena Bathurst, daughter of the Bishop of Norwich.

Died.] At Fairford Park, 85, J. R. Barker, esq.—At Lamb's Quay, 66, R. P. Wilton, esq., many years town clerk of Gloucester.—At Hill Court, 64, Miss F. Faust, a descendant of the celebrated John Faust, the inventor of printing: she was the niece of Sir John Faust, bart., at whose decease this ancient baronetcy became extinct.

DERBYSHIRE.

Married.] At Kedleston, W. D. Holden, esq., to Caroline Esther, youngest daughter of Lord Scarsdale.

OXFORDSHIRE.

A new arrangement has just been made at our (Oxford) post-office, by which means all letters and papers addressed to persons in the following counties and places, will arrive twenty-four hours earlier than before this establishment took place: Cheshire, Cumberland, Derby, Durham, Lancaster, Leicester, Lincoln, Northampton, Northumberland, Nottingham, Rutland, Stafford, Salop, Warwick, Westmoreland, York, North Wales, Ireland, and Scotland; including the towns of Dudley, Stourbridge, Bewdley, Kidderminster, and Stourport. A horse-post also will be established from Oxford to Newbury, to meet the Bath and Bristol, and Exeter mails, thus delivering the letters to Bath, Bristol, the west of England, and the south Welsh road, twenty-four hours earlier than at present.

At a late special court of the guardians for regulating the poor, at Oxford, it was unanimously resolved, that the intention of the new bill should be abandoned, the sense of the vestries appearing decidedly against it.

It appears, from the Summary of the University of Oxford, in January last, that there were 2,312 members of convocation, and 4,923 members on the books. In some of the colleges, applications for admission have been answered by promises of entrance in about two or three years; whilst in others, the list of applicants is so long, that no time can be held out for certainty when new members can be entered; this, at all events, shews the necessity of another university!

Died.] At Oxford, Rev. S. Collinson, D.D., Provost of Queen's College, Margaret, Professor of Divinity, Prebendary of Worcester, and rector of Dowlish Wake and Dowlish West, Somerset. He was in his 88th year, and he delivered a course of lectures on the thirty-nine articles, at the age of 80!—99, Mrs. Jane Trollope.—The Hon. and Right Rev. Edward Legge, Bishop of Oxford, and Warden of All Souls College.—At Middle Aston, Mrs. Mary Faithorn, having attained the age of 100 years and 10 months, without illness, except the small-pox, in her infancy.

BUCKS AND BERKS.

Died.] At Reading, in the 100th year of his age, Mr. Samuel Stepney. Until within a few days of his death, he could see to read the smallest

print without the aid of glasses, and at 96, was in full possession of all his faculties. He has left a widow, aged 96, who has been his wife for three-score years and ten. He had been a great-grand-father fifteen years, and his great-grand-children had a great-grand-father and great-grand-mother, two grand-fathers, two grand-mothers, and a father and mother—all living at the same time.—At Farley Hill, near Reading, C. Dickenson, esq.—At Ashton Clinton, 101, Rebecca Studram.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

A petition for the revision of the game laws was signed by some of the magistrates attending the late sessions at Bury. The object of the petition is to represent to Parliament the lamentable and increasing evils resulting from the violation of those laws, as peculiarly affecting the morals of the labouring classes; to point out the fact, that although the sale of game is prohibited, the demands of a large and wealthy class of the community create a market for it, which can at present only be supplied by fraud and depredation; and that the individual thus tempted to an infraction of the law, is led, by degrees, to the commission of the most atrocious crimes.

By the abstract of the receipts and disbursements of the treasurer for the county of Norfolk, from Midsummer 1825 to Midsummer 1826, it appears that the expenditure amounted to £14,392 1s. 2d.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

A meeting held at Brighton, February 10, of gentlemen, inhabitants, and visitors, it was resolved to erect public rooms, for balls, concerts, and other amusements, without delay. The expenses are calculated at £15,000, which is to be raised in shares of £100 each. The site is in the Grand Parade, and the building is to be in the Grecian style.

Married.] Robert Stone, esq., of Gate House, Sussex, to Louisa, second daughter of Alexander Donovan, esq., of Foranfield Park.

Died.] At Christchurch, 77, Mr. W. Lockyer. He was the head ringer of the parish, and had regularly attended the belfry for upwards of sixty years.

DORSET AND WILTS.

January 17, the foundation stone of a chapel for a sect called "Ranters," was laid at Shaftesbury. A female preacher delivered a long discourse on the occasion, and a subscription was made on the spot.

Died.] At Great Bedwin, Elizabeth Sopp, widow, having nearly completed her 102d year!—At Abbotsbury Castle, the Hon. Captain Giles Digby Robert Fox Strangeways, 7th hussars, brother to the Earl of Ilchester.

DEVON AND SOMERSET.

At the latter end of January, a rigged barge arrived at Taunton, from Newport direct, laden with coals, &c. She came up the Bridgewater and Taunton canal; branched in the river Tone; such a sight has never before been witnessed in Taunton, and drew a great concourse of spectators, with bells ringing at the different parish churches.—A concert was lately given at Bridgewater, for the benefit of the Infirmary, which netted between £80 and £90.—The last report of the Devon and Exeter Savings' Bank states the sum in hand to be £590,302 1s. 1d. exclusive of the surplus fund of 5,386 5s. 7d. The receipts of last year, notwithstanding the general distress, amounted to

£115,639 14s. 3d.!!!—The National Benevolent Institution of Bath received, in 1826, the sum of £416 8s. 1d.

At a late meeting of the mayor and commonalty of Plymouth and Devonport, it was agreed to forward a petition to Parliament for establishing a court of requests in those towns.—The foundation stone for the Plymouth Mechanics' Institute has been lately laid, with all the due formalities, at that place. The building is expected to be finished in November next.

By the late decision of the Court of King's Bench relative to the sewers of the Bristol Dock Company, there is now the certainty of that city being probably relieved, even before another hot summer occurs, from the abominable nuisance which of late years has so infested it.

Married.] At Bath, Lord William Paget, to Fanny, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Francis de Rottenberg.—At Clifton, W. M. Reade, esq., to Miss Eliza Matland.

Died.] At Axminster, 102, S. Pike.—At Yeovil, G. P. Upton, esq., mayor of Lyme Regis.—At Compton Gifford, Alexander, third son of Sir Edward and Lady Thornton, of Wembury House.—At Bath, Lucy, wife of John Benett, esq., M. P. for Wilts.—At Barnstaple, 61, Mary Easton; she had been a servant at the Bell-Inn fifty years!!!—At Martock, 67, Rev. E. Taylor.

WALES.

Great ferments have been created in several parts of Wales, in consequence of the intention expressed by many of the landowners to apply to the Legislature for acts to enclose common lands extensively. The act which has been applied for to enclose the wastes in the parishes of Llanwnda and Llandwrog, Carnarvon, will be brought before the attention of Parliament upon claims of vested rights, and other claims to compensation preferred by several hundred cottagers. At a vestry, held about twenty years ago, in the parish of Llandwrog, the peasantry were encouraged to build cottages upon the extensive barren wastes, as the example which had been exhibited by great numbers who had built cottages, some 20 and others 30 years before, of frugality and good order, led the overseers to expect that similar results would be experienced from the settlement of those of the peasantry who then began to be troublesome. The men who availed themselves of this encouragement, were chiefly those working in the slate quarries in the neighbourhood; numbers of them set to work accordingly. The common was, a great part of it a mere rock; they, by fire and gunpowder, levelled it. The whole body of men belonging to a quarry were often seen united at moonlight, working to remove huge stones, and aiding to clear the ground. In one instance, more than 140 heads of families were settled in this manner; they built cottages, and it appears that the present state of the wastes in this particular is, that there are 141 tenements on 337 acres, which aid in maintaining 683 inhabitants, with the assistance of 81 cows. As an instance of the good effected by this state of things, the cottagers, from being burdensome, have become contributors to the poor's rates. During the last 7 years, they have contributed within a fraction of £300 per annum; and the relief afforded to the same district amounts only to £55. Some of these cottagers have been in possession 30, 40, and 50 years undisturbed by those who have, or say they have, legal claims upon the

lands. The manorial rights to these lands belong to the Crown; but the landowners, who have only a right of common on them, have applied for a bill to enclose the common, and allot it amongst themselves. The cottagers on the land swear they will defend what they call their property, namely—the *improvements on the land and their cottages*, to the last drop of their blood; but they declare themselves willing to pay what may be assessed as the value of the lands, (which the landowners refused to make use of, for, in fact, it was of no value to them), before they bestowed their labour upon them. They contend that the improvements and buildings upon them, at least, are their property, inasmuch as the landowners recognised them, and admitted their right for 20 years, by not interfering with them during that period. The great question to be decided by the Legislature will be, whether such recognition of the labour bestowed upon land will entitle the cottagers to compensation for it. There is also the general principle of cottage settlement, as a relief for poor-rates, involved in the discussion of these cases.

A valuable piece of plate, subscribed for by the inhabitants of Brecon, has been presented to Philip Vaughan, esq., for his meritorious, judicious, and unceasing exertions as Honorary Secretary to the Cambrian Society in Gwent.

The Bishop of St. David's has given notice, that there is every reason to believe that the expense of educating and maintaining a young man at the college will not amount to more than £55 a year!!! Compare this with Oxford and Cambridge!!! The college is calculated to accommodate 70 students, and is to be opened on St. David's-day.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of Swansea, and its neighbourhood, held at the Guildhall, February 15, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament for the Abolition of Slavery in the British Colonies, it was resolved unanimously, "that a petition be immediately presented to Parliament, praying that during the present session, its pledge to the country for the further amelioration of the condition of the unhappy Slaves be redeemed, and that, without farther delay, some speedy and determined period be fixed for the final extinction of Slavery throughout the British dominions.

The shock of an earthquake was felt at Carnarvon, and miles round its vicinity, on Saturday February 10, at 20 m. past 7 o'clock, p. m. Its duration was only a minute. It was felt also at Bangor, and round the neighbourhood, but not in so great a degree.

Married.] Hugh Jones, esq., of Rhnallt, and Plastourbridge, Denbigh, to Jane, heiress of the late R. Jones, esq., of Dolgynlass.

Died.] At Dolgelly, 76, Henry Owen, esq., of Llwyn-du, a member of the Society of Friends.—At Ty-yn-y-Craig, near Aberpergwm, in the vale of Neath, John Jones, better known by the name of "Cobler Jig," at the advanced age of 91.—At Hay Brecon, 107, Martha Watkins.

SCOTLAND.

Died.] At Edinburgh, 64, Mr. P. Marshall; he was the ingenious inventor of the Peristrepheic Panorama.

IRELAND.

Died.] At Castle-Martyr, Cork, the Countess of Shaanoun.—89, Rev. Dr. Plunkett, titular Bishop of Meath; this venerable person, for nearly half a century, presided over one of the largest bishoprics in this country.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of January to the 25th of February 1827.

Jan.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols. for Acc.
26	201 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	94 1/2	18 1/2	19	46 43p	25 27p	78 1/2
27	201 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	94 1/2	19	46 47p	25 27p	78 1/2	9 1/2
28	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
31	202 202 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	94 1/2	19	23 1/2	47 49p	28 30p	79 1/2
Feb.	202 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2	87 1/2	87 1/2	95 1/2	19 1/2	238 1/2	49p	28 30p	79 1/2
1	202 1/2	80 1/2	81 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	95 1/2	19 1/2	—	48 50p	28 30p	80 1/2
2	203 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	95 1/2	19 1/2	—	50 51p	28 30p	80 1/2
3	—	81 1/2	81 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	95 1/2	19 1/2	238 1/2	52 52p	30 31p	81 1/2
4	—	81 1/2	81 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	95 1/2	19 1/2	—	52 54p	30 31p	81 1/2
5	207 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	96 1/2	19 1/2	—	52p	30 31p	81 1/2
6	—	82 1/2	81 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	96 1/2	19 1/2	242 1/2	52 54p	30 31p	81 1/2
7	207 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	96 1/2	19 1/2	245	52 54p	30 31p	81 1/2
8	—	82 1/2	81 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	96 1/2	19 1/2	—	54 56p	30 31p	81 1/2
9	207 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	96 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	—	—
10	—	82 1/2	81 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	96 1/2	19 1/2	—	54 56p	30 31p	81 1/2
11	—	82 1/2	81 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	96 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	—	—
12	207 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	96 1/2	19 1/2	—	54 56p	31 33p	81 1/2
13	207 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	96 1/2	19 1/2	244 1/2	55 57p	32 35p	82 1/2
14	208 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2	90 1/2	89 1/2	97 1/2	19 1/2	—	55 57p	35 37p	82 1/2
15	—	83 1/2	82 1/2	90 1/2	89 1/2	97 1/2	19 1/2	—	53 53p	33 36p	82 1/2
16	—	83 1/2	82 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	97 1/2	19 1/2	—	53 53p	33 36p	82 1/2
17	—	82 1/2	81 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	96 1/2	19 1/2	243 245	—	32 34p	81 1/2
18	—	80 1/2	81 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2	95 1/2	19 1/2	—	48 52p	28 31p	79 1/2
19	208 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	96 1/2	19 1/2	—	48 50p	30 31p	81 1/2
20	—	82 1/2	81 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	96 1/2	19 1/2	—	50 52p	32 33p	81 1/2
21	208 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	96 1/2	19 1/2	—	52 54p	33 34p	81 1/2
22	—	82 1/2	81 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	96 1/2	19 1/2	244	52 54p	33 34p	81 1/2
23	207 208	83 1/2	82 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	97 1/2	19 1/2	245 1/2	52 53p	33 34p	82 1/2
24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. EYTON, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From Jan. 20th to 19th Feb. inclusive.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co., 50, High Holborn.

January.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 P. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20		☉	28	34	25	30 08	29 90	96	86	E	E	Fair	Fair	Snow
21		☉	27	28	25	29 72	29 57	84	95	NE	N	Snow	Snow	—
22		☉	29	29	21	29 45	29 52	95	85	E	NNE	—	—	Fine
23		☉	28	30	28	29 52	29 41	90	93	NNW	W	—	Fair	Clo.
24		☉	30	33	28	29 46	29 52	90	93	WSW	SW	Clo.	—	—
25		☉	31	31	18	29 52	29 58	93	93	E	ENE	Foggy	—	—
26		☉	28	33	30	29 58	29 68	93	88	W	N	—	—	Snow
27		☉	33	34	25	30 03	30 15	81	89	NNE	NNE	Fair	—	Fair
28		☉	33	42	42	30 05	29 84	87	96	SW	SW	—	—	—
29		☉	44	46	35	29 79	29 75	98	90	SW	W	Clo.	—	—
30		☉	39	41	39	29 67	29 63	90	88	SSW	SW	—	—	Clo.
31		☉	42	46	42	29 61	29 62	98	98	SSW	SSW	S.Rain	Clo.	—
Feb.		☉	43	44	35	29 64	29 67	96	96	SSW	NNE	Clo.	—	S.Rain
1		☉	36	42	29	29 81	29 96	81	85	ENE	N	Fair	—	Fine
2		☉	32	38	27	30 30	30 40	75	79	NE	NE	—	Fair	—
3		☉	36	38	34	30 41	30 40	79	81	NE	NNE	—	—	—
4		☉	36	38	28	30 36	30 27	83	84	ENE	ENE	—	—	Fair
5		☉	36	38	28	30 36	30 27	83	84	ENE	ENE	—	—	—
6		☉	33	41	34	30 16	30 21	93	90	NNE	NNE	S.Rain	—	Fine
7		☉	37	41	30	30 29	30 31	90	85	NE	NNE	Fair	—	—
8		☉	35	37	29	30 34	30 35	78	80	E	NE	—	—	—
9		☉	32	36	28	30 24	30 18	77	75	ENE	NE	—	—	Clo.
10		☉	34	37	30	29 97	29 93	82	87	NE	NE	—	—	—
11		☉	31	33	31	29 72	29 69	86	86	ENE	ENE	Clo.	Clo.	—
12		☉	36	39	33	29 74	29 87	92	84	NE	NW	Sleet	—	—
13		☉	35	38	28	30 00	30 17	82	80	NNW	NW	Clo.	—	—
14		☉	34	40	34	29 94	29 85	82	82	WSW	WNW	—	—	—
15		☉	36	38	24	29 89	29 92	87	85	NNE	NNE	Sleet	Fair	Fine
16		☉	25	31	20	30 02	29 96	82	80	ESE	WNW	Fair	—	—
17		☉	22	30	19	29 83	29 87	85	83	WSW	SW	—	—	Foggy
18		☉	26	30	24	29 94	29 93	82	82	E	ENE	Fine	—	—
19		☉	26	28	24	29 81	29 66	82	81	ENE	ENE	—	—	Fine

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TRADE AND PROFESSION.

"In nomine Domini, stude artes parcas et lucrosas: non est mundus pro artibus liberalibus, jam."—IGNORAMUS.

THE distinction between trade and profession is one purely technical. The former indicates the sale of wares, and the latter of wits; but they are both alike a pure matter of barter and exchange. Money-getting is the end of both; and this community of end very naturally induces a considerable sameness in the means. Strictly, the term profession relates to a professor; *i. e.* to one who professes or pretends to the possession of some intellectual acquirements, of which the world cannot satisfactorily judge for itself. The tradesman, on the contrary, exhibits his wares for public inspection; and, if they be not good, his chances of a profitable sale are not very great. "Which is the pleasantest," as Moore has sung on another occasion, "no one need doubt." Excepting in this slight difference, the terms are evidently convertible. The physician, who paints DR. in sesquiuncial letters on his street door, for those who run to read, and who sells prescriptions at a guinea a-piece, whenever he is not obliged, by an overstocked market, to take less, is as intrinsically a "dealer and chapman," as if he were entitled to the honours of the gazette, and sold the paper on which he scrawls: while the man, who posts himself on the rubrick of his shop as grocer, or linen-draper, may in some sense be styled a professor of figs, or of sheeting. Professions are commonly designated liberal, in allusion, I suppose, to the liberal arts, which were once deemed essential to the attainment of an academical degree: for I can see no other reason. Certainly there is nothing more liberal in passing off bad law, physic, or divinity, for good, and retailing the commodities at the highest prices, than in measuring out yards of tape, or selling beef and pudding in a cook's shop. Custom, however, has declared otherwise; and the man whose highest contemplation never, perhaps, extended beyond the difference between a pound and a guinea fee, ranks as a gentleman, on this score of *liberality*; while he who has once kept a shop, is for ever confined to the society of the *Di minorum gentium*, who cannot call themselves

ever esquire. Distinctions thus arbitrary, it may be concluded, have been difficultly and imperfectly maintained. Every tradesman strives hard to establish his claims to gentility, and endeavours to raise himself to an equality with his professional neighbours, whenever he escapes from the counter. There are two descriptions of persons, more especially, which hang, like Mahomet's coffin, between the two classes, the apothecary and the attorney (I beg his pardon—the solicitor), and whose claims to professional rank have been urged with a pertinacity that has ensured partial success. Of these, the attorney, however, has the advantage, inasmuch as his ware-room is called an office, and not a shop. To avoid the disagreeable *sortes*, which follows from this term, shop, the apothecary, now-a-days, christens his repository of poisons and pump-water (*aqua pumpaginis*) by the heathen name of a medical hall. But it won't do; any one who goes in for a pennyworth of liquorice feels the truth of the matter. An apothecary *is* a tradesman by — : and, maugre his customary suit of sables and his *demi-fortune*—maugre the superiority he maintains over the physician by his domestic influence over patient, nurse, and lady's-maid—a triumvirate (if that be not a blunder) which Æsculapius himself dare not resist—he is not so good a gentleman as the attorney, who has a legal possession of that honorific distinction. These connecting links, which stand between the two classes, as a mushroom stands between the vegetable and the animal kingdom, serve, like it, to prove that natural things will not submit to the artificial distinctions of our scientific methods; and they shew that the dispute is altogether *de lana caprina*. If a tradesman is not a gentleman, the gentleman—if he means to cut a slice off the professional loaf, and live by his wits—must, in action and spirit, be a tradesman. Notwithstanding his lofty pretensions to gentility, the professional man, who knows *only* his *profession*, is as unfit for his business as a cobbler who can only sing psalms; whereas, if he understand his *trade*, it is no great matter whether he knows his profession or not. Take, for example, the clergy; to whom I give not any invidious pre-eminence, but put forward simply because their practice is the most *genteel* of the three learned professions. The clergy are, indeed, a sort of bastard landed-proprietors; and every fool knows that “to have and to hold” a few dirty acres, is more noble, elevated, and dignified, than to have discovered the longitude. Take, I say, the clergy, and see what a man can do among them, who knows only divinity, and who practises no other arts than those of consoling the afflicted, and recovering the lost sheep. A country curacy of seventy pounds a-year is his *deliciæ votorum*, his millennium. But put him up to the *trick of the trade*—launch him as a complaisant tutor to a great man, as a supple chaplain, as a blustering magistrate, an intriguing electioneer, or as the jackal to a Bible society, and his fortune is made, though he should scarcely know the Book of Ecclesiastes from the Song of Solomon. Preaching, it may be said, is strictly professional; and to be a good preacher is no more than an integral part of the character of a good parson. But preaching a sound moral or doctrinal sermon, and preaching at a bishoprick, are two very different things: and so too are printing a professional work, and printing polemical politics, or political polemics, levelled at the prejudices of my Lord High Chancellor, the great giver of clerical good things. Few persons in holy orders can afford to be merely professional; and even those lucky persons who hold livings as a family estate, and who, in allusion to the short-robed jesuits of France,

might be styled the long-robed laity, must hold the trading opinions of the craft, or be looked upon in no other light than what Sir Pertinax Macsycophant so appropriately calls "a d—d black sheep."

Nor are things better managed in the other professions. What is knowledge of the law, skill in cross-examination, or eloquence that could draw tears from a judge or from a brother barrister—(*præco, altera vel mulier*)—if unaccompanied by the trading slang of the gown, by the art of speaking at attornies in court, and hugging them for briefs out of it? What are talents without a dusty set of murky chambers? and what is genius without impudence? Nothing, it is true, can be done without a preliminary dancing attendance upon the courts of law, with an empty bag and an aching heart: but this may be done for years in vain; and business flow in at last in a full tide, from one night's trading waltz with an attorney's daughter. Here again, as in the church, politics are a good *item* in the professional scheme. Better still are an acquaintance with usurers, and a facility in the practice of borrowing and mortgage. An essential point in the trade of a barrister, is the sedulous concealment of all tastes and acquirements foreign to the study of the law. Music is discord in the ears of an attorney; painting is impracticable; and as for poetry, Blackstone himself was forced

"from her to part,
Gay queen of fancy and of art!
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind;
Oft stop, and often look behind."

A lawyer who would live by the laws must be "*totus in illis*." If he quotes the classics, it must be merely as schoolboy-recollections; and if he indulges in a well-applied passage from a play or a modern poem, he must contrive to give it the air of a newspaper extract, or, by some studied inaccuracy, prove that the shew-off is not the result of habits of literary indulgence, hostile to the due study of term-reports. In general, it is safer for junior barristers to "avoid them altogether." *Hic nugæ seriâ ducunt in mala*. For what, in a senior, is only a testimony of the extent of capacity, is, in him who is not overlaid with briefs, nothing better than a positive proof of idleness. We constantly see barristers, it is true, figuring in a thousand non-professional shapes—as newspaper editors, playwrights, reviewers, novel-writers, highwaymen, and the like: but with these gentlemen the title of counsellor is purely honorary; for they have usually "long bid a last and a careless adieu" to the law, with all its profits, emoluments, gains, advantages, or earnings whatsoever, be the same more or less." In physics, matters are still worse; for though a trading M. D. may do well to get himself elected F. R. S. or F. S. A., or even to become a member of the Society of Arts; yet he will be ruined and undone as a practitioner, if he shews any strenuous pursuit of the sciences discussed at such assemblies. Even to be a decided botanist—closely allied, as the study may seem, to the writing prescriptions—is deemed too great a distraction to be compatible with that concentration of faculties, which is expected from a practising physician. A true and genuine trader will never be seen out of his chariot, nor shew up as cognizant of any thing in style more beautiful than a dog-latin recipe—"donec alv. pleni respond. sumend"—or in matter more deep than an eight-ounce vial; or—with modesty be it spoken—an urinal. His mind must be

supposed to correspond with his person, and that must unite the priggish precision of dandyism with the most decided opposition to all modish innovation in dress. Breeches and blue silk stockings, and a pigtail, are worth at least £300. per annum to a good trader—more especially east of Temple Bar. In one word, he must be unfashionable “*à quatre épingles*,” and avoid suspenders to his breeches, as he would practising without a license. But though the trader must not sport too much addiction to science, he must be intimately acquainted with whatever else is going; for it is a most essential point of practice to be amusing. A trading physician is the *Œdipus* of his circle. He can fill up all the blanks and asterisks of a newspaper—knows all that is done at court or in parliament—can name the authors of all anonymous publications—corresponds with Sir Walter Scott—can criticise the last new play, or the last new actor; not, indeed, from personal knowledge (for he has no time to go to plays), but from report. He can talk politics, without committing himself, to the men—scandal to the women—and make a dissertation on the adulteration of tea, or the wholesomeness of brandy and water, to a fashionable monthly nurse. He is always overloaded with business, and regularly looks over his list in every house he enters; but he finds an opportunity of visiting his particular friends as often as his visits are—paid for. If he be a rising young man, he will not refuse to act as *factotum* to a profitable patient: he will procure genuine arrow-root, go in search of unadulterated Epsom salts, or trudge to Leadenhall-street for a particular sort of calcined magnesia. If he resides in a watering-place, his sphere of activity is still more extended: he will hire your house, recommend you tradesmen, and has *particular reasons* for putting you on your guard against professional roguery; and tells you, as a profound secret, that there is only one house in the town where the drugs are genuine.

In the practice of the art itself, the difference between trade and profession is immense. The sole business of the professor is to prescribe what will benefit the patient: the great object of the trader is to write what will do good to the apothecary. A trader never contradicts a nervous lady, but prescribes according to her imaginings; for who should know the reality of the disease more than she who suffers it. He never refuses any indulgence that is asked in diet; for nature knows best her own wants. He never abandons a case, or dismisses it to the country, while it continues to pay; for that were to despair of his art. A professional physician, if he turn author, seeks for a subject which requires illustration, or one with which accident or the course of his studies has made him more especially acquainted. The trader looks out for matter that will bring grist to the mill. A regular practitioner must not stoop to open quackery, because quacks are rivals, who must be discountenanced; but it is fair to write books *ad captandum vulgus*—treatises on fashionable spa, fashionable medicines, and fashionable complaints. Diseases, it is well known, have their vogue; and gout, liver, and nerves “take turn, like day and night.” A trader will always take care to time his publication so as to kill the most birds at a single shot—remembering always, that “*scire tuum nihil est*,” and that advertisement is the high road to notoriety. Godwin, in his “*Enquirer*,” has given good rules for the accomplishment of the trading physician, which—*mutatis mutandis*—will serve all the learned professions alike:—“The fantastic valetudinarian is particularly his prey: he listens to his frivolous tale of symptoms with inflexible gravity; he pre-

tends to be most wise when he is most ignorant. No matter whether he understand any thing of the disease, there is one thing in which his visit must inevitably terminate—a prescription. The regular and the quack have each their several schemes of imposition; and they differ in nothing so much as in the name.”

It is a master-stroke of policy, both for lawyer or physician, to attach himself to some religious sect. Quaker-doctors, for a long time, had a vogue; and many a good fee was given on the faith of a drab suit and a broad-brimmed hat. But, for a lawyer, I should recommend staunch Church-of-Englandism, as a better thing. With a strong dash of No-Popery, it will infallibly lead to a Mastership in Chancery, at the least: but then he must bring to the establishment the zeal of a sectarian, and the intolerance of an inquisitor. Above every thing, if the professional man have patience and face for the farce, it is useful to dive deeply into Methodism. The swaddling line “is sure to succeed.” Sanctity is your only brevet for capacity. The blessing of the Lord follows the sharp practitioner who atones, by the austerity of his Sabbath, for the sins of the six working days. In professions, experiments are far less instructive than *experiences*—labour, less efficacious than grace—and intellect, nothing to be compared with inspiration.

*Finger conviene il santo in apparenza
E col goffo equalment e coll' accorto
Parlar sempre di cielo e di coscienza.*

“Woe to the man, who'd rise in church or state,
Who earns incautiously the bigot's hate;
Who 'gainst our Tartuffes dares indulge a sneer—
'Too proud to bend, too virtuous to fear;
Or who, content to purchase his own ease,
Calmly secedes, and lets those rave who please!
Detraction backward scans his every deed,
And lies, repeated, in the end succeed:
Tainted by calumny, his means decay—
His hollow friends take flight and fall away;
And saints exclaim, while the mark'd man they shew,
'Lo! Providence itself hath struck the blow!’
Not so the man who courts the serious crew,
Who shuns the theatre, and frequents the pew;
Intriguing, fluent, gossipping, and sly,
Well skilled a ready text to misapply;
In faith too steady to admit a doubt,
And yet too pliant to be e'er left out.
Thrice happy he, by Providence thus bless'd,
By saints admired, and saintesses caress'd!
He need not toil nor spin—his fortune's made—
Subscribing bigots push his thriving trade:
Some lend him money—some discount his notes;
At all elections he commands their votes.
Nay, if too free with his friend's wife or purse—
A third time bankrupt, thief, or something worse—
To hide the common shame, the *clique* unite,
And every member hastes to club his mite;
Cajoles and threatens, pays the lawyer's fee,
And never rests till he and they are free.”

MS. Poem.

There is nothing in life more *gauche*, more impracticable, more helpless, than a purely professional man, who imagines that high honour and deep feeling are the proper adjuncts of a liberal pursuit, and who thinks that whatever degrades the man detracts from the practitioner. His fate is sealed—his destiny is spun. Indignation, and contempt of successful unworthiness, embitter the prime of his life; hope deferred, sickens the hours of his repining manhood; and disappointment and despair close his unuseful and unprofitable career. Too late he finds that he has sacrificed his life to a chimera, and too late he discovers that he is laughed at for his honesty.

It is not, however, my purpose to be pathetic; but simply to mark the bounds between trade and profession, or rather to shew that such bounds do not exist. Look, again, at literature!—is that a liberal art? or can a man safely launch himself into the career, as a means of existence, without a strong spice of *charlatanerie*? In these days, the most profitable parts of the best authors' writings are the paragraphs he indites for the newspapers, to illustrate his "whereabouts," and to spread the note of his own notoriety. To-day, he tells the world how he dined with princes; to-morrow, he communicates, under the modest disguise of an indifferent third person, how much (he wishes the world to believe) the booksellers have paid for his manuscript—for our modern logic is, that large prices beget large sales, and large sales make good books. Formerly, the stream of cause and effect flowed in a different course; but "live and learn" is a good proverb. Then, again, he "turns diseases to commodity," and converts bulletins into advertisements; and he cannot take a place in a stage-coach without the world's being made an accessory after the fact. I dwell not upon the sordid, mercantile part of authorship—the dealings with the booksellers—who, by dint of their *business-like habits*, make authors as great Jews as themselves. But what can be more tradesmanlike than a subscription-list? or the barter of time, patience, and independence for the praise of a blue-stocking *coterie*? or the sacrifice of principles and predilections to conciliate a review? Yet all these things are, in a manner, forced upon original writers of much merit and pretension. Far worse is it with the paste-and-scissors gentry, who fabricate new octavos out of old folios, and who make goods "as bespoke" for the literary market. These men will *do* any subject—from a treatise on astronomy to a "Pastry-Cook's Companion." They are ready for metaphysics, or jest-books—a play, or a Methodist sermon. "Equal to both, and armed for either field," they are as ready for an epic as for an epigram—for three quarto volumes of travels to the antipodes, as three pages of a voyage "*par terre et par mer*" to Richmond. Nothing comes amiss to them; and as romances give place to novels, novels to tales, tales to travels, travels to "reminiscences," and reminiscences to whatever may become the vogue, they follow in the race of imitation; and, always equally dull and equally obedient "to orders," prove themselves at least to have "the pen of a ready-writer." But I am wrong in confining these practices to scrubs in literature. The very best writers of the age do not altogether disdain this drudgery of journey-work. The sons of poetry descend from the highest flights, to edit a ponderous edition, or compose a quarto of biography, at the bidding of some bibliopolic Prospero, and "do this spiriting gently," in whatever element, whether of "sea or fire, of earth or air," his potent word directs; using "no power expect commanded to it." Nor is this the worst of it.

Do not some of them also review any thing and every thing at five minutes' notice from an editor; and scatter firebrands, and disseminate scandal, for the purposes of faction, with the true fetch-and-carry docility of a French poodle? I can hardly help exclaiming, with Jack Eustace, "'Sdeath! why should I carry on this absurd trade any longer? Trade and profession—profession and trade—it is all one; and, to use a coarse but an appropriate adage, 'the devil a barrel the better herring.'" What are the hanging committees of painters but arrant tradesmen? What are managers and actors but tradesmen? What are jobbing dealers in army commissions but tradesmen? What licensing justices of the peace? what public commissioners? what joint-stock directors and committee-men? To sell and to be sold, are in reality the great objects of the great mass of mankind, and he who makes the best bargain is the best man: fashion and success making the whole difference between knavery and gentility! "Money, wife!" says Peachum—"money is the true fuller's-earth: there is not a spot or stain but what it will take out. A rich rogue nowadays is fit company for any gentleman." I beg the reader's pardon for quoting from so inmodest a play; for I well know that the *Beggar's Opera* is, in these days of refinement, voted a scandalous, libellous, and indecent production: but I cannot forget that our fathers relished it; and the manner, in the present instance, is "germane to the matter." If trade, then, be the most expeditious mode of qualifying for good company, I do not see why it should derogate from gentility, or why retailing behind a counter should not be deemed a liberal art, and the professions be thought mean and sordid. If money be a god, let its high priests be esteemed accordingly, and "let the devil be honoured for his burning throne;" or, since tradesmen are so much of the gentlemen, and gentlemen so like tradesmen, why might they not at least pass on cheek-by-jowl, and, like the other unclean beasts, enter the ark of society in couples? These are questions which I beg to offer for the patient consideration of my readers; and having thus furnished them with *de quoi penser*—"the limited office of an essayist"—I shall for the present take my leave.

T.

NOVEMBER WALK.

I GAZED with melancholy eye
 On misty hill and cloudy sky,
 What time November's chilly blast
 O'er all the leafless groves had pass'd.
 The distant heath was lone and bare—
 Nor sheep nor shepherd wand'ring there.
 The long wet grass was waving rank
 Along the meadows chill and dank,
 Where shiv'ring herds had ceased to graze,
 And homeward look'd with eager gaze.
 The willows by the wild brook's side
 Droop'd cheerless o'er the sluggish tide,
 That, lately swell'd by Autumn rains,
 Rolled heavy through the marshy plains.
 On hills beyond the moorlands wide,
 The pine-trees waved in sullen pride,
 And all was gloomy; but I love
 Full oft at such an hour to rove—
 Though scarce a thought, serene or gay,
 Awake to cheer me by the way.

There is a music in the blast
 That whistles o'er the wintry waste;
 And leafless groves a charm possess
 Beyond their summer's greenest dress;—
 And, oh! what pleasure then to climb
 Some mountain's craggy height sublime,
 And, while the winds with fury blow,
 Look o'er the trembling vales below;—
 Or, from the high and stormy cliff,
 Through mists descry the fisher's skiff
 Far round the headland work its way,
 To shelter in the rocky bay;—
 Or, see the screaming gull spread wide
 His wings o'er Ocean's ruffled tide;—
 Or, from the headland's chalky crown,
 On foaming waves look fearless down,
 And hear the rolling billows dash
 Their rocky bounds with ceaseless plash;—
 Or, o'er the pebbly margin stray
 Alone, and wet with ocean spray;
 Listening the winds and waves rejoice,
 (All sounds extinguished but their voice)—
 Then borne on fancy's pinions high,
 Far o'er the waste of waters fly,
 Where bold the seaman spreads his sail,
 And bounds before the rushing gale—
 Light tossing in his fragile bark,
 On mountain billows wild and dark,
 When its full rage the tempest pours,
 And all the broad Atlantic roars—
 And almost madly wish to share
 His terrors and his perils there!

Such were my thoughts, as deeper still
 Gathered the gloom on heath and hill,

Which evening spread her mantle o'er,
 Till cliff and crag were seen no more ;
 Though indistinct, the eye might mark
 Their shadowy outlines, huge and dark.
 On the wind-beaten heights alone
 (Methinks they're Nature's proudest throne)
 Oft do I love to linger long,
 And weave my wild thoughts into song.
 But, turning now my steps again,
 I sought once more the lowland plain ;
 Till where the ruined abbey gray
 In scattered fragments round me lay—
 Where now the owl hath built her bower
 O'er prostrate shrine and broken tower.—
 I paused to muse on times gone by,
 And pay the tributary-sigh.

Ye roofless halls and ruined fanes,
 Ah! what of all your pride remains ?
 Fair monuments of matchless art,
 And home of many a gentle heart !
 Though all decayed and empty now,
 Your pomp be in the dust laid low,
 To moulder o'er the bones of those,
 To crown whose fame your glories rose—
 By deepest int'rests once entwined
 With feelings of the human mind—
 From what far different cause than now,
 Did all your wide attractions flow !
 The aged peasant, weak and worn,
 On his hard pallet stretched forlorn,
 His weary days of labour o'er,
 Sped his last message to your door ;—
 Oft came, perchance, the village maid
 To seek some holy father's aid,
 (Her pale cheek wet with many a tear),
 To bless a dying parent's bier ;—
 The baron proud, from castle tall,
 And dying knight in feudal hall,
 As anxious looked to yonder shrine,
 For comfort and for aid divine.
 Then oft, on many a solemn day,
 Wound through these aisles the dark array
 Of funeral pomp—while every tongue
 Of the full choir the death-psalm sung ;
 And through these vaulted roofs the knell
 Was pealing from the deep-toned bell,
 As passed the long procession slow,
 To lay departed greatness low.
 And, 'midst the stillness of the night,
 Oft as some high and holy rite
 Bade slumber from each pillow fly,
 What pious voices hymned the sky !
 And many a knee the pavement pressed,
 While saints, by many a prayer addressed,
 Seemed from each silent niche to bend,
 And to the vot'ry's cry attend.
 And when the Sabbath, calm and bright,
 Shone on a world of joy and light,
 How sweet the music of the bells
 Resounded through the summer dells !

The lonely herd-boy on the hill
 Would couch him down, and listen still,
 As, borne upon the fragrant gale,
 Their softened tones came up the vale;
 And pious bands that went to pray,
 Then filled this long devoted way.

What though, to indolence resigned,
 The powers of many a noble mind
 Within these walls inactive pined;
 Though worldly strife and toil demand
 The youthful heart and valiant hand—
 Methinks, at age's twilight close,
 'Twere pleasant thus to seek repose—
 When those we loved were cold in clay,
 And Fortune's smiles had passed away—
 How blest, amongst the calm and good,
 In some such social solitude,
 To learn Devotion's deeper tone,
 With feelings all before unknown—
 To list the organ-peal on high,
 Those notes that seem to pierce the sky;
 Till all of earth should disappear,
 And Heaven possess heart, eye, and ear!
 Or, leaning o'er a brother's tomb
 In pensive evening's silent gloom,
 Look back on many a year passed by,
 When all our lost loved friends were nigh;
 When blithe we passed the festive night,
 O'er flowing wine-cups sparkling bright,
 And woke the gay or plaintive strain,
 That never shall be heard again!
 And then to dream of those who wore
 The charms that won our hearts of yore—
 Those young fair forms, with whom we past
 The hours that vanished all too fast;
 When life and love were in their prime,
 And hearts unvexed by care or crime.
 Such charms as theirs can others wear?
 Is aught on earth so good and fair?
 Ah! no—the face of beauty now
 Hath ceased to wear its magic glow;
 Fainter rays from young eyes break,
 And paler blushes tint the cheek—
 As if the fire of Nature grew
 Exhausted, faint, and powerless too.

Such human thoughts might sometimes steal
 To bosoms that were wont to feel
 Friendship and love—and Heaven look down
 On such frail hour without a frown!

'Twas thus I mused! Night blacker grew;
 Each object faded from my view.
 Far back my long and lonely way
 By wood and wild all darkly lay;
 And misty rain fell fast and chill,
 As rushed the loud blast from the hill.
 But warm in wintry vest arrayed,
 And cloak of Scotia's mountain-plaid,
 Unheeding of the storm, I passed,
 And reached my lowly home at last.

ON THE PLEASURES OF "BODY-SNATCHING."

As for entering into a *defence* of Resurrectionists, before expatiating on their pleasures, it is out of the question. When a man has made up his mind to the alternative of having his leg cut off, or of being lithotomised, instead of losing his life, he does not bother himself as to the means by which the surgeon acquired his dexterity; he does not care a straw for the morality of the question. All he knows is, that it could not have been on a living subject, unless operated on *in articulo mortis*, or when phlebotomy had been used *ad deliquium animi*—both against the rules of the profession—that his knife learnt its way through the labyrinth of muscles, cartilages; and all that, which envelope the human frame; its obedience, docility, and sweetness to the hand that guides it; and that calm savageness (if you understand me) of its flourish at the critical moment, which does any one's heart—but the patient's—good to see it. He would not give a straw at that juncture (lying on his back, with his teeth meeting in a leaden bullet) to know, whether his defunct predecessors had found their way to the dissecting-room from the church-yard, or the gallows'-foot—in a shell coffin, or in an old sack. But when the operation is well over, and the man begins to stump about the world again, the case is altered. Conscientious scruples make their appearance: considerations—religious, moral, sentimental, humbugical, and anti-surgical—especially, the thought of one's friends being cut up, brings an awkward feel with it—much more so, of one's-self. This is the whole secret of the matter. Would any man, woman, or child in the world say a syllable against the thing, if they were sure, for themselves and their immediate relations, of escaping? Certainly not. *Selfishness* is the leading principle of our opponents. Relations are, some way or other, a part of ourselves—but how or why, is past even the surgeon's finding out; and, as for ourselves, I grant you, one likes to save one's bacon even to the last day.

For my own part, I became an amateur at a very early age. I was apprenticed to Mr. F——, a surgeon, in a small town about forty miles from London. He was a clever operator, and deeply learned in the *arcana* of the human body, but yet not in good practice. The reason was, that he attended more to the literature than to the business of his profession—he spent too much time in his study; and in place of busying himself, like a sensible man, about the persons and pockets of the present generation, he gave himself up almost wholly to the next—writing instructions, forsooth, to future anatomists, in place of turning his knowledge to the practical benefit of his own time—and of himself. My father's house was at some distance from the town, and the nearest road to it—thanks to the genius who presided over my destiny!—was through the church-yard. The first time I took this short cut, I cannot say I relished it very well—particularly as my visits home were always in the evening, after we had shut the shop. The shadows of the tomb-stones in the moonlight had a queer appearance; the waving and sighing of some tall willows that looked over the wall disturbed me; and, on the whole, I thought the scene, although striking, rather unpleasant than otherwise. It was some nights before I could prevail upon myself to take the same road again; at last, however, I ventured—not influenced solely by a desire to save the distance, but also impelled by a kind of curiosity—or, I don't know what—the first stirrings, I have no doubt, of my embryo genius towards the field

of its future glory. I got home without meeting with any adventure, or with any thing at all, except a cow, which had found its way through a gap in the wall, and was philosophising behind a large monument as I passed. I remember, when I burst unawares in upon her ruminations (for my pace was somewhat of the quickest), and the meditative animal received the intrusion with a plunge of alarm, I thought my heart would have leaped into my mouth. After this night, the church-yard was my regular road home. By degrees, my pace became slower as I passed through it; and, at length, I even stopped to look about me, or sat down on a tomb-stone to rest. This place—so unsuited to the usual habits and feelings of youth—was now sought, not merely as being the shortest cut to my father's house, but absolutely for its own sake, as affording positive enjoyments not to be found elsewhere. Now, what was this? Was the attraction in the natural situation of the spot? That was as bad as could be. Was it in the oblong tomb-stones—some standing bolt upright, some sprawling on their bellies; some painted white, and some painted black? No—for, even in the eyes of a boy, these exhibited the *acmé* of tastelessness and absurdity. It was something *under* the stones; it was the breath that exhaled from the damp, rich, heavy earth, and formed the atmosphere of the church-yard; it was the scent which allures the goule and the afrit of Eastern story to the new-made grave, and the raven of real nature to the field of battle; it was the instinctive struggling of genius, when surrounded, though unconsciously, with the objects of its direction, and the future spoils of its powers; the beating of the young bird—in darkness, and silence, and loneliness—against the shell which curtains it from the world! But as it occasionally happens, owing to some whim of Nature, that the said bird may beat its heart out before breaking the shell, and consequently depart this life—I am not sure if it be a bull—before coming into the world; so my genius, as aforesaid, might have struggled long enough with my ignorance before getting its possessor initiated into the mysteries and pleasures of resurrectionizing, had it not been for the following circumstance:—

One dark night—for the season was now far advanced, and there was no moon—when wending along the accustomed path, I remembered that the funeral had taken place that day of a man, an acquaintance of my own, who had been killed by falling down his own stairs. This, by the way, is as foolish a death as a man can die—before dinner. However, the thought struck me—I don't know why; why should I?—that I would look where they had laid him. It was somewhat dark, as I have said; but, by this time, I cared no more for being in the dark in a church-yard, than when playing at hide-and-seek in my father's parlour. I examined first the town-ward and more populous district, and then turned my researches towards the more distant and less fashionable neighbourhood of this city of the silent. When, approaching the wall, near the upper end of the ground, I fancied that I observed something dark and moving on the top, and stopped short, I confess, in a sudden uneasiness approaching to a stew. Presently a noise, as if of a heavy body falling on the ground, convinced me that some person had leaped from the wall into the church-yard; and I drew back behind a monument to watch the result. That I had at this time heard of resurrectionizing, I cannot deny; but as for that admirable art being practised in the small and precise town of —, it had never entered either my head or that of any other inhabitant to dream of such a thing. And yet, I solemnly aver to you, that the thrill which

ran through my frame at that moment, was caused neither by bodily nor superstitious fear. A minute of suspense ensued; all was silent, and the night, as it seemed, darker than ever. But my own heart was not silent; my soul was tossed about, as it were, in a sea of thoughts—dark, incomprehensible, overwhelming; till at length the harsh but deadened sound of a spade, as it was struck into the earth, threw a ray of light upon the confusion—terrible, but beautiful as the flash that gilds the tempest! I stretched my head beyond the monument, but could see nothing; I moved forward to the next—and the next. I was now in such a state of excitation, that I scarcely cared for concealment, but hurried forward, though with suppressed breathing, and step as silken as the cat's, boldly and swiftly, till I had gained almost the verge of the new-made, and now unmaking grave; where, leaning on a tomb-stone, which was at once my screen and support, I beheld the first, but not the last, scene of resurrection it has been my lot to witness. Three dark figures, whose very outline I was unable to discern, were busily engaged before me—two in shovelling the earth out of the grave—and one, apparently, in directing the others, and keeping a look-out. In as short a space, I thought, as even professional grave-diggers could have accomplished it, their spades struck against a hard and hollow-sounding substance, which I conjectured rightly to be the coffin; and then the master of the work threw a sudden glare of light from a dark lantern, till then hid in his great coat, into the pit; and I discovered, to my no small surprise, the veritable faces of the sexton and his assistant of —. The earth was now nearly all thrown out; and one of the party attaching a rope to the handle at one end of the coffin, they began to draw the newly-entered tenant from the abode so fondly termed, by surviving friends, the long and last home of mortality. I cannot help smiling at the figure I cut at this moment. The struggle between the prejudices of education, the attempted perversion of my genius, and the natural bent of my soul, was absolutely ludicrous. Every damp and heavy shovelfull of earth that was thrown out of the grave seemed to fall as damp and heavy on my heart; while, at the same time, it was with the most intense longing and impatience that I waited for the end of the work. The coffin at length was fairly again on the surface of the earth; and the adventurers began to break open, with something that sounded like a chisel, this strong box of science. I cannot say that I saw clearly what it was that they drew out after forcing the lid; for the labour had taken more effect on me than on the actual workmen, and the perspiration ran down my forehead and blinded my eyes: but it was something long, and white, and stiff, and heavy, and indefinite. "*Quiescat in pace!*" said the chief of the party, as he kicked the broken coffin back into the grave. The voice startled me, and I bent my eyes with a painful earnestness on the tall and shadowy figure of the speaker, whom a sudden flash of the lamp now enabled me to identify: it was Mr. L——, my worthy and learned master! The two grave-diggers now set themselves to fill up the pit again, which they accomplished, like clever workmen as they were, in a very short time; and having carefully stowed whatever they had taken out of the coffin into a large sack, the party made for the wall—followed closely, almost to touching, by me. The contents of the sack was the body of a large, heavy, corpulent man—thin people do not kill themselves falling down their stairs—and they had, therefore, some difficulty in getting it over the wall. One man went over first, to be ready to receive it—and the other stood on the top—while my master was left on the inner side,

shoving up with all his might the ponderous mass. "I wish to God, Betson," said he, "you had brought that lazy young rascal, your son, with you, to hold the lamp; for I think I shall break my legs among these cursed stones!"—"I'll hold it, Sir!" said I, stepping forward, and taking the lamp from his hand. At the sound of a strange, or at least unexpected voice, Mr. L—— had well nigh dropped his burthen; and, indeed, as it seemed to me at the moment, was uncertain, for about the twinkling of a lancet, whether he should not scramble over the wall, and leave the living and the dead together. But turning back his head for an instant, and seeing, by the sharp light of the lamp, the pale features and wild-staring eyes of his apprentice, his dismay was converted into simple vexation. "D— thee!" said he, clenching his teeth; and these were the only words that passed between us till, with our prize, we had reached his own house. I did not sleep well that night: I was hot, but not feverish—or else it was a *sweating* fever. After the first trial, I dared not sleep again; for, in my dreams, the church-yard scene was repeated even more distinctly than in my waking recollections, and one does not like too much of a good thing. I thought the sun had forgotten to rise. But, at last, when I fell into the early morning dose which usually follows a sleepless night, and opened my eyes once more in the clear and joyful light of day, my fears left me; and I got up from the bed, which was not merely damp, but absolutely wet with perspiration—smoking and yet shivering—pale and yet proud—with heaviness in my eyes, but joy at my heart. At night we were to reap the fruits of our enterprise; I was to be present, with my master's permission, for the first time at a dissection. It was necessary to preserve the most profound secrecy on a circumstance, which, if known to the swinish multitude, would probably have been the means of getting Mr. L—— and myself torn to pieces, and the house razed to the foundation—not to talk of the consequent destruction of my master's manuscripts; and our measures were taken accordingly. I pretended to retire to bed about ten o'clock, putting out my candle, and bolting my door as usual. I could hear the sounds of men dying away in the streets and in the house. Every thing was silent, except the ticking of the house-clock, whose iron tongue telling twelve was to be the signal of meeting. I thought the clock was not so lazy as the sun had been in the morning; for, after a very trifling lapse of time, the important hour sounded. A Londoner can form no conception of the associations that are attached to the dead and awful hour of twelve in the country. In town, it is the funniest of the four-and-twenty. I shivered as I counted the ominous strokes, but, mustering all my resolution, cautiously unbolted my door, and groped my way to my master's study. I tapped gently at the door, and he let me in. I warmed myself at the fire for a few minutes, and then Mr. L—— said, in a jocular manner, "You can go in to the closet, if you like, and pay your respects to your friend till I am ready." My pride was touched; for, when a man is frightened, jocularity in another is as bad as a tweak by the nose. So, forcing a smile in reply, I made for the closet-door, and opening it, went in. The cursed door, which was accommodated with a weight and pulley, instantaneously took advantage of my back being turned, and shut itself again with a clap that made me spring two feet from the ground. A table was in the middle of the floor, on which were two lighted candles, and something covered with a white sheet. My eyes sparkled at the sight, but my feet would not budge; till, recollecting that Mr. L—— had sent me in for the express

purpose of looking at the body, I forced myself to advance to the table, and, willing to give him a good opinion of my courage, uncovered the face. I cannot help laughing at it now; but, at that time, it was an awful moment. I had forgotten that the man was an acquaintance of my own. Even since the moment of resurrection, my mind had been absorbed by the one simple abstract idea of an anatomical subject; all thought of individuality was lost; I made no personal reflections. But here was the strong, heavy, corpulent man, I had seen alive and kicking a few days ago, lying on his back, naked and helpless,—straight, stiff, and motionless—waiting to be cut up! Mr. L—— came into the room with his apparatus, while I was gazing with eyes, mouth, and nostrils at the dead face; and, pushing me aside, threw off the sheet and commenced work. For my part, I never felt so comical in my life—till my master, wanting my assistance to hold something, turned round, and seeing me pale and gasping, holding on by the door for support, suddenly caught up a basin of cold water, and threw the contents right in my face. “D— thee!” said he, a second time—for this was a favourite expression. After this, I got on very well; but the secrets of the dissecting-room are not for the uninitiated.

I remember, when once talking to a friend on this subject, in the same rambling way in which I write, he said to me, “Now, ——, although I am no anatomist myself, yet I can comprehend very well what are the sources of a scientific man’s enjoyment, when exploring with his knife the intricate and awful machinery of the human frame, on a dead subject; but where, in God’s name, is the pleasure of scaling walls, and scampering over the bosoms of the dead, associated with the lowest and most desperate of mankind—and after all, for what purpose?—why, to commit what is neither more nor less than a downright and impious robbery!”—“Sir!” said I, eyeing the spooney with a smile, half contemptuous, half triumphant—“do you like hare-soup?” The question posed him; he saw the drift of my argument at once. The fact is, he did like hare-soup; but he liked *hunting the hare* better. It was not long after the occurrence noted above, that my anatomical studies became so public as to render it convenient for me to leave —— at five minutes’ warning; and I set out for London, with little more to depend on than a letter of introduction to Dr. S——, of —— street, from my master. As for Mr. L——, I have never seen him since, although it is now twenty years ago; but I hear he is still alive, and still going on with his great work on anatomy. He gets a very old man now, and, I have no doubt, will find every chapter longer and emptier than its predecessor—till Death, the grand dissector of men and authors, writes *Finis* at the bottom. I was not long in London before my letter to Dr. S——, my provincial reputation, and fine talents for body-snatching, introduced me to the first professional society. Dr. S—— was one of the cleverest men, in the common acceptance of the word, I ever knew. His range was not extensive; but what he had, he had at hand: there was no dubitation—no shilly-shallying about him; you could never catch him unawares—for his mind, such as it was, was in a perpetual state of readiness. He was a Cockney, and pounded medicines in a little shop within the sound of Bow bells, till he was four or five and twenty. At this period the death of a relation put him in possession of a little money, with which he bought a country practice. He had not long been in possession, when he had the impudence to fall in love with the squire’s daughter—or her fortune—no matter which; and what

was more extraordinary, the young lady received his addresses. Her father, as may be supposed, was rather restive on the occasion; but as even fox-hunters will be unwell sometimes, and as there was no other professional man in the neighbourhood, he was obliged to have S—— occasionally about the house. S——, unfortunately, was no horseman; in fact, he had never been on horseback in his life: he was as ignorant of horses as an ass; and the very idea of sitting astride on so formidable an animal, for the purpose of locomotion, or any other purpose whatever, made him sweat for fear. It was on this peculiarity that the squire formed a plan to mortify the young Cockney, and make him ridiculous in the eyes even of his daughter. One day that half the gentlemen of the county were assembled at his house, S—— arrived, panting and breathless, in obedience to a message by express from the squire, requesting his immediate attendance. At the sight of so many horses and servants about the house, apparently in hunting train, visions of broken legs and collar-bones danced gaily through the surgeon's imagination; and he sprung up the steps, and into the dining-room where the company were assembled, with even more than his usual agility. "My dear Sir," said the squire, running to meet him, and seizing on his hand, which he shook with all the vehemence of a fox-hunter, "you are the kindest fellow in the world—we shall never forget it. But the fact is, we have this moment kicked up a steeplechase—our horses are saddled, and we are just ready to mount; the ground is not a dozen miles from this: and so, as it would be mere madness to start without at least one professional gentleman, where there is a prospect of as desperate leaps as ever were seen in the county, I took the liberty of sending for you. Come, come!" continued he, perceiving the blank look of the surgeon; "don't stick upon trifles with a friend. I see you have not brought your horse with you; but you shall have the best of my poor stud." And immediately a dozen other gentlemen of the turf, who were in the secret, gathered round; and seizing on the victim's arms, in the midst of his scrapes, and acknowledgments, and excuses—from the get-off equivocal to the lie direct—hurried him through the hall and down the steps. A horse, ready accoutred, and held by a groom in rich livery, stood before them; and the squire, with many compliments and caresses, besought him to mount without more loss of time. The animal stood with his head, not his side, towards his intended rider—or even the inexperienced eye of the Cockney must have detected the trick. He was a superannuated hunter, at least a foot higher than his grandson's breed; his bones, although every care had been paid to his honourable old age, seemed to be starting through his skin; and even if the recollected spirit of his youth, and the dying instincts of nature could be lighted up for a moment—as they might have been, by the sound of the huntsman's horn—into something perilous even to an experienced rider, there was nothing about him capable of making the danger respectable to a looker-on. Poor S——, disguise it as he might, trembled from head to foot, as he suffered himself to be led on towards his fate; but, just as he arrived within parleying-distance, the animal, as if wearied by the delay that had taken place, opened his huge mouth into a yawn, so absolutely unhorsical—and displaying a broken range of teeth, so terrible even in their ruin—that the surgeon, spite of his habitual self-possession, started back in dismay. But, instantaneously recovering himself, as the sudden laugh of the squire and his friends burst upon his ear, he resumed his ground, and said, with a low bow to the still gaping quadruped, "I beg your pardon—I travel *outside*."

The squires—unsophisticated souls!—laughed still louder at this stroke of humour; and S—— having the good sense to confess his ignorance of equestrian performances, and to meet their jokes on the subject half way, got off with flying colours. Soon after, he married the girl, and returned to London. His quickness of mind was frequently attended with too much quickness of tongue—a fault which a medical man cannot guard too carefully against. Once, when passing arm-in-arm with him along some street near St. Thomas's Hospital, "Gadso!" said he; "we should not have come this way—I have a patient dead here; I told his wife, yesterday morning, that he would never eat his breakfast again in this world.—Hollo!" continued he, catching by the rails with one hand as he passed the house, "Mrs. Tibbs—or Tibbetts—how d'ye do?—how d'ye do?"—(as the woman made her appearance at the window) "nothing wrong, eh?"—"O no, Sir!—thank God, and bad luck to yourself!" answered Mrs. Tibbs or Tibbetts; "my husband is much better to-day." S—— blushed to the tips of his ears, and went into the house, muttering, "Never was mistaken before in all my life!" When he came out again, I said to him, laughing, "Well, doctor, I hope you have killed your man for living contrary to orders!"—"I had thoughts of it," said he, with gravity; "but that brimstone b——, his wife, will punish him as severely here as the furies could below: I have cared for him—he will not die this bout." A few days after, happening to go the same way together, we chanced to pass the house at the very instant a man was mounting the steps with a coffin on his shoulder. S—— ducked his head, and walked quietly past—but not without being caught by the lynx-eye of Mrs. Tibbs, or Tibbetts. I could see her endeavouring to raise the window; failing in which, she darted her clenched fist like lightning through the glass, and shook it violently at the false prophet. S—— never forgave me for witnessing this scene. I called on him twice: the first time, he was not at home; and the second, at which I received the same answer, I saw him looking at me through the blinds. I made him a low bow, and passed on. He is dead lately; I forgive him for cutting me—but he should not have looked through the blinds.

At this time, there was established a society of Resurrectionists, consisting chiefly of young surgeons and students of anatomy—of which, of course, I became a fellow. Some of these gentlemen have since risen to notoriety in their own and other congenial professions; but the most distinguished members, at the period I speak of (not to mention myself), were Messrs. P——, R——, C——, and M——. On second thoughts, I may as well fill out the two last initials—Clark and Malony—both being public characters; particularly the latter, who is himself "among the atomies at Surgeons' Hall" at this moment. He was a red-hot Irish student, and a fellow of fine talents in his degree. Once, when a subject for dissection had been brought up in the common hum-drum way—I mean from the gallows—and Malony, myself, and other eminent persons were present—when every thing was ready, and every body on the tip-toe of expectation—a sudden inflation of the subject's chest "gave us pause."—"O Jasus!" cried Malony—who was not a man to stick at trifles, when the interests of science were concerned—"is it after-chating the law he is?" and immediately thrust a probe into the temple far enough to set the question of vitality at rest. Some people took it upon them to blame the Irishman for his precipitation; but I beg leave to differ with them. The man was dead in law, and that was enough for us: besides, if we had

suffered him to get up and walk, it is ten to one he would have been hanged over again. Poor Malony was suspended himself not long after, for trying a similar operation on a living subject; but that is nothing to the question. Clark was, at that time, one of the most interesting and promising young men I ever knew; and it was with heartfelt satisfaction I beheld him afterwards ascending, step by step, to the eminence he at present enjoys. It was Clark who volunteered, out of pure philanthropy, when Thistlewood and the other gentlemen were executed for lunacy, to cut off their heads; and the British public can bear testimony to the workmanlike manner in which the man in the mask did his duty. We next see him forming and executing the magnificent project of supplying the whole body of London anatomists wholesale with subjects from the country; but this scheme, although it did very well for some time, I am sorry to say has, for the present, received a check, and Clark is now sojourning in Flechester Jail. It is a pity that the constitutional activity of his mind should have led him into the mistake which it has done in this dreary situation. Having nothing better to do, he amused himself by forming a conspiracy among the prisoners, to knock their turnkeys on the head with stones slung in their stockings; but, on cool consideration, perceiving how inconsistent this would be with the respectability of his profession, he informed against his adherents in time to prevent mischief. R——, although the president of the club, was of an indolent, voluptuous turn, which prevented him from being of much use in active service; but his easy, gentleman-like deportment was an admirable cloak for us. The plan was this: M—— took ready-furnished lodgings near some churchyard, where we all met three nights in the week to consult. On these occasions, as often as necessary, a detachment was sent out on service; and, if successful, M——'s house was the *dépôt* for the spoils.

On arriving there one wet, dark, and stormy night, although it was later than the hour of meeting, I found our president alone, with his legs stuck up on each side of the grate to keep the fire warm, a novel in his hand, and a bottle of gin on the mantel-piece. I saw it was of no use to disturb him; it would have been easier to move the ladies' man in the Park: so I just took a sniff out of the bottle to warm my fingers, and, with a heavy sigh at the effeminacy of the times, was moving away, when P—— entered the room. P——, next to myself, was the most efficient member of the club. He was not one of your milk-and-water fellows, who will do a thing for such-and-such a reason—who will stay at home because it rains, and go abroad when the day is fine. He was an enthusiast in his trade, which he followed, not for the lucre of gain, but for its own sake. His very appearance would have indicated, even to a superficial observer, that it was no common character who stood before him. His nose—to begin with the most prominent feature—was long and pointed; his eyes, of a dark and sparkling grey—one of them slightly twisted in an opposite direction from the proboscis, and somewhat smaller than the other; his mouth was drawn up a little at the corners, so as to give an expression of humour to the lower part of the face; and if you add a set of teeth as large and white as a wolf's, and a very thin drapery of grizzled hair about the temples—for the rest was bald—you have a good idea of my dear friend P——'s head. The garb of his outward man, which was of a grey colour, shewed that he held the opinion of another great character—Mr. Howard, the philanthropist—that a good soaking shower was the best brush for broadcloth; and his hat, which hung over

him, in a fashion half Quaker, half Spanish, proved that the rule might be applied as well to beaver, having retained its substance, under the same discipline, long after the colour and shape had departed. P—— was a man of few words, so far as the tongue was concerned; but his other features were so many telegraphs, which, when put into motion, kept up a constant flow of intelligence: he could say more by a single motion of the muscles of his cheek than R——, who was a great orator, could have spoken in an hour. On coming into the room, he communicated, in a whisper, a piece of intelligence, that, under other circumstances, would have been highly grateful to me, *viz.* that his long nose had smelt out a most promising resurrection-job within a very convenient distance of the house. We endeavoured, in vain, to persuade R—— to take a hand in the game. All we could gain from him was a promise that he would sit up for us till three or four o'clock in the morning, in the event of our falling in with other assistance, and prosecuting the adventure ourselves; but even this we could only draw from him by the temptation of another quart of his favourite evening draught, which we engaged to send in from the wine-vaults as we passed. As we glided down the street, the cold sharp rain, splashing in our faces, seemed ready to cut the skin; and I almost repented having left the comfortable berth we had just quitted: but as for P——, when I could get a glimpse, by the flickering glare of a lamp as we passed, of his spare figure and keen thin face, he appeared to be moving on as steadily as the Flying Dutchman in the eye of a gale of wind. We reached the church-yard, which was to be the theatre of our operations; and my companion leading the way, as we coasted round its dark walls, or looked wistfully in through the bars of the iron gate, he seemed, like Milton's Satan, gazing for the first time on the new and peaceful world. I do not know how such a foolish idea entered my head; but it made me look at him, for the moment, with an interest not unallied to fear, as I followed his dark person and noiseless footsteps through the gloom. At length, as we turned the corner, we were challenged by a watchman: P—— fixed his eye on him as we passed, but neither of us spoke; and the guardian of the night, without making any observation, walked hastily away to the lighter and living part of the street. We saw, however, that it was yet too early—and, besides, from the nature of the ground, that it was impossible to do with only two performers. To pass the time, therefore, and also to look out for proselytes, we went into the tap-room of a public-house at no great distance, and called for a pot of porter, warmed at the fire, and seasoned with a glass or two of something stronger. There was only one person in the room besides ourselves, and he appeared to have just come in; he was a fine, off-hand-looking fellow, in a sailor's dress—frank and careless in his manner, with a dash of the libertine in his eye, and an appearance about the lips which indicates one who has an habitual inclination to moisten his clay. "He will do!" said P——, winking at me with the off-eye; but I had my doubts. We soon got into conversation, and had no difficulty in pumping out the whence and whither of our chance-comrade. He belonged to an East-Indiaman which had just arrived, and was hastening home, on the wings of love and duty, to tell his mother and his sweetheart that his apprenticeship was out, and that he was now promoted to be a man-before-the-mast. Of course, he was to get married immediately; and, in a month or two, would be ready for sea once more, with high hopes of being, at least captain of the fore-top, before seeing his beloved Susan again. In

the mean time, however, both she and his mother had moved from their lodgings, and it was now too late to seek them; he had, therefore, tumbled into the first open shop he had found, where he meant to anchor for the night. There was not much encouragement for us, I thought, in this story: but, as the stranger's orders were executed, and a measure of a colourless liquid set before him, I could see P——'s eyes sparkle; and he turned on me a glance, which, assisted by a certain motion of his cheek and eyelid, said, as plainly as tongue could speak it, "Smoke the blue ruin!" The sailor did not seem at once to like the turn we gave to the conversation; and he looked stedfastly, as if for the first time, at my companion. I do not know how it is, but there is something peculiar about P——'s eyes—something that one looks at a second time, not because he wishes to do so, but because he cannot help it; it produces a disagreeable feeling—a kind of chill—such as we do not experience when looking at Mr. Irving's, for instance, or any ordinary squint. The stranger drew his glass towards the upper end of the box, and, resting his back against the wall, stretched his legs upon the seat—but observing, at the same time, as if not choosing to give offence, that his walk from the Docks had fatigued him. By degrees, however, he seemed to get accustomed to my companion's peculiarity, and relaxed from the defensive position he had taken. When his measure was emptied, we insisted on filling it again, and drinking together; and then, after gradually feeling our way, we opened the business. He winced, at first, like a patient under an operation; but the very novelty of the thing induced him at least to hear more of it. P—— told some of his best stories, with eyes, cheeks, lips, and tongue all at once; the gin mounted into the sailor's main-top; and, at length, he began to think it was not so very shocking an affair. His pride was touched—for he felt that his courage was questioned. It now assumed the appearance, under my friend's magic pencil, of at worst a spree or frolic; it would be something to talk of ever after—to make Susan draw closer to him at night, as she hid her face in the bed-clothes—and at sea, in a tropical calm, to set the whole fore-castle a-gaping. At length, he consented; and we went out together to collect our tools, and proceed to work. It was pitch-dark; but the wind had died away, and the rain fell in thick and heavy drops. As we walked along, holding him fast by the arms on each side, the stranger seemed rather our prisoner than our companion—I could feel his heart beat hard against my arm; and at length, when we got over the wall, and were among the tombs, I thought he would have fallen from our support. The weakness, however, was only physical—his moral courage was undebated; and at length, when we reached the grave, as if resolving to conquer his feelings by main force, he applied himself with good-will to the spade-work, that no sexton could have brought his buried treasure to light in quicker time. By the time we had got the coffin open, however, and its contents deposited in the sack, his spirit seemed to desert him altogether; and while we were filling up the grave, and putting matters *in statu quo*, he leant in silence against a tomb-stone. When we were preparing to depart, I went up and shook him violently, to rouse him from the trance into which he seemed to have fallen. "*It is a woman!*" said he, at length, in a whisper, so deep and horror-struck, that I instinctively let him go. I could hear P—— chuckle at the idea. I endeavoured to explain to him that a dead body was of no sex; but, notwithstanding, it was as much by compulsion as any thing else, that we got him to assist in removing the spoils.

On arriving at our destination, which we did without interruption, we found the door on the latch, and went up stairs with our burthen as softly as possible. The candle had burnt out, and the fire was just about following the example; while R——, like a drunken swine as he is, was sitting fast asleep in a chair. We laid the sack on the table, in the midst of the fragments of his supper, and endeavoured to get a fresh light. When we had succeeded, P——, with one of his diabolical leers, pointed to the stranger, who was standing by the door, as if afraid altogether to enter the room, and gazing on the sack, till his eyes seemed ready to burst from their sockets. At this moment, R—— awoke, and turning down the mouth of the sack, held the candle to examine our prize; and, still under the *gineal* influence, began to rhodomontade like a mad player. “A woman, by G——!” cried he; “aye, and a fair one, too—beautiful even in death! Her auburn ringlets hanging, in love-like languishment, over her neck of snow—her pencilled eyebrows—her dimpled chin—her modest lips, cold even as chastity!” At every disjointed sentence, the stranger advanced a step nearer: till, at length, when the fair and dead face came completely under his view, his hands met with a sound like the report of a pistol—and, in something between a shriek and a convulsive groan, he exclaimed, “It is *Susan*!”—and fell senseless on the floor. L. R.

FULL-LENGTHS:

No. IV.

The Jew Slopseller.

WE know not if, among the several qualities, to the possession of which philosophers have ascribed our superiority over frogs and jackdaws, the spirit of commerce has been duly registered—whether the continually working principle of barter, wanting in all other animals, has given a triumphant distinction to humanity, and thus proved the immortal essence of man in his day-book and ledger. We think the fact too evident to have been unknown to ancient wisdom; although we cannot, at this moment, take upon ourselves to particularize the discoverer.

Of course, there are none of our readers that have not seen a Jew: the sight amounts to nothing—it is a common spectacle, which neither does nor ought to excite an unusual thought. Have they, however, beheld a Jew Slopseller? The sun scarcely attracts a momentary gaze—so general is its influence: let a rainbow appear, and old gray-headed men and crawling children stay still and gaze at it. So with the common Israelite, and he of the sea-port. The term “Jew,” abstractedly—like the first of the two words “laurel water,” or the half of a severed viper—may represent an object useful or harmless;—but Jew *Slopseller*—aye, there is the deadly meaning of the united words—there, the full venom of the active snake! Those who would pass through Rosemary-lane without the least emotion, would start and turn pale at an Israelite inhabitant of Gosport or Sheerness. Lest, however, some of our readers should not wholly comprehend the term “Slopseller,” we may briefly inform them, that it applies to those individuals who, on our seamen receiving their hard-earned pay, infest the decks of English men-of-war: there they toil, and there they fatten. Let us, however, strive to make out a schedule of the effects, natural and acquired, which compose a Jew Slopseller.

It is not the face alone of our hero which needs delineation : the painter who would simply pourtray the visage of the Slopseller, and afterwards trust to his general observance of other men whereby to supply the absent members, would err most criminally. Horace himself never imagined such a monster ; it would be the head of a fox on the body of a mastiff—of a cat, fixed on the neck of an antelope. There is such a subtle and constant communing between his features and every other part ; such a continual, and yet repressed agitation, from his eyelids to his toes ; such a catching-up of the fingers and acting of the vertebræ, that it would seem some spirit of gain inhabited his every tendon and nerve, and that his body echoed and throbbed throughout with their clamour and their stirring. If nature has ever placed the least principle within him, like Ariel in the pine, it requires more than mortal power to bring it to the light. There is no looking at the face of the Slopseller—the eye can take no hold of his features ; they do not, as the old poet says of amber, “ stroke the sight ”—but evade, actually slip from it. He is only to be rightly viewed whilst asleep—when the flaccid lineaments, untenanted by the thousand antics which inhabit the waking lines, have retreated back, and lie, like gorged spiders in their webs, in the modicum of brain which engendered and sustains them. Then, and then only, might the limner take the features of our subject, and thus the likeness could only be known to a few of his creed and craft—for never yet did customer hear a Slopseller snore. The whole life of our Israelite is a long game of verbal and practical lies—of substitution and of sycophancy. His prime god is made at his Majesty’s mint ; a bank-note is to him the glorious sky—and the sum it carries, either moon, sun, or star, according to the amount. If he can give to second-cloth the passing freshness of superfine, he is, in his own esteem, a second Descartes ; if he can replace copper for gold, another Newton. He has no love of nature, animate or still : if ever he stay to look at a bullfinch, it is simply to reflect on the possibility of painting its hues on a sparrow ; if ever he gaze at the veins of a pebble, it is to see if it will pass for an agate or a cornelian. Shew him Mount Vesuvius in full eruption, and he will speculate on getting it up in a raree-show ; point out to him, by the glare of lightning, a ship’s crew struggling in the billows, and he will instantly ponder on what the men have in their pockets.

We must picture a seaman about to pass the door of our Slopseller : he is in a moment captured, and, although pennyless, becomes a ready prey to the Israelite, who buys the next three years’ pay of the reckless tar. The seaman laughs within himself—aye, and when he gets aboard, his mates laugh with him—at the certain trick practised on the Jew ; for when did a sailor ever think of time ? Did he ever think it possible for the day three years to arrive ? If he have money in one hand, he thinks he holds the skirts of Time with the other. The Slopseller, like his brother crocodile, is amphibious, and can snap up a mouthful of unwary humanity ashore, as well as in his native deep. However, it must, we think, be owned, that the Slopseller is more potent at sea. By sea, we mean the waste or forecastle of a man-of-war. His peculiarities become more startling. Like Charles Brandon’s armorial bearings, the gold cloth and frize strike out a contrast sufficiently powerful to awaken the poetry of thought—philosophy. To the proof.

We have before us a sailor, who hath felt the sun in every region of the world : heat, wind, and rain have so worked upon his face—have here

so seared it, and there so adorned it with protuberance—that his features are like a patch of old wall ; here, shewing a fearful chink—and here, tufts of red and brown moss. He stands before us the very embodied idea of unthinking valour and honesty : there is a reposing strength in his legs, which straggle from each other like two clumps of leafless oaks ; his hands drop before him, like two slabs of red granite ; his hair—that is, if he do not nourish the coxcombry of a pigtail—mightily resembles bell-wire in a tangle ; his very hat seems dropped upon his head (as though for a wager) from the main-top. This man appears a hard creature to digest ; and yet our Slopseller shall swallow him, as though he were a man of paste—the mere sugared image of a confectioner.

Observe, gentle reader—and also ye philosophers—if here you would see the whole deceit and trickery of the world : if here you would look upon the game where is pitted craft against honesty—villainy against ignorance—smiles, assertions, oaths, and pledges of reputation, against the profits of years of toil—perhaps of insult and of bloodshed. The bit of gold, for which our tar hath groaned in hopeless agony beneath the surgeon—for which he hath been literally sheeted in his own gore—the wages of such pain and terror shall, in a trice, become the gain of the Jew, for a wheedling word—a smiling look. Is not this a true representation of the tragedy, or—Democritus, if you will have it so—the comedy of *Gain and Loss*, played on the world's wide stage, alike by emperors, by lords in waiting, and by chimney-sweepers ? Many a veteran hath gone down, a most lean subject, to the grave ; whilst a musk-carrying juvenile, who could sing an amorous ditty at the table of my lord, hath died of indigestion or of apoplexy : the shrill pipe of a boy hath carried it before the indented cicatrice of gray-headed men. We repeat our assertion : Our Sailor and Slopseller may, in their simple selves, represent the whole two parties of the human race—the tricksters and the tricked. Three feet of the forecastle of the *Bellona* may serve for the whole globe.

We beg our readers to keep before their eyes the person of our sailor, and also narrowly to observe the movements of the Israelite, now preparing to assail and attack the huge round tower before him. See, how the varlet makes towards the tar ! how he curls and bends himself up, as though he would absolutely make himself into a ball, and roll into the confidence of the betrayed ! Now this Proteus of pinchbeck and stained glass alternately flutters and stoops, and his eye burns with brightness—not with a common brilliancy—it is not the ray of honest satisfaction—but the gleam of a spear's point held to the heart of the devoted. As yet, however, the contest has been held at a distance : the Slopseller has only attacked with greetings, gentle inquiries, and salutations ; the pike is only hooked—the grand beauty of the art is yet to be displayed in playing with him, and bringing him panting to the shore. Jack himself throws a dash of the ridiculous into the business ; he checquers with individual whim the else unrelieved baseness of the Slopseller. As the Jew advances, the Sailor (and we would be sworn he has never read Sterne) seems “pre-determined not to give him a single sous.” Jack straightway becomes blunt and bristling : he puts his memory on hard duty, and summons to his aid a recollection of the grievous wrongs he has before endured from “the tribe ;”—he, moreover, doubly arms himself with the legendary iniquities of every slopseller, from Wapping to Spithead ; and thus strengthened, Jack receives, with deadly determination, the first advances of the aquatic merchant. Vain man ! weak in your vanity—lost in your conceit ! Bound and delivered up to the

enemy, even by the weapons which you were to use against him: your strength avails you not with him. What are the deep-set grinders and the rigid muscles of the bull-dog against the tortuous faculty of the worm? The brute may startle wolves from their dens, and tear into powder the hard earth beneath it, whilst the reptile glides through a crevice, and evades pursuit. It is almost melancholy to observe the unsuccessful trials of the sailor to look cunning and business-like; his features are rebellious, and will not submit to order—whilst he, unconscious man! believes them to be admirably disciplined. An elephant, inquiring into the legitimate construction of a sixpence, is, we think, a ludicrous object: no less whimsical is our sailor, attempting to be shrewd. He has, at this time, but one thought—security against the Jew; and this thought runs, darkling and confused, within him, like a half-smothered mouse in the body of the elephant just noted. At every turn, he becomes more bewildered; and our Slopseller, gaining strength as the Sailor sinks back again to his accustomed state, in the moment of triumph slips the article of purchase into the half-unresolved hand of the man of the waters. And, what has Jack purchased? Of course, a watch—one that hath survived a three days' possession by nearly half the seamen of his Majesty's fleet. The first article a sailor purchases, and the last he parts with, is a watch: it is the Alpha and Omega of the alphabet of prize money; and, even if it does not survive the first winding-up, still the outside looks creditable and land-like; and, long ere Blue Peter is flying at the fore, it is once again duly returned to the Slopseller, with a loss of pounds not to be thought of in the middle-watch. As were the fatal seeds to Proserpine, so is the silver monitor to our tar: having once tasted the fare of our Slopseller, he is wholly and unreservedly condemned to him.

A fox comes into a farm-yard with a more hold and upright countenance than does a Jew Slopseller enter a man-of-war; there is a vile slinking principle curling about his lips—a fitful puckering-up of his eyes—a thrilling of chicane at the very tip of his nose; presenting, on the whole, a so abject and contemptible being, that, were your dog to leap from your side, and pin down the trader, we fear, instead of punishing the animal, your momentary feeling would be to pat the sides of the brute, and exclaim, “Well done, honesty!”

Our Slopseller is not avaricious and grasping by accident—he is trained up; deeply educated in the game. When scarcely the height of his father's knee, the watchful parent points out to his offspring the bluff and sturdy defenders of their country, and tells him that on such as they he must in due time thrive and fatten. If any of our readers doubt the fact, let them but glance at the young pigmies of gain, thriving in the Minorities. We confess, were we asked to instance a startling contrast of the vastness and majesty of nature, and the subserviency and meanness of man, we should incontinently name the wide and wonder-striking ocean, bearing on its top the puny shallop of the Jew Slopseller. Certainly, there *maybe* many such dealers imbued with every fair and benevolent feeling in practices of trade with the ignorant and unthinking. We *may* gather peaches from a holly.

WAR: ITS USES.

No. II.

MR. EDITOR:—I told you, in my former paper, that honour was the breath of a soldier's nostrils. I would much rather it was a pipe of port a-year than such an empty substance as breath—particularly when one is on half-pay. But, Sir, I gave you my honour to furnish you with reasons for going to war, and, therefore, I shall perform; particularly as, I hope, that his Majesty's Cabinet will find a few which they had overlooked, and that I shall soon get some other occupation than that of hunting rats with Teazer, and wishing for dinner-time.

I told you that the noble old Romans never wanted any other reason for going to war than that delightfulest, charmingest, dearest—best, of reasons, the reason of the dear, delightful, charming sex—"because" (they chose it.)

Now, forsooth, one king declares war against another king, lest the other king should declare war against him: which is a good reason enough, certainly, because it is always easy to find. Sometimes one nation makes war against another, because that other nation has desired it to christen one of its children Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego: a very justifiable reason. Now and then, it is because a drunken captain in the navy mistakes one ship for another: an admirable reason. On another occasion, it is because a strumpet finds it convenient, or is jealous of another strumpet: a delectable reason—as strumpets are much given to quarrelling—and, therefore, it is an easy reason. Or, in the matter of strumpets, it is proper and just to declare war, should any of your neighbours draw your picture leading one in each hand.

Sometimes a nation makes war because it has too much money, and sometimes because it has not enough: one or other of these reasons need never fail. Occasionally, it makes war about cod-fish, that being so rare and valuable an animal; or about beavers, for fear it should be obliged to wear silk hats; or for otters, that it may send Lord Amherst a-Kotaoing to Peking, to serve his apprenticeship against Rangoon; against which it makes war, for a far better reason than any of those, since it is one that nobody can discover.

Nations, very commendably, war in their own kitchens, and about their own fire-sides, to settle whether, out of two knaves or two fools, which knave or fool it is to be fool enough to invest with a crown.

Sometimes it is a little modification of this which produces a great delectability in war; namely, whether it is best to have a fool or a rogue—whether the old fool or the old rogue shall be put down, and a new fool or a new rogue put up. This is sometimes called the question of legitimacy.

Sometimes, too, a higher interference orders the nations to receive a king—says that his claim is divine—that his right is registered above: and this produces mutiny in the people, who are seldom backward in disobeying most of the orders that are promulgated from that quarter.

It was not uncommon, in former days, to make war to determine whether bread was flesh, or not; whether it required one parson to teach every ten men; and whether, there being only ten loaves, the parson had a right to one; whether a man prayed best in a black gown or in a white one; what was the difference between consubstantiation and transubstantiation; whether a civil sort of Italian gentleman in a scarlet cloak was the Supreme Being, or *quasi Deus*; whether some people had a right to burn a man

for not eating pork, because they liked it themselves; whether, of three or four ruffians—one born at Geneva, one in Rome, and the rest elsewhere—the whole were scoundrels, or only one, or two, or more; or which was the greatest scoundrel. And so on, Sir—so on. Old Fifteen used to manage all these matters well when he was younger; but, like the old giants in John Bunyan, he is either become crazy in his joints, or oblivious,—or, perhaps, turned sentimental—which is his leading fault nowadays. But I hope that the Holy Alliance, and the spawn of old Loyola, will work him up to his bearings again before long; and then “we shall see what we shall see.”

As to other matters, nations make war for a rock that no one ever thought of thinking of till some one else said it was worth something; or for an island, worth sixpence in fee-simple; or for the plague, or the yellow fever; or for rum, or tea, or coffee, or tobacco; or a tract of sand, or a marsh; or for the pleasure of keeping a red rag a foot higher up the mast than some other people. They make war thus for what they call the dominion of the sea; which, as it happens, is the common dominion of all the world and which they can neither fortify, defend, nor occupy, nor legislate for, nor tax.

In yet other modes, they make war that they may take possession of islands for the pleasure of returning them again; which serves to display their generosity: sometimes, that they may make a people, which they care nothing about, free, as they call it; at other times, that they may make them slaves, which does as well.

Two nations make war together, that neither of them may meddle with a third nation; or else because both are desirous of meddling with it; or, reversely, two combine and war upon that third nation, cut it in two, and put, each, a half in their respective pockets. Very commonly, a nation drubs another into such a state of gratitude, as to compel it to buy all its goods at the said nation's shop; which is a very successful mode—when it succeeds. Or else, a nation beats another, and exterminates half the people, that it may increase the number of the consumers of its articles; or else it beats and bullies the said nation—or any other nation—that, by impoverishing the people, it may increase their industry and production—and thus compel them to sell all their goods to the victors, instead of buying; thus, evidently, enabling itself to sell so much more.

And if, in any of these several ways, it buys ten times as dear as it might else have done, or spends a hundred times the value of the articles before it can begin to buy at all, or does not sell by a million of times the value of what it has spent for the privilege of selling,—why, so much the better: because then it will get poor, and make peace, or be quiet; by which means, it will be able to go to war again.

It is particularly good policy—and it is, indeed, one of Old Fifteen's new discoveries, making up for some of his late stupidity—to send abroad the half of a nation's people, at a great expense; to nurse them up into wealth, make them powerful, and then quarrel with them. This is an admirable receipt; because it makes and generates a bottom and foundation of permanent hatred and ever-during causes for war. And the thing is certainly most effectually executed, by taking care to stock your place with all the convicts, felons, scoundrels, mutineers, rebels, and so forth, that can be mustered; because it is probable that you will not have to wait quite so long for an enemy as if you had stocked it with honest men.

It is a good reason for war, when a country does not reach to a particular river; and it is a better one still, when, having attained that river, it does

not reach to the next; and so on, "*toties quoties*." It is a much better reason, when it reaches from the Baltic to the sea of Kamtschatka, because it is not then big enough; or, when your country is too cold, and you prefer a hotter one; or when it is too hot, and you wish to cool yourself.

If you have not a ship in all your dominions, it is most proper to make war for the possession of a sea-port. Very particularly this is necessary, if you happen to live at the other side of the world, and want a port on this side—as, for instance, in the Mediterranean. There is a very especial convenience in this contrivance; because you might have no neighbours to make war with at home, and are sure of getting abundance in your new quarters.

Nations ought always to make war on people that wear turbans and beards; on people that eat rice; on all people that smoke a great deal, and say, "Allah, Illah, Allah!"—whether their beards are long or short—whether they shave their heads or their chins.

When nations possess gold, it is, more especially than any thing, proper to make war on them, if it is possible to get at them; and it may not be very improper, when they possess any other thing that you are particularly fond of—such as cloves and cinnamon; that is, whenever you can reach them, by sea or land.

Generally speaking, it is the best of all policy—it is, indeed, most essentially politic—to declare war against a country, because it is strong. Strength is dangerous, and it is your business to reduce it. If you do not, the strong man may fall upon you, bind you, and spoil your goods. But, if the other nation is weak, then there is a better reason still for making war; because you may bind him, and spoil his goods—which is all clear gain.

For the same reason, when there are two parties in a nation, squabbling which fool out of two shall be set up and worshipped, encourage them to fight and quarrel; encourage them alternately: countenance first one, and then the other; and, by the time they have laid down to pant over the bone, you jump on them, and gobble up the whole three—nation, bone, and all.

There are a few other modes of promoting this divine science, directly or indirectly; but, as the course of my education has been confined to the practice, I am not exactly such a master of the theory as I ought to be. Nevertheless—

When you have done with a war, either because you are tired, or that the people are tired, or that you have no more men, or no more money, or for any other reason why, you must make a peace, you know. In that case, you always take care to have a flaw in the treaty—an unintelligible clause, or an article that may be taken in two senses—matters, to which the diplomatic gentlemen can help you at any time, if you should be at a loss. Thus you can begin again whenever it is convenient—that is, as soon as you have money enough, or are tired of peace; or when officers are wanting promotion, or friends wanting jobs; or when the people begin to be mutinous, and talk about changing the government; when tailors and shoemakers begin to combine, for example; or when they read too many books, or dispute about education, or what not. It is just the same when you make a commercial treaty, in which you take care to over-reach your neighbour—by which you kill two birds with one stone. Get some money out of him first, and declare war against him afterwards; or receive his declaration, which comes to the same thing.

I said, Mr. Editor, that a nation ought to make war on another which possesses gold or cinnamon; because it likes cinnamon and gold too, and because every person ought to try to get what he likes. And I said also, that one nation ought to make war on a strong nation, partly that it may try to take the strong nation's goods, and partly lest the strong nation should seize on its goods. But these are not half the reasons why. Rich nations are apt to be proud—*riche et fière*—as Venice chose to be once—as England chooses to be at present. Now, pride is a bad thing, and ought to be put down. Put it down, by all means: a nation has no business to be richer than its neighbours—nor a man neither. Put them all down.

Then, if extending a boundary to the next degree of latitude, and so on to the next, is most reasonable cause of war, it is much more availing to desire to possess all Europe, or all America. This happens when the spirits mount aloft, in kings, as a predecessor of mine has observed; and it succeeds well, unless a priest or a conjurer should interpose, and let them out by another road.

To want the whole world, is a better reason still; because, being a wider cause, it lasts longer. This is a secret that has thriven well, on various occasions. Kings or republics, it is all one—except that the kingly project may be ended over a bottle; and it is difficult to make a whole republic dead drunk.

If you should have a large family that you want to provide for, it is proper to conquer estates for them. Your grandson has no house to live in for example: he wants one; or a better one, because the old one is bad; and his neighbour's is very convenient. Lodge him in it; kill half of your own people in pleading the suit, and half of his intended ones in defending the house; the advantage of which is, that, when he gets into his new lodgings, he finds it half in ruins, and all the world wishing him at the devil, as do those who broke open the doors for him.

There is a certain utensil called a crown—a thing somewhat larger than what is called a star, but made of much the same materials. Now it is very pleasant to give pretty little toys to your friends, on the *jour de l'an*, or on your own birth-day, or so on. As a crown is a bigger thing than a star, so it is much pleasanter to give away—and, as some people think, to receive also. But as you cannot give what you have not got, you must buy it first. You can buy one, perhaps, with about a million of lives, more or less, and some hundred or two of millions of livres sterling: another may cost somewhat less; and this is a very good expedient—because, perhaps, the other people do not choose to sell, and so the bargain takes more time to settle.

And then, when the gift is given, the receiver turns tail—as this class is apt to be ungrateful; or other persons are jealous; or the utensil does not fit the place it was intended for; or it tumbles off, or is pulled off; or the man gets tired of it: and so, in various ways, one trouble makes many more: whence this is a prolific and an admirable receipt for war.

If another man takes it into his head to build ships, you must fall upon him at once: burn his ships—burn his towns—burn him! What right had he with ships? Make him beg pardon for his impertinence; and, if he will not, you know then that you may do what you please. It is unlucky if he should prove such a ninney as to fall down, and cry *peccavi*, because then you must wait for a new excuse.

Assure a people that their king is a fool or a rogue, and order them to take another. If they are tame enough to believe you, there is no help for the present; if not, thresh them into submission. And, in the other

case—or if they really will put up with him—it is likely enough that the new man will not do all that you ask him; in which case, you have a good excuse for threshing him—and his people too.

The boundary cause, which I noticed before, answers very well, under modifications which I have not yet treated of.

For example : two of your neighbours have no right to be pleased with their own opinions about that matter. Desire them not to be pleased—shew them how they ought to be pleased. If they are unreasonable enough to think for themselves, attack them both—or one—as it may be most convenient. Or, order one to make a present to another of a river, or any thing else ; and if he refuses, thresh him into it.

Under this head, too, whenever you feel yourself particularly rich, or proud, or insolent, or out of humour ; or when you have been reading books—(you know the books that you must read, as well as I do, Mr. Editor)—take a map and a pair of compasses, and a pair of scales and a pair of scissors : cut the map into pieces—toss the bits into the scales—and, having well noted the vacillations of the index, go to war. This method is called the Balance-of-Power system. The varieties are, that, instead of your doing this yourself, one, or two, or more, can join you ; and this is called the Method of Alliances.

The Method of Alliances is a peculiarly commendable one—because it is multiplicative, divergent, implicative, pre-post-retro- and intro-active, unfailing, eternal, and infallible. Every man's insult thus becomes your own : that is delightful. Three, four, five, or six can unite against one—because that one is rich, or proud, or poor, or convenient. And as it is probable that you cannot all agree on these and other matters, the beauty of it—to come—is, that you and your allies can all quarrel and go to loggerheads in ones, twos, threes, or any other number, and in any way that is most agreeable.

These are complicated methods ; they require time, ingenuity, trouble. There is an easier one. You get a tailor to make a flag—it shall be white, if you like that colour—with a few bits of blue or red rag ; he tacks on some letters to it (“ *Nec pluribus impar* ” will do as well as any thing else), and puts a great, stupid, staring face upon it, copied from the sign of the Sun, at the alehouse over the way. Another gentleman takes another piece of cloth—but his is blue. His tailor makes other letters, with white rags ; upon which you become raging mad—fall to work, and burn ships and towns—march, besiege, countermarch, and make people wonder “ what is come over you.” And when you are tired, you sit down again under your sign of the Sun ;—and so does Joshua.

But there is one reason and motive which it is quite disgraceful to me to have forgotten so long—seeing that it can never, by any possibility, be wanting. This is the reason to which I formerly alluded—“ Because ; ” the Roman reason : plain, simple, unaffected “ Because ”—vulgarly esteemed the lady's reason—or the reason without reason—or the children's reason, when they squall—the reason of not knowing why. The gentleman who lived under the sign of the Sun understood it well ; and the *canaille*, *canards*, and *canaux* were dammed or undammed accordingly. This is, however, but a species under the generic causes in which kings delight—penny trumpets, gingerbread and rattles, or wanting “ to have the moon in my own hand.”

In the polite or civil method (I am sorry, Mr. Editor, that my logic is not very well arranged), the following is an approved recipe : One fool or rogue sticks a white rose in his button-hole ; another rogue or fool sticks

a red one. Which is the greatest rogue, fool, or both, nobody cares ; but which rose proves reddest, it becomes shortly difficult to say : and this is good for a century or two.

A very pretty little private war can be manufactured, in the polite or civil method, by taking care to have the force all on one side ; because, in this case, you can stop whenever you like. For example : Your people need not believe in God unless they choose ; but they must not believe in him the wrong way. And so on, for the various reasons I insinuated formerly—and others, make war on them—exterminate them.

I thought that I had discovered the best of all the reasons, when I shewed you how you could never want one, by following the example of the gentleman under the sign of the Sun, “as above.”—“Oh, memory, thou fond deceiver !” If a gentleman should write you a letter, and forget to put three *etceteras* to your name, it is a justifiable cause of war. “And are *etceteras* nothing ?” Indeed, my worthy Antient Pistol, they are a good deal. There are, in most cases, a good many *etceteras*, besides the declared one, for which nations amuse themselves in this manner. ‘To go to war for *etceteras* alone, and for even one single naked *etcetera*, I hold to be a case deserving record. You will find it all, if you will look in the right place. I am not jesting, good Mr. Editor. If you do not know where to look, drop me a line—as the people say—and I will tell you. What, Sir ! do you expect me to give you an abridgment of the Universal History ?

If people have no right to live who will not believe that bread is beef and wine—or who shave their heads, and cultivate their whiskers—so are those unfit to go on breathing who admire the sun and moon—love to sit down round a large fire—look at the ends of their noses till they see them burn blue—carve great figure-heads, like those in his Majesty’s dock-yards, but, instead of sticking them on their ships, put them up in their houses. This, however, depends on circumstances. Some people may put up those figure-heads in their houses : others must not. If you ask me the reason why, “pon honour,” Mr. Editor, I cannot tell you.

Be that matter as it may, this is a valid, justifiable, laudable, praiseworthy, noble, and glorious cause for war—“*etiam ad internecionem*”—(Ladies, this does not mean international)—particularly if the figure-heads have gold ear-rings or diamond eyes.

It is a general rule, that you ought to make war upon all people that do not choose to speak your language, which is the only one fit for a gentleman ;—and, for similar reasons, on all people that sit cross-legged, which is a base and tailorish method—or on people who are so affectionate, that they do what the poets only talk of—*viz.* refuse to survive those whom they loved—or who, in any way, mode, or manner, differ from you in customs—as your customs can be the only right ones. Particularly, this is necessary, when there is any thing to be gained by it ; otherwise, you may pause, or wait till you do not know what to do with your spare money and your spare people.

Spare people, as I told you before, are always a good reason for war ; partly because you do not know what to do with them, partly because they are apt to get riotous ; just as they do when they are too well off, or not well off enough ; for either condition answers.

If the nations that deal in figure-heads are proper objects for war, so are those which have no figure-heads—which do not know where they came from, or whither they are going—or which talk of Somebody that lives beyond the Great Mountain. If they have no diamonds and gold, they may have land, which does as well. Those are good subjects, because

you can make war cheap, kill a good many men, and save your own gunpowder. You can sell them gunpowder, for example, and then they will kill each other, which saves trouble;—or bad guns, and then they will kill themselves;—or make them a present of the small pox, or of rum—and then you step in, kill the rest, and seize their lands.

It is convenient to possess so many resources; and it is out of my great kindness for kings and people that I have laboured—for three whole hours, upon my honour, Mr. Editor—to rake them up; though I have missed the half, as it is.

But this you may depend on, Mr. Editor—war is the only science:

“To give a young gentleman right education,
The army’s the only good school in the nation;”

and so the more reasons we have for commencing it, always ready, the better.

The man who reads is always a doubtful character. Many a brave officer has been spoiled by books. There shall be no book-men in my regiment, if that happy time (when I have one) ever comes.—The little I do in this way is by stealth, under the rose. We get on, indeed, pretty well in this matter—no learning to be ashamed of. Only see, Sir! There was a dispute, the other day, between Captain Jones and one of our young cornets, about S. P. Q. R. Bets ran high; a good many dozens were staked on both sides; and they were obliged to call upon me to settle it. Not one of them, Sir, knew that it meant, “*Si peu que rien!*” These are fellows, Sir, that will never flinch before a bayonet.

I really must give in, however—for it is getting late. But, Lord bless you, Mr. Editor! I have not half done yet—though I will have mercy on you. But are not all these good and valid reasons for going to war? Old Fifteen has many more reasons than Young Fifteen, whatever Lady Mary may think; and he shews his sense in keeping a good stock.

“And they do not know what they have gained when it is over,” says her Ladyship. Indeed! they know that pretty well. Honour and glory, to be sure—is not that something? And have not I got a premium for a musket-ball through my elbow?—and half-pay, besides? though I cannot say much for that. And have they not got more colonies than they can manage or defend?—and more debts than they can pay?—and more men to discharge than they know what to do with?—and statues and monuments?—and Peace? Have not they got Peace, Mr. Editor?—Beautiful, olive-branched, white-robed, cornucopiad Peace and Plenty! Quartern loaves, like blackberries, on every hedge—ditches overflowing with porter and ale!

And plenty of grumbling, too, I can tell you. And this is the reason why they want war again, I tell you, Mr. Editor, it is the natural, proper, just, and necessary state of man. Old Fifteen is a cleverer fellow than they take him for. It will be time, indeed, for him to die when he comes to fourscore; there will be nothing left for him to do—nothing wise and rational, at least. The Millenium may come as soon as it likes, when that day arrives: I shall be reduced, for one, that is certain. There will be no living in the world, Sir; it will no longer be the place for a gentleman and a man of honour. Adieu to the Eleventh Dragoons! Nature will expire; the stars will burn blue, I am sure; the moon will be eclipsed; comets’ tails will grow a mile long; peace and the devil will shake hands; and we shall have nothing to do but to lounge about in amaranthine bowers—which, I take it, is very dull work. I hate country quarters.—Ever your’s,

H. I.

ODE TO FLATTERY.

MADAM Flattery! polite and charming—

Thy doses exhilarant and warming—

Who dare thy name traduce?

Or with grave, formal impudence, pretend

That they esteem Sincerity a friend,

And load thee with abuse?

Now these folks fib—Sincerity all hate—

From the low shed to canopies of state,

All like sugar—honey:

Self-dubbed saints take praise, not by compulsion—

Huge draughts they love of that sweet emulsion;

But these next to money.

I'll be frank. Fate grant but this petition—

Deprive me not of dear imposition,

Nor see me ill-treated

By ugly scarecrow truths, so blunt and plain,

That busy conscience echoes them again:

Rather I'd be cheated

By dear delusions of affection—

Friendship! Patronage! Protection!

Love!—pray who'd repel it?

A fine, rich, capillaire collection;

Paris or London's the direction

Where they buy or sell it.

Pray, who from such phant'sies would awake,

Like little children with the belly-ache,

To fret, and to be sore—

When the old fav'rite recipe again

(In somewhat larger dose) would ease the pain,

If taken as before?

Save *me* from Honesty, vile optician!

That prys and looks to our condition

With frightful microscope;

Save me from nodders, shruggers, winkers,

Give me thy best charming, patent blinkers,

And drive me on with Hope.

Give me some sweetly-sugared, soothing drop,

Or some such rich, intoxicating sop,

As would charm a dragon:

You'll find in me no silly, sulky clown;

Thy largest dose, in truth, I'd swallow down,

Though it were a flagon.

Thou soft warm water, trickling down one's back—

Thou luscious draught of Malmsey, or of sack—

Or whiskey-punch of Pat—

Or Martinique *noyau*—or rich *liqueur*—

Or cordial called, in France, *parfait amour*!

You take me? *Verbum sat*.

How delightful! when some tongue rehearses,

"Really, you write such clever verses!"

Let them this flattery call:

Why, Sir, it matters not to me a rush;

No! lay it on with large, thick, rich pound brush!

A Poet can take all.

THE LORD MAYOR'S JOURNEY TO OXFORD.*

"Begin, diverting muse, a comic strain,
Of MY LORD MAYOR conducted o'er the main !

"ALTHOUGH the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor of London, as Conservator of the river Thames, has extended, time immemorial, from Yantlet, about fifty miles below London Bridge, on the east, to the London Mark stone, about thirty-six miles on the west: it has yet but rarely happened that the Court of Aldermen have thought proper, by any formality of proceeding, publicly to renew their claim to this jurisdiction over those districts of the river lying west of Richmond."

There are some instances in which a writer tells his own story so well, that it would be downright malice to attempt to open it for him. The above paragraph stands at the commencement of the Reverend Mr. Dillon's book; and we cannot do better than commence our notice with it.

The work before us, then, which supplies a narrative—punctual even to the minutest details—of the "moving accidents, by flood and field," which befell the last Lord Mayor, Mr. Venables, and a select body of the Court of Aldermen, on an excursion which they made from Cornhill to Oxford, in the course of the last summer, was written, it appears, expressly, by "the desire of the said Lord Mayor,"—now, unhappily, *sic transeat gloriæ!*—so fugacious are civil honours!—a "LORD" no longer!—and is dedicated, in a page flowered all over with large and small capitals—so disposed as to form a perfect chart, or *vade mecum*, upon every future point of civic precedency—to the right honourable late chief magistrate in person, and the respectable individuals, generally, who composed his party. The author, Mr. Dillon, as "Chaplain to the Mayoralty," naturally, and most properly, felt—any "wishes" to be "commands!" from the "distinguished personage," to whom "he owed the honour of his appointment;" and, after trusting, in a very brief but modest preface, that there is nothing in the task undertaken "altogether out of accordance" with the sacred profession of which he is "the unworthiest member," the reverend narrator proceeds at once—in the paragraph above quoted—to "incision."

It seems that, "in the course of every Mayoralty," as far back as the memory of the City Remembrancer extends, "Courts of Conservancy of the river Thames," have been used to be held by the "chief magistrates," at "Stratford and Greenwich, for the counties of Essex and Kent," and "at Richmond for those of Surrey and Middlesex;" and that the days on which these courts were held have been used to be considered "as some of the pleasantest, as well as the most useful in the course of the civic year." But, notwithstanding this fact, and owing probably to that peculiar disposition, which persons in high office—(as it is agreed on all hands)—have to neglect the duties for which their office was constituted—it appears that the "jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor over the river Thames, as far as the town of Staines, in the county of Middlesex," had only once been asserted, since the Mayoralty of Sir Watkin Lewis in the year 1781—"to wit, in the reign of 'Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter, Baronet,' in the year 1812!"—up to the present time.

In such an improved state, however, as we have reached lately as to all facilities connected with locomotion, this was not a state of things

* "The Lord Mayor's visit to Oxford, in the month of July 1826. Written at the desire of the party, by the Chaplain to the Mayoralty."—Longman and Co. 1826.

which could be expected to continue. New aeras and emergencies give birth to new spirits, and to new exertions. And, accordingly—

“Early in the present year (1826) it was proposed to the Lord Mayor, by some of the Aldermen, and others connected with the navigation of the river Thames, to consider the propriety of again asserting the civic prerogative over that part of the river, at the city stone, near Staines, in the course of the summer. It was also proposed to connect with the excursion a visit to Oxford.”

The inception of great undertakings, however, is necessarily gradual. The proposed expedition is not resolved upon at once. Doubts, in fact, might fairly be looked for in the shape of objections to “the length of the way.” A home thrust put by the town clerk would be, as to—“who knew the road?” Two “holes in the bottom of the city barge,” might be mentioned—perhaps that would be answered—“they might be stopped.” But, in the end, after a great deal of question and discussion—“Whether the ox-tail soup would be good at Oxford, or whether a supply ought to be sent down from London?” by Mr. Alderman Birch—“What would be the cost of the lock and turnpike tolls on the way;” and whether the party would have to pay them or “be entitled to pass free?” by Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter—A word or two upon “the danger of FIRE in Mansion-houses left to themselves,” from Mr. Alderman Atkins—And a doubt, especial (on the part of the author in person probably) as to “what would become of the City of London if its natural sovereign were absent from it?”—For—

“As tender wives their husbands' absence mourn,
And with impatience wait their safe return;
So widowed “wards” with equal tears should grieve,
When Lord Mayors, like our own, their London leave”—

we find the party separating abruptly, without any thing having been resolved upon! The thing however is to be. Conversation on the subject is resumed—

“On midsummer-day; in the chamber of the Guildhall, whither the Lord Mayor, after having opened a Common Hall, had retired with the Aldermen, to allow the Livery of London, there assembled, the *free* and *unbiassed* exercise of one of their *undoubted* rights—the election of sheriffs of London and Middlesex, for the ensuing year.”

And on this occasion—

“The last week in July was ultimately and unanimously fixed for the excursion.”

The “plan” originally designed by the Lord Mayor

“Was, to invite the heads of houses, and such other distinguished members of the University, as might be in residence at the time—(for it was *foreseen* that this visit would fall in the long vacation) together with the Mayor and Magistrates of the city, to honour his Lordship and friends with their company at dinner, in Oxford, on Wednesday, the 26th of July; to leave Oxford on the morning of the 27th, and so to arrive in London on the Saturday evening following.”

But this arrangement is frustrated by a premature and unexpected disclosure. “Pitchers,” the proverb says, “have ears.” And, as Mr. Dillon most justly observes in this part of his work—many things would be highly extraordinary if they did not happen every day.—

“If it were not *notorious* how soon the rumour of any measure is propagated, even before it is fully matured, it would be almost *incredible* that this excursion should have scarcely been determined upon in London, before it was known at Oxford.”

Yet such was the fact. No sooner had the important "So be it," issued from the lips of the Lord Mayor, than the "grasshopper" on the top of the Royal Exchange (the precaution having been neglected of swearing him to secrecy) telegraphed the "striking boys" of the clock at Carfax church. And, quick as apoplexy, a note arrives, with the wax yet warm, from the Mayor and Magistrates of Oxford, asking the Lord Mayor to dine with them on the 26th instant—the very day on which he had intended that they should dine with him!

So—

"As it stands agreed by all,
That, but by force or fraud,
That day a man should dine at home,
He cannot dine abroad."

"This letter, at once so *unexpected* and so *welcome*, gave occasion to a very *pleasing* sort of embarrassment, on the part of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London. They felt it would be *unkind*, if not *improper*, to decline the invitation so handsomely given by the mayor and magistrates of that ancient and most loyal city; and yet, as they had not intended to prolong their stay in Oxford, beyond a single day, and had, moreover, fixed to entertain at dinner, the chief members of the University, and the city, they know not how they could accept it!"

The dilemma will be admitted to be a critical one; and perhaps, the whole party—Lord Mayor, Alderman, and all—might, up to this hour, have been unable to extricate themselves from it—if a gentleman, of happy facility, had not suddenly suggested a resource, by the question—

"Could not your Lordship go a day sooner to Oxford?"

This admirable stratagem, of which we rather suspect Mr. Dillon himself, although a laudable modesty has prevented him from laying claim to it, clears up the difficulty. A letter is dispatched to Oxford, requesting the Mayor and Magistrates to "make" their dinner "Thursday the 25th instant."

"Instructions were given to the town clerk, to secure such accommodation at an inn in Oxford, Reading, and Windsor, as might be adequate for the civic party; and to make every other necessary arrangements."

And nothing remains (after making the Wills of all the travellers) but to fit out for the expedition.

At this point, if we could write any poetry we would: for the subject rises into an interest which can only adequately be sustained by verse. "For Brentford, ho!" is the cry, from Walbrook to Bishopsgate without. The Lord Mayor's trumpeter blows his horn

"*Tuba, dirum spargens sonum.*"

with a force that shakes the city; till the hoarse roar of the Guildhall giants answers like an echo. The "trysting place" is Monument-yard; and the "gathering" commences.

The party is to "return from Oxford" in the "city state barge;" but, for more independence and delight, it is agreed that the individuals composing it shall make their way to that classic and venerable city, each in the way which best suits his own convenience. Therefore

"Every preliminary arrangement being completed, and ample accommodation having been secured at the Star Inn, Oxford, for his Lordship and suite, to the number of about thirty persons, Mr. Alderman Atkins, accompanied by two of his daughters, Miss Atkins, and Miss Sarah Jane, left his seat, Halstead Place, in Kent, on Monday, the 24th of July, and set out from London, for Oxford, in the cool of the following morning! On the same day, Mr. Alderman and Mrs. Lucas, with

their daughters, Miss Charlotte and Miss Catharine, *left their house*, at Lea, in Kent, and went by land as far as Boulter's Lock, near Maidenhead, where they embarked on board the Navigation Shallop, and proceeded by water to Reading; thus selecting some of the finest views on the river. From Reading, *their carriage* brought them to Oxford before three o'clock on Tuesday."

In the mean time,

"The city state barge, which had recently undergone complete repair, was making its way to Oxford, under the direction of Mr. Saunders, the water-bailiff; and expended five days in its passage thither."

And, on the morning of the 25th instant, the Lord Mayor, having found—for the consolation of all Cheap and Candlewick—an authority in "Alderman Sir James Shaw, Baronet," to "whose mature discretion" might be safely left even the consideration of "weightier matters" than those to which the attention of the chief magistrate of the city of London commonly is called—"accompanied by the Lady Mayoress," and "attended by the chaplain"—(our author in this distinction is too modest—surely the church should be our guide!)—left the civic tabernacle, known as "The Mansion House," in person, soon after eight o'clock.

"The private state-carriage, drawn by four *beautiful* bays, had driven to the door at half-past seven. The coachman's countenance was *reserved and thoughtful*; indicating *full consciousness* of the test by which his equestrian skill would this day be tried, in having the undivided charge of four high spirited and stately horses,—a circumstance somewhat unusual; for, *in the Lord Mayor's carriage*, a postilion usually guides the first pair of horses. These fine animals were in admirable condition for the journey. Having been allowed a previous day of unbroken rest, they were quite impatient of delay; and chafed and champed exceedingly on the bits, by which their impetuosity was restrained."

The name of the coachman is not given. This, we think, detracts a little from the otherwise admirable particularity of the description. But—

"The *murmur of expectation*, which had lasted for more than half an hour, amongst the crowd who had gathered round the carriage, was at length *hushed* by the opening of the hall door! The Lord Mayor had been filling up this interval with instructions to the *femme de menage*, and other household officers, who were to be left in residence, to attend with their wonted fidelity and diligence to their respective departments of service during his absence, and *now appeared at the door*. His Lordship was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, and followed by the chaplain."

The lady's-maid, according to Swift, should in all great households, deserve a place in the heart of the Chaplain; and the Abigail of the Lady Mayoress is defeated of none of her titular rights.

"As soon as the female attendant of the Lady Mayoress had taken her seat *dressed with becoming neatness*, at the side of the *well-looking* coachman, the carriage drove away; not, however, with that violent and extreme rapidity, which rather astounds than gratifies the beholders; but at that steady and majestic pace, which is always an indication of *real greatness*. Passing along Cheapside and Fleet-street, those arteries, as Dr. Johnson somewhere styles them, through which pours the full tide of London population, and then, along the Strand, and Piccadilly, the carriage took the Henley road to Oxford."

The due distinctions of rank and state are well observed, it will be seen, in this arrangement. The carriage does not, like the mere plebeian hired post-chaise in John Gilpin, proceed in such a manner that

"The stones should rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad!"

but travels rather with a seemingly soberness, as though conscious that it carried necks of price. The whole country indeed—let alone the carriage—seems to be sensible of the honour it is about to receive from a "Lord Mayor's" presence; and is ready to jump out of its skin—if such a metaphor can fairly be used with reference to a country—before we reach Kensington, for joy.

"The weather was *delightful!* the sun, as though it had been refreshed by the copious and seasonable showers that had fallen very recently, seemed to rise *more bright and clear than usual*, and streamed in full glory all around. The dust of almost a whole summer had been laid by the rain, the roads were, of consequence, in excellent order, and *the whole face of creation gleamed with joy.*"

By extraordinary good luck too, (being a thing which hardly happens once in seven years) a powder-mill seems to feel a sort of disinterested gratitude for the honour done to its vicinity, and blows itself up as the Lord Mayor approaches Staines. As every precaution had always been taken in the building to avoid danger, it appears that there was no way of accounting for the accident—except by supposing this spirit of self-devotion, to which we have alluded. And instances of the same description have occurred. The case of the Irishman who, on hearing a report that the Pope was at Ballybricken, said—"Sure, won't I throw myself out of this tree for joy!"—and broke his leg in the performance—will be immediately in point.

Horses are changed at Cranford-bridge; and it is recorded that—

"Just as the carriage was about to drive away, Mr. Alderman Magnay, accompanied by his lady and daughter, arrived *in a post-chaise*. After an interchange of salutations, the Lady Mayoress, observing that they must be *somewhat crowded* in the chaise, invited Miss Magnay to take the fourth seat, which had yet been vacant, in the carriage. As the day was beginning to be *warm*, this courteous offer of her ladyship was readily accepted."

And from hence, driven at a speed which "betokens a desire (even) on the part of the postilions, that the Lord Mayor should have no cause to complain either of horses or drivers on the Henley road," the happy party arrives in Oxford at "a quarter after three o'clock," and sits down to dinner with the dignitaries of that place at a quarter before seven.

We regret, for the sake of our readers, that a view even already, to our limits, compels us to cut short Mr. Dillon's description of this dinner; of the persons who attended it, and the speeches which were made at it. We are also obliged, though reluctantly, to take the same liberty with the reverend gentleman's account of the procession, "two and two"—(this is a bad mode of "proceeding:" Falstaff has a comment upon it, if we do not mistake—"Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion!")—of the Lord Mayor and his suite, from the Star Inn* to the

*The "Star" Inn, in the street of Oxford called the "Corn Market," used to be one of the best houses in England; and will be well known, both for its excellence and the enormity of its charges, to every Oxford man. Though, of late, I hear that the students affect the "Angel," which, in my recollection, was not near so good an hotel. The "Star," however, was known to all kinds of Oxford people; the "gown" and the "town" resorted to it equally. The rich knew it for the flavour of its wine; and the poor, snuffed up the odour of its soups as they passed. So that men of every rank made it a token of amity and recognition when they met. And one night, as a troop-ship was beating about in the Bay of Biscay with two of her topmasts rolled away already, and the wind increasing every moment—"Can you see a star, George?" said a young

Town Hall. With the further description of the room in which the repast was provided; of the pictures hanging, and the plate set out—even to the cup presented at the coronation of “his Most Gracious Majesty, King George the Fourth—whom God preserve!” And no less with the sketches of scenery, moral reflections, &c. &c., induced by the entry of the writer into Oxford—the sight of the gardens at Magdalen—the walks of Christchurch, &c. &c. Suffice it to say, that the banquet was “of such a grand and costly nature, as seemed to indicate that the whole neighbouring country had been put in-requisition!” That

“Wines of the most expensive and rarest kind, and as cold as the most refined bon vivant could have wished them, with fruit, were then placed on the table. And when the usual toasts of loyalty,—“the King,”—“the Duke of York and the Army,”—“the Duke of Clarence and the Navy,”—“the Duke of Sussex, and the rest of the Royal Family,” had been given, and drunk with becoming enthusiasm”—

The Mayor of Oxford rose and proposed the Mayor of London's health; and the Mayor of London rose, and proposed the Mayor of Oxford's health; and so the healths went on, through the aldermen and the sheriffs, down to the town clerk, and the city solicitor.

That

“The conversation at this banquet, in the intervals of the several toasts, though naturally of a desultory nature, was yet such as to shew that good taste, good feeling, and good sense, *are by no means limited to the citizens of the metropolis.*”

A matter which—although it had not been “written down”—perhaps we might have suspected.

And moreover, that

“The Lady Mayoress, and other ladies of the party, to the number of eight ordered dinner at the Star, and spent the evening in their own society.”

Until

“When the clock had nearly sounded within an hour of midnight, the Lord Mayor rose from table, and was followed by the rest of the company. Coffee was handed round in the withdrawing room. The party soon afterwards retired; and the Lord Mayor, accompanied by his friends, returned to the inn, where they separated to their respective apartments of repose.—”

Which concludes the history of the journey to Oxford, “on Tuesday the 25th of July 1826.”

The day of Wednesday—which forms, written down in large capitals, the title of the second chapter of the Reverend Mr. Dillon's book—appears to have been consumed almost entirely in eating and drinking. And the author falls into his subject with a degree of correctness well becoming a Christian Divine—more especially, one who held the place of Chaplain to the Mayoralty: mentally seeming to exclaim, at least at the end of every page, if not oftener—“Blessed be the man who first invented stuffing a turkey with truffles!”

No sooner were the first greetings of this morning exchanged—which

cornet of the 19th, who was an Oxonian born, poking his head up through the companion, to look at the sky, and calling to a private, his servant, who was standing on deck—“I wish I could see *one* star, your honour,” was the answer, “and then I'd know that we were safe out of all this.”—“Why, what star do you mean?” returned the first speaker, something surprised, at the astronomical nicety of his domestic.—“Please your honour,” said the servant, who was an Oxford man as well as his master.—“I mean the Star in the Corn Market.”

were multiplied by the arrival "of Mr. Alderman Heygate and his lady," accompanied by "Miss M'Murdo, Mrs. Heygate's sister," than—

"An ample breakfast was provided in a large room, on the first floor, overlooking the street called the corn-market. The table, which extended through the whole length of the room, was covered with as elegant linen as the wardrobe of the inn could furnish, and was loaded with a magnificent breakfast. The tea and coffee were accompanied not only with bread, warm and cold, in the shape of loaves, cakes, and biscuits, with other varieties, and butter, but with every delicacy with which the morning meal, when sumptuously provided, is usually furnished."

The precise hour and minute at which this repast concluded, is not named; but it appears that it did not render the party incapable afterwards "of doing honour to a copious luncheon, which, at two o'clock, was presented at the Star."

And, again—the "hour of six" had "scarcely arrived"

"When the company, invited by the Lord Mayor to dine with him, began to assemble."

By times, between these fierce exertions of delight, amusements of a lighter and more various character were served up :

"From raised crusts levelled, never more to rise,
From murdered ducks, and massacred mince pies,"

The strangers rose, and proceeded to nourish the mind as well as the body by viewing some of the curiosities and antiquities of the place.

Even, here, however, the peculiar tact of the Oxonians enabled them to select such objects for display, as were best calculated to touch the hearts (through the stomachs) of their visitors. The attention of Mr. Dillon himself seems to have been particularly attracted by the exhibition of—

"A large, old, curious *gridiron*, apparently about four feet square, supported by four wheels, used in former times for dressing whole joints, before spits and ranges were invented."

A lecture, illustrating the offices of "the teeth," and their peculiarly apposite location for all the various descriptions of "chewing," is pronounced to have afforded, at every second sentence, new insight into

"The wisdom and goodness of the Creator!"

But the crowning display of the whole appears to have been an exhibition, by Dr. Kidd, the Regius Professor of Anatomy, of an anatomical preparation of "a TURTLE!"—the arteries and veins filled with wax, and the absorbent vessels with quicksilver!

Upon the effect of such a display as this, to such a company—and before "luncheon" too! it is unnecessary for us to speak. It must have acted upon a Lord Mayor of London, we take it—not to speak of its effect upon a Chaplain—as a provocative amounting almost to insanity.

"———Petit ille dapes———"

*Oraque vana movet, dentemque in dente fatigat,
Exercetque cibo delusum guttur inani,
Proque epulis tennes necquicquam devorat auras."*

But the joys of this world, alas! are fleeting. "Flowers!" says Mr. Somebody, the poet, somewhere—"why bloom?" And the answer is—

"To light us to our tomb!"

Or, as the writer of "Warnings," in the last "Amulet," more melodiously advises us—

"Beauty—remember that change and decay,
Will pursue in your path, as the night follows day.
Pride—bear in mind that your form is of clay,
And will rot with the meanest that stands in your way.
Wealth—that you are like the rainbow's bright ray,
Unsubstantial as clouds, and as fleeting as they.
Rank—let your name be as high as it may,
That the mandate, "Be dust!" even you must obey.
Power—what things are your life and your sway!
Which a breath can destroy, and a murmur betray."

Alas! alas! why does a man eat his dinner to-day, but to be hungry again to-morrow! And what does a Lord Mayor of London go to Oxford for—but to come back again!

ON THURSDAY.

"While the morning was yet early (for the Lord Mayor had, the night before, requested his friends not to devote too many hours to repose), the sound of footsteps, passing and repassing, was heard through the inn, accompanied by *whispering consultations* among the servants, who were collecting, at every chamber door, the luggage of the party, in order that every thing might be in readiness for embarking as soon as the Lord Mayor had risen.

Long before seven o'clock, the whole city was in motion; and flocks of people were seen sweeping along the streets, and hastening to the banks of Christ Church meadow—the point from which the embarkation would best be seen.

The state barge—on the sides of which the ten splendid scarlet silk banners were brightened, as they waved gently in the rising sun, was attended by the shallop, of the Thames Navigation Committee of the City of London.

In another large boat, half-covered with an awning, was his Lordship's yeomen of the household, who had charge of the provisions for the Lord Mayor's party; together with *the cook*, who was, at the time of embarkation, busily engaged in preparing a fire in a grate, fixed in the bow of the boat.

About seven o'clock, signals of the approach of his Lordship's party were descried and heard! The populace, thickly stationed on the road through which the carriages were to pass, *caught up the acclamation*, and announced to all who thronged the margin of the river, that the Lord Mayor was coming. His Lordship and the Lady Mayoress alighted from the carriage at the bridge, and walked through the *respectful crowd*, which divided to give them passage; and were at once conveyed to the state barge, in the water bailiff's boat.

The whole party now quickly followed; and at a quarter after seven, amidst shouts of reiterated applause from the surrounding multitudes, the city barge, manned by the city watermen, in scarlet liveries, and all the other boats in attendance on his Lordship, were simultaneously launched on the broad bosom of the princely Thames."

The ingenious Tom Brown relates, that, being once much in love with a poetess, there came on him such a morbid appetite to write verse, as he could no way account for, and which he was only cured of by a very peculiar and not always safe operation. In the same way, at the very reading of Mr. Dillon's prose, we find the mania of poetry coming upon ourselves. We must resist the influence; but, nevertheless, we admit its power. If ever a laureate to "The Mayoralty" should be appointed, for this description of the embarkation alone, we decidedly give our vote that Mr. D. should be the man.

The beauties of the country about Oxford, as seen from the river, appear to have been something overlooked in the commencement of the civic homeward voyage. For our author states, with some seeming regret, that

"About nine in the morning, the party were all so unitedly engaged in the elegant cabin of the state barge, in doing honour to the delicacies of the Lord

Mayor's breakfast-table, that the beauties of Nuneham were not seen to the best advantage."

And, at Clifton, notwithstanding "the expense that had been incurred for the supply of water," the country having been "comparatively drained for several miles along the upper districts"—(it is well that great men do not travel very often)—it appears that the City Barge, or Shallop, "was detained a considerable length of time"—or, in plain English, we apprehend, stuck in the mud.

In the interim, the company amused themselves with throwing half-pence to the children as they ran along the banks of the water by the side of the barge; a diversion which has at least the recommendation of some charitable feeling about it, and in which Mr. Alderman Atkins is related to have entered with great spirit.

At half-past three, "dinner" again restores the exhaustion produced by this exercise; and at Caversham, where the river runs close along the side of the public road, a vast number of persons, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, were collected to see the barges as they passed, and afford entertainment to the voyagers.

"Among the equestrians, two are deserving that their looks and equipments should be alluded to in more than general terms. The animals they bestrode were a couple of *broken-down ponies*, gaunt and rusty, who had *possibly* once seen better days. The men, themselves, were not unsuitable figures for such a pair of steeds. They rode with short stirrups, that brought their knees almost under cover of the shaggy mane, that overspread the ewe necks of the poor creatures, and carried their short thick sticks perpendicular in their hands!"

Persons like these, were of course very proper objects for a display of civic wit. And, indeed, it turns out that

"So mightily *pleased* was the Lord Mayor with their uncouth and ludicrous appearance, that he hailed one of them, and asked him to be the bearer of a message to Reading, touching his Lordship's carriage."

The effect of this jest is very pleasantly described:

"The fellow seemed to feel *as he never felt before!* An honour was about to be conferred upon him alone—to be the *avant-courier* of the Lord Mayor of London—above and beyond all the other riders, drivers, and walkers, of whatever quality and degree, who had thronged to the view of the civic party. And no sooner had his Lordship flung him a piece of money, and told him to "make haste to the Bear Inn, Reading, and order the Lord Mayor's carriage to meet the barge at Caversham Bridge," than the fellow instantly *belaboured the starveling ribs of the poor animal* that carried him, with kicks and cudgel, who, in a moment, dashed briskly forward, snuffling and snorting across the fields. In the eagerness of his flight, the doughty messenger had much ado to maintain his seat; he sometimes slipped on one side of the saddle, and sometimes on the other; while the skirts of his unbuttoned coat fluttered far out behind him, &c. &c."

Again, we cannot too deeply regret, that our already copious extracts from Mr. Dillon's work, compel us to omit all account of the "*sumptuous supper*," which took place on this night at Reading, or even of the re-embarkation which followed it on the next morning. Similar oblivion must await the reflections at Cliefden, upon the character of the (Charles the Second) Duke of Buckingham, "whom Dryden," as our author says, "has doomed to a painful immortality," but whose crimes we cannot afford to immortalise any further.

It is right, however, that we should state, that reports having been circulated that—

"The Lord Mayor would *dine* at Cliefden on his way to London; preparations had been made for that *fête champêtre*, in a manner corresponding with the rank of the guests expected to be present."

That the Lord Mayor, and Lady Mayoress, took their seats "at the upper end of a long dining table, crowded with cold dainties;" that the children shouted and "threw up their hats;" and that the air "echoed with the sound of rejoicings;" and that the very Thames

"Seemed to *awe itself into stillness*, as if to *listen more attentively* to the high applause with which the arrival at this spot of its chief conservator was welcomed."

And, if the mere water felt all this—"what—will not every reader ask—must have been the sensations of the fishes?"

In giving these facts, however, we give nearly the last lines that we can afford; we must refer our friends to the book itself, for the comparison between Augustus Cæsar, and the late King George the Third; for the description of Windsor Castle, as shewn to the travellers, by Mr. Wyatville; for the tribute to the merits of the illustrious Monarch who now fills the Throne of these Realms; and for the prayer, that every man in England may sit down "eating of his own vine and fig-tree;"—in which event—to let the grapes pass—he must unquestionably eat the worst figs that are grown in all Europe.

All these matters (as regards their detail) must be omitted. Nor can we afford more than a word in passing to the column, which is *not* built at Runnymede, but which Dr. Akenside wrote an inscription for, against it is built—something the easier task of the two. To the visits to the "city stone" at Staines, round which the whole procession walks most mystically three times! at the end of which peregrination, Lord Henry Beauclerk, one of three

"*Nice little boys*, of the ages of nine, twelve, and fourteen, who were altogether devoid of that petulant volubility, which so commonly renders the young impatient of the conversation and company of their elders; and were so intelligent, so well-behaved, and unassuming in their manners, as to give great promise of their future eminence and deportment in life,"

"mounted the stone," and held the city flag, while the Lord Mayor broke a bottle of wine upon it, and drank—"God save the City of London!" (a prayer, heaven knows, at need!)—and "scattered abroad some hundred newly coined sixpences;"—and then, returning on board the barge, sat down, at three o'clock, to "*a cold collation*;"—which is the last MEAL commemorated by our author—(the Lord Mayor arriving at the Mansion-House a few minutes before ten on that same night)—and with which, it can hardly be necessary for us to add, his book draws near to a conclusion.

A few reflections follow upon "affairs in general;" and, among other matters, on the cause why this narrative has been written. Should this question be asked, there needs no other answer than that it records the adventures of a party of individuals, who "are never likely to meet again in this world, all together, and in the same society."

This lamentable truth, the force of which is, in general, too much neglected—notwithstanding the fact that it applies to every crowd that stands, though but for a minute, round a ballad-singer in the street—acquires fresh strength from the circumstance, that, before the sheets of the present work were at press, one of the groupe chronicled—an alderman too!—had been gathered to his fathers!

Downward, we may imagine—as the great bard sings of the departure of aldermen generally—

“Downward, a gormandizing ghost he goes,
And bears fresh fire to Tart’rus on his nose;
For Calipash explores th’ infernal scene,
And fancies Phlegethon one vast tureen!”

Mr. Dillon finally concludes, by cautioning the rest of the aldermen—who met at Oxford, and who still remain alive—that there is but one way in which their ever meeting again can be ensured—which is—“to be included in the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in Heaven.” In the promulgation of which most excellent and moral direction, we shall take leave of him, with many thanks for the entertainment which the perusal of his book has afforded. Time presses; and Mr. D. will be aware that reviews, as well as rural excursions, must have their ends; and we shall come to ours, in parodying the last verse of a work, which it is impossible not to see that he is deeply acquainted with, but which we pay him no compliment in saying he has entirely surpassed—the travels of John Gilpin to Edmonton. As the poet ceases his singing there, so cease we our saying here—with a wish in which we are convinced every one of our readers, and of Mr. Dillon’s readers, will join us:—

“Now let us sing, long live the King!
The Lord Mayor, long live he;
And when he *next* to Oxford goes,
May *we* be there to see!”

THE WISH.

I ALWAYS think—I know not why—
There’s nothing half so sad as I.

* * * * *

I wish I was yon glorious Star,
That shines so sweetly from afar;
It looks so beautiful and bright,
Shedding its soft and silvery light;
And gazing downwards, seems to say,
“I pity thee, poor child of clay!”

I wish I was yon little Cloud,
Along the sky so gaily driven;
I’d spread my milk-white sails, and, proud,
I’d plough the azure deep of heaven.

Oh! that I were yon glittering Bubble
That dances on the moonlight sea!
Without a thought, without a trouble,
It swims along so merrily.

The next revolving wave may sweep
The little sparkler from the deep;
And yet I would its fate were mine!
Better to live one happy day,
Than through a long, long life to pine
For very weariness away.

Oh! that I were some Water-Spright—
My dwelling-place a coral cave!
I’d weave my hair with gems so bright,
And ride upon the watery wave.

Ah! who can tell what I may be,
When death hath set my spirit free?
I may be one of Ocean’s daughters,
And dwell beneath the bright blue waters.

LYRA.

THE CATHOLIC RESOLUTIONS.

THE Catholic Question has been brought on ; and has met with the fate which we anticipated, two months since (if it did come on) it must meet with. Sir Francis Burdett's " Resolutions " were negatived in the House of Commons, on Tuesday, the 6th of March, by a majority of four : being a division worse by thirty-one votes for the Catholics than that which they obtained last year, when a majority of twenty-seven voted in their favour. We confess that we are not very sorry for this result, although we wish heartily well to the removal of Catholic disabilities. A majority of four or five votes—or even of ten or fifteen—the other way, would have produced no practical advantage : the question would certainly have been lost (upon such a division) in the House of Lords. And it is possible that this unequivocal demonstration of the mischief, which their conduct during the last year has produced to their cause in the minds of the people of England, may open the eyes of the reasonable part of the Catholic community to the real nature of the course which they are pursuing. Men will be men sometimes, in despite of philosophy ; and the Irish people may rely upon it, that England will not be *bullied*. It serves very little to dispute about what *ought* to happen in any case, when every day's practice, and mere common-sense, are sufficient to shew us what inevitably *will* happen in it ; and the number of persons—in any country—whose politics are proof against all provocation, will be small. The Duke of York, their great supposed " enemy," is dead ; and the Earl of Liverpool, their other great " enemy," is (politically) removed ; and where are the claims of the Catholics—with all this accession of advantage—but cut and rejected more determinately than ever, by almost three people out of four throughout Great-Britain ?

The truth is, that the existing administration of the Catholic interests—as regards Ireland—is of a character which *will not do*. Mr. Shiel and Mr. O'Connell, and the minor speculators who are employed by or hang about them, delude themselves very abundantly ; but they can have no hope to delude any body else. They may believe that the parade-speeches which half-a-dozen orators give them yearly in the House of Commons, are evidence that the voice of the country is in their favour : but, if they have any such belief as this, they are most wretchedly mistaken. What title do they imagine they have, in fact, to any support from dispassionate people ?—what step have they ever taken on behalf of the Catholic claims which has not tended to bring those claims into ridicule or aversion ? If they really meant to serve that cause, what but insanity could lead them to connect themselves with Cobbett—a man notoriously obnoxious to every party in the legislature ; and whose utmost exertions—with all his talents—were unable to procure him a seat in the legislature himself ? Mr. O'Connell institutes an order of " Liberators " for Ireland ! gives his knighthood a uniform, and makes his grandson (of a month old) a member, or grand master, of the party !—this may pass for business in Ireland ; but it would hardly escape being taken for burlesque any where else. Mr. Shiel makes a speech to the Catholics of Mullengar, in which the sufferings of the Duke of York—as he lay upon his death-bed—are made, laboriously, a subject for triumph and ridicule !—Is this the way to conciliate the good-will—or to rouse the anger, disgust, and indignation—of the people of England ? We will not dwell upon the continued language of insult and menace, that has been poured forth from the Catholic Assó-

ciation—language such as, used from one individual to another, would compel a man to refuse the very object which he might be about, even unhesitatingly, to concede. We will not say any thing of the unworthiness of that system of equivocation and misrepresentation which has brought men at last in this country to distrust every assertion coming from the heads of the Irish Catholic church, until they have themselves absolutely compared and examined it. We will not make any comment upon the *decency* of raising a “rent” from the poor peasantry of Ireland—that peasantry for whom charity, not three years back, was begged from door to door at the hands of the people of England—and proposing to apply a portion of the money so collected to examining the titles of those opponents to Catholic claims who may choose to exert even their common law and common reason right to eject unprofitable tenants from their estates. But we will ask—Is the *policy* of this conduct—no matter what its *morality*—any thing less than ruin to a cause, which must depend for its success upon the good-will and conviction of the Protestant interest, both in Ireland and in England?

Mr. O’Connell and his friends—we are afraid—have talked until, at last, they really believe that which they utter. They are accustomed to knock down all opposition with big words and thundering sentences, in their Catholic debates and tavern speeches; and they get a wild fancy that the same thing can be done in the business of life. All their opponents must be fools!—perhaps there is hardly a man who could make a seven hours’ speech (without a new point from beginning to end of it) among them. As fools will pretty necessarily be cowards—an odd word or two about “blood”—and “foreign enemy”—and “nine millions in arms”—may come in pretty well, as the utterer fancies, now and then, by way of seasoning; as a “damme” in a coffee-house quarrel is esteemed to emphasise the discourse. And then the House of Commons receives petitions for Emancipation very attentively and civilly—as it does all petitions on any subject which are worded in civil language. And the people do not petition of late very much against the measure—because they feel certain that (under its present management) it is perfectly impossible it should be carried. And then we start in our debate—quite secure in the wisdom of a “new parliament”—making such an outcry about our triumph before it happens, that we have not leisure to notice any little quiet remark that any body makes about its being likely not to happen at all. We get a speech of six columns from Sir Francis Burdett; another, of six more, from Mr. Plunkett; twice as much again from Mr. Brougham and Mr. Canning; and a cut-up of all the review and magazine politics of the last three months (to the tune of about sixty columns) from the minor Catholic supporters. And then comes a speech from Mr. Peel—very plain, and, to our view, of course, very clumsy; and a speech from the Master of the Rolls—altogether a sad failure; and a neat little episode of “facts” about our extreme madness, from Mr. George Dawson; which—as we cannot very well answer the whole of it—it is better to clamour at than to listen to. And then comes the DIVISION—at the beginning of which—though not a word worth a farthing has been said to our disparagement—we don’t feel quite so bold as we thought we should do. And then comes the majority AGAINST us: which does not even give us the privilege of wasting two nights more in talking in the House of Lords. And then we discover that—“there must be a rebellion!”—and that “we will petition no more!”—and that, in fact, we have been floundering; when we thought that we were flying. And so, away, pell-mell, again to Ireland, to rant,

and rave, and vapour—and prepare matters for just the same sort of failure next year.

Now the threat of “rebellion” is very absurd. The great mass of the Catholics of Ireland—the peasantry—suffer no practical inconvenience from the existing disabilities. And, if those men who would have given up even the political rights that they have—who would have disfranchised the forty shilling freeholders—can rouse those freeholders into rebellion for Catholic Emancipation, then they will be able to accomplish the same work upon any future pretext, no matter how frivolous; the struggle will have to arise: and we may as well meet it on the instant. But, if it should come to this, the fault will never be attributable to any necessary unpopularity of the Catholic cause in England, but to the weakness and apathy of those fit and natural representatives of the Catholic community in Ireland, who shrink back, when they should step forward and take their cause out of the hands of men, who are carrying it with long and rapid strides, to its destruction. Of this the Irish Catholic proprietors may rest assured:—while the Catholic Association remains constituted as it is, and conducts itself as it has done, the removal of their disabilities never will take place. Whatever may be the intention of these persons, their conduct has done more mischief, in only the last year, to the Catholic interests, than three years of temperance, and prudence, and sober conduct will fetch up again. They have contrived—the two or three individuals who are heard of as the “leaders” of the Catholic Association—to associate with the name of “Catholicism” almost every idea that is repugnant to the minds of the people of England. Sedition—equivocation—bigotry—obstinacy—and vain boasting, are the only thoughts that suggest themselves to the minds of (numerically) three-fourths of the British people, when the claims of the Catholics are named. “Do you refuse us what we ask by a ‘Resolution’ one night?—we’ll try you with a ‘Bill,’ and make you go through the debate again on the next. Do our meetings and our inflammatory speeches offend you?—we’ll give you ten times more of them—and more furious—than ever. We sent you a thousand petitions;—you read them, and decided against us:—no matter; in six months more we’ll send you two thousand;—see what you will say to *them*. We are refused by the House of Commons:—we’ll try if we can’t annoy the king. You will not give us Emancipation?—well! we shall go now for a ‘Repeal of the Union.’ If we can do nothing else, we will provoke and bait you: and—beware!—for, if debate does not answer us at last—‘*action*’—‘*legal, constitutional action*’—is at hand!” This is Irish Catholic argument, and conciliation!

It is trash for the Catholic noblemen and gentlemen of Ireland to say that *they* are not responsible for the acts or the conduct of the Catholic Association. They, many of them, support that Association: two-thirds of them subscribe to its funds: not one comes forward to reject and renounce the inflammatory matter that is put forth from it on their account; and, until they do this—whatever their own feelings may be—to talk of their not being responsible will be treated as a pretence.

Catholic Emancipation is a measure which *must* be carried sooner or later: but, if the present generation of Catholics are to see it carried, their proper leaders must come forward firmly, and take the cause out of those hands to which, by some fatal error only, it could ever have been entrusted. The majority of “four” in the House of Commons—taken as a fact of itself—would not be a circumstance worth naming: but it is a going-back—a

retrograding—a loss of *thirty-one* votes:—it is the decision of a fresh parliament, elected under the influence of those feelings which the Catholic administration of Mr. Shiel and Mr. O'Connell had excited in the minds of the people of this empire. If the Catholic gentlemen of Ireland dare do justice to themselves and to their country, they will not let their passions betray them into sanctioning this ruinous conduct any longer. The most moderate portion of talents, united with sobriety, patience, and integrity, would be sufficient to ensure the success of their cause: but every moment that its present representatives remain entrusted with it, places that success at a further distance, and widens that breach between the two parties, which wiser or more sincere politicians will have to fill up. The course of clamour, dogged pertinacity, and menace, may lead to insurrection; but England never will change her opinions to get rid of mere importunity, or be so mad as to answer an appeal to her fears with any other reply than—that she is prepared. It is not by employing advocates, at whose very names persons of sober meaning turn away with dislike; it is not by relying upon what may have been dreamed of two hundred years—or twenty years—ago—the hopes held out at the Union, on the true reading of the treaty of Limerick; it is only by shewing that the privileges which they demand may *now* be yielded to them with safety, that the Catholics can hope to do any practical good in England; and, unfortunately, almost every word that has been uttered for them of late years goes directly to the contrary of such a proposition. There is a distinction—if the Catholics of Ireland could find it—between pertinacity and perseverance. With men of only common character and conduct for its leaders, their cause cannot fail of eventual success; but—unless the thing is done by force—after the measures of the last two years—it is hopeless—it is impossible, that that success can be immediate. The temperate and influential friends—whether Protestant or Catholic—of the removal of Catholic restrictions in Ireland, must unite themselves into a body for promoting that object—if it is to be promoted—upon different principles from those on which it has been advocated of late. Their aim must be to convince—not merely to importune or to threaten; to shew the people of England the inconveniences which, practically, they suffer from the operation of the existing system—two-thirds of whom scarcely believe that (except for the purposes of an occasional oration) they labour under any grievances at all. This object will be more readily obtained, too—hard as it will be for some persons to believe us—by the exhibition of facts than by the utterance of harangues. The actual evils of Ireland—and not the beauties of Burke—must be the matter for demonstration. The species of motion—guardedly selected as to subject, and well followed up—which Sir John Newport has once or twice brought before the House of Commons, upon the state of the Church property and church “rating” in Ireland—would produce ten times more effect, for the next five years, in sapping the foundation of the existing system in that country, than a dozen debates upon Bills, Resolutions, or what not, proceeding directly for that object which the people of England are as yet not prepared to grant—for “Catholic Emancipation.”

SIMILITUDES.

WHAT can Love be likened to?—
To the glittering, fleeting dew ;
To heaven's bright, but fading bow ;
To the white, but melting snow ;
To fleeting sounds, and viewless air ;
To all that's sweet, and false, and fair.

Whereto can we liken Hope?—
To the arch of heaven's wide cope,
Where birds sing sweetly, but are flying ;
Where days shine brightly, but are dying ;
So near, that we behold it ever ;
So far, that we shall reach it never.

What can Beauty's semblance boast?—
The rose resembles her the most,
For that's the sweetest among flowers—
The brightest gem in Flora's bowers ;
And all its sweetness soon is past,
And all its brightness fades at last.

And what are Dreams, that light night's gloom?—
Doves that, like Noah's, go and come,
To teach the soul this orb of clay
Shall not its prison be for aye—
That Time's dark waves shall soon subside,
And brighter worlds spread far and wide.

And what's like Popular Renown,
When the destroyer it doth crown?—
The honey which the wild bee's power
Wings from the bosom of the flower ;
The harmless drones no honey bring—
They win the sweets who wear the sting.

And what is like Ambition's flight?—
The eagle, on his airy height ;
On whose broad wings the sunbeam plays,
Though from the world they hide his rays,
Drinking the dew before it falls,
For which the parch'd earth vainly calls.

H. N.

SONGS FROM THE FRENCH.

THE French wits have been long in the habit of meeting in pleasant clubs, where the order of the night, as at most clubs all over the world, is eating, drinking, and singing. They have, however, one merit which distinguishes them from our clubs of the same kind—which is, that they frequently publish the songs which they contribute.

The most famous (we believe—for, on such important points, we do not wish to hazard an unqualified assertion) is that called *Les Soupers de Momus*; but the *Nouveau Caveau*, and the *Caveau Moderne*, have no small share of reputation. Beranger—who is, beyond all contradiction, the first song-writer of France, and, in his own style, perhaps of Europe—belongs to the *Caveau Moderne*. In Galignani's reading-room, the heads of the chief members of these three clubs are exhibited in one plate; and, whatever may be the wit of the gentlemen, it will readily be owned that their claims for beauty are not conspicuous. An uglier set of people could scarcely be got together on any other principle.

The French have always had a great facility in composing songs on all occasions—many of which we, their more phlegmatic neighbours, would have suffered to be altogether unsung. Their *vaudevilles*—we mean the plays under that title—afford a striking proof of this. Every scene is absolutely crowded with songs—not merely for the sake of affording the singer, as with us, an opportunity of displaying his musical powers—but essentially conducing to carry on the piece; and as every French player, without exception, sings quite well enough for the purpose, the effect is very curious and agreeable. When these *vaudevilles* are transferred to our stage, as they are by the dozen, it is found impossible to retain the songs—for two good reasons: first, that the gentlemen who import the play have perhaps not the power, certainly not the inclination, of transferring the songs: and, secondly, because, even if they were introduced into English, we have nobody to sing them. Our singers, unluckily, cannot act, and our actors cannot sing; and the consequence is, that, in nine cases out of ten, the song has nothing whatever to do with the piece, but is inserted to show off the singer, who in general returns the compliment by destroying the part. Many a farce has fallen dead before an English audience on this account, which, in its original French author, was piquant and delightful. We may truly say, that “they order *these* things better in France.”

But this is wandering away from our more immediate purpose. The *Nouveau Caveau* of last year, being the eighth of its existence, is lying before us; and though it is not the most brilliant specimen of the song-writing powers of the Paris clubs, it will afford our readers some idea of the current wit in that line in the French metropolis. It contains 112 songs, contributed by sixty-three gentlemen—about fifty of whom belong to the *Nouveau Caveau*—the others being volunteer contributors from the other clubs. The *Nouveau Caveau* is quite loyal and Bourbonist, and the effusions on political subjects are, of course, in that vein. We are sorry to say, that, like almost all songs on that side of the question, they are very dull, and form, in that respect, as in every other, a lamentable contrast to the witty Jacobin or Buonapartist strains of Beranger: *ex. gr.*

“ LES ROIS DE FRANCE AU SACRE ;
OU,
LES PORTRAITS DE FAMILLE.”

It seems that the pictures of the most illustrious kings crowned in Rheims were hung up in the banquetting-room, on the occasion of the coronation of his Majesty Charles X. Among them were Clovis, Louis IX, Philip de Valois, Charles V, Charles VII, Louis XII, Francis I. and Louis XIV. On this hint the songster speaks.—

Des rois, dont son auguste enceinte
Vit bénir le sceptre et les droits,
J'ai vu Reims, dans la fête sainte
Entourer le meilleur des rois.
CHARLES, autour de ton image,
Ainsi ces monarques fameux
Semblaient unir à notre hommage
Celui de tes nobles aïeux.

And so on, to the end. Henri Quatre, who is uniformly introduced on all such occasions, happened, unluckily, not to have been crowned at Rheims; but the poet will not miss him for that. After regretting that Henry's picture could not appear among the rest, he assures him,—

Par une heureuse ressemblance
Un portrait au sien suppléa ;
Henri Quatre de ton absence,
CHARLES DIX nous consolera !

In which particular Charles X resembles Henry IV, it would, we think, be hard to discover; but a court poet must not inquire into such things too curiously. This song is from the pen of a Monsieur Ourry—editor, we believe, of the *Journal de Paris*—a gentleman whose muse is ever ready on such occasions. Last year he published a volume of poems, in which he made it a merit that he had sung the praises of the reigning dynasty since 1814; on which an opposition wag remarked, that there was a mistake of print in the date—as every body knew that Monsieur Ourry had sung the praises of the reigning dynasty, whatever it was, since 1804. The joke happened to be true; but many others in France are in the same predicament.

This song is not worth translating; and, with this specimen, we pass by all the politics of the volume. Some of the drinking-songs, in which, *à la Française*, love is almost invariably mingled, are clever. The following is by Beranger, who has, besides, contributed another:—

I.

Deux saisons régient toutes choses,
Pour qui sait vivre en s'amusant :
Au printemps nous devons les roses,
A l'automne un jus bienfaisant.
Les jours croissent, le cœur s'éveille ;
On fait le vin quand ils sont courts.
Au printemps, adieu la bouteille !
En automne, adieu les amours.

II.

Mieux il vaudrait unir sans doute
Ces deux penchans faits pour charmer ;
Mais pour ma santé je redoute
De trop boire et de trop aimer.

Or la sagesse me conseille
 De partager ainsi mes jours :
 Au printemps, adieu la bouteille !
 En automne, adieu les amours !

III.

Au mois du Mai, j'ai vu Rosette,
 Et mon cœur a subi ses lois.
 Que de caprices la coquette
 M'a fait essayer en six mois.
 Pour lui rendre enfin la pareille,
 J'appelle Octobre à mon secours :
 Au printemps, adieu la bouteille !
 En automne, adieu les amours !

IV.

Je prends, quitte et reprends Adèle,
 Sans façons comme sans regrets.
 "Au revoir," un jour me dit-elle :
 Elle revient long-temps après.
 J'étais à chanter sous la treille :
 Ah ! dis-je, l'année a son cours.
 Au printemps, adieu la bouteille !
 En automne, adieu les amours !

V.

Mais il est une enchanteresse
 Qui change à son gré mes plaisirs.
 Du vin elle excite l'ivresse
 Et maîtrise jusqu'aux désirs.
 Pour elle ce n'est pas merveille
 De troubler l'ordre de mes jours,
 Au printemps, avec le bouteille !
 En automne, avec les amours !

Of which we venture the following attempt at translation :—

I.

Two seasons only, he who lives
 For pleasure, life's true purpose, knows :
 Spring, that the rose's perfume gives ;
 And autumn, when the vintage flows.
 Love warms us, when the sun rides high—
 Wine comes, when daylight hours are few :
 In spring, I bid the glass good bye !
 In autumn, to the Loves adieu !

II.

Better 'twould be, I'm well aware,
 These two delicious balms to join ;
 But I can't boast of strength to bear
 Excess at once in love and wine.
 Led then by wisdom's dictates, I
 At different times each joy pursue :
 In spring, I bid the glass good bye !
 In autumn, to the Loves adieu !

III.

In May, fair Rosa's eyes I met,
 That glance her power suffice to seal ;
 What torments did the gay coquette
 Condemn me for six months to feel !

But then my freedom's hour was nigh—
 At last October came in view:
 In spring, I bid the glass good bye!
 In autumn, to the Loves adieu!

IV.

I meet and part with fair Adele
 Without apology or pain;
 One morn she cried, "An hour's farewell!"
 'Twas months ere she returned again.
 Then 'neath the vine I chanced to lie,
 And sung "the season's past for *you*:"
 In spring, I bid the glass good bye!
 In autumn, to the Loves adieu!

V.

But there is *one* enchanting lass,
 Who changes all my plans at will—
 Who gives new impulse to the glass—
 Who all the year delights me still.
 Fired by the magic of her eye,
 I revel every season through;
 And never bid the glass good bye—
 Nor ever, to the Loves adieu!

Jokes on the ladies abound, of course. We subjoin a couple:—

I.

Au sortir de l'église,
 Je vois jeune Blondin;
 Qui d'un air de franchise,
 Vient serrer ma main.
 Cher époux, dit Amande,
 Avec un ris malin,
 Je vous le recommande,
 C'est mon petit cousin.

II.

Six mois après la nôce,
 Pour moi, quel heureux jour!
 Je vois, d'un fruit précoce,
 Cimenter notre amour.
 De cet enfant, ma belle,
 Qui donc sera parrain?
 J'ai tout prévu, dit-elle,
 C'est mon petit cousin.

III.

Ce parent-là, j'espère,
 Est un homme tout charmant:
 Vraiment, tout comme un père,
 Il chérit mon enfant.
 De me faire tapage,
 Si ma femme est en train;
 Qui sait calmer l'orage,
 C'est mon petit cousin.

IV.

Ma femme m'est fidèle,
 J'en ai de sûrs garans;
 Car, jamais, auprès d'elle,
 Je ne vois de galans,

Et si faut que je sorte,
Je suis bien sûr, enfin,
Qu'elle n'ouvre sa porte
Qu'à son petit cousin.

V.

Vous que je vois sourire
De tant de bon foi,
Vous n'en pourriez pas dire,
Peut-être, autant que moi,
Hélas! en mariage,
Qui peut être certain
De n'avoir en partage
Qu'un seul petit cousin?

I.

On the day of my wedding, a handsome young blade
Caught my hand between his with a press most sincere;
My wife, when she saw him, smiled gaily, and said,
"I must introduce him—My cousin, my dear."

II.

In six months—for so soon came the source of my joy—
A dear baby was born our blést union to cheer;
I asked my sweet wife, "Who's to stand for the boy?"
"We've arranged it," says she; "'tis my cousin, my dear."

III.

He fondles the child, just as if 'twere his own;
His goodness of heart from this kindness is clear;
And when my wife's brow is o'ercast by a frown,
Who disperses the cloud? why, "my cousin, my dear!"

IV.

That my lady is chaste, I've no reason to doubt—
No flirting I see, no gallant ventures near;
And I feel very certain, that, when I go out,
She will let no one in, but—"my cousin, my dear."

V.

You smile, I perceive, at the faith I display—
But some smilers have less cause of boasting, I fear:
When you marry, my friends, are you certain, I pray,
That you'll have in your house but *one* "cousin, my dear?"

This song is by M. Foucart. The following is by M. Flamand:—

I.

Le parque vient, dans son courroux,
De me priver de mon époux;
C'est ce qui me désole,
S'il fut joueur et libertin,
Il fit du moins très-bonne fin;
C'est ce qui me console.

II.

Il s'endettait, et chaque jour
Me privait d'argent et d'amour;
C'est ce qui me désole.
Malgré son infidélité,
J'étais très-sage, en vérité;
C'est ce qui me console.

III.

Je crains, dans mon affliction,
De tomber en consommation ;
C'est ce qui me désole.
Cependant mes pleurs, mes regrets
N'ont pas encor flétri mes traits ;
C'est ce qui me console.

IV.

J'éprouve le plus triste sort ;
Point d'argent dans mon coffre fort ;
C'est ce qui me désole.
Un jeune et savant médecin
Prend intérêt à mon destin ;
C'est ce qui me console.

V.

Cet aimable consolateur
Me trouble par son trop d'ardeur ;
C'est ce qui me désole.
Il pleure avec moi mon époux ;
Il est décent, honnête, et doux ;
C'est ce qui me console.

VI.

J'accepte par nécessité
Ses soins, sa générosité ;
C'est ce qui me désole.
Mais bien qu'il soit très-généreux,
Ma sagesse contient ses feux ;
C'est ce qui me console.

VII.

Je vois qu'il est brûlant d'amour,
Qu'il espère un tendre retour ;
C'est ce qui me désole.
Je ne me livre heureusement
Qu'à l'amitié pour le moment ;
C'est ce qui me console.

VIII.

Ses discours calment ma douleur,
Et touchent mon sensible cœur ;
C'est ce qui me désole.
Ah ! s'il obtient un jour ma main,
Ce sera l'ordre du destin ;
C'est ce qui me console.

I.

The wrathful stroke of cruel fate
Deprives me of my loving mate ;
That fills my soul with grief.
Although he gamed, and raked beside,
Yet very piously he died ;
That gives my heart relief.

II.

He went in debt, and every day
Took both his purse and love away ;

That fills my soul with grief.
But though *he* broke his marriage vows,
I was a true and faithful spouse ;
That gives my heart relief.

III.

I fear that my afflicted state
Insures consumption as my fate ;
That fills my soul with grief.
But, spite of tears, I cannot trace
As yet a wrinkle in my face ;
That gives my heart relief.

IV.

A sorry lot I own is mine—
My purse betrays a lack of coin ;
That fills my soul with grief.
But my physician, young and wise,
O'er all my wants keeps watchful eyes ;
That gives my heart relief.

V.

This kind consoler often shows
A warmth which troubles my repose ;
That fills my soul with grief.
He weeps with me my husband dead—
He's gentle, tender, and well-bred ;
That gives my heart relief.

VI.

Forced by necessity, I take
The generous gifts he loves to make ;
That fills my soul with grief.
But though he's liberal, I own,
My prudence keeps his ardour down ;
That gives my heart relief.

VII.

With glowing love I see him burn—
I see he hopes a soft return ;
That fills my soul with grief.
But then, thank Heaven ! my conduct tells
As yet of friendship—nothing else ;
That gives my heart relief.

VIII.

His words assuage my mournful woes,
And touch my widowed heart too close ;
That fills my soul with grief.
Ah ! if the ruling fates have plann'd
That he one day should win my hand !—
That gives my heart relief.

LETTER UPON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL, FROM A GENTLEMAN IN
LONDON TO A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

"There was a maid at Islington, as I've heard many tell,
And she would come to London town her apples and pears to sell.
Why would she so?—Because she knew it was the best market."—*Old Song.*

"THERE'S a divinity," the poet says, "doth hedge a King!"—the same privilege, or pre-eminence, beyond ill and danger, would seem to attach to a Capital! We hear, and read, on every side, of ruin and distress in England—who is there that—in LONDON—can detect the shadow of a symptom of it? We hear of distress, and of poverty. "Where," a foreigner might well ask, "are its evidences? Are they in your theatres, ten or twelve in number, that are open, and crowded, night after night, the "clowns" of which ride in their carriages, while the singing girls buy huge estates? Are they in your new palace buildings, and in your new church buildings; in your new streets, new squares, new parks, and terraces; in your new toys and exhibitions, devising every day, for all ranks to spend their time and money at? If we are undone, we are—like the Copper-Captain in the play—"the merriest undone people in Christendom." It is the very heart of the "season" now! and the furnished lodgings, at six guineas a week, are all "let," and the furnished houses at twenty guineas; and the *marchandes des modes* are putting on their best looks, and unpapering their best frills; and the lacqueys nod to each other as they whirl behind the carriages through Bond-street, and want kicking twice a day; and Mr. Ebers is joyful; and the hotel-keepers are as blithe as my landlady at Falmouth used to be ten years ago—"and would be," she said, "while the war lasted, and the wind set in shore;"—and all, in short, is joy, and ebullieny. Distress! look at the new street which joins the Regent's-park to St. James's; and the new town, which now joins the Regent-street to Hampstead. Does this look much like distress? Look at the shops—alas!—but of the retail—the mere selling (not producing) dealers—in drapery, jewellery, lutes, pianofortes, Leghorn hats, satin shoes, Italian paste, Martinique noyau—in coats, and cloaks, and silk, and velvet, and fruits, and ice, and lace, and feathers, and flowers, and scents, and wigs, and pickles, and plate-glass, and furs, and millinery!—these shops of Cheapside, Ludgate-hill, and Fleet-street, in the east; of Piccadilly, Bond-street, and Regent-street in the west; of Oxford-street in the north; and Covent-garden, Charing-cross, and the Bazaars in the centre—decorated merely to open for trade at a higher cost than would formerly have been held a decent capital to begin trade with—what is there in these that suggests the notion of distress? We have no account yet of those hourly multiplying contributors to luxury and delight, whose wares, being purchased less especially than the fore-mentioned upon display; do not so entirely demand to be exposed for sale within walls of looking-glass—the upholsterers, coach-makers, horse-jockeys, and wine-merchants—the publishers, whose very catalogues alone (assembled) might form a library—the painters, whose increasing works cry out every day for new show-rooms and institutions, to display them in—the dancing-masters, driving cabriolets, and keeping footmen in livery—the music-masters, taking a guinea a lesson for teaching the piano—the doctors, and still more the *branch doctors*, the "aurists," and "oculists"—and, more than all, the prodigies of modern success, the "surgeon dentists"—who flourish (to the superseding of vulgar "tooth-

drawers)" in the best streets and squares of the metropolis, levying incomes of five, and ten, and fifteen thousand pounds a-year! The people who support these—as a people—would scarcely seem to know much about distress!

Our "first estate"—the persons that pay Mlle. Brocard, and have built the club-houses—I find few signs of poverty among them; our second class—the stock-jobbers, barristers, and attorneys,—who have taken "Brighton" to themselves now as a "Fauxbourg"—making over Kennington, Clapham, and Hackney to the vulgar—I don't find one of these but must have some ornamental needlessness about his arrangements which his forefathers had not before him. And for the lower order still—the shopmen, clerks, and working artisans—how all the public-houses, and spirit-shops, and tea and coffee-houses, that one runs against at every step, contrive to exist—who it is that fills the "reading-rooms," and the "wine-rooms," and the "gymnastic clubs," and the "smoking clubs"—and who rides in all the hackney gigs, and "cabriolets"—and who drinks up all the gin that is made, and all the ale, and all the "Cape Madeira," at fifteen pence a bottle, that is stuck upon placards about the streets—not to inquire about the soda water, and ginger beer, that bubbles out from fountains at the chemists' shops, and at the oyster shops, or the Champagne sold in "samples" of "a single bottle," under the opera colonnade by Mr. Charles Wright—the very least of these questions seems hopeless, and puts even one's imagination to a stand still! But, now for one question in the way of "political economy." All this shew of prosperity is found in London—where the wealthy and noble of Britain are *residents*. If these were to become "absentees"—if the grass were to grow upon the pavement of Pall Mall, and the owl build in the chimnies and garrets of Portland-place—would this state of things continue? I should like to have Mr. M'Culloch's opinion upon this point; and, if he should favour the affirmative, I have a scheme for making all the universe "rich and happy to-morrow." But this affair shall be the subject of a future letter: at present, I must give up describing the state of appearances in London, to talk of the matters which are actually going on there.

The public mind has been brimful of politics during the present month. The corn question, the change in the ministry, our relations with Portugal, and the catholic emancipation, all were to be talked about. The Master of the Rolls has explained part of his bill for reforming the practice of the Court of Chancery; but, as to the effect of that measure, people were not very sanguine—and the event has borne out their expectation: they felt that the evils, both of law and of practice, in that court, were grown up into too strong an interest to be likely to be attacked to any material purpose. "The criminal law re-vision" bill has been brought in too; but that proceeding—though a great and valuable work—was not likely to excite any very peculiar attention; first, because there was a general confidence that Mr. Peel would perform it with discretion and ability; and, next, because the affair does not exactly press—the old machine "works well"—as it is—or, if any injury is done, it falls upon a description of individuals (the rogues) who would hardly find a great many supporters, if they complained of it.

Of the probable materials of the new ministry, or of the extent to which any change will take place, up to this day (the 28th March) I believe nothing is known with certainty. All kinds of men are named as

ministers; and almost all have their partisans—except that, I believe, every body has agreed in negating the sufficiency of the Duke of Wellington. I think there is a certain quantity of mistake about this. The full capacity of the Duke for such an office as that of prime minister in this country, I should be inclined to doubt; but the attempt to treat him as a mere soldier—a man merely capable of directing troops in the field—must occur either from ignorance or wilful misrepresentation. The mere military career in which the Duke of Wellington has been engaged, must have given him considerable knowledge of all the circumstances connected with the foreign policy and relations of this country. He possesses too—which is a point of no slight moment—in a very high degree, the confidence and esteem of almost every power in alliance with it. But, independently of these circumstances, it is absurd to attempt to treat as a mere director of sieges, or arrayer of orders of battle, the man who organized the whole defences, and disposed of the whole national resources, of Portugal; and afterwards exercised an influence scarcely less extensive, (with the most admirable success) over the powers of Spain; not to enter into the testimony of various foreign writers as to affairs and negotiations connected with his Grace's administration during his command of the Army of Occupation in France, which shew that he was just as much in the habit of contemplating, and often of estimating, accurately, his political as his military position. How far—I repeat—the Duke of Wellington might be qualified to share the direction of public affairs in this country—or even what pretensions he may have set up to such an effect—I do not propose to determine: but he could never have performed a great variety of the services which he has performed, if he had not possessed some of the qualities belonging to a statesman, as well as the mere faculties of a soldier.

The corn proposition has been brought forward by ministers, according to promise; and, like most moderate courses of policy, has satisfied nobody. The manufacturing classes say, that it gives them no relief, which most people will agree is perfectly true; and the ultra-agriculturists consider even the remotest possibility of peril to their interests as an arrangement of great aggression. The best circumstance in the new plan, seems to be, that it prevents any likelihood of corn ever reaching a very high price in this country: it scarcely ever can get above sixty shillings a quarter—hardly, perhaps, above fifty-eight shillings. The inconvenience is, that the system of weekly “averages” will be likely to lead to speculation and jobbing in the corn market:—this is the objection of my Lord Lauderdale, in his speech to the House of Lords; but his Lordship exaggerates the danger too much.

The proposition of the noble lord—as I understand it—runs thus:—when the average price of wheat in this country is sixty shillings a quarter, foreign wheat (according to the new system) comes in at a duty of twenty shillings; and as the home price on the average increases one shilling a quarter, the duty on the foreign importation diminishes two shillings; so that at sixty-one shillings (home average) the foreign duty is eighteen shillings; at sixty-two shillings, sixteen shillings; at sixty-three shillings, fourteen shillings; and so on till the average reaches seventy shillings, when the foreign corn comes in at a duty of one shilling a quarter. Then, his Lordship's fear is—Suppose a party of merchants to have one million quarters of foreign corn in bond at the end of the week, ending, say, on

the 7th of July, when the average in the home market is sixty shillings a quarter—these persons would then have a duty of twenty shillings a quarter to pay, on bringing in their foreign supply, or £1,000,000 on the whole venture. But, instead of paying that amount of duty, if, in the course of the next week, or fortnight, they suddenly make purchases to the amount of £300,000 in the home market, it will be easy for them, (says Lord Lauderdale) by this sudden speculation, to throw the average—say of the 14th, or 21st of July, up to seventy shillings; by which means they then bring their whole 1,000,000 quarters of foreign corn into the market at one shilling duty, instead of twenty shillings; inundate the country with foreign wheat, to the ruin of the agriculturist; and clear £950,000.

Now, I perfectly agree with Lord Lauderdale, that, if the merchants of the country could do this, to-morrow, they would do it. And here I don't think that his lordship casts any aspersion upon any particular class of men, because all the people of England, of late years, have become "merchants." There has been hardly a monopoly, or a speculation, in the last five years, by which money could hope to be made, in which "peers" and men of "honour" have not been found struggling which should take "usance" foremost. Colonel Congreve, who invented the bomb-shells, was *pars magna*!—the great gun—in the pawnbroking company; and Mr. W. Wilberforce, I see—whose father once redeemed all Africa from slavery—according to a police paragraph in the *Times* of the 15th instant—appears to have turned milkman! But, without doubting their disposition to do this, or any other piece of advantageous mischief, I do not believe that a combination of merchants *could* perform the transaction which Lord Lauderdale describes.

In the first place, the capital required for such a project could hardly be furnished by a very few individuals. Taking the one million quarters of foreign corn to be bought at thirty shillings a quarter, the whole sum employed in that purchase would be £1,500,000. In the next place, a certain quantity of loss must be at once incurred upon the £300,000 laid out in British corn, purchased to raise the home average from sixty shillings to seventy shillings; the corn bought, pending the course of such a rise, could not cost less than five shillings a quarter more than the natural market price; and here, therefore, there would be a loss, in the commencement, of £25,000. But the insurmountable difficulties have yet to come. It is contrary to all possibility, that one hundred thousand quarters of corn, purchased in the home market—no matter with what celerity—(and £300,000 would buy no more, at sixty shillings, than one hundred thousand quarters—subject to the supposed rise of prices to be produced, not so much)—it is hardly to be expected that *five times* that quantity of purchase, in the common order of events, could raise the price in the home market in any thing like the extent of ten shillings a quarter—from sixty shillings to seventy shillings!

An outlay of £300,000 would have scarcely any effect upon the average at all; and even if it might—this seems to me to be the most difficult point—his lordship never inquires what the *agriculturists* are to be about all that time? It is absurd to say that the agriculturists of the country *cannot* combine. They combine every day—and almost without knowing it. What was it that raised corn in our home market, from fifty-three shillings to sixty shillings a quarter, the very moment that the new propositions came out? There was no change in the seasons—no demand from abroad—to warrant

such an advance. Why, then, the Earl of Lauderdale's speculation could scarcely, by any probability, be a secret. The getting of a million quarters of foreign wheat in bond—the outlay of a million and a half of money in the home market—for, to talk of raising the average by a purchase to the amount of £300,000, I repeat, is almost ridiculous. It would be impossible for all this work to be done, without exciting the attention of the persons interested in the home trade—and the very moment this happened, a reaction would take place. The agriculturists—seeing what it was that was occasioning the rise in price—instead of availing themselves of it, would immediately oppose it—with the fact before their eyes, that they must be ruined for the next four years, if once they let the home average get up to seventy shillings a quarter. The throwing two millions of money into the market (instead of £300,000) would hardly insure inducing them to raise it to such a price. The great probability is, that any project like this—pursued with what cunning or means it might—would only end in saddling the speculators with a large quantity of foreign corn in bond, for which they would have no market; and with a good deal of English corn, bought at a shilling or two advance upon the regular market, which they would have to re-sell at the market price. And even if they succeeded—how would it be? Only by purchasing, *through thick and thin*, to raise the average in the home market. Or, in other words, becoming themselves holders, to a very large amount, of British corn, *purchased at advanced prices*; which corn they would have in their turn to *sell*, subject to the same *depreciation* to which their foreign importation might reduce the British agriculturists in general. Either my Lord Lauderdale's agricultural prejudices, I think, have misled him, on this occasion; or his sight into matters of trade and economy is not so clear and cunning as it used to be.

Upon the two other subjects that I named above, a very few words will be sufficient. The Catholic Emancipation question, after the usual quantity of speaking, was negatived by a majority of seventy-seven, in the House of Commons. This is really what every body (except the catholics themselves) expected; and it would be scarcely less than miraculous, if their conduct had led to any other result. Portugal remains just in the same state as at the date of my last letter. The apostolic party has no power—against even the presence of England—to pursue the rebellion; and the constitutional government has as little power (of its own resources) to repress or prevent it. In the mean time, the country is getting more and more overrun with the bands of irregular troops, who (in the absence of a struggle) act openly as marauders; and as soon as the British troops are re-embarked, the contest—if it deserves to be called a contest—will begin again.

The following paragraph appears amongst the deaths in the *Times* newspaper, of the 11th instant. “On Thursday last, Mrs. Harriet Harris, of Goulston Square, Whitechapel; who was—as her *physician* once emphatically said—‘an excellent woman!’” Now, “Good name,” Iago very truly observes, “in man or woman, is the immediate jewel of their souls;” and it is no wonder, therefore, that persons, both for themselves and their friends, should be anxious to preserve as much, in the way of testimony to it, as possible. But the medical attendant, in this case, is not what a court of law would call the “best evidence.” Mrs. Harris's virtues would have been more completely set up, if their affirmation had come—instead of the “physician”—from the parson of the parish.

"MISSING!"—No one can fail to have observed with what alarming frequency, of late years, this word "missing," printed in large letters, arrests people's attention, at the head of advertisements in the Newspapers, or of handbills, stuck against the wall, as they go along the street. And followed sometimes by a description of—"a young lady,"—with "light blue eyes," "flaxen hair"—dressed "in a straw bonnet, and pea-green shawl"—seems "about sixteen years of age," &c. &c.—the mystery of whose absence we may imagine sometimes reasonably well: but more commonly by a notice—*non est inventus*—of Mr. J——T——, of "the parish of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch"—measures "about five-feet two inches high"—"pitted with the small pox, and stoops rather in walking"—"had on, when he went away"—"a brown coat, with basket buttons"—"corduroy breeches and short gaiters"—"a black kerseymere waistcoat"—and "a silver watch in his pocket—maker's name, 'George Standstill, Birmingham'"—a sort of person whom—people that are lost must be found?—and it is impossible to conceive any useful purpose he could be detained for! It is a curious fact, and *deserving of public attention*, how exceedingly these "missing" notices have multiplied within the last ten years. And a correspondent of mine, who commonly has good reason for that which he asserts, writes me that, *decidedly*, the numerous "sausage mills" about town ought to be subjected—in the same way with the slaughter-houses, and dissecting-rooms—to legal inspection.

A PLEASANT ECONOMY.—The *Times* newspaper, which I take of a morning, and which is crowded always with advertisements, gets a stock on hand, too great for endurance, every now and then, and is compelled to effect a relief, by the publication of what is called a "Supplement." This sort of proceeding, of course, makes a ferocious display of wealth, &c., but is attended with considerable pecuniary loss; because the "Supplement," which is given with the original sheet of the paper, costs not only the price of another sheet (paper and printing), but has the second stamp duties attached to it. The *Morning Chronicle*, however, the other day, being sadly anxious to make the same display, and yet, abominably withheld on account of the expense, was divided (in council), between pride and a sense of prudence, for near three hours and a half. Until, at length, the proprietor (it is said) himself, hit upon an expedient to evade both difficulties—which was literally acted upon—by publishing a "Supplement," and *charging an additional seven-pence for it!* In theory, certainly, this surpasses any thing that has been attempted. I have not heard how it answered in the practice.

It is the very devil's-own luck, for friendship or enmity, to have to deal with a wit! An assassin is a safer post-chaise companion, by half, than such a fellow; for, no matter which side you are of, if a good thing comes into the rogue's head—slap! the next time you come across him, you are sure to have the benefit of it. Lord Chief Justice Best, of the Common Pleas, is one of those people that a man is never quite safe with. Whenever I see him smile upon the Bench, and his eyes begin to twinkle—(or bite his lip, and look round viciously from a sudden twitch of the gout—it is no matter which)—I always know that—"there is a man gone!" Mr. Marriott, the barrister, once, in cross-examining a witness, on a trial for an assault, put a question rather too directly, and brought out the very fact that ruined his cause, and that the opposite counsel had been trying for half an hour to get on the examination-in-chief, but could not, because he could not put a sufficiently leading question. The same thing might have

happened to the best man in England; but, of course, it created a great roar in the court; and, in the next cause, Mr. Pollock, who was opposed to Mr. Marriott, happened to be trying very hard to lead his witness to some point that was important to him. "Never mind, Mr. Pollock," said Mr. Justice B. (who was then in the King's Bench)—"if *you* don't get it, Mr. Marriott will."

Mr. Marriott, who is a known good lawyer, as well as a good-natured man, could afford to stand such a hit as this; but the same sort of shot plays the deuce with a man who happens to be a coxcomb. The other day, in one of the towns on the Oxford circuit—I think it was Gloucester—where the same learned Judge was sitting for the assizes, the new "camel-leopard," who has been exciting such amazement all over France, was going about shewing, in a huge caravan, for some days through the county. On the second day of the assize, the Judges commonly give a dinner to the bar; and that at Gloucester happened to be very fully attended; and the Chief Justice, having had less gout that week than usual, was in high spirits—a good deal of real wit flew about, and various odd topics were discussed. Until, at length, a pause occurring, a gentleman "in the last row"—quite convinced that a tiger's tail must be the prettiest thing in the world to play with—because it flourished about so invitingly—and deluded, in the rashness of a third round of champaign, to his ruin—mustered courage to hazard an attempt at conversation with the Lord Chief: and, by way of a familiar *degagé* commencement, inquired—"if his Lordship had seen the *camel-leopard* that was going about, yet?" An ominous silence of three or four seconds followed this question; and several of the company took snuff, as not knowing very well how to get over it. But, in about a quarter of a minute, the learned personage addressed—who happened at the moment of the demand to have both his hands in his breeches pockets—without removing them, looked *out* the postulator, as it were, at the lower end of the table.—"What is that you said, Mr. M. *****? The camel-leopard—what—the show?—why, no—upon my word I have not. In fact I am rather afraid—as we both travel with trumpets—that we are standing upon ceremony, which should make the first visit."

What followed (in a minor key) at the lower end of the table, was not much worse.—"I say, Tom! he had us there!" whispered the annihilated man's clerk, to the factotum of the next juvenile near him, as they stood behind the chairs of their respective principals. "I don't know what he meant," answered the party addressed.—"Why, no more do I," returned the first speaker—"but I'm blowed if he hasn't pitched it into us!"

Lord Wharncliffe gave an explanation of his proposed bill, in the House of Lords, on Wednesday, the 20th of February, for legalizing the sale of game, and making other improvements upon the existing system of our game laws; and the debate upon the measure of last night (the 19th of March) seems to afford considerable hope of its success. One fact seems to be perfectly clear: we may not—and, indeed, shall not, as the Lord Chancellor observed—while the present system of preserves and *battues* (which are the disgrace of true sporting) continues—ever get rid of the practice of poaching entirely; but, by legalising the sale of game, we, at least, do this—we cease to make poaching, and unlawful dealing, the *only* means by which the demand for game in the country—can be supplied. Men who are disposed to live by petty theft, or contraband trade, rather than by honest labour, will

still steal game, under an altered arrangement, as they would go on to steal any other kind of easily-come-at property; but when we feel quite sure as to every other species of depredation—nobody makes a question about it—that, if we could get rid of the *receivers*, we should soon get rid of the *thieves*, how can we fail to see that, by making game an article of regular traffic (instead of compelling the whole of it to be furnished by robbery), we should get rid—to speak upon the lowest calculation—of half the poachers, because more than half their market would be cut up? And, for the same reason, it would appear, that the precaution of making “licenses” necessary to deal in game is at least, in the first instance, rather a flying to the opposite extreme of our present system, than (as some persons seem to believe) abiding in a measure by the spirit of it. Because, if the apprehension be, that some dealers in game—even when the trade is legalised—will still purchase from the poachers—we admit this—and still see how the land-owner is benefited by the alteration—under the present law, ALL the dealers purchase of the poachers. Changing from our present ground, all that the raiser of game gets by the sale law—much or little—is pure gain; because, now, he gets nothing: and there need be no apprehension that such an arrangement will still open a market to the poacher, “by increasing the consumption of game in town;”—the supply of game, now, in the markets of London, is limited only to the greatest quantity that, at the price which it costs, can be consumed—every gentleman can, without going a quarter of a mile from his own house, purchase any quantity that he has occasion for. This is a question which deserves more detailed consideration than can be given to it here; but, I would just say one word more:—I hope that gentlemen of landed property—(because Lewis XI. of France certainly did hold counsel with his barber)—do not allow their minds to be influenced by the statements of their bailiffs, or game-keepers, as to the probable effect of any alteration in the laws respecting game? Because I am afraid these dignitaries would hardly be able, in general, to give an unbiassed opinion—one of the first effects likely to result from a measure legalizing the sale of game, being, that it would, annually, change the direction of a very considerable sum of money, from their own pockets into those of their masters. No doubt, there will always be a certain number of marauders in society, who will prefer any casual and irregular mode of livelihood—finding it none the worse for being seasoned with an occasional touch of romance and peril—to the ordinary pursuits of honest labour. And the multiplying of preserves, into which such a man may walk—without climbing over walls, or even breaking through fences—and seize the property of a person, in common with whom he can have no feeling, will hold out such temptation, that these persons will occasionally wire hares, instead of breaking into hen-roosts. But by organizing a system, which shall openly, and legally, supply the public market with game, a man must be almost insane who can have a doubt, that the great proportion of that demand, which now makes poaching a sure and profitable regular trade to a labourer, must be cut away? And, in fact, that demand would expire, as nearly as possible altogether; because the land-owner—the game being his *property*—has it, at least, at as cheap a rate, originally, as the man even who steals it from him. And, looking at the different course by which he would dispose of it—selling it by wholesale, and avoiding all the ruinous profits—of higgler, carrier, &c. &c.—which stand between the fraudulent obtainer, and the

town consumer, I think it is almost certain—setting aside the additional economy, induced by his having safety on his side through all the dealing—that the proprietor of game, shooting it by himself, and by his servants, on his own manor, would be able to undersell the poacher who robbed him of it, in open market.

CONNUBIAL TREACHERY!—A criminal trial, of a very singular description, came on last week, in the High Court of Justiciary of Edinburgh. An old woman, named Marian Brown, was indicted for compassing and contriving the death of her husband, Thomas Graham, by *hanging him up by the neck*—with intent to kill, &c.—*while he was asleep*. It appeared that the man, being half intoxicated, and the woman herself, probably, either intoxicated or mad, she had actually twisted a rope round his neck, as he sat asleep in a chair; tied him to a beam; drawn the chair from under him; and gone away, leaving him suspended. The jury found the poor wretch guilty; but recommended her to mercy—probably from a doubt as to her sanity: she was seventy-two years of age. There had been no recent quarrel; but the husband would undoubtedly have died, but for the accidental coming in of a neighbour, who cut him down. On being brought to himself, and questioned, he complained “that his neck was sore;” but had no knowledge whatever of the accident that had happened to him.

BON-MOT OF THE LATE DR. KITCHINER.—As the German Count C****, was walking down St. James’s-street the other day, in a pair of remarkably large trowsers, he ran against the Doctor, who was just going into Brookes’s:—“Who is that?” said Dr. K. to a friend whom he met on the steps.—“I forgot his name; but he’s a foreign officer—one of the marshals,” said the other.—“Marshal *Sacks* (*Saxe*), I should think, then,” was the Doctor’s reply.

I was speaking a little way back, upon the value of “character.” No doubt it is a precious jewel; but I think our nicety (as legislators) about protecting it is sometimes carried rather too far. As, for instance, in a late action for Libel, tried in the Court of Common Pleas, where a Jew bailiff prosecuted some poor rogue whom he had arrested, or endeavoured to arrest; and who took revenge for the act, or attempt—for I forget which it was—by writing a copy of verses upon him. In this case, the Lord Chief Justice is reported to have told the jury, that “they ought to find a verdict for the plaintiff,” (by the way, they found for the defendant) “because the lampoon was calculated to injure, and to bring him into ridicule.” Now, really, I think—to decide that every act shall be a crime, which tends to bring a person, who is at once both a *Jew* and a *bailiff*, into ridicule, is a little severe. The same failing, or weakness, may be fairly imputed to one man, which could not be charged without malice of another. As, for example, if I should say of a scavenger—“that he savoured not of amber;”—of a stock-jobber—that “east of St. Paul’s church-yard, I never believed a word of foreign news that he spoke;”—or, of an attorney, that I never believed, in any place at all, a word of any thing that he spoke;—none of these declarations (as it seems to me) could fairly be construed by the parties concerned into an affront. The fault—or the misfortune—lies, not in the man, but in his calling. I recollect a case of an indictment in the King’s Bench, brought to abate a nuisance. The complaint was, of a horrible smell that the defendant produced over all the neighbourhood, by making gas. A number of persons

were called as witnesses, who declared that they lived near the premises, and never found any unpleasant smell at all. This flat contradiction at first astonished every body; but, upon inquiry, it turned out that these witnesses were all nightmen! Now, to have questioned the accuracy of the olfactory nerves of these people, could hardly have been drawn into a sin! In the case before us, there is the double offence, by the party who calls himself libelled—the man is a pagan, and—not content with being a pagan—a lock-up house-keeper to boot. This simony, as it were, in sin—this monopoly of abominable quality—is material—because I heard the point urged once, with prodigious effect at a watch-house, in a quarrel between a footman and a jew clothes-seller of Holywell-street:—"You won't believe what that fellow says!" cried the valet, indignantly, to the night-constable—"why, he's a Jew!"—"Vell," returned the man of cast apparel—"and your mashter's own friend—Baron Rothschild, vat you how to every day—isn't he a Jew?"—"Yes," replied the other—"but he doesn't keep an old-clothes-shop."—The Israelite was silenced. So, I think, that there are callings in life—I alluded in one of my late letters to the cases of the hangman and the common informer—in which the less we say (unless in very extreme emergencies) about "character," the better; and the doctrine that every written statement, given so as to be seen by third persons, if it go to injure, or bring a particular man into ridicule, shall be a libel—this doctrine, joined to the law, that, in a proceeding by indictment for such libel, the truth of the statement cannot be given in justification—in how many absurd and ridiculous positions, it might place us! For instance—looking at the possible case of a man like the present prosecutor—the Jew bailiff. Suppose a debtor, confined in a lock-up house; and robbed, as persons in such places commonly are; only to copy out in chalk upon the wall of his room, the *bill of charges* brought him from day to day by the landlord. There can be very little doubt that this would be a writing calculated to do more than ridicule—to injure—the bailiff:—that fact would give it the quality of a libel. It would be open to be seen by third persons; *i. e.* by future prisoners shut up in the same room:—this would amount to "publication," and complete the offence! It might, perhaps, be attempted to be argued, for a defendant—that, the libel being written upon the *interior* walls of the plaintiff's house, the keeper suffered no injury; because, though it would be read by future prisoners, yet it could only be seen by them, after they were already in his power. But, this plea would not do; because it would be replied, and truly, that the bailiff might still suffer damage; inasmuch as that prisoners (seeing this writing) might remove themselves, at once, to the prisons of the King's Bench, or the Fleet, who would otherwise have remained in his lock-up house. And the serious fact is, that a defendant, indicted under these circumstances, *must*, as the law stands, be convicted; for, although he should have the very bill, in the plaintiff's own hand-writing, from which he had copied the libel, in his pocket, he could not—in a case of prosecution—produce it in his defence. Now this case, extreme as it appears, is not quite hypothetical. A dispute, pretty nearly similar, did arise; and a proceeding at law was contemplated—in which the defendant certainly would have been worsted. But the cause never came to issue; for a scullion wench of the lock-up house, either influenced by some unusual fit of cleanliness, or bribed by the defendant's attorney, walked up stairs one

morning, unperceived, with a dishclout; and, just as the pleadings, I believe, were settled, wiped away the cause of action.

SYMPATHIES OF SPIRIT.—It is curious to observe the species of “freemasonry”—the intuitive appreciation and understanding, as it were, of each other—which exists among persons who are attached to the same amusements, or who follow the same professions. Your fox-hunter—your fisher—your smuggler—and your pick-pocket, are all “hail fellow, well met!”—when they encounter a brother of the art; and intimacies are formed, like the loves and friendships in German plays, with a celerity quite incomprehensible to the uninitiated. There was a charge at the police-office at the Mansion-house, a few weeks since, against a young lady of the name of “Harwood;” who, finding the attentions of a Mr. Randall, a coal-merchant in Friday-street, less constant than she had encouraged herself to hope, bought a pistol, and resolved to shoot her deserter. Not being much used to field sports—although it appears that she practised a little previously, in a wash-house—Miss Harwood’s pistol only flashed in the pan, when she fired it in Friday-street, and her person was taken into custody. Some question about a “breach of promise of marriage” arising, and an “action,”—Mr. Randall, I believe, eventually agreed to forego prosecution, and give a sum of money to be clear of the affair. But a morning paper, describing the lady’s being brought up from prison to be discharged, &c. under this arrangement, sums up with the following paragraph:—“Miss Harwood seemed *in high spirits*; and, it is said, intends to go into the country with ‘Miss Stafford,’ *a young female who attempted a few nights since to hang herself to some area railings in Bartlett’s-buildings, Holborn*,—Miss H. being much pleased with her society.” “Miss Stafford,” it appears, was herself then liberated (the acquaintance between the parties having commenced in the Poultry-Compter) upon a friend’s promising to be security to the magistrate, that, when she hanged herself next, it should not be in the city!

Sir Walter Scott has acknowledged the authorship of the Waverley novels, since my last, which is made a clearing-up of great importance, by those who are cunning in such questions of identity. I confess I don’t see the great marvel; for there could hardly be ten sane men in England who had any doubt about the fact. If any body *else* had acknowledged writing the books, it might have been something.

New publications have not been striking in the last month. Mr. Colburn is, as usual, the greatest artist as to quantity; but his “Vivian Greys,” and “Truckleborough Halls,” are mere hashes of the gossip of the day, and are hardly remembered from season to season. Mrs. Johnson’s *Elizabeth de Bruce* will outlive twelve generations of these: I like that novel much; and it will sell better five years hence than it does now. “Marriage” was not read by the million until Sir Walter Scott noticed it.

‘Voilà de vos arrêts,
Messieurs les gens de goût,
L’ouvrage est peu de chose,
Et le nom fait tout!’

Lord Byron’s voyage to the Sandwich Islands, to carry home the bodies of the late king and queen of those realms, is out. It is a dull book; feebly written; and conveying very little new or interesting information; and printed most extra extravagantly—it has a margin broad enough to be a winding sheet.

The people of the islands seem to have been highly grateful for the attention shewn to their late sovereign ; and perfectly satisfied as to the manner of his death. There are also some notices of the conduct of Mr. Starbuck, the master of the ship that brought the king and his party to England ; who seems to have been a very incomprehensible sort of personage.

— The late high winds have done considerable mischief in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. Chimney-pots and the houses they belonged to, in several cases, dissolved partnership without any notice in the Gazette ; and ladies, by a process far more summary than that of the Ecclesiastical Court, were in many instances divorced from their cloaks, and gentlemen from their umbrellas. Only on Thursday night last, a gentleman walked into the watch-house beyond Waterloo-bridge, and said—“ Here is a hat that I have found blowing about the road.” And as he was turning round to go out, a watchman came in, saying—“ Here is a gentleman I have found blowing about the road, that I dare say it belongs to.”

I am glad to find, by the proceedings of a Common Council, held on the 15th instant, that Mr. Alderman Venables has given notice of a motion, for “ considering the state of the nightly watch in the city.” This is an inquiry which has very long been wanted ; because, if we are to have the institution of a “ street police,” it is fit that we should have the advantage of its operation, in one part of the town as well as in another ; and it so happens now, that, in one of the very greatest thoroughfares in town—the ward of Fleet-street—we have practically, after ten o’clock at night, no “ street police” at all. While the law in other parts of the town is strictly enforced, which obliges publicans to shut their doors at eleven o’clock, and stop their trade, almost every public-house in the ward of Fleet-street is allowed to be turned into a common gin-shop ; into and out of which all kinds of disorderly and infamous characters are passing and re-passing, until two or three o’clock in the morning. It will hardly be credited by persons not resident on the spot, that, from the hour when the theatres break up at night until two or three o’clock in the morning, Fleet-street is paraded by gangs of pick-pockets, mixed up in parties with the lowest description of prostitutes, to such a degree as, before twelve o’clock, renders it wholly impassable to decent persons : with all which riot and violation of law, the police of the city never seems at all to interfere. Now without going into any abstract question as to the possibility, or policy, of removing particular nuisances, it would be feasible, I think, to confine them within some moderate bounds ; and there does seem to be no very good reason, why one part of the streets of London should, at a particular time of the twenty-four hours, be especially delivered over to the sovereignty of thieves and vagabonds, any more than another ! Why it should be impossible (particularly) for a man resident in Ludgate-hill, or in Bridge-street, to walk from Temple-bar after eleven at night with his wife or daughter, without subjecting them to offences too gross and horrible to be described ? I rather hope that there is some mistake in the opinion, that this disgraceful state of Fleet-street ward, has been suffered to continue by those authorities who should have put it down, from a tenderness (founded upon electioneering views or expectations) for the interests of the several publicans who profit by it. Independent of the monstrous corruption and injustice of giving any particular set of traders an exemption from restrictions imposed upon others, carrying on the same business, it is too much—exerting

ourselves, as we are every day, to put down the suburb fairs—prosecuting chandlers and butchers for selling goods on the sabbath, &c. &c.—to tolerate such a nuisance of immorality and disorder, for the advantage of any men. The evil, as it exists, can neither be doubted nor denied, by any man who will walk from St. Clement's church to Fleet-market, between half-past eleven at night and two in the morning. It proceeds from no causes that are questionable, or difficult to be got rid of; and the inhabitants of the city will owe a service to Mr. Alderman Venables, if he succeeds in removing it.

1 REFORMS IN THE COURT OF CHANCERY.—I observed, in the beginning of my letter, that the Master of the Rolls had brought in his Bill, for reforming the practice of the Courts of Chancery. But the person from whom, I think, the best practical hint for the amendment of these courts has proceeded, is the Vice-Chancellor himself. On the 27th of February, in the course of a sharp dispute, upon the propriety of letting cases “stand over,” whenever it did not suit the convenience of counsel to be present to argue them—His Honour having, very properly, expressed his determination to strike entirely out of the paper all such causes in future—the following dialogue is reported (by the *Globe*) to have taken place between the Judge and Mr. Sugden, who has lately been made a King's Counsel:—

“Mr. Sugden observed, that, if his Honour was determined to persevere in this new rule, it *would be better that he should have a bar of his own*, which he (Mr. Sugden) was of opinion, however, that there would be some *difficulty* in forming.

“His Honour (looking over the numerous assemblage of barristers *behind* the bar) intimated to Mr. Sugden *his* opinion, that *there would be no difficulty at all* in forming a bar to carry on the business of this Court.”

His Honour, here, has spoken out “the right.” A great part of the delay and mischief, which occur in the Court of Chancery, arises from the habit of crowding a few particular barristers with three times as much business as they can attend to; while younger men—just as competent, and of necessity far more able, as well as inclined to be active—are starving. The result is, that, while a man is capable of exertion, he is compelled to sit still as a junior counsel, and see business slovened over, or neglected, by other people—merely because they are older than himself. If he is fortunate, in time he changes his position; and, in his turn, neglects, or slovens over business, while younger people sit still and look at him.

The theatres have not done much lately that has been interesting. An alteration of Shirley's comedy of *The Gamesters* has been acted at Covent Garden, but without much success. These new versions of old plays—unless where the piece happens to have been peculiarly *dramatic*—seldom do good. Our writers of Shirley's day depended upon other matters than “stage effect” for the success of their dramas; and upon points of strength, three times in four, which we are not now permitted to resort to. The picture—as it was painted—is a glorious work, though objectionable; but, when we have struck out half the incidents, and washed off two-thirds of the colouring, the impression, upon the operator's own mind, may still be vivid; but to the spectator who sees it for the first time, there is not much value in what remains. In Paris, two pieces of considerable popularity have been brought out: one, from Sir Walter Scott's novel of Quentin Durward, called “St. Louis at Peyronne;” and the other, “*La Chatte Métamorphosée en Femme*.” The last is a sort of fairy tale, in which Mlle. Jenny

Vertprée plays the part of the *femme-chatte* ; and electrifies the Parisians almost as much as Mazurier did in the man-monkey.

✓ The King, it appears, has left Brighton—and, I take it, for ever. Nothing but his Majesty's ignorance of the real present state of that ultra resort of cockneyism could ever have induced him, six weeks since, to go there. Brighton has got up—under the patronage of “fashion”—sufficiently now—independent of fashion—to live. The convenient distance from town; the excellence of the roads; and the great perfection of the conveyance organised; must—particularly while the extent and population of London goes on, as it does, increasing—insure its safety. Great numbers of persons in business, now keep houses in Brighton all the year round; and, by merely rising at any day at six in the morning, are in town time enough to transact business upon 'Change at twelve. This could not be managed, if the distance were only twelve miles farther, or the coaches one mile in the hour slower; and besides—the great work is done—the place is built, and frequented, and ready. Still, the King, I suspect, has seen his last of it; and how—with such a residence as Windsor at his disposal—he could be expected to endure a smoke and confinement, equal to that of Holborn, or Red Lion Square; with cake-house company, crowded, and vulgar affectation, worse than that of the Star and Garter at Richmond, or Hampton Court, on a Sunday; it is difficult almost to imagine! For myself, I think it, incomparably, the most detestable sojourn in all England. But this is only the necessary result of the popularity which it has enjoyed. If the mountains of Wales could become “fashionable,” in ten years they would be just as filthy.

A new Diorama, said to be of extraordinary merit, is exhibiting now in Paris. The subject is a view of Edinburgh; and the artist has chosen the night of the great fire (which occurred two years since) for the moment of his design; exhibiting, at once, a bright moonlight sky, with the red glare of two hundred burning houses flashing against it. The management of these very difficult mixed lights; with the breaking out of the flame occasionally in new parts of the picture, and the rolling of the thick columns of smoke, mixed with sparkles and flakes of fire, over the city, are said to form one of the happiest effects that have yet been produced in this very beautiful style of exhibition.

Speaking of “burning,” I notice that the Protestant students of Trinity College, Dublin, have burned Mr. Plunkett, the Irish Attorney General, in effigy, for supporting the claims of the Catholics. Really a man who is compelled to live in Ireland has rather a difficult game to play, just now! the Catholics would have burned the honourable and learned gentleman—perhaps not in effigy—if he had voted against them.

The French *Globe*, of the 1st of March, gives a curious account of an experiment lately made upon M. Vallance's new plan for air carriage;—to exemplify which, I believe I mentioned two or three months ago, Mr. V. has constructed a tunnel, or cylinder, upon a small scale at Brighton. It appears that this model—if I may so call it—of the thing to be done, consists of a cylinder, twenty-seven feet in circumference, and two hundred feet long; from one end to the other of which, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Holland, and a French gentleman of the name of Flahaut, were carried, by the operation of Mr. Vallance's principle, upon a sort of car, with wheels, but at the rate only of *six* miles an hour. The relator observes, that the principle was far from having fair play; inasmuch as

that the cylinder is constructed only of wood, covered with canvass (which would be more pervious to the outward air than brick); and that the exhaustion was extremely incomplete—the barometer being affected only very slightly. But this result is precisely that which one would look for: it will never be possible to accomplish the exhaustion in a *sufficient* degree; but *six* miles an hour, is very far short, indeed, of a *hundred*. One part, however, of Mr. Vallance's scheme is rational and well imagined. He proposes to come to London, and make an experiment, by constructing a cylinder from London to Blackwall, with a view to carrying the heavy goods, which are at present brought in waggons from the East and West-India Docks. A work like this would come, in the way of expense, within reasonable compass; and, as regards the carriage of goods, the plan would seem to be free from many difficulties which would attach to it in the carrying of human beings. The transit, too, is so constant, that, if Mr. Vallance's plan succeeded, there could be no doubt of his getting immediate remuneration.

The same paper contains a curious illustration of the uncertainty of medical knowledge, in a paper read, or sent, by Dr. Magendie to the Académie des Sciences. The subject is the exhibition of the concentrated preparation of bark, the sulphate of quinine; of which the doses given, a little while back, in cases of ague and intermittent fever, were twenty-four grains. Dr. Magendie finds, now, that exactly the same effect is produced by the administering of *two* grains. This is odd! But—as the French say, whenever there is a monstrous discrepancy between their statement and yours—*c'est égal*.

There is no science, perhaps, that leads its votaries into so many jack-a-lantern scrapes, and blunders, as “political economy.” It hardly ever happens that two men, even who fancy themselves on the same side, discuss it, without presently finding that—by a discipline as happy as that of the allies in King John—

“From north to south,”

like Austria and France, they

“Shoot in each other's mouth!”

In fact, the whole system of letting loose these “fixed principles” or abstract free action, in a state of society, in which all original principle, of freedom of action, has long been sacrificed and abandoned, in favour of vested interests, is as impracticable as it would be to talk of manœuvring a regiment of cavalry upon ground intersected at every ten yards by walls and ditches; or of riding a steeple-chase, in the month of August, across the counties of Buckingham or Bedford, without ruining the inhabitants, because it so happens that we could perform the same exploit without mischief on Dartmoor. Two discussions in the House of Commons, in the course of the last month—which arose within four days of each other—involve a curious example of the danger of these sweeping maxims; and of the tendency which a principle in political economy has—like the fabric they call a “shot” silk—to change its appearance entirely, as we change the position in which we happen to look at it. Mr. Secretary Peel, on one evening, in a conversation with the honourable member for Montrose, upon the propriety of receiving certain petitions from labouring mechanics who desired to have a tax upon machinery, laid down a principle—as to the force of which no economist will endure even to hear a doubt—“that the

true course for securing the wealth and prosperity of every country, was to give all possible encouragement, not merely to the invention of machinery, but to every exertion—no matter in what shape—of the ingenuity of its inhabitants.” Now, in its full extent, and taken practically, I doubt the truth of this principle very much. I think if a man could, to-morrow, by his “ingenuity,” discover the secret, in England, of *making gold*, we should find that we had no choice left, but,—against law, and humanity, and political economy—to assassinate him. And, to apply this principle only to the case of the invention of machinery! Suppose that I could invent to-morrow such engines for use in the cotton trade, the woollen trade, or the iron trade, as should effect the production of goods, in those trades, with half the quantity of human labour now employed, and, at a reduction, as to price, say of twenty per cent. upon their present cost—what other operation would this “invention” have upon the wealth and happiness of England, than to add four millions more of starving paupers to the million, or million and a half, that we have without work, or much chance of work, already? It will hardly do, in answer to this *certain* evil, to tell me of a *possible* good:—to wit, that our lower cost of production, allowing us to undersell other people, will give us the custom of all foreign nations; because, in the first place—let us assume this to happen after we have already the custom of these foreign nations;—not to speak of our free principle, which allows the *exportation* of these very same machines to foreign nations, in order that they may be enabled to produce for themselves. But the most extraordinary answer to this proposition is given by a Minister in person—it appears in Mr. Wilmot Horton’s speech upon the Emigration question, delivered only a night or two before or after this declaration by Mr. Peel. By way of shewing—for he is a political economist too—the absolute necessity of emigration, to relieve the distress of Ireland, Mr. Horton refers to evidence shewing the state of that country, and quotes a respectable authority upon the state of labour there, substantially to the following effect.—“Low as the rate of wages given to labourers is, in Ireland, to perform any given piece of work there costs at least as much as it would in England.” And the cause of this expense is, “that the tools and machines with which men work in that country are so unimproved as, compared with ours at home, that it takes a greater quantity of time and labour, to perform the same amount of task.” Then, what says Mr. Horton, inferring from this fact?—Not that the exertion of improvement, or ingenuity, will remedy that state of things, and give Ireland “wealth and happiness;” but that improvement will have the *very contrary effect*. He says—“Here is a state of things in which emigration *alone* can help us; for, to make the least *improvement* in the rude engines and machines with which the people of Ireland work, would only be to *add to the misery of the country*, by making a less quantity of human labour requisite in it than it now finds room for, and consequently increasing the extent of its unemployed and starving population.” Now I am quite convinced that we cannot, by any legislative enactment, check the use of machinery: but it is impossible for me to believe, looking at the various relations of civilized society—that the mass of people in any country are always necessarily benefited, by any event or arrangement which makes their labour capable of being dispensed with.

THE ASSIGNATION

A BALLAD.

WITH hound and horn, and huntsman's call,
They chase the fallow deer;—
And thou, the noblest of them all,
Why dost thou loiter here?

Thou canst not deem within her bower
Thine own true love to see:
Dost thou not know at matin hour
I ne'er can come to thee?

My sister's voice is on the stair,
All in her maiden glee;
My mother's flitting every where,
And calling still on me.

My father's by the southern wall,
Pruning the old vine-tree;
My brother's playing in the hall,—
And all are wanting me.

Then off, and mount thy gallant steed,
To hunt the fallow deer;
Off, off! and join the chase with speed,
Nor loiter longer here.

At eventide my mother sits,
Her knitting on her knee;
And wakes by starts, and dreams by fits,—
But never dreams of me.

At eventide my sister fair
Steals to the great oak tree;
I may not tell who meets her there,—
But nought want they of me.

At eventide beside the bowl,
With some old comrade free,
My father many a song doth troll,—
But never thinks of me.

Off, then, with hound and echoing horn,
To chase the fallow deer!
Nor deem again, at peep of morn,
To meet thy true love here!

Travels in Mesopotamia, by J. S. Buckingham; 1827.—This new volume is decisive of Mr. Buckingham's qualifications. His pretensions must, in this case, be undivided. He was unaccompanied by any European, and therefore can have plundered no European fellow-traveller's collections; and of filching any oriental's, he will not, we suppose, be suspected. Mr. Buckingham comes before the public now not only unimpeached with respect to the present journey, but cleared of all former suspicions, by the open or implied confessions of his calumniators. He has successfully swept away all unworthy suspicions; and we venture to say, the volume before us—affording as it does ample proofs of industry and research, of observance abroad and diligence at home, of sound sense and cultivated intellect, with no ordinary powers of description—will, at the same time, be welcomed with all the confidence for which his expurgation has paved the way.

This third volume describes his journey from Aleppo to Bagdad, by the way of Beer, Orfah (the ancient Edessa, and traditionally the still more ancient Ur of the Chaldees), Mardin, and Mousul—along the northern and eastern frontiers, that is, of Mesopotamia—understanding by Mesopotamia the territories lying between the Euphrates and the Tigris. This is not the customary route of the caravans to Bagdad, but—what is better for the curious, for those who like to know what is in this world of ours—it is one, which conducts the traveller through all the principal assemblages of people in these regions—crossing also plains of considerable extent, occupied by tribes of Arabs and Turcomans, friendly or hostile to each other, some more stationary than others, but all of a roaming description, and more or less unsafe to encounter; and besides—what is even of more permanent interest,—presenting the vestiges of ruined cities and empires—Roman, Grecian, Assyrian, upward to the deluge—scenes, too, that have seldom been visited by Europeans, and still seldomer described.

These are not regions that offer attractions to the tourist. A man must have some strong compelling motive to urge him over arid plains and sun-burnt wastes—utterly destitute of shade, and often even of water; subject to exactions from every person in power, superior or subaltern, and to plunderings from the flying squadrons of lawless hordes—exposed, moreover, to insult, and mockery, and degradations from the hard and bigotted religionists, impatient of the Christian creed, and intolerant of European customs. These are hazards which, of course, the *dilettante* traveller will not incur. The missionary, if he visit similar scenes, is intent upon other objects; and the man of business has no eyes for one-half of the objects, that we, who sit snugly at home, and, content with reading

about dangers, instead of encountering them, desire to know something about. We wish to be enabled to compare the state of things now, with the state of things formerly, with the state we read they were in two or three thousand years ago—to correct or confirm our old conceptions—to estimate the value of the advance, or the causes of retrogression;—we wish to be furnished with facts, not merely relative to buildings and numbers, but to domestic habits and public institutions—to prevailing opinions and modes of thinking—to principles, prejudices—whatever will put us in possession of the actual condition of society. These are the things that present materials—the best materials—for comprehensive conceptions of human nature—that enlarge our views and extend our grasp—and ultimately bid us be content with our own lot, or teach us how to mend it.

In furtherance of these purposes, Mr. Buckingham has done every thing, that the circumstances of his journey, and his short intercourse of three months, would allow. He has the traveller's qualifications in abundant measure. He was no stranger in the east. He had besides collected and compared all authentic accounts of the countries he was going to visit; and was thus in possession of the useful from the days and books of Xenophon, Diodorus, and Strabo—not neglecting the careful researches of D'Anville, and Rennel, and Gibbon—nor the accounts of travellers, from the old Spanish Jew, who traversed the country in the twelfth century, down to Niebuhr, who visited some parts of it sixty or seventy years ago—the last of any eminence. Yet the information thus collectively obtained was, he found, scanty and imperfect, leaving ample space for new observers. Mr. B. also had superior facilities for surveying the country. For the greater part of the journey, he travelled with a caravan of considerable strength—of course moving slowly—under the protection of its chief, a wealthy merchant, returning from Mecca—thus covered with the shield of sanctity, and with all the advantages of respect and confidence from those around him, as he himself says; and with sufficient leisure and safety to enjoy, unmolested, opportunities of recording whatever appeared worthy of observation, before one series of impressions was obliterated by another train of objects and thoughts. He had besides the advantage of speaking—not the language of the country, precisely—for generally he found the Turkish more in use than the Arabic—but a language generally understood, and thus of being his own interpreter; and what, at least in his case, was no disadvantage—he had no European friend, companion, servant, or attendant of any sort; but, adopting the dress, manners, and language of the country, the whole of the way, was screened from suspicion, for the most part, by his familiarity

with the customs of the people, and from insult by the influence of his protector.

Among the more remarkable parts of the volume, are his descriptions of ancient cities, of what is believed to be Nineveh, Nisibis, Arbela, Ctesiphon, Seleucia, and Babylon; and of these, the most memorable are his researches relative to Babylon. Among the existing masses of masonry, one he conceives to be a relic of the celebrated wall, which had eluded the research of former travellers. We must bear in mind that this wall was surrounded by a deep foss, or the obliteration of it will seem perfectly incredible; the materials of the wall filled up the ditch, and all was thus left comparatively level. A pyramidal mass had been recognised by Mr. Rich, the resident English Consul at Bagdad, at the time of Mr. B's visit, as the temple of Belus. Niebuhr beheld it at a distance only, and took it for a watch-tower; but an after-perusal of Herodotus led him to conjecture it might prove to be the ruins of the temple of Belus. Mr. Buckingham examined it with great attention, and left it with an impression corresponding with Niebuhr's conjecture, and Mr. Rich's conviction. It is a pile of two hundred feet high, on a basis of about one hundred yards square, and on the top of it is a tower of fifty feet high—the very dimensions given by Herodotus, and, after him, by Strabo.

To trace Mr. Buckingham particularly along his route would be useless, and indeed, with our limits, quite impracticable. An estimate may be formed of his power of general observation by an extract or two.

With the people of the east (he remarks), religion acts as a detractive cause, and hinders the natural progress of their understanding, by corrupting it with errors in its course. In boyhood, they are sensible, acute, and rational. In manhood, they are weak, credulous, and prone to error. They see nothing in any books they read to induce them, either that the power of God to work miracles, his inclination so to do, or the necessity of their existence to convince the unbelieving, has ceased; so that they continue to believe in the occurrence of events, as miraculous as those with which the pages of the books used by them in the studies of their infancy abound. The Mahomedans, equally convinced, with their Jewish and Christian neighbours of the east (for nearly all the Asiatics are alike immersed in superstition) of the immediate superintendence of genii and guardian-spirits, as well as the influence of their prophets in heaven, say—"What! if angels could perform such wonders in the days of old, can they not now, in a similar way, protect the fish of the Lake of the Patriarch* from the operation of fire, and make them resist every process that may be tried upon them, to convert them into food?" In Protestant countries, the devout are content to believe in the miracles of the past, and look on the age of working them as having closed

* The *fryability* of the fish of this lake—the Lake of Abraham, at Orfah,—is steadily denied, by high and low, and alleged as a proof of the care the Patriarch still takes of his native city—Mr. B. had the evening before partaken of some stolen, in company with some Christians.

with the closing page of revelation. As to the grounds on which they reject a belief in their existence since that period—whether it be from any failure of power, or want of inclination—(what occasion for levity?)—in the Deity, or from the absence of a necessity for their occurrence since the commencement of the Christian era, all men are not agreed;—but certain it is that modern education teaches Europeans to measure the events and opinions of their own day, by a very different standard from that used in judging of the history of earlier times. And though, on events of a certain degree of antiquity, the indulgence of much freedom in inquiry is thought to be dangerous, yet on the affairs of our own times, and on matters more nearly affecting our business and bosoms at the present moment, it is courted and encouraged. It is thus that, with us, religion does not, as in the east, obstruct the progress of our general knowledge.—P. 105.

Speaking of Dervishes, and Fakirs, and the general hangers-on upon caravans—

The number of these men, throughout Turkey, is more considerable than any one could venture to assert, without being thought guilty of exaggeration. In every caravan, they form almost the major part, and consist of men, who, under pretence of either going to, or returning from the pilgrimage, wander from place to place, and live entirely on the liberality of the pions. These are generally strong and healthy individuals, capable of earning their living by labour, were they acquainted with any branch of art or manufacture; and are distinct from the halt, the lame, and the blind, who are always objects of charity. The former, however, by carrying about them a koran, some talismans, beads, and charms, make a more profitable business of it than those who have nothing to recommend them to the commiseration of their fellow-creatures, but their real sufferings, and absolute incapacity of remedying them. The number of unproductive beings thus preying upon the rest—who are are themselves but barely a remove beyond them, from their extreme ignorance of the improved methods of labour, and their natural aversion to activity—occasions a great mass of poverty, which nothing but the wealth that nature has bestowed upon their climate and soil, the fruits of which may be said to grow up spontaneously to their hands, could at all support. The military and the officers of the government, with a few of the merchants, more active than the rest, who extend their speculations, and move from place to place, are the only rich people in the country. These, however, invariably support a vast number of dependents, who are free from every concern, but that of eating, drinking, praying, and sleeping; so that if the higher orders of society know nothing of those refined pleasures which afford so much delight to our circles, the lower orders, from their temperate habits, their familiarity with the rich, and their freedom from the common cares of life, are certainly more at ease than ours.—P. 115.

Of the people of *Mousul*, he remarks:—

I thought I could observe a cast of countenance in them, sufficiently peculiar to mark them as a race nearly allied to, and long settled and intermixed with each other. The shape of the face is rounder than that of either Arabs or Turks, and the hair is universally black, and the eyes small, sharp, and pe-

netrating, while the complexions are like those of the south of Spain.—P. 291.

Two or three times he has occasion to speak of the Yezeddis—wandering tribes of Arabs, who roam over the plains and mountains of Sinjar—in Mesopotamia—who are said to worship the devil—at least, profess the profoundest respect on the ground of his acknowledged potency, and will not tolerate any disrespectful language concerning him;—but we have not space to quote.—P. 116, 162, &c.

Through the whole volume, in short, the reader will find—in addition to the details of the journey—much to arrest his attention, and make him forget the bulk of the volume.

Voyage to the Sandwich Islands, by Captain the Right Honourable Lord Byron; 1827.—Lord Byron is not the author. The purpose for which that nobleman's name is thus paraded in the title-page, is rather unworthy of the publisher. The narrative of the voyage is drawn up from the papers of the officers and others, who accompanied Lord Byron to the Sandwich Isles. The editor is understood to be *Mrs. Maria Graham*—Mr. Bloxham, the Chaplain of the Blonde, being prevented, it is stated, by the suddenness of his departure from England, to fulfil his duty in a distant colony, from arranging his own papers, and those of his companions. What might he be about during the long voyage homeward? Though thus compiled, and no doubt carefully, from original documents, the narrative confessedly loses the benefit which the local knowledge of an eyewitness could have given it; and indeed it manifestly has not the tone of one who has seen, or can well conceive the really rude state of the people.

The narrative is preceded by a sketch of the history of the islands, from their discovery to the death of their last *sovereign*, in London, in 1824. We use the received phraseology; but really the application of these terms of royalty to the barbarian chief of a barbarian and naked people—and a people too not amounting, probably, altogether, in the whole eleven islands, to 300,000, is perfectly ridiculous; and England is perhaps the only country in the world where it could be done gravely.

Of the origin of these people, nothing is satisfactorily known; and no means of discovery seem to exist but in the traditions and songs of the islanders. From these, should the people ever be able to give intelligible expression to them, something may yet be learnt. Captain Cooke, it should seem, was not the first European who had appeared among them. They have a tradition—so far as it can at present be gathered from them—that a person, whom they call a priest, came and settled among them with his gods, and whose posterity still remains; and of a vessel, with white men in it, with whom this priest was able to converse. The period is not marked with much precision; but it is said to have been during

the life of Kukanaron, or Kahoukapu, or some other unutterable name—the sixth chief previous to the arrival of Captain Cooke. About the year 1790, Tamehameha, a chief of one of the smaller islands, rebelled against his superior lord, and in the end successfully established an undisputed dominion over the whole eleven islands, constituting what are now marked in our maps as the Sandwich Isles. He advanced the career of civilization very considerably, and at his death, after a reign of thirty years, had actually several small vessels trading to China and America. His son, Riho Riho, succeeded to the throne, and by an act of extraordinary promptitude—or fortitude, at least equal to the “*Sum Cæsar*,” secured his authority; but, with no more islands to conquer, and being eager to emulate his father's exertions and glories, he resolved, like another Peter, to visit Europe, and study the sources of her superiorities, and thus qualify himself to improve the condition of his people. The fair editor gives this bold, but unlicked barbarian, full credit for the most philosophical views—deliberate and definite purposes. She endows him with all the elevated qualities of a patriot king, is jealous of all imputations on his virtues or his abilities, and talks with the utmost gravity of the propriety of his manners, and the dignity of his demeanor, through the whole of his residence in London, whether grinning at the lions in the Tower, or the ladies at Mr. Canning's—and not a word of his Majesty, and her Majesty, my Lords the Chancellor, the Treasurer, the Admiral and the rest of the suite, being found mounted, cross-legged, on the chairs at the Adelphi—decorously, and as becometh the lords of the earth, riding a cock-horse.

The voyage, as every body knows, was undertaken for the purpose of conveying the bodies of the King and Queen home. It was signally successful, and uneventful—the vessel only touching at Rio Janeiro, Valparaiso, Callao, and Gallipagos, in its course. At Oahu, one of the Sandwich Islands, and the seat of the government, they found the regent Karaimoku, and were received by him with due honours. The royal remains were committed to the earth; the younger brother—quite a boy—of the buried sovereign, who, on the report of His Majesty's death, had been named King, was confirmed in his appointment, in a full assembly of the chiefs, and Karaimoku continued in the regency—Lord Byron attending the important assembly, and giving his sanction to the whole proceedings. As soon as these matters were satisfactorily adjusted, my Lord Byron was asked if the King of England—who it seems is lord-paramount of the islands—approved of the settling of the American mission in the islands? To which question it was discreetly replied, that so long as the mission did not interfere with political or commercial concerns, but confined themselves to their sacred duties, the King of England could have no possible objection. The chief missionary

was present, and openly disclaimed all concern with temporal matters. The missionaries, however, were manifestly very influential persons—the chief of them was acting plainly as secretary to the regent.

The mission has now been established some time, and the greater part of the people have already professed, or will soon profess, the Christian religion. Tamehameha was, as we have seen, the great reformer of the islands. To check the power of the priests, he himself assumed the office, and contemplated the adoption of Christianity, but died before his purpose was ripe. One of the first acts of his successor, was to renounce idolatry, and the idols were all quickly consigned to the flames; Taboo was broken up; and the interdictions, which forbade women to eat with men, removed. The women, as usual, were most forward and zealous in the work of conversion. The act of Kapiolani is of a high character, and worth recording.

Kapiolani, a female chief, of the highest rank, had recently embraced Christianity; and, desirous of propagating it, and of undeceiving the natives as to their false gods, she resolved to climb the mountain (a volcanic mountain, with a burning crater of prodigious extent) descend into the crater, and by thus braving the volcanic deities in their very homes (the prevailing belief was, that the gods of the islands resided in these fires) convince the inhabitants of the islands that God is God alone, and that the false subordinate deities existed only in the fancies of their weak adorers. Thus determined, and accompanied by a missionary, she, with part of her family and a number of followers, ascended Peli (the mountain); at the edge of the first precipice that bounds the sunken plain, many of her followers and companions lost courage, and turned back; at the second, the rest earnestly entreated her to desist from her dangerous enterprise, and forbear to tempt the powerful gods of the fires. But she proceeded, and on the very verge of the crater, caused the hut we were now sheltered in to be constructed for herself and people. Here she was assailed anew by their entreaties to return home, and their assurances, that if she persisted in violating the houses of the goddess, she would draw down on herself and those with her certain destruction! "I will descend into the crater," said she, "and if I do not return safe, then continue to worship Peli; but if I come back unhurt, you must learn to adore the God who created Peli." She accordingly went down the steep and difficult side of the crater, accompanied by a missionary, and by some, whom love or duty induced to follow her. Arrived at the bottom, she pushed a stick into the liquid lava, and stirred the ashes of the burning lake. The charm of superstition was at that moment broken. These, who had expected to see the goddess, armed with flame and sulphureous smoke, burst forth and destroy the daring heroine, who thus braved her in her very sanctuary, were awestruck when they saw the fire remain innocuous, and the flames roll harmless, as though none were present. They acknowledged the greatness of the God of Kapiolani; and from that time few indeed have been the offerings, and little the reverence, offered to the fires of Peli.

Liliiah, the wife of Boki, both of whom were in England, has of course adopted the profession of Christianity. On nearing the islands, the Blonde came up with some fishing vessels:—

Though we found that, in her youth, Liliiah had been accounted one of the best swimmers of the island, and was particularly dexterous in launching her float-board through the heaviest surf, yet now her sense of modesty, awakened by her residence in a civilized country, induced her to withdraw into her cabin at the sight of her almost naked countrymen. And let us observe (proceeds the narrative very happily), that besides what may be attributed to the native modesty of the sex, which no sooner perceives decorum than it adopts it, the gentle and docile character of the whole race of those islanders was agreeably displayed by our fellow-passengers. In dress, occupations, and amusements, they endeavoured to conform to our habits, and that in the manner of a rational imitation, and not bearing any mark of savage mimicry; unless indeed we accuse them, in the case of Kuana, the Treasurer, who, being by nature somewhat of a dandy, had acquired a habit of pulling up the corners of his shirt-collar; so that his countrymen, who are quick observers, and make great use of gesture in speaking, soon learned to designate him by mimicking that action.

Liliiah, the lady of whom we were speaking, endeavoured immediately to introduce dress among her female friends; and at first they were delighted with the black silk robes she brought them; but they were soon found all stripped, and at ease again. She herself still retained her dress; her feelings of shame, as was observed, had been awakened by her long residence among Europeans, and were not, when the Blonde left, yet lulled again. The young King's sister, who has, almost from her birth, been attended by the missionaries, refuses to appear, but in full dress.

Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, by Dugald Stewart. Vol. III.; 1827.—Of Mr. Stewart's ponderous quartos, it never was an easy task to furnish an abstract—not that a few words might not fully embrace the leading purposes of any of them, and even the pith of the main discussions—and especially may this be said of the volume before us; but many of even our thrifty pages would be required to give the reader a tolerable conception of the multitude of topics touched upon, referred, deferred, resumed, and referred again, together with quotations, hints, recollections, criticisms, that are sprinkled over every page, in large type and in small, and in smaller still—to some persons perhaps refreshing the dryness, and fertilizing the barrenness; but to others, ourselves included, incumbering the ground, and retarding, sometimes frivolously and vexatiously, our arrival at the facts, on which he builds his—not always important—conclusions, and claims, a little too dogmatically, too much *ex-cathedra*, the assent of disciples rather than readers.

We have considerable respect for Mr. Stewart; but really his demands, when he does come forth with a quarto, are somewhat too exacting. He writes a great deal too much like a gentleman at ease, perfectly disengaged, and expecting his readers to be fully as much at leisure as himself. His are illustrated works; and, as it is with other illustrated works, the ornaments are more attractive than the matter, and as often usurp or distract the attention as they inform or direct it. It is agreeable enough, often very agreeable, in an idle hour, to be thus reminded of persons and opinions long gone by—of opinions too, in their author's own phraseology, and to which, otherwise, in this short life of ours, we should have little chance of ever voluntarily recurring again; but these are not what the student wants—the maximum of knowledge—real, substantial knowledge—in the minimum of space—he himself caring little from what quarter that knowledge comes; while Mr. Stewart piques himself upon scrupulously observing the principle of literary justice, and would, if he could, trace and record the most obvious maxims, significant or insignificant, of science or morals, to the far-off originator.

Mr. Stewart's object, those who are acquainted with his former volumes will remember—or, if they have forgotten, they may very well be excused—was a review of our "Intellectual Powers," according to a separation and analysis of his own. This review the present volume completes—not that he is confident he has exhausted them, and indeed on the principle of his divisions, there really could be no ground for such confidence,—that principle consistently leading interminably to scores of other powers. Some might reasonably doubt, whether there be any grounds for making any such insulations as he has made; but he has no doubt at all upon that point, and assumes the foundation of his analysis to be indisputable—incontrovertible. Taking him then as we find him, the volume before us closes the list of powers or faculties discussed in his former volumes, with an examination of what he terms auxiliary faculties, and principles—these are LANGUAGE and IMITATION. This examination exhausting the list of intellectual powers, supreme and subordinate, he proceeds to consider some varieties of intellectual character, resulting from different combinations of these same faculties before defined; and concludes the whole mass of his subject with a brief comparison between the faculties of man, and those of animals. At the end of the volume follows a reprint of all the information he had before published relative to Mitchell, the blind, deaf, and dumb boy, to which are added the latest accounts he had received of him.

These are the general contents, and we can only glance at particulars. The faculty of LANGUAGE is the first topic, occupying—with all that seemed more or less to concern the subject—150 pages. Language is either

natural or artificial. The natural consists of expressions of countenance, gestures of body, and tones of voice. The interpretation of this language has been commonly attributed—particularly by Priestley, and men of his school—to experience solely. Mr. Stewart ascribes it mainly to an instinctive intelligence, and he is neither without facts nor reasons for his opinion. The establishment of artificial language must be the effect of convention; and convention implies a previous understanding, and whence can come that understanding, but from an instinctive perception of natural signs?—Then follows the origin and history of language—which amounts to nothing more than a few remarks, of no weight or even propriety, relative to Adam Smith's and Horne Tooke's speculations—with the information, that Smith has made a mistake or two, and that Tooke was a better grammarian than *philosopher*.

Language, considered as an instrument of thought, comes next; but this topic, somewhat strangely, had been anticipated by Mr. Stewart, and he now therefore only refers to several passages dispersed over his former volumes, hither and thither. He drops, however, upon Michaelis's Essay on the Influence of Opinion on Language, and of Language on Opinion. The illustrations furnished by Michaelis, he finds are confined to the abuse of words in the science of botany, &c., a circumstance which Mr. Stewart is at first disposed to regret, but presently consoles himself with the recollection that the effects on discussions upon mental phenomena must be analogous, and of course will be more or less observable by every reader. He himself, on this point, also, specifically, in other places, has scattered divers remarks; and he once thought, it seems, of bringing them now all together, but he contents himself, and we are thankful, with one long self-quotation on the perils of metaphor.

In the rear of these chapters follow sundry miscellaneous considerations—one relative to the practicability of tracing the origin and migration of nations by the aid of etymology. The more languages are understood, and the greater the number too, the more resemblances—affinities—are discovered, and affinities have already been exhibited to a "miraculous, or next to a miraculous extent," by Adelung and some of his successors; and Mr. Stewart knows not what may be done by-and-by, by following up the growing scent from nation to nation, and tribe to tribe—coupling this profession of ignorance, in his way, with a warning, nevertheless, against aiming at what is beyond the comprehension of our limited faculties. But how are we to know where these limits are till we try?

Another of the miscellaneous discussions, relative to language, concerns the original imposition of names on surrounding objects. This, it has been supposed, was determined by the qualities of these objects. As usual with Mr. Stewart, this opinion seems not altogether unfounded, but still little progress

has been made in establishing the point; and he himself has nothing whatever to add.

The whole question of language is at last brought to a close with a subject not at all coming within the legitimate limits of Mr. S.'s inquiries; but as the dissertation was written, as it must be somewhere inserted, and as no better place presented itself, why should it not be thrust in here?—That subject is the *Origin of Sanscrit*. The discussion is, in our opinion, not merely irrelevant, but unnecessary; it is, however, evidently a favourite with Mr. S., and, so careful and circumspect as he usually is, he is entitled to some indulgence, if he chooses for once to "break bounds." But we must have a word or two with him upon it.

The Sanscrit was long ago said to be very like the Greek. This was first started by Halhed, Jones, and Wilkins. They were surprised at some resemblances. The Sanscrit has a middle voice, so has the Greek. It has the *alpha privativum*, so has the Greek—aye, and great numbers of words, which, with some twisting, are very like, and some few, with no twisting at all, are quite like the Greek. Then again, the prosody—what? Why Sir William Jones said, "*almost* (he did qualify here, which was not at all in his way) all the measures of the Greeks may be found in it; and what was (he added), remarkable, the language runs very naturally into sapphics, alcaics, and iambics." Now those who know any thing about these Greek measures, well know that even Greek does not run easily into them; Sir W. Jones himself well knew—nobody better—that this facility, attained by whom it will, is the laborious result of close and servile imitation, and long and harassing practice. And who, we ask, has tried the Sanscrit? Not Sir W. Jones himself; and no one to our knowledge—though Sanscrit is better known in our days than in his—has ever been adventurous enough to make the same remark since. Mr. Stewart, however, relies still more on the extravagant statement of David Brown, Provost of Fort William,—to hear whose account, we must suppose the two languages are really one—only written perhaps in a different character.

But taking these things for gospel at present, how can the fact be explained? Had they a common origin—or did one steal from the other—and if so, which was the thief? We must turn, with Mr. S., to the authority of history. Did not Alexander invade India? Did not his successors found the kingdom of Bactria; and did not that kingdom last for two centuries? and must not the intercourse of that handful of people, hovering on the north-west corner of India, have been perpetual and spreading over the whole continent of India;—and of course, the whole continent of India, unable to retain its own language, be compelled to mould their own by that of the *parvenus* in the north, if they did not voluntarily and wholly adopt it? Mr. S. does not say all this. No; he says, the Sanscrit was the learned language of the country;

that is, it was only the language of the priests, and of the priests only. He does not pretend the language was ever general, or any way common to the people and priests. Then is it less likely, say we, to be borrowed of the Greeks.—There were priests before Alexander. Oh, but they wanted a language to talk in among themselves, unintelligible to the people. Had they no such language, then, before?—But how did these priests set about the invention? Why, they took the current language of the country, and gave it the inflexions, both of verbs and nouns, used by the Bactrian Greeks; and that not being enough to preclude detection, they smuggled in lots of Greek words, and thus effectually baffled the idiots around them. Very satisfactory! But what prompted them to invent this precious language at all? The opportunity of a foreign language in the neighbourhood, to be sure. But, in sober reason, what, we may ask, do we actually know of the Hindoos and their language, or that of their priests, at the period in which the new language is supposed to have originated?—or how know we, that it never was any thing but the language of the priests, or how know we *when* it began? The whole speculation, in a word, is one of the most cobweb construction, and will bear no handling, rough or smooth. The truth is, the more Sanscrit is understood, the greater prove to be, not the resemblances, but the discrepancies. This is the latest opinion. But then what account will you give of the still acknowledged similitude? Nay, we are not bound ourselves to account, though we feel it our right to sift the accounts of others.

We come now to IMITATION, of which Mr. S. discourses at length, and as usual, at leisure: first, on the principle or law itself; then on our propensity to imitation; then on our power; then on some phenomena resolvable in part into this principle; and finally on the advantages resulting from this constitution of our nature. Of course, he does not speak of imitation in the popular sense; but of what must be termed instinctive—insensible imitation—the principle by which we make in childhood our first acquisitions in speech, and which, in every period of life, exercises a strong influence over our accent, mode of pronunciation, and forms of expression—and if so, we may safely venture to add, over our opinions. The effect of this spontaneous principle is visible in all our assimilations. We insensibly reflect the sorrows or the smiles of those we meet with; we gape, when others gape; and even if in solitude we conceive the expressions of emotion, the effect of the conception is visible in ourselves. The painter cannot transfer the glowing pictures of his imagination to the canvass without exhibiting in his own features the external expression of them. The same is eminently remarkable in musicians. We copy too the voice, tones, accents, &c. of our intimate acquaintance; and from the effects of this principle of our nature, in the private,

the public, the general intercourse of society, come peculiarities in families, trades, professions, and, on a larger scale, in tribes and nations.

The propensity has been often remarked, but the *power* by which the imitation is accomplished—Mr. S. claims to be the first philosopher, whose notice it has attracted. What is this power then? Instinctive. But what say we of the mimic? His is instinctive too. What does he do? Are his efforts merely tentative? No, says Mr. S.; generally, he succeeds at once; his correctness he ascertains, not by a mirror, but by consciousness. Effort may contribute to perfection; but an approximation at least is generally prompt; and approximation in this matter is as remarkable as complete assimilation. The effect is often instantaneous, and with scarcely any effort; the mimic knows at once, and internally, whether he succeeds or not. It is not the result of experience. Here then is something original—instinctive. But this is not a whit more surprising than what we experience in every voluntary motion. I will to move my arm, and the requisite machinery is instantly arranged, and put into motion, for the purpose. All I think of is a particular end. The means by which it is accomplished are neither combined by my reason, nor are they subject to my scrutiny. So the mimic, adds Mr. S., when he attempts to imitate the countenance of another, conceives strongly in his mind the portrait he wishes to exhibit. He thinks only of the *end*, and a few efforts to accomplish it conduct him, by a process which philosophy cannot explain, to the effect which he aims at.

But further; this power of imitation is intimately connected with the interpretation of natural signs. Imitate the signs of rage, and you will experience more or less of the feeling. Of course this must not be carried too far. Nobody, it seems, must suppose that by copying the looks of a Bacon, or of a Newton (these names are of eternal recurrence), a mimic would feel himself inspired with any portion of their philosophical sagacity.

Medical men refer different kinds of enthusiasm, convulsions, hysteric disorders, panics to this principle of imitation; many of which, however, are correctly assignable to imagination, and must not be confounded. Mesmerism, probably, and the effects produced by Whitfield and Wesley. This constitution of our nature, Mr. S., on due consideration, ventures to conclude, is "subservient to beneficent and important purposes,"—as we may with perfect safety predicate of whatever is strictly natural. It is, he conceives, of the highest importance in the education of children. Set before them good models, and they will copy them more or less, as they will bad ones. In this way is best caught whatever is graceful in utterance or gesture. With the conviction of the extensive operation of this principle, who can

hesitate upon the advantages of public education? "By what means, *but by the society of their fellows*, is it possible for youth to acquire that command over the external expressions of their capricious humours, which is to furnish them, in future life, with one of the most powerful restraints that reason can call to its assistance in mastering and subduing the passions."—The use of ventriloquism, Mr. S. inclines to refer more to imagination than to imitation. If the ventriloquist imitate the signs of *distance*, the imagination may be made to supply those of direction. "Suppose a ventriloquist to personate a father, in the attitude of listening from a window to the voice of his child, who is exposed to some sudden and imminent danger below. It is easy to conceive him possessed of such theatrical skill, as will transport in imagination the audience to the spot where the child is supposed to be placed, and so rivet their attention to what is passing there, as will render his imitation of its feeble and distant cries a much more imposing illusion than it would otherwise be." Suppose again, the performer to carry on an imaginary dialogue up a chimney with a chimney-sweeper in danger of suffocation. A very imperfect imitation, aided by the excited imagination, will produce an effective scene.

So much then for the two faculties of language and imitation reviewed in the volume before us. These, with the powers considered in the former volumes, make up what be termed the constituents of the human mind. These constituents exist, in different individuals, in different degrees of capacity, or intensity, and of course produce different results. Different combinations of them constitute the varieties of intellectual character. Mr. S. decides not on the question of original equality. Were these faculties originally the same, different circumstances must speedily produce different results. The superior intensity of these powers severally direct some individuals to one pursuit, and some to another. One set is employed by the metaphysician, another by the mathematician, and another by the poet. Mr. S. very carefully points out the tendencies of exclusive occupations, and suggests the usual barriers and remedies, as every body does and has done, we were going to say, from the creation of the world. But then, with respect to the sexes,—Plato says, there is no natural difference between the sexes, but in point of strength. In this opinion, says Mr. S., I have no doubt Plato is right. The intellectual and moral differences between the sexes seem to me to be entirely the result of *education*; using that word, in its most extensive sense, to comprehend not merely the instruction received from teachers, but the habits of mind imposed by situation, or by the physical organization of the animal frame. But *physical organization* is a very wide phrase, Mr. S., and the cause of differences, probably, with which education, in any intelli-

gible or admitted sense of the word, can have nothing to do.

One question yet remains—in what consists the difference between man and animals? Man has much that animals have, and animals have much that man has. The animal again has something which man has not, and man a good deal which animals have not. This is about all that is said by Mr. S. through sixty or seventy pages, determining scarcely any thing. Animals have the use of reason to a certain extent, but then they cannot speak; and if one individual improve, he cannot spread or communicate the improvement, &c.

The last hundred pages are filled with a disjointed account of the boy Mitchell—now indeed thirty years old—born blind, deaf, and dumb. This case has occupied much of Mr. S.'s attention. The taste and smell were the only channels by which intelligence could be conveyed. Many of the common feelings of mankind these seemed unable to awaken, or but feebly to exercise. Mr. S. had been desirous of applying especial pains for his education, to see what could by possibility be accomplished in his defective state; but, in spite of all efforts, his purpose has been defeated.

We have already greatly exceeded our limits; but we cannot refrain from directing the reader's attention to the note C, relative to the late Dr. Brown, Mr. S.'s successor in the moral chair at Edinburgh. It exhibits no pleasant view of Mr. S.'s temper—but that is his concern. It shews too plainly he can bear no rival near the throne; and Dr. Brown had shaken his sovereignty: though gone, his works remain, and Mr. S. cannot forbear. In his opinion, then, Dr. Brown was an admirably clever, ingenious, accomplished person, but no metaphysician. He had not the requisite power of *patient thinking*; he was too confident in his own judgments; if he did not see difficulties, he did not believe they existed; he did not know how to stop when at the end of his tether; he thought, when he got to the end of his own sounding line, he had reached the bottom of the ocean; but great powers will not master any subject without great thinking, &c. &c. *Proph pudor!*

A Vindication of Certain Passages in the 4th and 5th Volumes of the History of England, by Dr. Lingard.—To contribute what we can to the publicity of Dr. Lingard's defence is, in our opinion, a duty, and one which we trust every independent review in the kingdom will promptly perform. Dr. Lingard is a Catholic, and has been assailed on all sides—by high church and low church—by such as were resolved to find him wrong. The Vindication before us is a temperate and careful reply to his three principal opponents—the *Edinburgh*, Mr. Todd, and Mr. Todd's backer, the *Quarterly*. The *Edinburgh*, in an article of unusual length—after flinging out the most contemptuous phrases upon the whole perform-

ance—fastens, to prove the worthlessness of the whole, upon Dr. Lingard's account of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. What, does Dr. Lingard deny the reality of the massacre? No; but he denies it to have been the result of a preconcerted plot—he represents it to have arisen from the sudden impulse of personal fears. Generally, historians speak of the plot as one that had been most elaborately concerting for a couple of years at the very least. Dr. Lingard found reason, on referring to the original authorities, and on contemplating the circumstances of the massacre, to doubt the accuracy of the usual representation; and he rests his doubts of this two-year-old plot, first upon the want of contemporary authority; and next, upon the probabilities of the case—upon admitted circumstances, which militate against the common conclusion—the King's intimacy with Coligni—the attempt on the life of Coligni two days before the massacre—and the King's visit to the bed-side of the wounded Coligni. The massacre took place, as all the world knows, on the 24th August (1572). The object was of course the destruction of the Huguenots, of whom Coligni was the acknowledged leader. On the 22d, Coligni was struck by an assassin in the streets of Paris. If the general massacre was to occur in two days, or at all, why alarm the party by the murder of their leader? Was it not the very thing to put them on their guard? But who assassinate? An agent of Catherine's, the King's mother. Why? To get rid of one, whose growing influence with her son she was jealous. He had been for some time notoriously on terms of great intimacy with the King, and had urged him to shake off his mother's yoke, and act for himself. But then, how account for the general massacre, the very extent of which implies some preparation? To prevent exposure. On the 23d, the morning after the attempt on Coligni's life, the King visited him at his bed-side—the Queen forced herself in his company; but Coligni still whispered the King, and warned him of his mother. On the morning of the 24th, witnesses were examined before the privy council. The assassin had escaped, but left behind him his horse and weapon. The horse was recognised, and the weapon proved to belong to the guards of the Duke of Anjou, the King's brother; the Queen and her son Anjou were suspected—evidence thickened—the Huguenots assembled, and two of them did all but charge the Queen to her face; and on the following morning the leaders of the party resolved to demand justice of the King in a body. Exposure seemed inevitable. No time was to be lost. The Queen and her counsellors determined on the massacre that night, the 24th. They persuaded Charles that his life was in danger from the treacheries of the Huguenots; they succeeded in alarming him—he was but about twenty—of an impetuous and excitable disposition; and he concurred. The massacres that followed in other towns of the kingdom were the result

of fanatic fervour, stimulated by what was believed to be the warrant of the court—such were the combustible feelings, from previous exasperation, it was but setting a match to the mine;—they were not contemporaneous with that of Paris. Proclamations were forthwith issued, contradictory as to the causes of the massacre, but concurring in commanding the authorities to arrest the assassins. The very want of simultaneousness in the country towns is conclusive against the general and preconcerted plot.

This is but a very imperfect view of the argument; but, in our judgment, Dr. Lingard prostrates the reviewer, and makes out his case—or, at the very least, he shews good grounds for questioning the usual confident assertion of a long premeditated plot—a plot, which to believe, we must first believe that very considerable numbers, in almost every part of the kingdom, had kept the dark design close within their own bosoms for two long years; that the Huguenots—who, as an oppressed party, may be presumed to have had all their eyes about them—never got the least glimpse of it; and that Coligni—a man practised in business, in stratagems, in dangers, acquainted with the world, and knowing his enemies—was the dupe of a woman he had reason to suspect, and of a headlong boy of twenty—plotting against himself, though labouring to promote the very object of that boy's ambition—independent controul.

But the Doctor now turns from the prostrate reviewer to another opponent—Mr. Todd, who seems scandalized at the treatment which Cranmer has received at the hands of this Catholic historian. Now the fact is, that few historical characters are so assailable as Cranmer's;—his hypocrisies and retractions are so well ascertained, that none but the most resolute panegyrist would ever think of defending them. Cranmer has great merits, and justly, in the eyes of the friends of the English Church; but why are those merits to blind us to his faults? Notoriously he *temporized*, and that is what Dr. Lingard charges him with doing. He took the oath of obedience to the Pope, and protested in private. No, says Mr. Todd, he did it in the presence of many witnesses. No matter: the protest was not made to the Pope, nor meant to be made known to him, and therefore the act was *evasive*. Dr. Lingard also charges him with playing a hypocritical farce in the subject of the divorce. Immediately after his appointment to the archbishoprick, he urged the King, by letter, to permit him, for the exoneration of his conscience, and the performance of his duty to the country, to examine and determine the great cause of the divorce—though this was the very purpose for which he had been appointed. The King of course granted the request. But Mr. Todd—not questioning, be it observed, the authenticity of this letter, which is still extant—thinks every candid reader of this

letter will believe the assertion of one of Cranmer's biographers, that the *Archbishop was shocked* at his request being granted. The fact is, that persons of particular connections and views really believe it necessary, for the safety of the Protestant Church, to maintain the immaculateness of its authors—not perceiving that, by this indulgence of their zeal, they are injuring their own credit, and deserting their duty as the moral teachers of society. Why not represent facts and persons as they really are, and trust to the native and inseparable force of truth to work its own blessed effects?

But Mr. Todd found a faithful backer in the *Quarterly*; and the reviewer himself—not liking to play nothing but second—turns his own rusty weapon—just to shew his strength and sagacity—upon Dr. Lingard, and backs with might and main at the historian's account of Anne Boleyn. Dr. Lingard, on pretty good authority, states that Henry had intrigued with Mary Boleyn, and with Anne had anticipated his conjugal rights. The facts are these—Henry expels his own wife; sends for Anne from her father's, gives her apartments contiguous to his own, insists on his courtiers paying her the respect due to the Queen, and suffers her to interfere in matters of state, and share the distribution of favours. For three years they are under the same roof, and always together; they eat together, ride together, hunt together, go together from residence to residence; nor can the King go even to Calais without her. Add to all this, Du Bellay's Letters, which express the fact; and Henry's own, which as unequivocally imply it. Then look to Henry's temperament, and the conclusion is—in-avoidable. But the shock to the purity and piety of the reviewer throws him quite into a flutter, and, in his trepidation, he involves himself in the most ludicrous contradictions.

The Doctor, in short, in each case, has fought a good fight, and has given his critics a drubbing, that will at least teach them to approach him, another time, with more respect. *They*, however, will scarcely appear again in the field.

[We were mistaken. Since the above sketch of the controversy was written, the reviewer in the *Edinburgh* has re-appeared, and in *propria persona* too. Well, what says he now? Essentially, just what he said before. To repeat must be to confute, or the case stands pretty much where it did. The probabilities seem still to be these—that the Queen's party had often, perhaps even before the Bayonne conferences, contemplated the practicability of exterminating the Huguenots; but no definite scheme had ever been planned, much less decided upon;—that the assassination on the 22d, of Coligni, is in itself, almost conclusively a proof of the non-existence of any such plan;—that the purpose to be answered by the Admiral's destruction, was his removal from the councils of the King, and the embarrassment of the Huguenots;—and that the massacre was

finally, and suddenly determined upon, as the sole security against the exasperation of the Huguenots for the attack upon their chief.]

We have since seen a P.S. from each of the combatants. The chief point, in both, concerns the quotation from Tavaanes. Allen has now given the whole quotation, and is, beyond all farther question, right in that matter. Still the general result is very slightly, or rather not at all affected by it.

Napoleon in the Other World ; a Narrative written by Himself, and found near his Tomb in the Island of St. Helena ; 1827.

—Though not raised to the highest pinnacle of felicity—though not classed with the benefactors of mankind, yet Napoleon has the good fortune—good fortune, for it is not for a moment supposed to have ever been his aim—to obtain a very respectable position in the realms of bliss. His guardian-spirit quickly appears, and explains to him the condition of his being :—

Supreme justice cannot give thee the same rank it assigned to Socrates, Titus, Julian, Marcus Aurelius, Newton, Pope, Washington, Confucius, Galileo, Fenelon, and other great philosophers ; for thou hast never felt even the thought of imitating them ; thou hast wished to follow the tracks of Cæsar, of Alexander, Charles XII., and other ambitious madmen ; it is with them thou shalt be permitted to pass the boundless period of eternity. Take courage, however ; with this exception, thou shalt enjoy a happy existence ; the only punishment thou shalt feel will be the endless remorse of having had it in thy power to be what no other ever became—of having had it in thy power to regenerate and ennoble mankind—while, blinded by a contemptible ambition, thou hast more than ever thrown it back into ignorance and slavery.

Napoleon expresses his sorrow and repentance :—

Napoleon (replied the spirit), the Supreme hearkens to repentance even after the death of the sinner ; he calls thee not to account for the blood thou hast caused to be shed, the tears and misery of the peaceful inhabitants of the world, who have been ruined and despoiled by the ministers of thy caprices. These things all belong to the decrees of the Eternal, and it is not for feeble mortals to investigate them. I am the agent of his will : I am ordered to conduct thee to thy new abode ; but that thou mayest praise for ever the clemency of the Great Being in thy favour, thou must first of all visit, under my direction, the fields of the reprobate. These would have been infallibly thy portion, if thy heart had not been often accessible to virtue, &c.

In these regions of woe, he meets and converses with the distinguished and conspicuous characters of all ages—for the greater part of them were unhappily there. The air was filled with clouds of owls of all sorts and sizes, crested with tiaras, and mitres, and caps, and crowns. One of them sweeping close by him, he caught it in his hand. This proved to be Madame de Maintenon. At the same instant, the Jesuit Le Tellier flew round, making horrible grimaces at her ; and then suddenly fell, like a lump

of lead, on a pointed rock, and was dashed to pieces. "This," said Madame de Maintenon, "will be my fate in a few minutes." "But tell me," says Napoleon, "the cause of these transformations and penalties."—

All the owls (replies Madame) you see, have been more or less famous on the earth, by means of fraud and imposture. You will find amongst them almost half of the popes. There, now, is Pope Paul V ; the other is Gregory IX. There is Sixtus IV. ; and that is a late pope, called Pius VI. His successor ought to be there, from what I have heard. A monk of the propaganda, who has lately arrived, informs us that the present Pope, Leo XII. surpasses in imposture all his predecessors. If that be the case, he will be condemned to dash his head to pieces against the rocks, thrice every twenty-four hours, which will amount to a thousand and eighteen times a year. My royal husband is also here ; the dragonings and the revocation of the edict of Nantes have obtained him this. That long and thin crowned owl is the Emperor Constantine. All the kings of Piedmont are here, and most of the emperors of the House of Austria, except Joseph II., and Leopold, who were enlightened and liberal monarchs. That other pale and thin owl, also crowned, is Henry II., King of France. The one that follows him, with a cowl in his hand, and a crown in his claws, is Charles V. The others are James II. and his ancestor, John Lackland. The ferocious Louis XI. is also here ; but he has not the power of flying ; he is stupidly perched in the hollow of a rock, where he is besieged, every twenty-four hours, by venomous serpents. His fate is constantly to be on the watch against their bites ; but if by accident he opens his mouth, a serpent fixes on one of his teeth ; and, by repeated shocks, pulls it out by force, after making him suffer the most horrible agony.* &c. &c.

The machinery of these penal worlds is of far too complicated a kind for us to attempt to describe it. It is enough to say, generally, the punishments are made to correspond with the crimes of the individuals. Our Henry VIII., with some other monarchs, as liberal of the axe, undergo decapitation once a month ; and Queen Elizabeth, three times a year, for her murder of the Queen of Scots.

In the course of this agreeable tour with the invisible spirit, Napoleon is joined, first by Cipriani, whom he finds high in office—president of a circle—afterwards by Cardinal Maury, who procures, in the course of the survey, a pardon—the grounds of it are not very obvious—and gets transferred to the worlds of happiness ;—and finally by Louis XVIII., whose condition is miserable enough, but who is not left without hopes of ultimately bettering it. With these companions—still guided by the guardian-spirit—Napoleon proceeds through all the complexities of the place, and encounters multitudes of acquaintance—all the more remarkable personages of the Revolution—with whom a good deal of conversation follows. All parties speak the undisguised truth ; and of course, ample opportunities are thus made of shewing them up in the light most fa-

* The punishment he inflicted on the young Armagnacs.

vourable for the author's purposes. Generally, it may be truly said, the contrivances are clumsy, the dialogues without point, the discussions insignificant—conveying the most hacknied notions on the most hacknied topics of the times; while the several characters are treated with severity or lenity, according as they are admirers of Napoleon, or partizans of the Bourbons and the jesuits. The book will make no sensation in England, whatever it may have been calculated to do in France.

Dame Rebecca Berry. 3 vols. 12mo. 1827.

—The eventful story of Dame Rebecca is built upon tradition. The child of very humble parents, in very early infancy she is withdrawn from their protection by a sudden fancy, which their landlord, Sir Ambrose Templeton, takes to her. He, poor man, has been shamefully jilted; and, in consequence, forswears all future communion with the wicked sex, devotes himself to the study of astrology, and lives the life almost of an anchorite. After the child had been with him a year or two, and had completely won his fondest affections, he unluckily consults the stars as to her destiny, and finds it indissolubly linked with his own—he is to marry her. Shocked at the prospect of a *mesalliance* of this kind, and having no fear of God before his eyes—as it seems an astrologist, and, of course, a fatalist cannot have—he resolves, in the very teeth of science and his convictions of the infallibility of the stars, to get rid of her, and effectually so, by drowning her himself. He does the deed clumsily, and she is rescued from the water by a fisherman, who kindly takes charge of the little orphan. When about the age of fourteen, she is discovered accidentally by Sir Ambrose; his alarms revive; he again gets possession of her, and devotes her to destruction; but this time she is rescued—unknown to Sir Ambrose—by his brother. This brother, quite an old gentleman, takes a fancy to Rebecca, as she ripens into womanhood; and is actually on the point of marrying her, when Sir Ambrose appears. He had heard of his brother's intention to marry some young, unknown *protégée*, and he hastens to expostulate with him. To his horror and amazement he recognizes Rebecca again—now full grown, beautiful, accomplished, enchanting; her charms soon to strike him with admiration—he will have her himself. High words ensue between the brothers; neither will give way. Sir Ambrose claims her by the ring she wears, which had been his, and which he affirms bears a charm within it. At this declaration, he tears it from her, and throws it through the window into the Mersey—“If ever you recover it, I will marry you, but never till then.” A compromise at last takes place; she refuses both brothers, and removes to some friends of her protector. The agitation of the scene, throws the old man into a fever; he dies, and leaves Rebecca £10,000, and an estate at Stratford-le-Bow.

To escape from Sir Ambrose's renewed

importunities, she withdraws privately to some friends of the family she is with, at Bristol, where she forms an attachment for Sir John Berry, whom she marries. He, within a few short months, is killed in battle, and leaves her a splendid estate in Leicestershire. Not long after her husband's death, she, quite unexpectedly, encounters Sir Ambrose again, at a dinner. No explanations, or recognitions take place; but at table, Sir Ambrose assists Rebecca to some fish—a whole one—there was but one, by the way—which, on the cutting up, presents to her view, and his view, to the equal amazement of both, the very ring she had thrown into the Mersey! He claims her promise, and she is true to her word.

Sir Ambrose now returns to the world, and brings up his wife to town. There she is introduced at once into the brilliant and licentious circles of the court—that of the profligate Charles. Here we are introduced to Buckingham and Rochester, and have long and particular details of Rochester's pranks, during the king's displeasure against him, for some months, when he played the conjuror in the city, and astonished and alarmed the ladies of the court, by his superhuman acquaintance with all their peccadilloes. Dame Rebecca is immediately and universally an object of admiration, and Buckingham is planning to entrap her simplicity. Rochester and he contrive to perplex and plague Sir Ambrose, who quickly gets alarmed, and soon leaves the country. In crossing to the continent, he is wrecked and dies. The lady, a second time a widow, still young and beautiful—more fascinating than ever from the recent polish of higher society—the possessor of three magnificent properties, returns to England, and in due time, and on mature consideration, marries again; and lives virtuously and happily—honoured, respected, and beloved—till the year 1694, and lies buried in Stratford church; where may still be seen a tablet, with the fish and ring below the inscription.

The tale is rather unequally executed. The London scenes are, however described with considerable animation and felicity. It betrays a want of familiarity with the times, and mistakes here and there occur—some pretty broad ones. The writer will improve historically—that requiring only a little labour. The story will not class with Walter Scott's and Horace Smith's, but there are respectable positions below them, which it will be no contemptible distinction to occupy. We predict better things from another effort.

Almack's, a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. 1827.

—The great impelling principle of human nature—whether we look at society in the lump, or in portions, or in detail, is to make the most of advantages within its grasp. If a nation have power, it uses that power; if an individual have authority, he does the same; wealth must command; beauty will not throw away its charm, and accomplishments know their own value. Be these ad-

vantages what they may—birth, or station, or money, or talents, or acquirements—if they can be made available for the augmentation of power, they will be employed in augmenting that power, and they are fairly so employed. So long as a prejudice exists in favour of birth, those who possess the superiority will be desirous of retaining, or rather of extending, the privileges, which such prejudice creates. If that, or any other quality, be one which few only can possess, the distinction is the more valuable; and if it be one quite unattainable by art or industry, such as the accident of birth, or some of the exclusive graces of exclusive society, it is of higher value still, and makes the proud possessor more resolute in repelling encroachments. All attempts to place advantages of a different, but more common, and of an acquirable character, on a level with them, is naturally opposed. Thus birth and connection, which cannot be purchased, will, of course, in self-defence, resist the contact and invasion of mere wealth, which may be won by any body. The set, who figure at Almack's consist, or wish to consist, of persons of a certain degree of *éclat*—if not peremptorily of the higher families, yet certainly of those who have the superiorities resulting from intercourse with the higher society, and unattainable in any other quarter,—of those, who have made the best use of the best opportunities, which such intercourse presents,—of those, who are conspicuous for grace, or beauty, or accomplishments, or cultivated and exhibitable talents. The first principle—the binding quality of the institution—is to keep out vulgar competitors, and repress the presumption of such as are not content to rest in *propria pelle*.

The novel before us, which has already reached a third edition, has made a considerable sensation, as the phrase is, by laying open to the public gaze, the mysteries of this institution, and exhibiting the principles on which its exclusive dominion is wielded. After all, little, indeed, was there to tell. We have had “fashionable novels” before—many of them, no doubt, written by such as had only had occasional glimpses of what was passing behind the scenes, but some, nevertheless, of acknowledged fidelity—read, relished, and approved by the parties they profess to describe, and therefore such as may be safely regarded as faithful exhibitors of scenes—not accessible, nor at all approachable, by numbers; and for that reason, the object to many of intense curiosity. This story of Almack's is pretty manifestly the production of one who mingles with those he or she portrays. If not, the matter is *bien imaginé*, and that is, the next best thing to reality. There is an ease and quietness about the thing, generally felt to be the effect and characteristic of familiarity. The whole tone of it is natural—no exclamations, or wonderments—no reprobatings, or palliatings; but every thing seems to proceed from a state of feeling, quite unperturbed,—not spurning the

opinions of others, or affecting carelessness about them,—but not thinking about them; all such considerations being unawakened, from the party mixing with equals, and those of the highest class.

The scene is laid first in the country. The neighbourhood consists of a few families of rank, and some of respectability—all visiting—with one family of low origin and vulgar conceptions, but of prodigious wealth; whose great aim and ambition, at least that of the queen of the family, is to compete with the grandest. All parties look forward to the season in town; and Lady Birmingham's point is admission at Almack's. She sets skilfully and resolutely to work; she throws out her nets on all sides; spreads her cards profusely, though not at random; gives the most splendid and princely parties—and splendid parties are irresistible things, even to those who seem almost to live in them; and finally, in spite of all opposition on the part of the exclusionists, she triumphantly carries her point. The tale is of slender construction; nor is there any one scene of very remarkable felicity. The scene at the Abbey is the most so. The greater part consists of dialogue—and dialogue not distinguishable for point or vivacity. The book, however, is very far, indeed, from being unreadable. The writer possesses no little tact and ability, with a power of observation, and of communicating too, of no common occurrence.

A Table of Logarithms from 1 to 108,000, by Charles Babbage, Esq. &c. &c. &c.—There is something very ridiculous in finding that the French, who, of all the nations of the globe, are the fondest of submitting every question to analytical investigation, and of pushing their calculations to a length unwarranted by the observations on which they rest, never yet published any mathematical work in which the slightest dependance could be placed on the formulæ. Sometimes, as in the case of Lagrange's *Mécanique Analytique*, a whole series of terms disappear, the printer's devil, we suppose, having lost the copy. Then there is Legendre, demonstrating a proposition, by affirming as true the identical fact which he intends to prove. This is sheer negligence. Then again, from the appearance of the calculation in De Lambre's *Astronomy*, we have often been led to suppose that the different sheets of the manuscript had got mixed together in the hands of the printer, who was unable to rectify the confusion he had made. We need not extend the list. The same want of care is manifest in their tables as in their formulæ; and whoever has had occasion to employ the former, well knows the extreme caution with which alone they can be used. To the proverbial inaccuracy of the French tables, there is, however, a single exception in Callet's stereotyped logarithms, which, by gradual corrections during more than thirty years, have attained comparative perfection. We have nevertheless remarked that the edition of one

year for example, sometimes contained the errors which had been pointed out in the preceding one. Still, there was nothing in the rest of Europe to compare with them when the author of the work before us undertook to supply the deficiency. Of his competency to the task there cannot be two opinions; and of the singular fidelity with which it has been discharged, the work itself is an irrefragable proof. To make the numbers true to the last figure, recourse has frequently been had to original calculations; while general accuracy has been insured by independent comparisons with the best collections of logarithms extant. The work is printed on yellow paper, as being more grateful to the eye than white; but we have not space to detail the various arrangements by which the ingenious editor has facilitated the use of his work, and endeavoured to diminish at once the labour of the computer, and the sources of error to which he may be exposed; however, we state with pleasure that we never have seen a work so well adapted to the end for which it was designed.

The French Cook, by Louis Eustache Ude, late Steward to H.R.H. the Duke of York. The Eighth Edition: with two hundred Receipts. London, 1827:—The Italian Confectioner; or Complete Economy of Desserts: containing the Elements of the Art, according to the most Modern and Approved Practice, by G. A. Jarrin, Confectioner, 1827.—The French Cook!—the Italian Confectioner!—one's mouth waters at the auspicious sounds! If there be in the world a talent truly national, it is that of the French for cookery. If one art be, more than another, naturalized to the south of the Alps, it is not painting, not music, not sculpture—but confectionery! Sooth to speak, it has survived the decay of these its precursors, and, instead of retrograding with them, may now be considered as having reached its Augustan Age, in these our days.

We were very learned, a month or two ago, in a "Dissertation on Dinners;" but *our's* was merely the general prattle of the amateur scholar, which "pales its ineffectual fire" before the Porsonic condition of Ude. This finished artist—for such in his art he is—has just put forth the Eighth Edition of his work! This is even more astonishing than the enormous sale of the books of Mrs. Rundell and Dr. Kitchiner. (Alas, poor Yorick!) *These* were adapted to the meanest capacities, and to moderate kitchens—whereas, M. Ude comes upon us, gorgeous in all the magnificence of patrician and royal households, and laying bare before us mysteries very little short of those of alchemy. We must say, however, that he unfolds them with the lucidness of a real professor. When once he does admit the general gaze into the secrets of his laboratory, his learning is equally displayed by clear and brief explanation, as it is by the value and rarity of the thing explained.

But, though this is probably the most scientific cookery book extant, yet it is but an improved species of a genius already numerous. Cookery books—some good, some indifferent, and some very bad—we have had ever since the days of Mrs. Glasse, and probably much earlier. But a separate treatise, devoted to the art of confectionery, was yet unknown in our tongue. It was a want, indeed, of which the extent was probably never fully known till it was supplied;—for M. Jarrin's book, now we have it, we should be exceedingly sorry to part with. It will, we are very sure, not only furnish many a dainty which our palates would otherwise have never known, but it will also save the unhappy subject—whose digestion is not of the strongest—from many a heart-burn, caused by unfit ingredients, more unfitly mingled together. In the single article of *liqueurs*, M. Jarrin deserves the thanks of all lovers of good living. That we have not been guilty of mere inflation of style in calling confectionery an *art*, will be apparent from the following passage, which shews it indeed to be rather an union of many arts:—

That part of the work which regards the DECORATION OF THE TABLE, necessarily treats of the articles which compose the various ornaments used for this purpose; as *gum paste*, and the most approved mode of MODELLING flowers, animals, figures, &c.; of *colours* for confectionery, with full instructions how to prepare them; of varnishing and gilding; of MOULDING, with directions to enable every confectioner to make his own moulds; of *works in pasteboard, gold and silver papers, borders, &c. &c.*; and, to complete the whole, and render the confectioner independent of every other artist, the manner of ENGRAVING ON STEEL, and on wood, is fully explained.

The various arts of drawing, modelling, engraving, carving, moulding, and many other pursuits, usually considered foreign to the practice of the confectioner, have been closely studied by the author for many years; and the very numerous processes described in his work (many of which he invented) have all been employed by him with the most complete success.

This is, indeed, assuming high ground—but it is well kept throughout the volume—so well, indeed, as thoroughly to justify its assumption. We are sorry that we cannot lay a specimen before our readers; but it would truly be judging of a house by a brick, to form an opinion of a work embracing from five to six hundred receipts, by the extraction of one or two of them.

For the future, these works, we think, ought always to go together. If dinner be, as we fully admit, the most important business of the day, the couple of hours after it must rank as its most important pleasure. And where shall we find such able guides to each as Messrs. Ude and Jarrin? Truly, they deserve the gratitude of all who in any degree eat or drink (as the Baron of Bradwardine phrases it) "*quæ causâ*, for the oblectation of the gullet."

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

We are happy to hear an opinion is very prevalent that the Right Honourable Robert Peel will be called to the chair of this Society, which we shall congratulate on the creditable though tardy appointment of a liberal and enlightened President. At the meeting, on January 25, a paper by Davies Gilbert, Esq., was read "on the expediency of assigning specific names to all such functions of simple elements as represent definite physical proportions, with the suggestion of a new term in mechanics: illustrated by an investigation of the machine moved by recoil; and also by some observations on the steam engine." The new term is "efficiency," which it is proposed to substitute for the word "duty," employed by Mr. Watt, which word "duty" is to be retained for a similar function indicative of the work performed.—Feb. 1. There was read an account, by Dr. Harwood, of a new genus of serpentine sea animals. This animal was taken up at sea, in latitude 62 N., longitude 51 west. From its continued endeavours apparently to gorge a species of perch of greater circumference than itself it was in a very exhausted state, and scarcely made any efforts to resist its capture. It is about four feet six inches in length, is very slender, and the tail has a filamentous termination, occupying about two inches of the entire length of the animal; this begins at the termination of the dorsal fin, which, like all the other fins, is small. The colour is a purplish black, the filamentous portion of the tail being lighter than the rest. Dr. Harwood assigns to it the generic appellation of *Ophiognathus*, with the specific name of *ampullaceus*, with the following generic character: *corpus nudum, lubricum, colubriforme, compressum, sacco amplo abdominali*.—On the 8th of February, a paper was read, entitled "an examination into the structure of the cells of the human lungs, with a view to ascertain the office they perform in respiration, by Sir E. Home, illustrated by microscopical observations, by F. Buer, Esq."

MEDICO BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The anniversary meeting of this Society was holden on Tuesday the 16th of January, 1827. Sir James M'Grigor, M.D., President, in the chair. The President addressed the Society at considerable length; and informed the meeting that their council had awarded, in which he had no doubt they would concur, the gold medal to John Frost, Esq., F.S.A., F.L.S., for his valuable communication on the *Ipecacuanha*; and the silver medal to John Peter Yozy, Esq., for his paper on the *Menyanthes trifoliata*. The ballot for the council and officers having been closed, and the lists examined, the following gentlemen were de-

clared unanimously elected:—*President*, Sir James M'Grigor, M.D., F.R.S., K.C.T.S.; *Vice-Presidents*, Wm. Thos. Brande, Esq., F.R.S., Prof. Chem. R.I.; Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., F.R.S.; Sir Alexander Crichton, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S.; Major-General Sir Benj. D'Urban, K.C.B., F.R.S.; Edward Thos. Monro, M.D.; *Treasurer*, Henry Drummond, Esq., F.S.A.; *Director*, John Frost, Esq., F.S.A., F.L.S.; *Auditor of Accounts*, Wm. Newman, Esq., Secretary, Rd. Morris, Esq., F.L.S.; Hon. Libr. Dr. Monro; *Prof. of Bot.*, John Frost, Esq.; *Prof. of Toxicology*, George G. Sigmond, M.D., F.L.S.; *Conserv. of the Coll.*, John Peter Yozy, Esq.; *Council with the above*, Henry Brandreth, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., Peter Cosgreave, M.D.; Thos. Gibbs, Esq., F.H.S.; Thos. Jones, Esq.; Wm. Yarrell, Esq., F.L.S.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris.—Meeting of 18th December.—M. Aime Lemoine presented a copy of the new edition of the work of Galin, inventor of the Meloplast, requesting, in the name of the editor, that it might be referred to a commission, for which M. Prony was appointed. Dr. Deleau forwarded to the academy a work of his, printed in 1823, being a description of an instrument for re-establishing the hearing in many cases of deafness. The author remarked that this instrument is the same that was presented at the last meeting by M. Segalas, for the examination of the bladder. M. M. Audoin and Milne Edwards delivered for the archives the physiological part of their work on the circulation of the crustaceous animals. A memoir was sent on a method of throwing the light upon topographical maps. M. Giffroy St. Hilaire read a note on the identity of two nominal species of ornithorynchus. M. Majendie was elected to the chair of medicine, vacant by the death of M. Laennec. A favourable report was made by M. M. Prony and Favier on M. M. Vernet and Gauwin's process for generating steam. M. Gironde Buzareingues was named correspondent in the section of moral economy. M. Majendie read the second part of his memoir on the liquid which is found in the skull and the dorsal spine of man and mammiferous animals; he also shewed an anatomical preparation in wax, by M. Dupont, and which perfectly represents the objects to which his researches extended. On the 26th, M. Le Noir presented a memoir on the levelling circles and the ruler for calculating, with specimens of the latter. The minister of the interior forwarded some documents collected by the prefect of the Tarn, on an aerolith, which fell in that department. M. Buntin, who has constructed some barometers of a new form, requested the academy

to examine them—referred to M. M. Gay Lussac and Arago. M. Cauchy read two mathematical memoirs. M. Martins, of Munich, was elected correspondent of botany. M. M. Thenard and Chevreul made a favourable report on two memoirs of M. M. Bussey and Lecanu, on the distillation of fat bodies and chemical experiments on the oil of palma-christi. M. Brougniart read, for his son, a memoir on the generation and development of the embryo in the phanerogamous plants. M. Seguin read a note, entitled "Extract of a Memoir on Steam Navigation.—January 3, M. Dulong was nominated vice-president for 1827. M. Brougniart, vice-president the preceding year, entered into his office as president for the year 1827. Dr. Heurteloup wrote to the academy on the subject of Dr. Segalas' instrument, for examining the human bladder. A memoir on the comparison of meteorological instruments, was delivered by M. D'Hombre Firmes. M. Gambard wrote from Marseilles, that on the 27th December, he had observed a new comet a short distance from β Herculis, having $16^{\circ} 34'$ R. A., and $21^{\circ} 27'$ N. D. A memoir was read, of M. le Baron Portal, on the seat of epilepsy, which he places in the brain. M. Labillardiere made a verbal report on a general flora of the environs of Paris, by Dr. Chevallier. An analytical memoir of M. Fovier was read; also one by M. G. St. Hilaire, on a glandular process, recently discovered in Germany, in the *Ornithorynchus*, situated on the flanks of the abdominal region, and falsely considered as a mammary

gland; on this subject a dispute arose, between the author and M. De Blainville. Mr. Scoresby was elected correspondent in the section of geography and navigation, in place of the late M. Loevenhoern.—8th. The approximate elements of the last comet were delivered from M. Gambard. A memoir of M. A. de St. Hilaire, was read, on the linear series of polypetalous plants, and particularly those belonging to the Brazilian flora. M. Girard commenced a memoir, entitled, "Researches on Highways, Navigable Canals, and particularly on Railways." M. Nicod read a memoir on the polypi of the urethra and the bladder.—15. M. Seralles presented a memoir on new compounds of brome, hydrobromic ether, and cyanure of brome. M. Dutochet, a correspondent, informed the academy of some new experiments which he had instituted, and which give him reason to conclude, that the effect which is produced by two heterogeneous liquids, when separated by a thin partition permeable to water; is a phenomenon of general physics, and does not belong only, as he had at first thought, to a state of organization. M. G. St. Hilaire read the first chapter of his memoir on the sexual organ of the *ornithorynchus*. M. Dupont read some statistical researches on the comparative instruction and morality of different departments of France. M. Cauchy read some observations on the same subject. M. M. Audoin and Milne Edwards read the first part of their memoir, entitled "Anatomical and Physiological Researches on the Circulation of the Crustaceæ."

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Remarkable Effect of Refraction.—The most singular instance of refraction upon record is perhaps one that has recently attracted much attention in the neighbourhood of Chislehurst. During part of January and February, and as late as the 14th evening of the month of March, the planet of Jupiter—being, for some time past, in a region of the heavens where it has been unaccompanied by any conspicuous star—has been observed, between the hours of eight and ten, and when at an elevation of from eight to nearly thirty degrees, to have an undulatory or vibratory motion; describing, at one time, an arc of from about one to four degrees—appearing to start suddenly from its place towards the horizon, in a direction, sometimes perpendicular and sometimes oblique, towards the right and the left, and then to return as suddenly. The situations from which this phenomenon has been observed are nearly contiguous to each other, and are such only as enabled the planet to be seen when immediately rising above a wood in the neighbourhood, belonging to the manor of Scadbury, the property of Lord Sydney. To persons unacquainted with the phenomena of nature, this account may appear paradoxical or incredible; but the evidence on which it rests is such, that,

if it be rejected, there can hereafter be no evidence by which any other fact can be established. The concurrent, but independent testimony of respectable individuals, must surely overbalance any preconceived notions, which can be founded on little besides hypothesis; and, in this case, numerous individuals—some of the highest respectability, and equally intelligent—have simultaneously remarked the motion of the planet, though, from the singularity of the appearance, disposed to doubt even the testimony of their senses. We have not room to enter more into detail regarding the particulars of the evidence on which this fact is established; but an account of it will be given to an eminent society; and, should it not have ceased with the easterly winds, which have lately been so prevalent, we may furnish, in this Journal, some further notice on the subject.

Scientific Blunders.—The Copley medal, from the Royal Society of London, and the Lalande medal, from the Paris Institute, have been awarded to Captain Sabine, for the patience and zeal he displayed in his experimental researches upon the pendulum. A short time since it was discovered, that the value of each division of the level of the re-

peating circle, made for the occasion, by order of the Board of Longitude, to show the superiority of very small instruments of that kind, which the learned Captain had estimated at a single second, amounted, in fact, to ten seconds; so that all the results depending upon observations, made with this instrument, were vitiated throughout. The same circle was subsequently employed by Lieutenant Foster, in the northern expedition. We know not what to think of the accuracy of, or the dependence to be placed upon gentlemen, who can employ an instrument in all parts of the globe, without ascertaining its corrections, or verifying its adjustment; but we appreciate the discrimination, as highly as we estimate the judgment, of two scientific bodies, who have immortalized a series of exemplary blunders, by the well-merited distinction of an honorary medal.

Wonderful Effect of Lightning.—The following account of a miraculous effect of lightning is contained in Professor Silliman's valuable journal:—On the evening of June 3, 1826, during a heavy shower of rain, a clap of thunder burst, with a tremendous explosion, over a house in Wethersfield, Connecticut. The lightning ran down the chimney to the ceiling of the front room, where it came through, leaving a hole nearly an inch in diameter—tore off the paper and plaster from the wall—descended on a row of nails in the lathes to a picture—melted all the gilding—burned and tore one side of the frame—and, again rending its way, ran upon the nails to the fire-place, separated the breastwork from the chimney; and from thence taking a horizontal direction, attracted by an umbrella in the corner of the cupboard, a small line is to be seen, from a nail to a bolt, in an opposite closet. From the umbrella it went off at an angle, and came out over the fire-place in a lower room, in nine holes, the largest the size of a common gimblet, scorching and slightly tearing the paper. It entered at the corner of a picture, melted the gilding, blackened the frame, and, passing off at another corner, separated again into several lines, intersecting each other, until they centred in a nail in the shelf: it passed down the back of the moulding, tore away a hard cement below, threw forward a false back of brick and iron, split the floor on each side of the hearth, rent off splinters two feet in length from the under-floor in the cellar, and went east and west through a stone wall into the earth. The greatest force was exerted in the chamber-closet. The point of the umbrella was brass; and just beneath the wire which connects the whalebone, it was burnt off; and the silk, the stick, and the whalebone were nearly consumed. Several folds in some woollen carpets were burnt, leaving not a vestige for a yard in a place; a fur muff, a cloth coat, and some other articles were also much injured; a sleeve and part of the waist of the coat were destroyed—while the cotton lining, to which they were stitched, was left whole, and, ex-

cepting a small piece, was not even tender from scorching. A black sulphureous smoke arose from the spot, and filled the house. A lady was in the closet, with the door shut, and but a foot distant from the course of the lightning. The sound was dreadful, like cannon, at her ears, and the heat inexpressibly great, as if she were in the midst of flames. She spoke at first of intense light; but all consciousness of that has since passed from her mind. In this terrific and awful situation, she was preserved unhurt, came out immediately, and closed the door. It may be remarked, that she was clothed in cotton, and a roll of carpeting stood between her and the umbrella. Five boards were thrown down, and four rooms were filled with the smell of sulphur and covered with soot. The electrical fluid entered four closets adjoining the room in the lower story—ran round china cups, plates, &c.—raised and dissolved the gilding, or converted it into the purple oxide of gold—and, leaving a dark bluish path next to a nail, where it splintered the partition, escaped through the back of a door to a hinge. In a closet, without paint, it discoloured the wood three inches in width, broke four dishes, and drove out nine nails, four of them from a hinge; in a third, it left an aperture, as large as a bullet-hole, in the ceiling, split the floor three feet, and tore up four inches, about an inch wide; in a fourth, it overturned, tossed out, and broke large vials of medicines, pill-boxes, wafer-boxes, &c., drove four nails partly out of the hinges, and rent off a piece of the casement. On the top shelf lay several iron articles. It pierced the ceiling in the back room, came down in two branches, and so completely dissipated four cents, weighing about 165 grains, which lay upon a nail in the moulding, that, except a metallic stain on the lead paint of the shelf, not a trace of them remained; they appeared to have flashed away like gunpowder. In the chamber, eight feet from the chimney, it came out over the corner of a looking-glass in three places—the largest like a gimblet-hole—split the back-board of the glass into three parts, melted the gilding, and went off at an opposite corner, in one large place and nine small ones, through the wall to a window in the room beneath—splintered the casement, by a nail, into five or six small pieces—and killed a rose-bush, which was tied to a nail on the outside of the house. Opposite, and fifteen feet from the chimney, hung a piece of embroidery; three small holes are left in the wall over one corner of it; two-thirds of the top of the frame, which is of mahogany, is split up to a corner, where it appears as if the fluid ran down the back of the glass to a basket wrought with gold thread, and, blackening it, passed off at another corner, through three small places in the wall, and came out in five points, like nail-marks, in the ceiling over a looking-glass in the first story, ran all over the gilding, and went off through the wall by the nails which support the glass. The

paint in the chamber was turned of a very dark colour, with a metallic cast; the paper was red and blue; the red, excepting near the floor, has entirely disappeared. There was no lightning-rod on the house.—[Since writing the above, the chimney has been examined. A hole, an inch long, is found in the garret, four feet from the ceiling of the chamber where it came through: no crack or any other fracture is to be seen. The *rending* effects of the lighting were not more conspicuous than they often are in similar cases; but the delicate selection made of metallic articles, the manner in which they were affected, and the minuteness of the ramifications of the fluid through the apartments were very remarkable].

Scourges of Agriculture in the Isle of France.—It is well known that all the islands in which the sugar-cane is cultivated are subject to the most destructive visitation of rats, which multiply in an almost incredible degree, and attain the most extraordinary size and ferocity. Besides this scourge, the latest accounts from the Isle of France inform us, that it has been ravaged by granivorous birds, which, at the time of harvest, entirely stripped the fields of rice; and to such a height had the two calamities increased, that the colonial government offered a reward to those who would assist in the destruction of these two species of animals. In execution of this measure, eight of the arrondissements of the island transmitted to the governor, in a single month, 830,473 rats' tails, and 930,549 heads of birds, as a proof of the destruction of 1,769,022 individuals of these two destructive races.

Level of the Ocean.—A gradual subsidence of the waters of the Baltic in particular, and perhaps of the ocean generally, has been asserted and denied by many very eminent natural philosophers. That an æstuary formerly extended nearly to Canterbury seems evident upon an attentive examination of that part of Kent; and tradition and historical documentary evidence support the hypothesis. Very many other places might likewise be pointed out, as situated on the water's edge, which are now more than ten miles distant from the sea. Mr. Robberds, who has recently published some Observations on the Eastern Vallies of Norfolk, has now been led, both from physical and historical proofs, to conclude that all the eastern vallies of Norfolk were formerly branches of a wide æstuary, and that their present rivers and lakes are the remains of that large body of water by which their surface was overspread even in times comparatively recent, a change resulting from a depression of the German Ocean itself.

Natural History.—In some of the earlier numbers of this journal for last year, we announced the discovery of some new species of Batracian animals. A new species of Siren has recently been discovered in America, by Captain Le Conte, who has denominated it "Siren Intermedia." In its colour,

it resembles the *S. Lacertina*; and in its gills, *S. Striata*.

Rural Economy.—An eminent foreign journal has stated that the result of the following experiment upon feeding cows has been entirely successful, and that animals fed in this manner have yielded the same quantity of milk in winter and in summer without its quality being deteriorated:—Take a bushel of raw potatoes, break them, and place them in an upright barrel, a layer of potatoes alternating with a layer of bran—a small quantity of yeast being introduced into the middle of the mass;—allow this to ferment during eight days, and before the vinous fermentation has ceased—but when the taste thence arising has pervaded the whole mixture—let it be given to the cows, who will eat it with avidity.

Atmospheric Phenomenon.—Mr. Atwater, an eminent American naturalist, in a paper, relating to the state of Ohio, published in Professor Silliman's Journal, has recorded the following atmospheric phenomenon. Before a storm here (Ohio), I have often noticed in an evening of the latter part of autumn, and sometimes in the winter, a phenomenon not recollected by me to have been seen on the east side of the Alleghanies: some one spot or spots near the horizon, in a cloudy night, appeared so lighted up, that the common people believed there was some great fire in the direction from which the light came. I have seen at once two or three of these luminous spots not far from each other; generally there is but one; and a storm, invariably proceeding from the same point near the horizon, succeeds in a few hours.

Disputed Inventions.—We really think Professor Leslie one of the most unfortunate beings in existence. For some time after the appearance of Dr. Brewster's Edinburgh Journal, a section of almost every number was devoted to the investigation of the learned Professor's claims to different inventions, which were uniformly adjudged to be untenable. In the Annals of Philosophy for April 1826, an account was given of an instrument for ascertaining the specific gravity of powders, recently contrived by Mr. Leslie. The Annals of Philosophy (incorporated with the Philosophical Magazine) for March 1827, contains an extract from Ferussac's Bulletin des Sciences, &c., in which it is stated that this streometer was invented, twenty-nine years ago, by a French engineer of the name of Say, who fell in Egypt; that drawings and a complete description of it are contained in the 23d vol. of the Annales de Chimie; and that it has been frequently used, and still exists in the Ecole Polytechnique. All this may be true, and the Professor be guiltless of piracy. We do not believe that a man who has so much of which to be justly proud, would endeavour to defraud another of his right. We do not think that any man possessing common sense, could have acted with the degree of weakness which his opponents ascribe

to Mr. Leslie. But we do conceive, that the notoriety to the rest of the world that some of the discoveries which he has announced as new had been previously known, is a proof that he has rediscovered them himself; and if, in some instances, he have no title to the claim of originality, he is certainly not to be branded as a pirate. We appeal to the experience of every individual who has thought upon subjects connected with the arts, whether or not innumerable ideas and inventions have not occurred to his mind, which more extensive reading or more accurate accounts have not proved to have been long reduced to practice by others. The case of the pendulum is one in point, and we could cite many similar instances. Intentional plagiarism deserves no pity; but when two men make the same discovery, if priority of invention be accorded to one, surely the other is exempt from reproach.

Physical Strength of Man.—The result of experiments with a dynamometer, instituted by Peron, in his voyage to Australia, is expressed in the following scale:—*Manual Strength.*—Inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, New Holland, Timor, France, England. The ratio between the first and last, being 5 : 7. *Strength of the Loins.*—The

order of the people is the same, but the ratio between the extremities is as 5 to 8.

Superficial Temperature of the Ocean.—A series of observations, made in the vicinity of New Holland, has led to the same conclusions as those of Marsigli, in the Mediterranean, viz. At the surface, in the morning and in the evening, the sea and the air have the same temperature. The sea is colder than the air at noon, and warmer at midnight.

Violaciousness of Sharks.—The two following instances of tenacity of life in the shark are recorded by the French traveller M. L. de Freycinet. A fish of this species, about ten feet long, and from which the head and entrails had been removed, was left upon the deck of a vessel, apparently dead. In about ten minutes, the sailors who were preparing to wash the deck, seized the fish by the tail, to drag it forward, when the creature made such violent efforts as almost to overthrow the persons around it. In the other instance, the animal had been completely eviscerated more than two hours, but sprang up several times upon the deck, when a sailor laid hold of its tail, designing to cut it off with a knife. A hatchet was necessarily had recourse to for the operation.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Captain Andrews, who went out as a Commissioner from the Chilian Feruvian Mining Company, to engage mines in South America, has prepared a Narrative of his Journey from the Rio de la Plata, by the United Provinces, into Upper Peru; thence by the Deserts of Coranja, to the Pacific, which will shortly appear.

The Historical and Biographical Commentaries, on which the Author of the Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature, has been so many years engaged, will be completed (unless other engagements imperiously interfere) some time next autumn. They will occupy three closely-printed octavo Volumes.

Mr. Colnaghi will publish, in a few days, a highly-finished engraving, by Cochran, from a beautiful portrait by Ross, of the Rt. Hon. Lady Chetwynde; being the 28th of a series of portraits of the Female Nobility.

A Print of Fishermen on the Look-out, from a picture in the possession of the Earl of Liverpool, painted by W. Collins, R.A. and engraved in the line manner by Joseph Phelps, will be published in the spring.

A Treatise on the Natural History, Physiology, and Management of the Honey Bee, by Dr. Bevan, will be published this month.

The Author of "Head Pieces and Tail

Pieces, a series of Tales, by a Travelling Artist," is preparing for publication a moral tale, in one volume, to be entitled, "A Peep at the World, or the Rule of Life."

Nearly ready, a Historical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Account of Kirkstall Abbey, illustrated with highly-finished Engravings in the line manner, by John Cousen, from drawings by Wm. Mulready, esq. R.A. and Chas. Cope.

A new work, by G. Poulet Scrope, esq. F.R. and G.S.S. on the Geology of Central France, and particularly the Volcanic Formations of Auvergne, the Velay, and Vivaray, in 4to. accompanied by an Atlas, containing numerous coloured plates, and two large maps, will be published in a few days.

The copious Greek Grammar of Dr. Philip Buttmann, is nearly ready for publication; faithfully translated from the German by a distinguished scholar.

The Rev. John Bardsall is preparing for publication, an edition of a scarce and valuable work, entitled, 'The Sinner's Tears, in Meditation and Prayer,' by Thomas Fettiplace.

Theology; or, an Attempt towards a Consistent View of the Whole Counsel of God; with a Preliminary Essay on the Practicability and Importance of this Attainment. By the Rev. J. H. Hinton, A.M. of Reading.

Mr. John Hawkesworth is preparing a History of the Merovingian Dynasty; being the first part of a new History of France.

In a few days will appear, in foolscap 8vo. *Olgiati Tragedia di Giovanni Battista Testa-di Trino.*

Godfrey Higgins, esq. Author of a Treatise entitled *Horæ Sabbaticæ*, has nearly ready for publication a work called the *Celtic Druids*. It will consist of one volume, 4to. and be elucidated by upwards of fifty highly-finished Lithographic Prints of the most curious Druidical Monuments of Europe and Asia.

H. T. de la Beche, esq. has in the press, a *Tabular and Proportional View of the Superior, Supermedial, and Medical (Tertiary and Secondary) Rocks*. To contain a list of the rocks composing each formation; a proportional section of each; its general characters, organic remains, and characteristic fossils—on one large sheet.

The *Chronicles of Wesleyan Methodism* are in the press; exhibiting an Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Circuits in its connexion, the names of the Preachers who have travelled in them, and the yearly order of their succession, from the establishment of Methodism to the present time: accompanied by interesting plates of Autographs, &c., and numerous pleasing memorials connected with the Origin and Progress of Methodism. By John Stephens.—Also, a *Comprehensive Statement of its principal Doctrines, Laws, and Regulations*: carefully compiled, expressly for this work, from the most authentic sources, by Samuel Warren, LL.D.

The *Life, Voyages, and Adventures of Naufragus*; being a faithful Narrative of the Author's real Life, and containing a series of remarkable Adventures of no ordinary kind, in one vol. 8vo.

Miss Edgeworth has in the press a Volume of *Dramatic Tales for Children*, intended as an additional volume of *Parent's Assistant*.

The *Book-Collector's Manual*; or, a Guide to the knowledge of upwards of 20,000 rare, curious, and useful Books; either printed in, or relating to, Great Britain and Ireland, from the earliest period to the present time.

Preparing for publication, the *History and Antiquities of the Town and Honour of Woodstock*; including *Biographical Anecdotes, &c.* By J. Graves, esq.

Sir Hudson Lowe, it is stated, has sent for publication to this country, a *Memoir of all the Transactions at St. Helena*, while he was Governor of that Island, and the Custodiar of Buonaparte.

The Rev. Greville Ewing has completed a new edition of his *Scripture Lexicon*, considerably enlarged, and adapted to the general reading of the Greek Classics.

No. II. of *Rohson's Picturesque Views of all the English Cities* is nearly ready.

The first number of a work, to be entitled *The Quarterly Juvenile Review*; or, a Periodical Guide for Parents and Instructors in their selection of new Books, is announced.

Heraldic Notices of Canterbury Cathedral, with Genealogical and Topographical Notes, &c. in 4to. by Thomas Willement. Author of *Regal Heraldry*, is nearly ready.

Nearly ready, *Absurdities, in Prose and Verse*; with *Humorous Designs*.

The *Castle of Villeroy*; or, The *Bandit Chief*. By Anne of Kent, Authoress of *The Rose of Clermont*.

In the press, in two volumes, 8vo. *The Lives of the Bishops of Winchester, from the first Bishop, down to the present Time*. By the Rev. Stephen Hyde Cassan, A.M. Author of the *Lives of the Bishops of Salisbury*. The work will contain a verbatim Reprint of an exceedingly scarce volume, known as *Sale's History of Winchester*, though chiefly written by Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.

Mr. Gilchrist, of Newington Green, is preparing for the press a work, to be entitled, *Unitarianism Abandoned*; or, *Reasons assigned for ceasing to be connected with that Description of Religious Professors who designate themselves Unitarians*.

Mr. Gutch, of Bristol, has in the press a very interesting volume, entitled, *Second Thoughts on the Person of Christ; on Human Sin; and on the Atonement*; containing *Reasons for the Author's Secession from the Unitarian Communion*, and his adherence to that of the Established Church. By Charles Abraham Elton, esq.

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7. John Bennett, Bristol, for his metal dovetail joint, applicable to portable and

other furniture, and any framework requiring strength and durability.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

GENERAL CAULAINCOURT.

Armand Augustine Louis Caulincourt, the descendant of an ancient family, was born in Picardy, in the year 1772. Devoted to the profession of arms, he was, at the commencement of the revolution, an officer of cavalry. He did not emigrate, but served under the revolutionary standard; and, after making several campaigns as a colonel of dragoons, he became aid-de-camp to Buonaparte, when first consul. Having obtained

the confidence of his aspiring master, he was regarded as a suitable agent for the arrest of the Duc d'Enghien; an honourable mission, which several officers, of more squeamish principles, had refused. In the course of the same year, he was named Grand Ecuyer of France, made general of division, and presented with the grand cross of the Legion of Honour. He subsequently received various orders of knighthood from Bavaria, Saxony, Prussia, Russia, and Austria. At the time when Buonaparte was carrying on his plans

against Austria, Caulaincourt was sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg. He was four years ambassador at the Russian court, where he received from the Emperor Alexander the cross of the order of St. Ann of the first class. Regarded, however, with dislike by the Russian nobility, he was subjected to various mortifications; and, at length, under the well understood pretext of ill health, he solicited and obtained his recall. He returned to France in 1811. In Buonaparte's mad and infamous expedition against Russia in the year 1812, Caulaincourt was his chosen aid-du-camp and companion; and, after a narrow escape from fire and sword, and frost, he returned with his crest-fallen master in a sledge.

After the desperate battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, in 1813, Caulaincourt was appointed to negotiate with the Russian and Prussian plenipotentiaries. The armistice, to which he was a party, was soon broken; and the defeat of Buonaparte, at Leipsic, ensued. After hostilities had been removed from Germany to France, Caulaincourt, who had been elevated to the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs, was sent to negotiate with the allies at Chatillon; but, on some temporary success, achieved by Buonaparte, he was instructed to raise his claims. The consequence of which was, that the allies broke off the conferences, and marched to Paris.

On the abdication of Buonaparte at Fontainebleau, Caulaincourt, then Duke of Vicenza, was the abdicator's chief negotiator; and he signed the treaty of the 11th of April between the ex-ruler and the allies.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, Caulaincourt became a private man; and, before a month was at an end, he made an attempt to justify himself respecting the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien. On this subject he published a letter from the Emperor Alexander; his object in this was to shew, that when the arrest took place, he was employed at Strasbourg on other business—that General Ordonner was the officer who arrested the prince—and that Ordonner alone was employed in that affair. Soon afterwards, however, a pamphlet appeared, with the title—"On the Assassination of Monseigneur the Duke d'Enghien, and of the Justification of M. de Caulaincourt." The pamphlet was anonymous; but it was forcibly written; and, by references to diplomatic documents, it formed a decisive refutation of Caulaincourt's assertions.

Caulaincourt, about the same time, married Madame de Cenisy, a lady who had been divorced; and, with her he retired into the country till Buonaparte returned from Elba. He was then (March 21) made Minister for Foreign Affairs. He was extremely active in his endeavours to re-establish the Corsican dynasty; and he was incessant in his assurances to all the foreign ministers—whose missions were, in fact, at an end—that Buonaparte had renounced all projects of conquest, and that his only desire was

peace. He addressed circular letters, of the same tendency, to all foreign courts, but equally without effect. One of those circulars came afterwards, with a letter from Buonaparte, to his present Majesty, who was at that time Prince Regent. These curious documents were both laid before parliament. A conciliating and even humble letter was sent by Caulaincourt to the Emperor of Austria; but, like the others, it received no answer.

On the 2d of June, Caulaincourt was named by Buonaparte, as a Member of the Chamber of Peers. On the 17th, he announced to that body, that hostilities were on the point of commencing. He was again employed as one of the commissioners on the final deposition of his master.

When Louis XVIII. was reinstated, Caulaincourt quitted France, and, for some time, resided in England. He at length returned to his native country, where he died at his hotel, No. 57, Rue St. Lazare, on the 20th of February. He endured a long illness with great fortitude. His funeral took place on the 28th of February, in the church of Our Lady of Loretto.

WILLIAM MITFORD, ESQ.

William Mitford, Esq., whose name will descend to posterity, as that of the historian of Greece, was the elder brother of Lord Redesdale, a descendant from the Mitfords, of Mitford Castle, in Northumberland; a very ancient family, the original name of which was Bertram. He was the son of John Mitford, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, by his wife, Philadelphia, daughter of Wm. Revely, of Newby, in the county of York, Esq., and first cousin of Hugh Percy, first Duke of Northumberland. He was born in London, on the 10th of February, 1744. The early part of his education was received at Cheam School, Surrey, whence he was sent to Queen's College, Oxford. There he made great progress in his studies, and became inspired with an ardent taste for ancient literature.

On leaving college, he commenced the study of the law; but quitted that profession, on obtaining a commission in the South Hampshire Militia, in which regiment he afterwards was Lieutenant-colonel. His father died in 1761, when he succeeded to the family estate in Hampshire. As early as the year 1766, he married Frances, daughter of James Molloy, Esq., of Dublin, whose wife, Anne, daughter of Henry Rye, of Farringdon, in the County of Berks, Esq., was related to the noble family of Bathurst.

About the year 1774, Mr. Mitford published anonymously an octavo volume, entitled "An Essay on the Harmony of Language, intended principally to illustrate that of the English Language." A second edition of the work appeared in 1804.

In 1778, Mr. Mitford was chosen Verdurser of the New Forest. The house which he rebuilt there, about twenty years ago, and

in which he was accustomed to reside during part of the year, is delightfully situated, in the neighbourhood of, and between Lymington and Southampton, on the shore of the west channel, or Solerit Sea, nearly opposite Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight. The beauties of the place have been illustrated by the pencil, and also by the pen, of the picturesque Gilpin.

While in the militia, Mr. Mitford published a "Treatise on the Military Force, and particularly of the Militia of the Kingdom;" and, in 1791, while the public mind was agitated with a grand national question, relative to the means of supplying the country with bread, he published another tract, entitled "Considerations on the Opinion stated by the Lords of the Committee of Corn, in a Representation to the King upon the Corn Laws, that Great Britain is unable to produce Corn sufficient for its own Consumption," &c. It was Mr. Mitford's opinion, that it was not only possible, but easy, for our Island to supply a sufficient quantity of wheat for the use of its inhabitants.

It was in the year 1784 that the first volume of Mr. Mitford's "History of Greece," in 4to. came before the public. The favourable manner in which it was received by the ablest and soundest critics, encouraged the author to proceed. The second volume was published in 1790; the third in 1797; but the work was not completed till the year 1810. As a whole, this production displays great research, and is executed with much judgment.

Mr. Mitford was twice elected M.P. for the borough of Beeralston, in Devonshire; thirdly, for New Romney, in Kent. He first became a member of the Legislature in 1796; but he does not appear to have spoken in the House until 1798, when he delivered his opinion on a proposition, brought forward by Mr. Secretary Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, for increasing the number of field-officers in the militia, &c. He opposed the measure in its different stages; contending that the militia should be governed by the militia laws, and not by those of the regular army; and strongly recommending a salutary jealousy, relative to a standing army in this country. On a subsequent occasion he again advocated the cause of the militia, and strenuously opposed certain innovations which were then contemplated.

By his lady, Mr. Mitford had a family of six or seven; of whom his third son, Henry, after attaining the rank of a captain in the Royal Navy, perished in the service of his country. Mr. Mitford died in the month of February.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Dr. Walker King, Bishop of Rochester, was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he took his degree of A.M. in 1766, and B.D. and D.D. in 1788. He was several years preacher to the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn, and private Secretary to the

Duke of Portland, through whose interest he was, in the year 1808, promoted to the See of Rochester. He held, also, the office of provincial chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, a Canonry of Wells, and a Prebend of Peterborough.

Dr. King was the only surviving executor of Mr. Burke. It was always understood, that the late Dr. French Lawrence, Burke's steady friend, and coadjutor in drawing up the historical part of Dodsley's Annual Register, was to publish the life of the departed statesman. At Dr. Lawrence's death, however, his task not having been accomplished, all the requisite MSS. and documents were consigned to Dr. King. That prelate edited the latter volumes of Mr. Burke's works; and it was his intention to close his editorial labour by a life of their author. The life, indeed, has been repeatedly announced as nearly ready for publication.

The only works, we believe, that the Bishop ever published of his own, were two sermons. His Grace was a member of the Society of Antiquaries. He died at Wells, on the 21st of February.

WILLIAM KITCHINER, ESQ. M.D.

All who knew Dr. Kitchiner—the whimsical, the eccentric, the kind-hearted Dr. Kitchiner—will join with us in the exclamation—"we could have better spared a better man!" The worthy Dr. had three grand hobbies; respecting either or each of which his modes of management and riding would afford ample *matériel* for a highly amusing volume. Necessarily, however, our notice must be concise.

William Kitchiner was the son of — Kitchiner, Esq., an eminent coal-merchant, resident in the Strand, and subsequently one of the magistrates for the County of Middlesex. With the year of his birth we are unacquainted. He represented himself at eight-and-forty; but we have seen his age variously stated at fifty-one and fifty-four; and, judging from appearances, he certainly could not have been far from his grand climacteric. He was educated at Eton. His father had a strong *penchant* for music; a similar taste, if not inherited, was acquired, at a very early age, by the subject of this sketch; and, if we mistake not, it was at one time in contemplation to cultivate his scientific talent, by placing him under one of the leading professors of the day. From choice, or accidental circumstance, however, he adopted the medical profession. He took his degree of M.D.; but whether he ever practised as a physician we know not. Fortunately for him, his father is understood to have left him an unencumbered property, to the amount of sixty or seventy thousand pounds; and, as Dr. Kitchiner's establishment and habits of life—living in a comparatively small house, and keeping only a coachman, footman, and two or three maid servants—were not of a nature to indicate the expenditure of his full income; and, as he must have made con-

siderable sums by some of his literary undertakings—the probability is, that he has left a larger fortune than he inherited. Dr. K. married many years ago; but his match was an unsuitable one, and a separation soon ensued. His wife, by whom he had no family, is still living. A natural son of the Doctor's, who has been educated at college, and is now about the age of one-and-twenty, will come into possession of the bulk of his property.

Dr. Kitchiner's love of music accompanied him through life; and, to the last, he played and sang with considerable taste and feeling. Though always an epicure—fond of experiments in cookery, and exceedingly particular in the choice of his viands, and in their mode of preparation for the table—he was regular, and even abstemious in his general habits. There were times, indeed, when, according to his own statement, his consumption of animal food was extraordinary. The craving was not to be repressed, nor easily to be satisfied. It had nothing to do with the love of eating, abstractedly considered, but was the result of some organic and incurable disease. Dr. Kitchiner's hours of rising—of eating—of retiring to rest—were all regulated by system. He was accustomed to make a good breakfast at eight or nine. His lunches, to which only the favoured few had the privilege of *entrée*, were superb. They consisted of potted meats of various kinds, fried fish, savoury *pâtés*, rich *liqueurs*, &c. &c., in great variety and abundance. Whatever credit these *piquant* and luxurious repasts might reflect upon his hospitality and gastronomic taste, we confess that, in our estimation, they said little for his medical judgment, or for his kindness towards the digestive functions of his friends. His dinners, unless when he had parties, were comparatively plain and simple; served in an orderly manner—cooked according to his own maxims—and placed upon the table, invariably, within five minutes of the time announced. His usual hour was five. His supper was served at half-past nine; and at eleven, he was accustomed to retire. His public dinners, as they may be termed, were things of more pomp, and ceremony, and *étiquette*. They were announced by *notes of preparation*, which could not fail of exciting the liveliest sensations in the epigastric region of the highly favoured *invitées*. One of these *notes* we have before us; and, though it may have been seen by some of our readers, it is a curiosity in itself, and is well entitled to preservation:—

“Dear Sir—The honour of your company is requested, to dine with the Committee of Taste, on Wednesday next, the 10th instant.

“The specimens will be placed upon the table at five o'clock precisely, when the business of the day will immediately commence.—I have the honour to be, your most obedient servant,

W. KITCHINER, SECRETARY.”

August, 1825.—43, Warren-street,
Fitzroy-square.

“At the last general meeting, it was unanimously resolved, that—

“1st. ‘An invitation to ETA BETA PI, must be answered in writing, as soon as possible after it is received—within twenty-four hours at latest,’ reckoning from that on which it is dated;—otherwise the secretary will have the profound regret to feel that the invitation has been definitely declined.

“2d. ‘The Secretary having represented, that the perfection of several of the preparations is so exquisitely evanescent, that the delay of *one minute* after their arrival at the meridian of concoction, will render them no longer worthy of men of taste;

“Therefore, to ensure the punctual attendance of those illustrious gastrophilists, who on grand occasions are invited to join this high tribunal of taste—for their own pleasure, and the benefit of their country—it is irrevocably resolved, ‘That the janitor be ordered not to admit any visitor, of whatever eminence of appetite, after the hour which the secretary shall have announced that the specimens are ready.’—By order of the Committee,

“WILLIAM KITCHINER, Sec.”

Latterly, Dr. Kitchiner was in the habit of having a small and select party to dine with him, previously to his Tuesday evenings conversazione. The last of these delightful meetings was on the 20th of February. The dinner was, as usual, announced at five minutes after five. As the first three that had been invited entered his drawing room, he received them seated at his grand piano-forte, and struck up “See the Conquering Hero comes!” accompanying the air, by placing his feet on the pedals, with a peal on the *kettle drums* beneath the instrument. This, to be sure, was droll; but, at all events, it was harmless.

For the regulation of the Tuesday evenings’ conversazione alluded to, Dr. K. used to fix a placard over his chimney-piece, inscribed:—

“At seven come—
At eleven go.”

It is said, that upon one of these occasions, the facetious George Colman, on observing this admonition, availed himself of an opportunity to add the pronoun *IT*, making the last line run—“at eleven go *it*!” At these little social meetings, a signal for supper was invariably given at half-past nine. All who were not desirous of further refreshment would then retire; and those who remained descended to the parlour to partake of friendly fare, according to the season of the year. In summer a cold joint, a lobster salad, and some little *entremets*, usually formed the repast; in winter, some nicely cooked little hot dishes were spread upon the board, with wines, liqueurs, a variety of excellent ales, &c. As these parties were composed of the *literati*, and of professors and amateurs of all the liberal arts, it will readily be imagined that the mind as well as the body was abun-

dantly regaled—that “the feast of reason and the flow of soul” were never wanting. So well were the orderly habits of the Dr. understood, that, at the appointed time, some considerate guest would observe “’tis on the strike of eleven.” Hats and cloaks, coats, and umbrellas, were then brought in; the Dr. attended his friends to the street door, looked up at the stars—if there were any visible—gave each of his friends a cordial shake of the hand, wished him a hearty good night, and so the evening was closed.

Dr. Kitchiner possessed the estimable virtue of never speaking ill of any one: on the contrary, he was a great lover of conciliation, and to many he proved a valuable adviser and a firm friend. In manner, he was quiet and apparently timid. As we have said, however, he had three grand hobbies: these were cookery, music, and optics; and, whenever he ventured upon either of them, he was full, cheerful, and even eloquent. His books—of which he wrote many—were all whimsical, all amusing, and all abounding, amidst their eccentricity, with useful points of information. His *Cook’s Oracle* (of which a new edition was completed just before his death)—his *Practical Observations on Telescopes* and on *Spectacles*—his *National Songs*—his different works on Music—his *Housekeeper’s Economy*—his *Pleasure of making a Will, &c.*, are well known to the public; and the last, we presume, will speedily be increased by the *Traveller’s Oracle*, and the *Horse and Carriage Keeper’s Oracle*; both of which were nearly ready for publication at the period of their author’s decease.

This inoffensive, amiable, and ever useful man, dined at his friend Braham’s, on Monday the 26th of February. He was in better spirits than usual; as, for some time past, in consequence of a spasmodic affection and palpitation of the heart, he had been occasionally observed in a desponding state. He had ordered his carriage at half-past eight, but he remained at Mr. Braham’s till nearly eleven. On his way home, he was seized by one of those violent fits of palpitation which he had of late frequently experienced; and, on reaching his house in Warren street, Fitzroy-square, he alighted, ascended the stairs with a hurried step, and threw himself on a sofa. It would be as painful as unavailable to dwell upon the parting scene. Every assistance was immediately afforded, but without effect, and, in less than an hour, he expired, apparently without consciousness, and without a pang.

Dr. Kitchiner’s remains were interred in the family vault at the church of St. Clement Danes in the Strand, but, from some want of management, the funeral was neither so respectably nor so numerously attended as the station in life and extensive connexions of the deceased required. A monument, it is understood, will be erected to his memory, in the new church of St. Pancras, in which parish he had long resided.

M.M. New Series.—VOL. III. No. 16.

Dr. Kitchiner made a will about sixteen years ago; and we have been informed by a gentleman who was one of the attesting witnesses, that the instrument was as remarkable for its eccentricity, as are any of the published productions of the testator. From some family differences, as we have heard, the Dr. had been lately induced to make another will, with a very different disposal of his property. It had been intended for signature on the Wednesday following the Monday that he died. It was fortunate for at least one individual, that death timed his stroke as he did.

M. PESTALOZZI.

M. Pestalozzi, who may be regarded as a benefactor of the human race, was born at Zurich, in Switzerland, in the year 1745. Though of patrician birth, he devoted himself, at an early period of life, to the service of the humbler classes. He saw and pitied their ignorance, and resolved to meliorate their situation. He produced a novel, entitled “*Leinhard and Gertrude*,” the object of which was to interest the feelings of the poor by a picture of their occupations, necessities, and desires; while, at the same time, it inculcated a love of virtue. The work became popular in Germany as well as in Switzerland, and the author was encouraged to renew his exertions. Between the years 1781 and 1797, he published his *Weekly Journal for Country Folks*, *Letters on the Education of the Children of indigent Parents*, *Reflections on the March of Nature in the Education of the Human Race, &c.*

After the abolition of the ancient Swiss Governments, and the meeting of the Helvetic Legislative Council at Arau, M. Pestalozzi addressed to the council a tract, entitled, “*Reflections on the Wants of the Country, and principally on the Education and Relief of the Poor.*” Soon afterwards, he was appointed principal editor of the *Helvetic Journal*, a paper devoted to the moral and religious interests of the people. In 1799, he was nominated director of an orphan institution, which the government had established at Stantz. This appointment enabled him to reduce some of his theories to practice; at Stantz, he became at once the teacher, steward, and father of the institution; and there he formed the plan of interrogative education, which has since been known throughout Europe by his name. When the establishment was dissolved, the government assigned him a mansion at Burgdorf, that he might be enabled to carry on his system with boarders. Afterwards he removed to the castle of Yverdon, which was presented to him by the Canton of Vaud. There he continued to prosecute his honourable labours; and, subsequently to his removal, he published many works on the important subject of education. Some of the latter years of his life were occupied in preparing his numerous publications for a complete and systematic edition. His last pro-

duction was entitled "Advice to my Contemporaries."

In the year 1803, M Pestalozzi was one of the deputation which Buonaparte summoned from the Swiss Cantons to deliberate on the means of restoring tranquillity to Switzerland; but he returned home before any arrangement could be effected. This worthy man died at Brugg on the 17th of February, after a few days' illness.

M. FELLEMBERG.

M. Fellenberg, the friend and countryman of Pestalozzi, was born at Bern, in the year 1771. His mother, a great grand-daughter of the celebrated Dutch Admiral, Van Tromp, was accustomed to repeat to him, in his early youth, this excellent advice:—"The great have friends in abundance; be you, my son, the friend of the poor, the support of the unfortunate and oppressed." The early part of his education was conducted with great care at home; subsequently, he was sent to the public establishment at Colmar, in Alsace, in France; but his ill health obliged him to return, some years afterwards, into Switzerland. There he accustomed himself to live upon bread and water; and, in all respects, to adhere to the severest regimen. In his travels through Switzerland, France, and Germany, commenced soon after his return, it was usual for him to stop some time in the villages, assuming the appearance of an artisan, or of a labourer, that he might with more facility be enabled to study the characters of men, and the nature of their wants. Once he was solicited by a young woman, to undertake the religious instruction of her uncle, who was deaf. M. Fellenberg, by means of gestures, succeeded in making himself understood; but his zeal produced no other effect than that of gaining his pupil's good-will, although he actually resided with him in solitude for a whole year, near the lake of Zurich. From that period, forming an intimacy with Pestalozzi, he devoted his time and attention to the education of youth. Submitting to the new order of things in Switzerland, in 1798, M. Fellenberg exerted his influence amongst the peasants with the happiest effect. However, as the government refused to perform what he had promised in their name, he withdrew his interference in public affairs.

Of an exceedingly speculative turn, M. Fellenberg now purchased the estate of Hofwyl, of which all the world has heard, two leagues northward from Berne; and there he formed,—*first*, a farm, which was intended to serve as a model to the neighbourhood, in all that might be useful in agriculture, cultivating it under his own care, and actually increasing its customary produce five-fold;—*secondly*, an experimental farm, for the instruction of pupils who resorted to it from various parts of Europe;—*thirdly*, a manufactory of agricultural implements, farming utensils, &c., with which was connected a school of industry for the

poor, who were taught the business of the various handicrafts;—*fourthly*, a boarding-school for young gentlemen;—and, *fifthly*, an institution for instruction in agriculture, theoretical and practical. He also established a school for the instruction of teachers belonging to the surrounding country; but that scheme was, after some years, abandoned.

Of M. Fellenberg's establishment at Hofwyl—the entire business of which was conducted by the founder, and thirteen assistants—full accounts have been published in the *Bibliothèque Britannique*, and other continental works. To enable him to examine every part of the institution, and to observe what was going forward, in even the remotest corners, M. Fellenberg constructed a lofty tower in the centre, from which, by means of a glass, and a speaking trumpet, he conducted the several operations. It must be admitted, however, that the establishment has not been productive of all the advantage that was anticipated.

Amongst the pupils who were sent to study at Hofwyl, were several young men of the first rank in Germany. The late Emperor Alexander of Russia employed a confidential person to examine, and report on the institution; and his Imperial Majesty was pleased to accompany the insignia of an order of knighthood to M. Fellenberg, with a handsome letter, in autograph. M. Fellenberg died early in the present year; having left a standing committee entrusted with the execution of his testamentary regulations, with regard to the schools for the poor.

COUNT GIRARDIN.

Count Stanislaus Girardin, who died early in March, was the son of the Count de Girardin, the friend and protector of Rousseau, and generally considered to have been the original of that author's Emilius. He was born in the year 1768; and his education was conducted upon the principles laid down by the Genevese philosopher. Early in life he entered the army. He was a member of the Legislative Assembly, and a strenuous supporter of the constitution of 1791. After the deposition of Louis XVI., he took no part in public affairs; yet, during the tyranny of Robespierre, he was subjected to imprisonment for a considerable period. After Buonaparte had been raised to the Consulship, he became a member of the Tribunal; in which office he had violent altercations with Benjamin Constant, relative to the project for the reduction of justices of the peace; and with Carion de Nisas, who made an attack upon the character of Rousseau. At the time that the army, raised for the invasion of England, was encamped at Boulogne, Count Girardin returned to his original profession, in the capacity of Captain in the 4th regiment of the line. He served in Italy—obtained there the rank of Colonel—was raised to be a Brigadier-general in 1808—and took a part in the first Spanish campaigns. In 1809, he was elected a member of the Legis-

lative Body, but retired from that Assembly in 1812, and was appointed Prefect of the Lower Seine. In 1814, he acted with the Royalists, in opposition to Buonaparte; and Louis XVIII. made him a Knight of the Order of St. Louis. It would not appear, however, that, as a public character, he ever possessed the confidence of the King. When Buonaparte returned from Elba, Girardin was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies. The King, when re-instated, restored to him the Prefecture of the Lower Seine, but soon afterwards dismissed him. In 1819, he was again employed for a short time in the Côte d'Or, and again dismissed. He has since distinguished himself in the Chamber of Deputies, as a strenuous supporter of the rights of the people.

THE MARQUIS DE LA PLACE.

France has experienced a serious loss in the death of the Marquis de la Place, a mathematician and astronomer of the first rank. This distinguished ornament of science was the son of a husbandman, resident at Beaumont-en Auge, near Pont L'évêque. He was born in the year 1749. For some time he taught the mathematics at the school in his native town; but he was induced to regard Paris as the only proper sphere for his talents. There, by his skill in analysis, and in the higher geometry, he soon acquired reputation. At the expense, and under the immediate patronage of the president, De Saron, he published his first work: this, we believe, was his *Theory of the Motion and Elliptical Figure of the Planets*. M. La Place was the successor of Bezout, as examiner of the Royal Corps of Artillery; and he became, successively, member of the Academy of Sciences, of the National Institute, and of the Board of Longitude. In the year 1796, he dedicated, to the counsel of five hundred, his work, entitled *The Exposition of the System of the World*. In the same year, he appeared before the bar of that Assembly, at the head of a deputation, to present the annual report of the proceedings of the National Institute; and, in an appropriate address, devoted to the memory of men of talents and learning, he paid an affecting tribute to the worth of his generous benefactor, De Saron. Some time afterwards, he was, under the Consular government, appointed Minister of the Interior; from which office he was, in December, 1799, transferred to the Conservative Senate, to make room for Lucien Buonaparte. In July, 1803, he was elected President of the Conservative Senate; and, in September, he became Chancellor of that body, with the title of Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour. In September, 1805, he made a report to the Senate, on the necessity of resuming the Gregorian calendar, and discarding that of the revolution—a piece of mummery which, with all its absurdities, had been stolen from the Dutch colonists, at the Cape of Good Hope. M. La Place was, in 1811, named counsellor to the Maternal

society; and, in 1813, Grand Cordon of the Re-union. In April, 1814, he voted for a provisional government, and the dethronement of Buonaparte; services for which Louis XVIII. rewarded him with the dignity of a peer. He was nominated a member of the French Academy, in 1816, and President of the Commission for the Re-organization of the Polytechnic School.

Besides numerous articles in the collections of the National Institute, the Academy of Sciences, and the Polytechnic School, the principal works of La Place were as follow:—*Theory of the Motion and Elliptical Figure of the Planets*, 1784;—*Theory of the Attractions of Spheroids, and the Figure of the Planets*, 1785;—*Exposition of the System of the World*, 2 vols. 1796;—*Treatise on Celestial Mechanism*, 4 vols. 1799, 1803, 1805;—*Analytical Theory of Probabilities*, 1812;—*Philosophical Essay on Probabilities*, 1814.

The Marquis de la Place was, if we mistake not, the first who analytically proved the existence and extent of the lunar atmosphere, and verified its secular equation. He also determined the reciprocal perturbations of all the principal planets; and he forwarded, by important discoveries, a similar work on the Satellites of Jupiter, commenced by Lagrange, and completed by Delambre.

This nobleman's studies, however, were not confined to the mathematics, geometry, and astronomy: he devoted himself, with considerable ardour, to chemistry; in conjunction with Lavoisier, he invented the calorimeter; and he repeated the experiments of Monge and Cavendish, on the decomposition of water.

The Marquis died, much regretted, on the 5th of March, in the present year.

DR. EVANS.

The Rev. John Evans, LL.D. was born at Usk, in Monmouthshire, in the year 1767. He was educated at the Dissenting Academy, Bristol, whence he removed, in 1787, to King's College, Aberdeen. In 1791, he settled in London; and has ever since officiated, with great credit to himself, and satisfaction to his congregation, at the Baptist Meeting-house in Worship Street.

Dr. Evans had an establishment for youth at Islington; his political principles were remarkable for soundness and loyalty; he was the author and editor of numerous religious, moral, and literary publications; and, without the remotest pretension to genius, or high talent, he was a very useful man in his day.

Dr. Evans's best known work is his *Brief Sketch of the Denominations into which the Christian World is Divided*; the first edition of which was published in 1793, and it has since gone through many large editions. Its plan, and the liberality of its tone, are its chief recommendations. A work of the same nature, but infinitely superior, might, and ought to be produced.

Amongst Dr. Evans's other productions, are—An Address to Promote a Revival among the General Baptists—Juvenile Pieces, designed for Youth—a Sermon on the Deaths of Drs. Kippis, Stewart, and Harris—An Apology for Human Nature, by the late Charles Bulkeley—An Attempt to Account for the Infidelity of Gibbon—Moral Reflections, suggested by a View of London from the Monument—an Epitome of Geography—The Juvenile Tourist—Picture of Worthing—Tour to Brighton, &c. Sermons, &c.—Dr. Evans was also, for some time, the editor of a periodical work, entitled the *Monthly Visitor*.—He died at Islington on the 25th of January.

COUNT LANJUNAIS.

M. le Comte Lanjuinais was born at Rennes, in 1753. He became an Advocate and Professor of Common Law in the University there, as well as Counsellor to the States of Brittany, which were elected by the three orders before the convocation of the States General, in which he represented his native town. The revolution had begun in that province previously to the meeting of the States General at Versailles. Lanjuinais was at the head of the popular party. Unlike the generality of the revolutionists, however, he was a man of piety, sobriety of manners, and of the utmost probity in his general conduct. In the famous Breton Committee at Versailles, he opposed giving the title of Prince to the members of the Royal Family; and he objected to the external decorations of those personages, and wished to deprive the King and the Dauphin of the *Cordon Bleu*. He attacked the usurpations of the See of Rome, and defended the liberties of the Gallican Church. Mirabeau's attempt to procure admission for the Ministers of State into the Representative Assembly was defeated by the spirited opposition of Lanjuinais. However, after the insurrection in the Champ de Mars, he united with the constitutional party, and endeavoured to check the excesses of the revolution. In September, 1792, he was elected to the National Convention, by the department of Ile and Vilaine. There he was assailed by Marat, who reproached him for wishing to have a guard collected from all the departments for the security of the Convention. On the 5th of November, he united with Louvet in his accusations against Robespierre. During the trial of Louis XVI. he most energetically opposed the unfair and illegal mode of proceeding adopted towards the fallen monarch; and he voted for his confinement and banishment after a peace, without recognizing the right to try or to judge him. On the 8th of February, he supported the decree for bringing to justice the author of the massacres of September, but was interrupted by the enraged Mountaineers, not only with menaces but with poinards. As one of the moderate, and, therefore, equivocal party, he was pro-

scribed at the head of a list of seventy-one deputies. Having been ordered under arrest he escaped, and lay concealed for eighteen months in a hay-loft at his house at Rennes. Saved by the vigilance of his wife, and of a female domestic, he was reinstated in the Convention in March 1795; and when that body was renewed by the election of the two-thirds, his name was put up by 73 Departments, and generally at the head of the list. As a member of the Council of Ancients, he endeavoured to steer a moderate course, and to deviate as much as possible from the rigours of the revolutionary system.

On the return of Buonaparte from Egypt, M. Lanjuinais was nominated to the Legislative Body; and, in March 1800, he was removed to the Conservative Senate. He opposed Buonaparte's nomination to the Consulate for life; and he is said to have exclaimed in the Senate on that occasion, "You are choosing a master from that island whence the Romans disdained to take their slaves." On the assumption of the title of Emperor by Buonaparte, M. Lanjuinais was silent; and he was named, at that period, Commandant of the Legion of Honour. In April, 1814, he voted for a Provisional Government, and the delthronement of Buonaparte; and, on the 4th of June following, Louis XVIII. created him a Peer of France. In 1815, he was nominated Deputy to the Chamber of Representatives during Buonaparte's renewed sway, and was elected President of that body by a large majority. Louis XVIII. however did not resent this proceeding; and Lanjuinais retained his place in the Chamber of Peers. His warm and independent spirit excited the animosity of the Ultra Royalists; and on his nomination to the Presidentship of the Electoral College of Ile and Vilaine, he was accused of republicanism, and 172 electors petitioned the King against his appointment.

Making due allowance for the extraordinary character of the times, M. Lanjuinais carried himself through the revolution as a man of honour, humanity, and spirit. His scholastic attainments, which were considerable, procured him admission into the National Institute. The Royal Ordonnance of July, 1816, placed him in the Academy of Inscriptions. Amongst his writings, are two elaborate treatises, one on Tithes, the other on the Constitution of France. He was also the author of various eloquent papers on literary, historical, and political subjects in the *Revue Encyclopédique*.

For some time previously to his decease, which occurred on the 20th of January last, the Count Lanjuinais enjoyed the *otium cum dignitate* in a splendid mansion near Paris, in the bosom of an interesting family. Deputations from the Chamber of Peers, and the Academy of Inscriptions, attended his funeral, which was honoured with a military *cortège* of about 200 horse, and followed by a vast assemblage of the populace. Three discourses were delivered at the grave.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

In many of the preceding Reports attempts have been made to connect the occurrence of diseases in the human body with certain conditions of the atmosphere; and it is but reasonable to presume, that when any particular disorder manifests itself very abundantly, it has for its cause some agent not less extensively diffused. It will not, however, be supposed, that, while supporting this doctrine, the Reporter has been insensible to the operation of a variety of other causes in the production of human maladies. He would enumerate, amongst the most important of these, our food, drink, exercise, and clothing; the influence of time in impairing the structure of our frame, which is, in one word, *age*; a mind overstretched, or over-anxious; a constitution originally feeble and delicate, which is, translated into pathological language, *scrofula*; and, lastly, the condition of the soil upon which we tread. But, besides these obvious and cognizable causes of disease, there are a variety of changes which take place in the functions of the body, which the physician would in vain attempt to explain on these or any other of the more acknowledged principles of diseased action. There is, indeed, something about the *origin* of disease which is exceedingly puzzling; and the Reporter is strongly inclined to think that the blame is often laid, both by the world generally, and by physicians themselves, to causes which are, in truth, perfectly innocent of the imputed mischief. These reflections have been called forth by the circumstance of the last month having been remarkably free from severe atmospheric and epidemic malady, and having exhibited, in the Reporter's practice, a rather unusual share of those complaints which, whether justly or unjustly, medical men are in the habit of imputing to some one or other of the causes above enumerated.

The reign of coughs and colds is not, indeed, yet at an end. The mild and soft weather, however, which has chiefly prevailed during the last month, has greatly broken their force; and, though late in shewing themselves, they may perhaps, in strictness, be all laid to the charge of the preceding frost. Several cases of erysipelas have lately occurred—a disease which has given occasion to much controversy. Many of the disputed doctrines in our science have descended to us from the fathers of physic; but the discussions concerning the nature, seat, and treatment of erysipelas are altogether of modern origin, and have evidently sprung out of our improved notions concerning the primary structures of which the human body is composed. It is certainly a curious circumstance that the same disease should at one time occur idiopathically, and exhibit all the symptoms of a genuine *exanthema*; and, at another, present itself under the form of a common inflammation—the obvious consequence of some external injury. Such is the fact: but the Reporter cannot agree with a late writer (Mr. Arnott), that the circumstance is sufficient to constitute any real distinction between the two affections. A remark of the same author is deserving of more consideration; *viz.* the connexion of erysipelas of the face with inflammation of the fauces. In fact, he believes the one to be only a continuation of the other. The observation is certainly borne out by the phenomena of a case now under the Reporter's care. This case is, perhaps, more curious on another account, as illustrating the hereditary tendency to erysipelas. The father had the disease very severely six years ago; the daughter, now only ten years of age, has it in a degree hardly less violent. The sort of dogged determination of some practitioners to treat all cases of erysipelas upon the same plan—*viz.* bark and tonics—would have caused great astonishment in former times; nor can the Reporter consider it justified by any principle in pathology. In his own practice he finds the necessity of accommodating the plan of treatment to the character of the accompanying symptoms. Clearing the bowels, by castor oil and rhubarb, is of undisputed value; and, when a check has once been given to the spread of heat and swelling, the decoction of bark is eminently serviceable. The violence of constitutional excitement (or, in the less pretending language of the old school, the ebullition of the blood and humours) is seldom so high as to call for the evacuation of blood: but the Reporter would no more fear it in erysipelas than he would in small-pox or measles. Cooling spirituous lotions to the affected part are infinitely preferable to the use of dry powders, so much in vogue in Scotland, but which increase the heat of the surface; and thus aggravate one of the greatest sources of uneasiness to the unfortunate sufferer.

During the last twelvemonth it has fallen to the Reporter's lot to witness a variety of cases of ulcerated tongue. The ulcers are usually situate upon the tip and sides of the tongue: they are seldom deep, and the inconvenience they occasion is scarcely sufficient to induce the patient to swallow nauseous medicine; but they give evidence of considerable constitutional disturbance. In one case they proved very obstinate, but ultimately yielded during the cure of a severe fit of jaundice, by which the patient was attacked. In another case, they accompanied a generally cachectic state of body, which terminated in a fatal consumption. A case of the kind, now in progress of cure, has been much benefitted by the Abernethian system, which, as we need hardly tell our readers, consists in the exhibition of blue-pill at night, with a bitter aperient, carrying with it some carbonate of soda, the following morning.

An interesting case of aneurism of the aorta, in an elderly person—shewing the effects of time in deranging the *structure* of the body—has terminated during the last month. Examination of the body after death shewed the beautiful provision of Nature for preventing the

sudden effusion of blood. The sac of the aneurism was thick and strong; and, but for pressure on the windpipe, the patient might have long survived. An occasional patient of the Reporter's has for many years had an enormous aneurismal tumour of the same kind; in spite of which he follows his employment as a carpenter, and uses the hammer freely and without fear.

The only other case which the Reporter will now mention is one which is interesting, as shewing the occasional inefficiency of the most scientific investigations into the origin of disease. A woman, of about thirty-six years of age, had, for a very long time, complained of weakness and indigestion. She had consulted many doctors, had taken mustard-seed, blue-pill, and almost every drug, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth on the wall. Inflammation of the bowels at length carried her off; and it was discovered, upon subsequent examination, that the cause of her complicated sufferings was the growth of various masses of *hydatids* in the abdominal cavity. It is perhaps worthy of note, as evidence of the instruction to be derived from close attention to the feelings of the patient, that this person frequently expressed to those around her, her belief that she had something alive within her.

8, Upper John Street, Golden Square,
March 22, 1827.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

A RENEWAL of the frost for upwards of a week, and variable weather, again put a stop to getting-in the spring crops, for which the lands universally were in a forward state, working remarkably well, from the effects of a dry summer and a sufficiency of frost, though late in the winter. The farmers, in course, were under the necessity of a temporary suspension of the field culture, and of a return to their usual occupations, in such case, of carting manure, threshing, or any object of immediate interest in the various business of the homestead. Notwithstanding the heavy rains, the field culture has since recommenced; and, on the best soils, sowing the spring crops is, in general, in a considerable state of forwardness, and the seed well got in. On the other hand, in low-lands subject to be flooded, and in those northern districts where the late high winds and snow-storms have proved so injurious, field business has been much retarded, and its conclusion will necessarily be somewhat late. The great desideratum at present is a good cover of March dust, to absorb the superfluous moisture of the late rains, which, however, have been scarcely even yet in quantity sufficient to replenish and renew the springs in those counties where they were completely exhausted by the summer's drought. If the wheats on the ground have really received any damage from the severity of the weather, it will most probably be experienced in Scotland, and in the northernmost and most exposed parts of the country. Taking the crop generally, it may be pronounced thus far safe and of good promise; for, standing thick upon the ground, as for the most part it did, thinning of it, in a slight degree, may prove rather beneficial than otherwise. The clovers and various seed crops are said not to have escaped considerable damage. One very unfortunate effect of the above impediments from the weather, has been the withholding employment from that mass of wretched and starving labourers, which has long burthened so many parts of the country, and for which no remedy seems even in prospect. The lambing of the Dorset ewes, the most forward breed, has, on the whole, been successful, notwithstanding the difficulties of the season and the shortness of provision. From the South-downs, likewise, the accounts are favourable—more so, indeed, than can be expected from less favoured districts, where the ewes have suffered greatly from exposure and want of due nourishment, and where yet a long interval of want and almost starvation must be gone through. Root crops have been long since exhausted, where most wanted; and all-mighty custom has likewise, too long since, forbidden the *storing* of them, as a winter and early spring resource. Hay is quoted in Derbysire, and various other distant counties, at from 6*l.* to 14*l.* per ton; straw as high as 6*l.* 6*s.*, and to be obtained with difficulty even at those unheard-of prices. The almost insuperable difficulty of supporting live stock must naturally reduce the price of lean stores: yet cattle, in good condition, and particularly good milch cows, maintain a considerable price: but sheep and lambs are not equally saleable. Fat stock is every where in request, and dear, and must continue so; bacon, butter, and cheese advancing in price. The horse-market much the same as it has been throughout the winter; ordinary horses not easily saleable, but the young and of high qualification not to be obtained but at a high price. The import of cart-horses has again commenced on the coasts of Kent and Sussex; 100 two and three years' olds have been lately landed. The wool market remains *in statu quo*, and must so remain, until manufactures and commerce regain the *status quo ante*, or that flourishing state in which they were before bedlamite speculations brooded and hatched the late crisis, which the delinquent, in the vain hope of shielding itself from due shame and reproach, has vainly endeavoured to lay at the door of *currency*, the need of an *equitable adjustment*, and other profundities! The seed market, in advance for every article: seed oats, peas, and beans have obtained great prices. Government, after the most painful and long-continued efforts to come at a right understanding of the great question

at issue, and the apparently real intention of holding the balance even between the two great interests, has, according to the usual course of human affairs, pleased neither, but left the majority of both dissatisfied. The Corn Bill, however, when known, was supposed so much in favour of the landed interest, that it actually put speculation on the alert, and occasioned an immediate rise of two or three shillings per quarter in the price of wheat. Second thoughts have occasioned a relapse; and, in fact, all speculation on the subject, for the present, must be a mere blank, unless it be probable to expect that the continental holders of wheat will be glad to avail themselves of an opportunity of which they have been so long deprived—the open ports of this country. In such case, they may possibly overload our market in the first instance, which, nevertheless, under their present extent of culture, they cannot do permanently—at least for many years to come. The old stocks of malt, fortunately large, are moving and clearing-off at a high price. Complaints of distress and apprehension, general among the tenantry: yet all the operations of husbandry are carrying on with considerable effect, and no discouraging news afloat of quitting farms. The imperial measure seems to have been better relished in Scotland than in the south, where, after all, the objections to it are probably not grounded in a thorough consideration of the nature of the case. Spring is cheerfully putting on one of its finest suits of green in our capricious yet fortunate climate.

Smithfield.—Beef, 4s. to 5s. 4d.—Veal, 5s. 4d. to 6s.—Mutton, 4s. to 5s. 8d.—Lamb, 6s. 9d.—Pork, 4s. 4d. to 6s.—Wilts Bacon, 5s. to 5s. 4d.—Irish, 4s. to 4s. 8d.—Raw fat, at 2s. 6d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 44s. to 68s.—Barley, 36s. to 44s.—Oats, 24s. to 42s.—Bread, 9½d. the 4lb. loaf.—Hay, 80s. to 130s.—Clover ditto, 90s. to 140s.—Straw, 32s. to 45s.

Coals in the Pool, 36s.—40s.

Middlesex, March 22, 1827.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Cotton.—Prices are still nominal, and in little demand. Orleans, 6d. to 7d.; Barbadoes, 7d. to 7½d.; Demerara, 8½d. to 10d.; Brazil, 7d. to 11d.; Sea Island, 7d. to 10d.; West-India, 6½d. to 10d.

Coffee.—In no demand for exportation, and dull for home consumption. A few purchases have been made by the grocers at our last quotations.

Sugar.—The market continues brisk, and good bright qualities are saleable at an advance of 1s. per cwt. Pieces, 50s. to 66s. per cwt., as in quality.

Rum.—Continues from 1s. 8d. to 3s. 3d. per imperial gallon, as in strength and flavour. —Leward Island in little demand.

Brandy and Hollands.—Brandy keeps up its price; and Hollands in little demand, and flat in the market.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—Continue steady, without any alteration.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 7.—Antwerp, 12. 8.—Hamburgh, 37. 6.—Altona, 37. 7.—Paris, 25. 85.—Bordeaux, 25. 85.—Berlin, 7.—Frankfort on the Main, 154½.—Petersburg, 8½.—Vienna, 10. 21.—Trieste, 10. 24.—Madrid, 34½.—Cadiz, 34½.—Bilboa, 33.—Barcelona, 33.—Seville, 33.—Gibraltar, 34.—Leghorn, 47½.—Genoa, 43½.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 38½.—Palermo, 114½.—Lisbon, 58½.—Oporto, 48½.—Buenos Ayres, 43.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9d.—Silver in bars, standard 4s. 11d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 268l.—Coventry, 1150l.—Ellesmere and Chester, 99l. 10s.—Grand Junction, 290l.—Kennet and Avon, 25l. 15s.—Leeds and Liverpool, 385l.—Oxford, 680l.—Regent's, 35l.—Trent and Mersey, 1,850l.—Warwick and Birmingham, 268l.—London Docks, 83l.—West-India, 193l. 10s.—East London WATER WORKS, 120l.—Grand Junction, 66l. 10s.—West Middlesex, 67l.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE.—1 dis.—Globe, 144l.—Guardian, 18l. 15s.—Hope, 5l.—Imperial Fire, 91l.—GAS-LIGHT, Westminster Chartered Company, 56l.—City Gas-Light Company, 0l.—British, 13½ dis.—Leeds, 195l.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 21st of February and the 21st of March 1827; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

BARKER, D. Bath, draper
Harris, J. Plymouth, joiner
Taylor, G. Meltham, Yorkshire, clothier
Miles, W. Hereford, mercer
Musgrave, J. Bromley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer
Bird, W. Cheltenham, plasterer
Wood, B. Pitchcombe Mill, Gloucestershire
Nelson, M. Preston, Lancashire, innkeeper
Haskins, S. Bristol, grocer
John Longman Shepherd and Henry Fricker, Southampton, linen-drappers
Peter Smith, Liverpool, hatter

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 134.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

ATFIELD, J. Richmond, Surrey, carpenter. [Sheffield, and Co., Great Prescott-street, Goodman's fields]
Abbot, J. Bristol, saddler. [Saunders, Bristol; Jones, Crosby-square]
Avery, S. T. Prospect-place, Chelsea, ironmonger. [Sergeant, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane]
Ashcroft, H. and J. Manchester, slaters. [Perkins and Frampton, Gray's-inn; Thomson, Manchester]
Burchell, W. Ensham, Oxon, ironmonger. [Helder, Clement's-inn]
Bennet, W. Kennington, victualler. [Wilks, Finsbury-place]
Broad, T. Penzance, linen-draper. [Jones, Sizelane]
Barnes, J. Ledbury, Herefordshire, innkeeper. [Elgie, Poultry; Elgie, Ledbury]
Barter, J. Manchester, clogger. [Hewitt, Manchester; Bun and Co., King-street, Cheapside]
Barker, E. Drummond-crescent, Somers-town, soda-water manufacturer. [Ford, Great Queen-street, Westminster]
Butler, R. Nottingham, joiner. [Knowles, New-inn; Hurst, Nottingham]
Burditt, J. Gillifitts, York, fancy cloth manufacturer. [Wiltshire and Fenton, Old Broad-street; Fenton, Huddersfield]
Browne, T. S. Wymondham, Norfolk, tanner. [Wiltshire and Fenton, Old Broad-street]
Blackburn, C. P. Paradise-street, Rotherhithe, carpenter. [Pelham, Fenchurch-street]
Blounley, P. and Co. Heap, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. [Appley and Co., Raymond-buildings, Gray's-inn; Woodcock and Co., Bury]
Brabham, W. H. and Co. Manchester, hatters. [Lever, Gray's-inn-square; Achus, Manchester]
Barwise, H. Great Newport-street, tailor. [Jackson, New-inn, Strand]
Bloxam, W. Abingdon-street, Westminster, merchant [Stevens and Co., St. Thomas Apostle]
Badnall, R. jun. and Co. Leek, Staffordshire, silk manufacturers
Breary, G. W. Manchester, draper. [Crowder and Co., Lothbury]
Bush, W. Brightelmstone, dealer. [Grimaldi and Co., Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street]
Beatson, A. Huddersfield, shopkeeper. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn Fields; Allison, Huddersfield]
Beaumont, W. Steps Mill, Yorkshire, fulling, miller. [Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Allison, Huddersfield]
Bragg, N. Whitehaven, butcher. [Chisholme, Lincoln's-inn Fields; Fisher and Co., Cockermouth]
Booth, B. Runcorn, Cheshire, grocer. [Barker, Gray's-inn-lane; Dodd, Warrington]
Barker, J. Bath, woollen-draper. [Cary, Bristol; Poole and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
Bellamy, J. B. Shipston-upon-Stour, Worcester-shire. [Findon and Co., Shipston-upon-Stour; Gore and Co., Gray's-inn-lane]
Boorman, R. Broughton-Malherbe, Kent, grocer. [Clare and Dickenson, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry; Southgate and Powell, Lenham]
Bishop, J. Goswell-road, grocer. [Amery and Coles, Throgmorton-street]
Cross, J. Belle Sauvage, Ludgate-hill, coach-master. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn]
Chappell, W. Strand, pork-butcher. [Tanner, Basinghall-street]
Cotsworth, T. Wells-street, Camberwell, builder. [Vallance, Earl-street, Blackfriars]
Curtis, W. Dockhead, linen-draper. [Jones, Sizelane]
Crane, J. Bristol, grocer. [Bourdillon and Co., Broad-street, Cheapside; Bevan and Co., Bristol]
Cope, H. Barnet, tailor. [Bensfield, Chatham-place]
Carr, W. H. and G. Over-Darwen, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Winstanley and Cotterell, Preston]
Cooke, W. Rockfield, Monmouth, mealman. [Robinson, Walbrook; Gough, Hereford]
Day, W. Norwich, brassfounder. [Parkinson and Co., Norwich; Brooksbank and Co., Gray's-inn]
Davies, A. Llanllwennair, Montgomery, flannel-manufacturer. [Brandstrom, Newtown; Spence, Tavistock-street]
Dawson, E. Jermyn-street, victualler. [Vandercom, Bush-lane, Cannon-street]
Drummond, J. Brown's-lane, Spitalfields, distiller. [Brutton, Broad-street]
Davall, G. Birmingham, gun barrel rubber. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Meredith, Birmingham]
Drake, J. Southgate, victualler. [Fitch, Union-street, Southwark]
Dimond, A. Alfred-mews, Tottenham-court-road, wheelwright. [Rhodes and Co., Chancery-lane]
Dixon, W. Horncastle, Lincolnshire, maltster. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row; Parker, Horncastle]
Day, W. Lime-street-passage, Lime-street, provision-dealer. [Ewington, Bond-court, Walbrook]
Ewbank, T. H. George-street, Oxford-street, brewer. [Clarkson, Essex-street, Strand]
Evans, W. Rotherhithe, ship builder. [Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane]
Edmonson, W. Outhwaite, Lancashire, grocer. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Pearson, Kirby-Lonsdale]
Fleming, J. Pendleton, Lancashire, plumber. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Foulkes and Co., Manchester]
Fox, T. and Co. Vauxhall, confectioners. [Beverley, Temple; Phillips, Ledbury]
Ffolds, J. Hertford, dealer. [Grover and Stuart, Bedford-row]
Fulham, T. Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, braid-manufacturer. [Jones, Crosby-square]
Franks, A. Manchester, innkeeper. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane]
Garbett, E. W. Lambeth, zinc-manufacturer. [Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house]
Giblett, R. Frome Selwood, Somerset, currier. [Hartley, New Bridge-street]
Gorle, J. Hales Owen, Salop, victualler. [Bigg, Southampton-buildings]
Goodrich, R. Cheltenham, whitesmith. [Dax and Co., Gray's-inn; Stone and Co., Tetbury]
Garman, H. N. Tredegar-place, Bow-road, surgeon. [Ashley and Co., Tokenhouse-yard]
Gough, J. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. [Brewster, Nottingham; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]
Hopkins, E. G. Fenchurch-street, indigo-broker. [Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane]
Henige, W. Brighton, draper. [Platts, Jewin-crescent, Jewin-street]
Hodson, J. Manchester, merchant. [Higson, and Co., Manchester; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane]
Harrison, T. Gilbert's-buildings, Westminster-road, boarding-house-keeper. [Rippen, Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars-road]
Hart, A. Mount-row, Lambeth-street, jeweller. [Spyers, Broad-street-buildings]

- Hall, P. Ashton, Lancashire, shop-keeper. [Morris, Wigan; Ellis, and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Heyward, J. N. Totness, Devonshire, grocer. [Blake, Essex-street, Strand; Taunton, Totness]
- Hogle, J. and Co., Bacuf, Lancashire, maltsters. [Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Thorley, Manchester]
- Hill, S. Kidderminster, tailor. [Coates, Pump-court, Temple; Brinton, Kidderminster]
- Hudson, J. Ramsgate, coach-master. [Redaway, Clement's-inn, Strand; Wells, Ramsgate]
- Holland, J. Louth, Lincolnshire, miller. [Laing, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn; Phillips, Louth]
- Hodgson, W. Pickering, Yorkshire, cornfactor. [Hicks and Co., Gray's inn-square; Walker, Malton]
- Harrison, W. and Co. Chorley, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. [Hurd and Co., Temple]
- Heffer, J. Wickham - market, Suffolk, drover. [Brouleys, Gray's-inn; Wood and Son, Wood-bridge]
- Holker, W. Leeds, innkeeper. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Hargreaves, Leeds]
- Harris, J. Modbury, Devonshire, linen-draper. [Shaw, Ely-place; Terrell and Tucker, Exeter]
- Jordan, W. Leeds, joiner. [Smithson and Co., New-inn; Dunning, Leeds]
- Jacobs, J. Phoenix-street, Crown - street, Soho, glass-manufacturer. [Isaacs, Bury-street, St. Mary Axe]
- Knott, J. C. Ashford, Kent, ironmonger. [Street and Co., Brabant-court, Philpot-lane]
- Lucas, T. Bampton, Derby, ironfounder. [Vickery, New Boswell-court; Gillet, Chesterfield]
- Lea, C. L. Leeds, stuff-manufacturer. [Stocker and Co., Boswell-court; Scott and Co., Leeds]
- Lane, T. jun. Upton-upon-Severn, corn-dealer. [Becke, Devonshire - street, Queen - square; France, Worcester]
- Lawton, W. Hey, Cheshire, woollen-manufacturer. [Wiglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn; Thompson and Co., Halifax]
- Levy, L. Sherborne - lane, general - merchant. [Smyth, Red Lion-square]
- Litchfield, T. Elizabeth-terrace, Islington - road, carpenter. [Edwards, Temple-chambers]
- Loder, A. Bath, music-seller. [Turner, Bath; Price, New-square, Lincoln's-inn]
- Moody, W. A. Aldersgate-street, coach-master. [Williams, Barnard's-inn]
- Monat, M. Weymouth and Melcombe-Regis, Dorset, victualler. [Bower, Chancery-lane]
- Macclean, H. Cambridge, tea-dealer. [Chester, Staple-inn]
- Masters, S. B. Hastings, cabinet-maker, [Smith, Basinghall-street]
- McKinnon, T. High-street, Wapping, oilman. [Thompson, George-street, Minorities]
- Nash, T. St. Mary Axe, tea-dealer. [Bathe, America-square]
- Negus, T. A. and Co., Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, stock-brokers. [Rankin and Co., Basinghall-street]
- Owen, C. Whitley, Shropshire, spade-plater. [Olaney and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
- Okey, J. Grantham, Cambridgeshire, sheep-salesman. [Church, Great James-street, Bedford-row; Nash and Co., Royston, Hertfordshire]
- Ogier, P. and Co., Bishopsgate - street, Without, linen-draper. [Sole, Aldermanbury]
- Potter, R. East Teignmouth, Devonshire, ship-builder. [Hore, Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn Fields; Bartlett, West Teignmouth, Devonshire]
- Pearson, Z. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. [Shaw, Ely-place, Holborn; Thorney, Hull]
- Pepper, J. Chipping-Barnett, Hertfordshire, inn-keeper. [Addington and Co., Bedford-row]
- Pattinson, T. and Co., Leeds, wine-merchants. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Pearson, J. Walworth, Surrey, linen - draper. [Jones, Size-lane]
- Pollard, J. Burnley, Lancashire, mercer. [Alcock and Co., Burnley; Beverley, Temple]
- Pope, J. Exeter, saddler and harness-maker. [Pring, Crediton; Walton and Co., Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street]
- Palmer, G. Cranborne-passage, Leicester square, victualler. [Bean, Friars-street, Blackfriars-road]
- Robertson, T. Oxford, money-scrivener. [Looker, Oxford]
- Robinson, T. Brikby, York, woolstapler. [Wilson, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury; Coup-land and Co., Leeds]
- Rees, T. Shoreditch, linen-draper. [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street]
- Stone, J. Watford, Hertfordshire, carpenter. [Ashley and Co., Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury]
- Spiking, A. Totford, Lincolnshire, grocer. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row; Parker, Horncastle]
- Smith, H. Mold, Flintshire, draper. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hadfield and Co., Manchester]
- Strout, G. Gloucester, coal-merchant. [White, Lincoln's-inn Fields; Bonner, Gloucester]
- Snowball, A. Brook-street, Ratcliffe. [Williams, Cophall-court, Throgmorton-street]
- Smith, C. Minorities, grocer. [Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane, Cannon-street]
- Stanley, T. Stockport, hat-manufacturer. [Tyler, Temple]
- Schorfields, J. Sonthowram, Yorkshire, card-maker. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn Fields]
- Smith, J. Matlock, nurseryman. [Smithson and Co., New-inn]
- Shepherd, J. L. and H. Fricker, Southampton, linen-draper. [Green and Co., Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street]
- Smith, J. Newcastle-under-Lyme, Stafford, grocer. [Barber, Fetter-lane; Fenton, Newcastle-under-Lyme]
- Tipple, C. Mitcham, surgeon. [Walton and Co., Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street]
- Taylor, G. Thickhollins-in-Meltham, Yorkshire, woollen cloth-manufacturer. [Jaques and Co., Coleman-street]
- Thomson, W. Stockwell Park, Surrey, and Shadwell, biscuit-baker. [Ewington, Bond-court, Cornhill]
- Willis, J. B. Swan-place, Old Kent-road, corn-dealer. [Davie, Throgmorton-street]
- Willmot, T. Manchester, wine-merchant. [Hind and Co., King's Bench-walk, Temple; Lawles, Manchester]
- Watts, W. Oldbury-on-the-Hill, Gloucestershire, saddler. [Long and Co. Gray's-inn; Letall and Co., Tetbury]
- Walbancke, G. Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, goldsmith. [Thompson, George-street, Minorities]
- Wilkinson, B. Kirkheaton, Yorkshire, faucy-manufacturer. [Evans and Co., Hatton-garden; Carr, Gomersal]
- Williams, H. Cirencester, ironmonger. [Slade and Co., John-street, Bedford-row]
- Warren, D. Wellington, money-scrivener. [Norton and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
- Webb, T. B. Ledbury, Herefordshire, eider-merchant. [Arnold and Co., Birmingham; Long, and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Walker, J. Radstock, Somerset, innkeeper. [Berkeley, Lincoln's-inn]
- Waller, W. and G. Lowe, Sheffield, carpet-manufacturers. [Preston, Tokenhouse-yard; Brookfield, Sheffield]
- Watkins, S. Portland-town, Regent's Park, brick-maker. [Carlow, High-street, Mary-le-bone]
- Woodley, F. Andover, victualler. [Garrard, Suffolk-street; Coles and Earle, Andover]
- Watson, C. and Anne, Shrewsbury, milliners. [Jones, Furnival's-inn]

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chichester, to be Clerk of the Closet to the King.—Rev. Dr King, to the Archdeaconry of Rochester.—Rev. W. Wallinger, to the Vicarage of Hellingly, Sussex.—Rev. F. Swanton, to the Vicarage of Piddletrenthide, Dorset.—Rev. C. Cremer, to the Rectory of Ailmerton, with Ranton near the Sea annexed; also to the Rectory of Felbrigg with Melton, Norfolk.—Rev. C.R. Ashfield, to the Rectory of Blakenham, Suffolk.—Rev. C. Dodson, to the augmented Curacy of Daresbury, Chester.—Rev. H. Dawson, to the rectory of Hopton, Suffolk.—Rev. T. L. Pain, to the Curacy of St. Thomas, Liverpool.—Rev. M. Franklin, to the Vicarage of Albrighton, Shropshire.—Rev. W. Roberts, to the Living of Clewer, Berks.—Rev. S. Rowe, to the perpetual Curacy of St. Budeaux, Plymouth.—Rev. W. P. Jones, to the Rectory of Eastbridge, Kent.—Rev. W. Scoresby, to the Chaplaincy of the Mariner's Church, Liverpool.—Rev. J. Blanchard, jun., to the Vicarage of Lound, York.—Rev. S. T. Hughes, to the Prebendal Stall of Peterborough.—Rev. J. Halward, to

the Vicarage of Assington, Suffolk, with the Rectory of Easthope, Essex.—Rev. R. Tweddell, to the Vicarage of Liddington, with Caldecot, Rutland.—Rev. J. Griffith, to the Vicarage of Fulbourn All Saints, Cambridge.—Rev. Lord F. Beauchamp, to the Vicarage of St. Michael, St. Alban's.—Rev. T. Baker, to the Vicarage of Bexhill, with the Rectory of Rodmill, Sussex.—Rev. C. E. Keene, collated to the Prebend of Wiveliscombe in Wells Cathedral.—Rev. J. Clark, to the Rectory of Dallingham, Suffolk.—Hon. and Rev. Dr. Wellesley, to the Living of Bishop Wearmouth, Durham.—Rev. W. A. Badow, to the rectory of Haseley, Warwick.—Rev. W. Ainger, to the Prebendary of Chester.—Rev. P. Glubb, to the Living of Claunaborough, Devon.—Rev. M. Elliot, to the new chapel of St. Mary's, Brighton.—Rev. Dr. Irwin, to the perpetual Curacy of Chatham.—Rev. J. Edmeads, to the Rectory of St. Mary, Crickdale.—Rev. J. Harrison, to be Chaplain to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The King has appointed the Marquis of Hertford to proceed on a special embassy to the Emperor of all the Russias, for the purpose of investing his Imperial Majesty with the insignia of the order of the Garter.

The King has been pleased to approve of Mr.

Andre Richert, as Consul at the Cape of Good Hope, for His Majesty the King of Prussia.

The King has also been pleased to approve of Mr. John Hullett, as Consul-General in Great Britain, for the United Provinces of the Rio de la Plata.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

Feb. 22.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 25 prisoners received sentence of death, and 7 were transported for life, some for shorter periods, and others imprisoned. One of the jurors who expressed incompetence to serve at this session, on account of the penalty of capital punishment, has published a letter, in which he says "he has done no more than a public moral duty, in thus calling the attention of the Legislature to the melancholy subject, and the minds of such philanthropists as the ever to be lamented Sir Samuel Romilly."

— Mr. Peel gave notice of his intention to introduce four bills into Parliament to amend the criminal laws.

26.—A public meeting was held, at which the Duke of Wellington presided, for the purpose of taking into consideration the means of paying a national tribute to the late Duke of York. Resolutions were entered into, and subscriptions received on the spot for that purpose.

March 7.—Mr. S. Newman having publicly challenged any individual to dispute with him on the legitimacy of the Jewish creed, numerous Jews assembled in Aldermanbury; and, as Mr. Wolf was proceeding to oppose Mr. Newman, the assembled Israelites refused to hear him, and separated.

13.—The Persian Ambassador and his Lady

visited Windsor Castle, and went over the state apartments, as well as the King's; the improvements were pointed out to them, both interior and exterior, the grandeur and magnificence of which were much admired by his Excellency.

14.—The Recorder made a report to the King of the 45 prisoners under sentence of death, when His Majesty was pleased to reprieve 40 of them; five being ordered for execution on the 20th.

15.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer communicated to the trustees of the British Museum, that only £12,000 per annum can in future be appropriated to the new buildings, instead of £40,000, the sum given during the last two or three years.

19.—A general meeting of the British Catholics was held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, the Duke of Norfolk in the chair, when a variety of resolutions were unanimously carried, expressive of their sense of the late refusal of their claims for emancipation, in the House of Commons. These resolutions form a memorial to the people of England, in which the Catholics complain that "they are calumniated as a race whose solemn oaths and declarations ought to be disregarded."

20.—Four unfortunate individuals only, were executed at the Old Bailey—one having been reprieved on account of his previous good character.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square, W. S. Dugdale, esq., only son of Dugdale Stratford Dugdale, esq., M. P. for Warwickshire, to Harriet Ella, sister to Edward Berkeley Portman, esq., M. P. for Dorsetshire.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. H. Gunning, second son of the late Sir G. Gunning, bart., of Horton, Northamptonshire, to Mary Catherine, daughter of W. R. Cartwright, esq., M. P. for Northamptonshire. — At Marylebone Church, W. W. Yeates, esq., deputy-assistant commissary-general to his Majesty's forces, to Miss Knight, of Upper Harley-street.—R. W. Croker, esq., of Chatham, to Miss C. Devonshire, of West Malling.—John Hesketh, eldest son of T. B. Lethbridge, bart., M.P., of Sandhill Park, Somerset, to Julia, daughter of H. H. Hoare, esq., of Wavenden-house, Bucks.

DEATHS.

At his house in Warren-street, Dr. Kitchiner.—Philip Rundell, esq., 81, of the firm of Rundell and Bridge, Ludgate-street.—At Paddington, Elizabeth, Countess Ferrers.—At Clandon Park, Surrey, 73, Lord Onslow.—In Connaught-square, Lieut.-Colonel Radcliffe; he had served in all the campaigns of the late war, beginning with the Duke of York's, in 1793, and ending with the battle of Waterloo.—Colonel A. Brown, lieut.-governor of Charles Fort, Ireland.—In Grosvenor-place, 74, John Masters, esq., of Colwick Hall, Lincolnshire.—In Bedford-square, 71, Joseph Ward, esq.—At Richmond, Lady Dundas, widow of the late Sir D. Dundas, bart.—At his sister's, Lady Sykes, St. James's-place, T. W. Tatton, esq., of Withenshead Hall, Chester.—At the Portuguese Ambassador's, South Audley-street, the Marquis d'Abantes.—

At Kelsey Park, 60, John Smith, esq., paymaster of the navy.—In Baker-street, 71, Thomas Diekason, esq., of Fulwell Lodge, Twickenham.—At Banstead, Lieut.-General Sir E. Howorth, royal horse artillery, K. C. B. and G. C. B.—At Woodhouse Grove, at the Methodist Seminary, Mr. S. Parker, 95; more than 70 of which he was a member of the Methodist Society, and travelled in the four quarters of the globe.—At Wandsworth, 80, G. Harrison; he was one of the Society of Friends; and the early associate of Thomas Clarkson, in the cause of the slave trade abolition.—At Hythe, Lieut.-General W. Johnson, colonel commandant of royal engineers.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

In Jersey, Rev. C. Smith, prebendary of Howth, to Elizabeth, daughter of the Archbishop of Dublin.—At Milan, E. Morgan, jun., esq., of Golden Grove, Flint., to Charlotte, daughter of Gwyllim Lloyd Wardle, esq., Hartsheath Park, Flint.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Rome, R. Cruttwell, esq., eldest son of R. Cruttwell, esq., of Bath. — At Madeira, the Rev. C. M. Deighton, vicar of Longhope, Gloucester.—At Charleston, North America, Miss Anne Borlebrog, the oldest actress that ever appeared on any stage; she made her *debut* fifteen years (say the American papers) before Garrick, in *Queen Catherine* (Henry VIII); she continued to represent the youngest class of matrons until she was 78, and she was 66 before she gave up playing the misses in their teens.—At Brugg, in Switzerland, 82, the celebrated teacher Pestalozzi.—At Rome, Miss de Montmorency, daughter of Colonel de Montmorency, royal York hussars.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

A general meeting of the subscribers of the projected rail-road between Newcastle and Carlisle was recently held, at the Assembly Rooms, Newcastle, when a splendid plan of the undertaking was laid on the table, and various resolutions entered into for the purpose of carrying it into effect.

At the Durham assizes, Mr. Justice Bailey called the attention of the grand jury particularly to the calamities that had lately happened in the mines. "It is," said his Lordship, "the bounden duty of the owners of mines to take every possible care to prevent their recurrence. If the want of such precaution should at any time be fixed upon any particular individual, he will be liable to be prosecuted for Manslaughter." Three prisoners were condemned to death at the above assizes.

Died.] At Newcastle, W. Laslie, esq.—At Eachwick Hall, 75, Mrs. Spearman.—At Lancaster, T. Todd, esq., late of the General Post Office.—At Middleton in Teesdale, 77, the Rev. Wm. Mark, perpetual curate of Eggleston; and who for a period of nearly fifty years held the curacy of Middleton, which he resigned in 1823. This venerable minister of the Church spent his whole professional career on the same curacy, outliving three rectors of his parish, and as many bishops of the diocese; and from his correspond-

dence with the late Right Hon. Spence Perceval, and other papers which he has left behind him, there is every reason to believe he originated the well-known "Curate's Act," and gave that much lamented prime minister the outline of that popular measure.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

The Vice-Chancellor has given an important decision in the case of the parish of Lowther charity school. It appeared, that a former Lord Lonsdale had granted certain lands for the support of a school, "and for such other purposes as my executors shall think most conducive to the good of the county of Westmoreland, and especially of the parish of Lowther." The Vice-Chancellor ruled, that the trust for the school having failed, the Court was bound to make such a disposition of the property as would best fulfil the testator's purpose. He therefore decreed, that "the matter be referred to the Master, to say what the property thus devised consisted of, what were now the rents and full value of it, and in whom the legal estate was now vested; that the defendant be ordered to account for the rents and profits of the same, from a period of six years preceding the time when this information was filed; and that the Master settle some scheme for some charitable purposes most conducive to the welfare of the

county, and that he tax the costs; that the sum, when so taxed, be paid by the defendant, the Earl of Lonsdale; that further directions be reserved till the Master has made his report." It was observed, that Lord Lonsdale had sold part of these estates for £4,000, upon which his Honour said that his Lordship must account for the principal, and also the interest of this sum, from six years before the commencement of this information.

YORKSHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

A society for the encouragement of the fine arts has been formed at Hull; where, at a public meeting, it was resolved to erect a suit of rooms, at an expense of £10,000, to be raised in shares of £25 each; £6,200 have already been subscribed. There is to be an annual exhibition.

Died.] At Thirsk, 83, Mrs. Anne Ainsley; and the next day, 81, Mrs. Elizabeth Ainsley, two maiden sisters, who always lived in the same house, and are buried in the same grave.—At Harden Grange, 82, General Twiss, colonel commandant of the royal engineers.

STAFFORD AND SALOP.

Died.] At Lichfield, 82, Mrs. Madan, relict of Spencer Madan, Bishop of Peterborough.

LANCASHIRE.

Trade again is on the decline at Manchester, in almost every branch; and, to every appearance, without any prospect of revival. The markets are exceedingly dull, and money very scarce. The working people begin to despair of obtaining an advance of wages, and they look forward with great apprehension to the time when the spring demand for goods shall cease. There is little hope that the condition of the calico-weavers about Blackburn will improve. They are fast approaching to the state of the Irish; and it is not a very unusual thing for a great many of them to gather together at night, when their fifteen hours' labour is over, merely for the sake of the animal heat, when they are closely packed in one room. It is very common for two or three families to club together, to raise the means of procuring one fire, to be used in common for the cooking of their cheerless meals.

The new power-loom factory of Messrs. Cockshott, at Warrington, was destroyed by fire, and property consumed to the value of £10,000, all of which was insured. It is suspected that this was the work of incendiaries.

A meeting has been held at Manchester, of the operatives, to the number of 1,500, to consider of the propriety of petitioning Parliament against the grant of £9,000 to the Duke of Clarence, in addition to his present income; when, after a debate, the petition to both houses was resolved on, and three cheers given for their success.

Died.] At Manchester, 74, Mr. J. H. Reichard; he was a native of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and during forty-eight years a resident of Manchester.

NOTTINGHAM AND LINCOLN.

The commitment to Southwell House of Correction, for three months, of Mary Marshall, by two of the county magistrates, for taking some partridge eggs, has excited considerable attention; and perhaps a more glaring instance of the odious operation of the Game Laws was never witnessed in this free country. The victim in this case was a girl not 19 years of age, the daughter of a labourer at Cotgrave, who, being employed in

weeding, last spring, met with the nest and took it, "not knowing," as she positively declares, "what sort of eggs they were." After a month's detention, the unfortunate girl has found friends, and has been liberated, on paying 12s. costs, for fees! Well may our legislators be convinced of the necessity of altering the criminal and game laws!!!

At Lincoln assizes, the Postmaster of Grantham was tried for overcharging the postage of letters, found guilty, and sentenced to be transported for seven years.

Lately, as the excavators were employed by the river Ancholme, near Brigg, at the depth of ten feet from the surface of the ground, and about a foot and a half lower than the bed of the river, the skeleton of a red deer was found, the skull and horns of which are in the highest state of preservation, and measure about three feet in length, and nearly the same in width. The whole is of a beautiful black, except the tips of the horns, which are of a brownish colour. It is evident from the great depth at which this skeleton was found, that it must have been imbedded prior to the cutting of the river, no doubt many hundreds of years ago. It was purchased for Lord Yarborough.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

At the assizes at Rutland, Mr. Justice Holroyd, in his charge to the Grand Jury, congratulated them on there being so small a calendar, as there was only one prisoner for trial—a case of house-breaking, concerning which, as there were no circumstances very remarkable, it was not necessary to detain them.

Died.] At Great Glen, G. Bury, esq., solicitor, of Manchester, and secretary to the Royal Institution. He was in the mail on his way to London, and when the coach passed Leicester about two miles, the horses took fright, and the coachman lost all control over them, when at length the coach was overturned, and Mr. Bury was found in the agonies of death, and before medical assistance came he had breathed his last.

WARWICK.

Died.] At Pyke Hayes, H. W. Legge, esq., son of the Hon. and Rev. A. G. Legge.—At Pailton Hall, 71, Mrs. Grundy.—At Dunchurch, Mary; relict of the Rev. H. Bromfield, late vicar there.—At Warwick, 73, W. Russell, esq.

NORTHAMPTON AND HUNTINGDON.

A committee has been appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the payment of sums of money on electioneering purposes, by the Corporation of Northampton, at the last election. His Majesty's Attorney-General said, "if the Corporation had misapplied its funds in the manner alleged, the Court of Chancery could take cognizance of the offence;" to which Mr. Spring Rice rejoined, "as for an application to the Chancery, did any man now living expect that a suit of this kind would be brought to an issue during his existence?"

At the Northampton Lent assizes, sentence of death was recorded against 7 prisoners, transportation against 5, and imprisonment, 11.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

At Worcester assizes, 2 prisoners were condemned to death; 13 were transported; 12 were sentenced to imprisonment for various periods; besides sentence being deferred on several others.

Married.] At Broadway, W. N. Clarke, esq., to Catherine, daughter of Lieut.-General Molyneux.

Died.] At Bromsgrove, 74, Mr. Oliver Williams.—At Hagley, 102, the widow Potter.—At Hereford, 100, Mrs. Esther Williams.—At Llaninabon, 81, the Rev. J. Hoskins.—At Ledbury, 62, Mrs. Beddoe.—Near Worcester, 70, H. Savigny, esq.—At Shrawley, 77, J. Squire, esq.

GLouceSTER AND MONMOUTH.

A tessellated pavement has been recently discovered in an arable field, at Leigh, near the turnpike road leading from Gloucester to Tewkesbury. It is about 2 feet below the surface of the ground, 60 feet long, and 8 feet wide.

On the night of the 19th Feb., a fire broke out in the upper part of the premises on St. Augustine's Back, near the Drawbridge, Bristol, the New Exchange, which speedily spread itself downward, destroying the whole of the various apartments and shops with their contents. Among the property consumed is the great Orrery made by Mr. Williams. Owing to the intense coldness of the weather, long icicles were seen hanging the next morning over the still burning embers.

Married.] At Charlton Kings, J. S. Graves, esq., to Miss M. Molyneux.

Died.] At Iberton, 103, David Plumb; falling as a farmer, he had been the last 40 years a shepherd near the Malvern Hills; two years ago he walked to London and back again. His brother died at Oddington in 1818, aged 105.—At the Furnace, near Newent, 80, Mr. W. Deykes; he had been agent for the Foley family more than half a century.—At the Box, 80, Mr. T. Partridge.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Dr. Buckland, the reader in mineralogy and geology, has recently received a letter from Rome, announcing that the writer, Stephen Jarret, esq. gentleman commoner of Magdalen College, has purchased a very valuable collection of marbles &c. in that city, for the purpose of presenting them to this University. This collection has been formed by an advocate of Rome—Signor Corsi, during a residence there of many years, and consists of one thousand polished pieces, all exactly of the same size, of every variety of granite, sienite, porphyry, serpentine, and Jasper marble, alabaster, &c. that is known to exist. The size of each piece, being that of a small octavo volume, is sufficient to shew the effect *en masse* of each substance it contains.

A meeting was held at the Town Hall, Oxford, March 14, for the formation of an "Auxiliary Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews," the High Sheriff of the county in the chair, when about £90 were subscribed for that purpose.

A most extraordinary circumstance lately occurred at Bampton, in this county, for the truth of which we have the authority of a near relative of the party, who resides in this city. The wife of William Cooper, of the above village, when far advanced in pregnancy, paid a visit to some relatives who reside near Copenhagen House, in London, who in their garden kept a live tortoise. Mrs. Cooper, on seeing it, was much terrified. Some time after her return, and about five weeks since, she was delivered of a female child, which actually has on its head a substance exactly resembling a well-formed tortoise, the shell projecting from the head, and striped like the real one. The child is still alive and in health, and the tortoise continues on the head. The head of the tortoise has the

strongest resemblance to that of the real animal; and it actually projects from the end of the shell, in a substance about the size of the top of a person's finger.—*Oxford Herald.*

At Oxford assizes, 16 prisoners were condemned to death, 4 transported, and 9 imprisoned.

Died.] At Charbury, 82, the Rev. Dr. John Cobb; he had been for many years a magistrate for this county.

BUCKS AND BERKS.

The undermentioned game was shot by a party of noblemen and gentlemen, friends of his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, on *part* of the noble Duke's estates in Buckinghamshire, from Jan. 15, to Feb. 1st (inclusive). The Marquis of Chandos and Lord Temple were the principal shots on the occasion. John Corden, gamekeeper:—1,096 pheasants, 722 hares, 10 partridges, 48 widgeons 1,023 rabbits—Total, 2,904 head. A moment's reflection upon this extraordinary feat will at once evince the necessity of altering the game laws; how many poor farmers must have suffered in feeding such a quantity of animals, for the sole pleasure of a fortnight's aristocratic shooting!

At Reading assizes, sentence of death was recorded against 18 prisoners; 3 were transported, and 9 imprisoned for various periods.

Died.] At Aylesbury, 82, the Rev. W. Stockins; he was for more than half a century master of the Latin School there, and for some time curate of the parish.

BEDFORD.

The Rev. Archdeacon Bonner has, with great good taste, placed a simple monument over the Poet Bloomfield's grave, in Campton church-yard, with the following chaste and appropriate inscription:—

Here lie the Remains of Robert Bloomfield: he was born at Honnington, in Suffolk, December 3d, 1761, and died at Shefford, Aug. 19, 1823. "Let his wild native wood-notes tell the rest."

HERTS AND CAMBRIDGE.

Died.] At St. Alban's, 73, the Rev. James Carpenter Gape.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

It has been resolved to establish in Norwich an asylum for females, who having deviated from the path of virtue, may be desirous of being restored to their station in society; it is to be denominated "The Norfolk and Norwich Magdalen," and upwards of £800 have been already subscribed.

The subscriptions for the widow and ten children of the late Rev. W. Drew, of North Runeton, have closed; and the sum produced by the honourable exertions of individuals, amounts to £3,434 15s. 6d.

At a numerous meeting of the operative manufacturers of Norwich, March 12, it was unanimously resolved to petition Parliament for an act to protect the price of labour.

Married.] Captain Blois, son of Sir C. Bart, of Cockfield Hall, to Miss E. K. Barrett.

Died.] At Bury, 81, J. Maulkin, esq.—At Costessey, at Lord Stafford's, the Rev. L. Strongitharm, pastor of the Roman Catholic chapel, at St. John's, Maddermarket.—At Acle House of Industry, 94, Sarah Myhill; known for nearly half a century by the appellation of "Old Kate."—At Wymondham, 69, T. Troughton, esq.—At Yarmouth, 101, Mr. N. Fenn.—Mrs. E. Eagleton, midwife, Norwich, who in 12 years practice assisted at the birth of 3,895 children!!!

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

A portion of the cliff at Hastings has fallen down by the operation of the frost.

The Diamond, one of the finest frigates in his Majesty's service, was lately burnt to the water's edge, in Portsmouth harbour. She had lately returned from South America, under the command of Lord Napier, had gone through a thorough repair, and was placed in ordinary, fit for immediate service. Fortunately, no lives were lost.

Portsmouth, March 3.—Considerable curiosity having been excited by an account of the landing at this port of the skeleton of a "real mermaid," I was induced to examine the subject in question. I have no doubt that it is the bony fabric of an animal called the Dugong, a native of the Indian seas, and regarded by many of the natives of the different islands as a Royal fish; the peculiar form of the head, more especially the lower jaw, being at once a characteristic mark—and also the form, situation, and number of the teeth. There are many other peculiarities, more especially the mode by which the ribs are articulated to the breast bone, and the form of the breast bone itself, which are highly interesting to the comparative anatomist, and which serve to identify the animal. The place of anterior extremities is supplied by fins, and although, in the skeleton, the bones are found complete, even to the last phalanges of the fingers, in the recent fish the organs are fleshy, and incapable, from their shape, size, or form, of assisting the animal out of the water. It feeds on submarine plants, browsing like a cow. It is seldom caught above eight feet long, though it is said to grow to a very large size. The animal, in its full growth, is furnished with two short tusks, projecting from the upper jaw, but in the younger ones these defensive weapons are wanting. There are several specimens of this animal in the magnificent collection of the late Sir Stamford Raffles.

HENRY SLIGHT, Surgeon.

Died.] At Exbury, near Southampton, 84, W. Mitford, esq., author of "The History of Greece," and brother to Lord Redesdale.—At Lyndhurst, 68, Harriet Elizabeth, Countess of Effingham.

DORSET AND WILTS.

At Trowbridge, 3,000, and at Melksham, 2,000 of their inhabitants still submit to the disgraceful humility of receiving parish pay, not through inability to work, nor a principle of idleness, but to avoid that starvation which neither merit, strength, nor honesty can avert. But although those who are in fortunate circumstances can at present contribute to relieve such want and misery, can any one entertain the expectation that distress will not ultimately banish the comforts from their firesides also?

At the Lent assizes for Wilts, 25 culprits were recorded for death; 5 were transported, and 18 imprisoned for various periods. A young gentleman of Wootton-Basset, apparently about ten years of age, was placed at the bar, and arraigned for felony. His genteel address and childhood attracted the attention of the court. On examination of the witnesses for the prosecution, it appeared that he had taken a rabbit from his master's (with whom he went to school) rabbit-house, because another boy, also at school, had taken from him a ball of string, value 6d., and had killed the rabbit in revenge. When charged with it he denied the fact, and was taken before the magistrate,

who bound him over to the assizes for felony. The Judge said, "This is no felony; the boy ought to have been whipped by the master, but not to have been brought here. The magistrate ought not to have bound him over. Gentlemen of the jury, this is no felony, you must acquit him." Upon the expenses being applied for, the Judge said, "No! I shall not allow them in this case;—a mere schoolboy to be indicted for felony!"

Died.] At Sidmouth, Lady Maria Caulfield, eldest daughter of Earl Charlemont.

DEVON AND SOMERSET.

We are sorry to hear, from Frome, that there are upwards of 400 houses at present unoccupied in that town; and in some instances the amount of the poor-rates almost equal that of the rents. This distress is generally attributed to the use of machinery; as it appears there is now as much cloth manufactured as at any former period, although there is scarcely half the usual number of hands in full employment! There has been a concert for the benefit of the poor there, which enabled its meritorious promoters to distribute 1,200 loaves amongst their distressed neighbours.

Pursuant to public notice, a meeting of the subscribers to the Glastonbury Canal has lately taken place, at the Town Hall; when the Mayor, having taken the chair, informed them that, in consequence of the conflicting opinions and interests having been at length reconciled, they should now go to Parliament for their bill without a single opponent. The estimate of the work was £18,000, only £4,000 of which remained to be subscribed. It had been ascertained, that the population within 10 miles of the line amounted to 50,000, and it was calculated that 70,000 persons would be benefited by the completion of this canal.

A public meeting, convened by the Mayor, has been held at Plymouth, for the purpose of memorializing the Lords of the Admiralty against the danger of working the quarries at Mount Batten, when the following facts transpired:—"That since the year 1812, the isthmus, or narrow neck of ground which joins Mount Batten to the main land, has decreased in width, by the washing of the sea, in some places 35 feet, at other places 28 feet, at another place 25, and at the least 20 feet. That 13,000 tons had been washed from the cliff on the S.W. side, and 2,000 tons from the N.E. during the above period." It was further stated by the Mayor, that the base of most of the quarries now at work was level with the sea, and one of them was worked four feet under the level of the sea at high water.

His Majesty's commissioners for building churches have determined on erecting a chapel of ease at Stonehouse; it is to contain 1,000 sittings—300 to be free.

Died.] At Wells, Dr. King, Bishop of Rochester.—At Bath, Admiral Williams; and, 79, J. Norman, esq.—At Prior Park, 75, J. Thomas, esq.—At Exeter, 83, Admiral Dilkes; 85, Mrs. Burrows, aunt to the late Lord Gifford; Lucy, wife to the Hon. H. B. Arundell.—At Great Torrington, 75, the Rev. J. Palmer, prebendary of Lincoln.—At Dennington, 100, Mr. R. Wheadon.—At Staplegrave, C. Law, esq., formerly of the firm of "Law and Whittaker," booksellers, London.—At Bath, 81, Mrs. Hunn, mother of the Right Hon. G. Canning.—94, Mrs. Charlotte Holt, the last branch of Lord Chief Justice Holt's family.—Near Bath, Mrs. H. MacLaine, daughter of

Dr. Maelaine, the translator of Mosheim.—At her seat, near Torpoint, 80, Lady Graves, relict of the late Admiral Lord Graves.

WALES.

The corporation of Carmarthen has voted an exhibition to one of the pupils of the Free Grammar School in that town, during his stay at St. David's College, and has complimented the Bishop of St. David's with the nomination. May this liberal example be followed by the other corporations and counties of the patriotic principality.

The opening of St. David's College took place on St. David's Day; but in consequence of the unavoidable absence of the Bishop, it was not accompanied with any public ceremony. The solemnities are therefore to take place in the course of the summer; forty students sat down to dinner in the College hall, after having been examined by the Principal and Professor. A public dinner was also given at the Black Lion, upon the occasion, when, after the usual loyal toasts, the pious memory of St. David, &c., the healths of the Principal, Vice-Principal, and Professors of the College, were given, who returned thanks.

At the celebration of St. David's Day at Brecon, being the fourth anniversary of the Cymreiddion, the Rev. T. Price entertained his fellow-subjects of the principality with the gratifying information, that two or three years ago he had the honour of setting on foot among them a collection, for the purpose of translating the Scriptures into the Armorican language. At that time there were many who doubted the practicability of the object, and asked where a translator could be found, &c.? But while such persons were doubting and hesitating, the work was commenced and actually accomplished; and in the course of the last month the translation of the New Testament was concluded in the language of Armorica, and was in progress through the press; and, as an assurance of this fact, he had now in his possession the first sheets of the work, which had been forwarded to him for the purpose of examining the translation, and he was then occupied in collating it with the original Greek.

The inhabitants of Carnarvon are obtaining an act for improving and lighting that town, and for supplying it with water.

Died.] At her seat, near Conway, Mrs. F. Mostyn, sister of the late Sir Roger Mostyn, M.P. for Flint, and aunt to Lady Champneys.—At Kinnerton Lodge, Flint, Mrs. Richards, sister of the late Lord Chief Baron.—At Swansea, 74, J. Hadwin, esq. At Monmouth, 84, Mrs. E. Philipotts.

SCOTLAND.

A change so unexpected has occurred in the weather, that in a measure supersedes every other topic here (Edinburgh). At a period when we were looking daily for the genial showers of spring, winter has returned with a severity unexampled since the memorable storm of 1823. On Friday last, a strong piercing gale from the north, bringing along with it showers of sleet, gave promise of the impending change. Early on Saturday, snow began to fall, at first in minute flakes, but gradually thickening till it assumed the appearance of what our farmers call "a feeding storm." The wind, which had subsided during the preceding night, again began to blow from the north-east, and, before evening, the streets were so choked with snow, as to be almost impassable. Carriages

of almost every description gave over plying—the few hackney-coaches seen in the streets required four horses to draw them, and no bribe was sufficient to tempt the owners to venture beyond the limits of the town. The snow continued to fall, without intermission, till Sunday noon, when the clouds cleared away. At this period, the snow wreaths, in several of the streets, were drifted nearly as high as the balustrades of the areas. The churches were comparatively deserted, and few people were visible out of doors throughout the day; indeed, the avalanches momentarily falling from the roofs of the houses, rendered it perilous to venture abroad. To increase the monotonous aspect of the city, all the public clocks had stopped during the night, the snow which drifted on their dials having arrested the pointers.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

The storm seems to have extended very generally over Scotland, but its severity appears to have been greatest in the southern lowland districts. South of a line drawn from Alnwick to Gretna Green there seems to be no snow worth mentioning; but North of this line and to the westward, as far as the shores of the Irish Channel, the quantity fallen has been exceedingly great. Nothing like it has occurred in Ayrshire during the last thirty years. The accounts from the western coast are very distressing, and we fear that we shall hear of much loss of sheep in the Highlands, both in the north and in the south of Scotland. On the Cowal coast, we hear that several sheep farmers have met with severe losses. One farmer dug out 150 dead sheep in one place.

At the first annual dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, recently held, Sir Walter Scott was in the chair; Lord Meadowbank, in proposing the health of Sir Walter Scott, made some very intelligible allusions to him as the author of the *Waverley Novels*. Sir Walter, in returning thanks, said that "the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself. Except quotations, there was not a single word that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading."

IRELAND.

Great damage, with extensive loss of life, has been sustained during the late gales among the shipping along the eastern coast of Ireland: out of ten vessels gone down, the crews of three only were saved.

As a specimen of the feeling of this country with regard to the failure in the House of Commons of the motion for the Emancipation of the Catholics, we annex one of the resolutions entered into with enthusiasm by a most numerous, influential, and powerful meeting, that has just been held in the county of Clare—"Resolved, that we owe to ourselves, our country, and our religion, to declare that, unsubdued by disappointment, and unchecked by unmerited defeat, we will persevere in petitioning the Legislature, *until* we obtain complete, unconditional, and unqualified emancipation." It was likewise resolved to petition His Majesty, praying, "that he would graciously recommend to his Parliament to grant the Catholics of Ireland their just and inalienable rights, to prevent the probable effects of civil and religious discord in this unhappy country."

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of February to the 25th of March 1827.

Feb.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N 4 Pr. Ct. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India, Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols. for Acc.
26	207½ 208	83½ 84	82½ 83	82½ 83	89½ 90	97½ 98	19½ 11-16	245½	52 54p	33 35p	82½ 83
27	206	83	82	82	89½	97½	19 9-16	245	54p	33 36p	82½ 83
28	Holiday	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ma.	206 207½	—	82½ 83	89½ 90	89½	97½ 98	19½ 8	—	55p	35 36p	81½ 82½
1	—	—	82½ 83	89½ 90	—	97½ 98	—	—	—	35 37p	82½ 83
2	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	96½ 97½	19½ 9-16	243½ 244	55 57p	34 38p	81½ 82½
3	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	52 54p	32 36p	81½ 82½
4	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	55p	34 38p	81½ 82½
5	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	55 56p	35 37p	82½ 83
6	—	—	81½ 82	90	—	97½ 98	—	—	56p	35 37p	82½ 83
7	—	—	81½ 82	90	—	97½ 98	—	—	56 57p	35 37p	82½ 83
8	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	57	34 36p	82½ 83
9	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	—	—	—
10	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	53 55p	34 36p	81½ 82½
11	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	54 56p	34 36p	81½ 82½
12	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	54 55p	34 36p	81½ 82½
13	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	56p	34 36p	81½ 82½
14	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	54 56p	34 36p	81½ 82½
15	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	55 56p	34 35p	82½ 83
16	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	—	—	—
17	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	55 56p	35 36p	82½ 83
18	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	—	35 37p	82½ 83
19	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	—	36 37p	82½ 83
20	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	57 58p	36 38p	82½ 83
21	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	57 58p	36 38p	82½ 83
22	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	58 59p	39 40p	82½ 83
23	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	—	—	—
24	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	—	—	—
25	—	—	81½ 82	—	—	97½ 98	—	—	—	—	—

E. EYTON, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From Feb. 20th to 19th March inclusive.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co., 50, High Holborn.

February.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20			28	32	32	29 56	29 54	82	80	ENE	NE	Fine	Fair	Clo.
21			54	38	32	29 53	29 61	89	87	NE	ENE	Clo.	—	Fair
22			35	30	25	29 75	29 87	84	78	N	NNW	Fair	—	Clo.
23			32	33	29	29 93	29 89	74	72	W	SW	—	—	Foggy
24			35	40	26	29 84	29 92	73	76	NE	ESE	Foggy	—	—
25			34	40	34	30 04	29 95	79	77	SE	SSE	—	Fine	—
26			38	50	47	29 73	29 65	92	85	S	WSW	Rain	Fair	Clo.
27			50	54	36	29 39	29 57	94	92	WSW	W	Clo.	Rain	—
28			37	49	49	29 56	29 31	93	98	ESE	SW	Rain	—	Rain
Mar.														
1			50	44	41	29 23	29 34	82	97	SW	SW	Clo.	—	—
2	16		47	48	39	29 17	29 42	97	87	SSW	SSW	Rain	—	Fair
3			45	48	43	29 35	29 03	90	92	SW	ESE	Clo.	Clo.	Clo.
4			46	49	33	28 71	29 20	92	83	SSW	SW	—	—	—
5			35	45	44	29 62	29 21	83	92	WSW	SW	Fair	—	—
6	24		49	51	39	28 97	28 98	91	81	SW	N to S	Rain	Rain	Rain
7			40	51	43	29 43	29 94	87	95	SW	S	Overc.	Clo.	—
8			46	51	43	28 79	29 10	84	78	SW	WNW	—	—	—
9			37	41	32	29 30	29 35	80	83	NW	ENE	Fair	Fair	Clo.
10			41	45	37	29 61	29 69	78	78	ESE	SSE	—	—	—
11			50	56	47	29 44	29 40	87	95	SW	SW	Clo.	—	—
12			49	55	46	29 56	29 81	88	87	W	SW	Fair	Fine	—
13	8		50	56	44	29 74	29 62	83	95	NW	WSW	—	Fair	Rain
14			48	51	43	29 65	29 84	77	82	NW	W	—	—	Clo.
15			45	48	35	29 50	29 71	87	78	W	WNW	S. Rain	—	Fine
16			40	48	43	30 01	29 76	80	92	W	SW	Fair	—	Rain
17			47	47	34	29 25	29 65	85	83	WNW	WNW	—	—	Fair
18			40	44	32	29 92	30 12	75	77	NW	NNE	—	—	—
19			40	45	43	30 23	30 19	77	84	W	SW	—	—	Clo.

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

New Series.

VOL. III.]

MAY, 1827.

[No. 17.]

THE WATER COMPANIES — SUPPLY FURNISHED TO THE
METROPOLIS.

“ Carry his water to the wise woman.”—SHAKSPEARE.

A CONSIDERABLE degree of uneasiness, and some sensation approaching even to alarm, have been excited in London during the last six weeks, owing to a report that the supply of water furnished to the inhabitants—at least in one district of town—the quarter supplied by the “ Grand Junction ” Company—was of an offensive and unwholesome character. A pamphlet, entitled “ The Dolphin,”—which accuses the Grand Junction Company of serving their customers with water “ disgusting to the imagination,” and “ destructive to health,”—has been followed by a meeting of the inhabitants of Westminster, for the purpose of devising means to remedy the evil, and by a notice from Sir Francis Burdett, that, immediately after the recess, he should bring the subject before Parliament for consideration. As the complaint, however, of the persons who are taking these measures, has extended itself, beyond the single case of the “ Grand Junction ” Company, to the conduct and arrangements of nearly, if not absolutely, all the water companies in town; and as the cure proposed for the existing evil, real or supposed, appears to be the getting-up of a “ New Joint Stock Water Company,” with a capital, raised in shares, of some three or four hundred thousand pounds;—as this proposal is one which, on the face of it, may well excite distrust, a short examination of the real extent of the grievance under which the public labours, and of the degree in which the proposed speculation would be likely to remove it, may not be entirely useless to our readers.

The chief questions which would seem to suggest themselves upon a review of the late proceedings as to the supply of water in the metropolis, would be these:—Whether the supply of water furnished by the “ Grand Junction ” Company (peculiarly) is, or is not, of a fit and wholesome quality?—whether the price at which water is supplied by the companies of London generally be moderate and reasonable?—whether the sharing out of the town among themselves in districts, by the water companies,

M.M. New Series—VOL. III. No. 17. 3 N

be a justifiable arrangement, or a "monopoly," such as ought to be resisted and put down by act of parliament?—whether the Thames water, drawn from any part of the river between "the Pool" and the point at which the tide ends, be fit for the purposes of human consumption?—and whether any benefit to proprietors or shareholders, or any valuable result to the public, may be expected from the establishment of a New Water Company in London? We do not add the farther question—whether the Grand Junction Company, or any other company, has fulfilled all the "professions" which its agents may have put forth at the commencement of its career?—because, in the first place, we find that there are no means of compelling such companies to carry on their business on the terms on which they may have thought fit to begin it; in the next place, because we rather believe that they must shortly become extinct if they were compelled to do so; and, moreover, because we take the only matter practically worth considering—without reference to the proposals of past new companies, or faith in the professions of future ones—to be,—Is, or is not, the supply of water which the metropolis receives from the several companies, as good and as cheap as can be afforded?

The establishments, then, which supply London and Westminster with water—speaking here of the whole of the town on the Middlesex bank of the river—are five in number:—the New River Company—the Chelsea—the East London—the West Middlesex—and the Grand Junction.

The New River Company, which was brought into operation about the year 1615, takes the chief part of its water from the stream sufficiently well known by the name of the "New River at Islington,"—but has an engine also, which raises water out of the Thames at Queenhithe, for the purpose of occasionally adding to its supply. This company, in London and its suburbs, serves nearly sixty thousand houses.

The Chelsea Company is the second in point of antiquity, having been established in the year 1723; but its trade is not now very large. It takes its water from the Thames, about a quarter of a mile on the London side of Chelsea Hospital, and supplies, in Chelsea and Westminster, eight thousand houses.

The East London Company, which was formed in the year 1807, and began to act in 1811, takes its water from the point where the River Lea runs into the Thames at Limehouse, and supplies about thirty-two thousand houses. A sharp struggle existed for some time between this company and the New River establishment.

The West Middlesex establishment was formed in the year 1810. This company takes its water from an excellent situation in the Thames—as high up as the Duke of Devonshire's seat at Chiswick, and supplies about eleven thousand houses.

The Grand Junction Company—against whom (nominally) the strength of the present proceeding has been levelled—and whose arrangements *unquestionably* (we should say) require alteration—takes its water from the foot of Chelsea Hospital. It has the smallest district, but a profitable one, owing to the high rate of the streets which it supplies; and serves, as nearly as may be, seven thousand houses.

The companies which supply the town on the Surry side of the river, as we have already observed, we do not at present take into consideration.

Then, to come at once to the affairs and conduct of the Grand Junction

Company, we shall set out by stating, that we mean to pass over, very shortly, all the affair of the original promises and "Prospectusses" of that establishment. These documents, as quoted in the "Dolphin," and taken in connexion with all that followed, no doubt are laughable enough.

One of the advertisements—we think the second that the company issued after its formation—runs thus :—

"GRAND JUNCTION WATER WORKS.

"The proprietors have proved the *absolute power* of their works, the *excellencies* of their water, and the *certain success* of their plan.

"They give so copious and regular a supply, that the water is *always on*. This abundant supply is *constantly fresh*, because it is always coming in. Their powers raise water above the highest house in London; and this economical arrangement is felt in laundries, nurseries, and upper stories, for which *high service* no *additional charge* is made.

"Ravages of fire are increased by delay and scanty supply. No houses watered by this Company can suffer *in these respects*. Their water is *never off*: their pipes are *always full*. The water, being perfectly clear, would not, in case of fire, *tarnish the furniture*.

"The main supply is derived from the rivers Colne and Brent, and from a reservoir of nearly a hundred acres, *fed by the streams of the vale of Ruislip*. And water will be furnished *gratis* for watering the streets."

This is, no doubt, sufficiently ridiculous (looking to the result); but we all know what the promises of projectors are before to-day. While the new Grand Junction Company wanted to get away the Chelsea and New River Companies' customers (as the "Dolphin" party now want to get away the Grand Junction Company's customers), we dare say that they would readily have engaged that every drop of the water that they poured into the cisterns of London should be rose-water,—or holy-water. Of course, as soon as the end was attained, a considerable change of policy ensued. The "daily" supply of water was changed to a supply twice a week; the absence of "fire supply" had to be complained of rather oftener than before; the "high service" was charged for additionally, and at a smart rate; the water to water the streets was *not* given *gratis*, but charged for at a penny a hogshead; and, instead of the refreshing "streams of the Colne and the Brent, and the Vale of Ruislip," a lucky bargain (which enabled the Grand Junction Company to pay a dividend to its proprietors) brought their Dolphin to the Thames, in a very unlucky situation, at the foot of Chelsea Hospital. All this, however, we take to be a matter very little worth considering: the real question is—as to all the companies—not what their promises have been, but whether the existing state of their supply is one with which the public ought to remain satisfied; and, as between the Grand Junction Company and a great portion of their customers, we are bound to say—we think that it is not.

That the water supplied by the Grand Junction Company to its customers is, or has been, very often found to be in an objectionable condition, stands, we apprehend, beyond a doubt. Mr. Wright, the author of "The Dolphin" (the pamphlet), gives evidence upon this point which is unanswerable. A specimen of the Grand Junction water sent to Messrs. Joyce, the operative chemists of Compton-street, for analysis, was declared, by those gentlemen, to be found "loaded with decomposed vegetable matter, in such quantity as to be unfit for use without tedious purification." Samples of the same water, carried by Mr. Wright for inspection to Mr. Abernethy, to Dr. Lambe, to Mr. Thomas, the surgeon,

and several other eminent, scientific persons, were stated by them to be in a state "deleterious to health," &c. It might be doubted, perhaps, if the evidence stopped here, whether, in the specimens thus presented by a party so immediately concerned, the Water Company had quite fair play: but the letters of at least a dozen eminent medical men are published also, bearing testimony to their *own* personal experience and knowledge upon the point.

Dr. Hooper, the author of the "Medical Dictionary," says—"I have been aware of the very impure nature of the water supplied by the Grand Junction Company ever since it came to my house. At one time it was not only *filthy* in appearance, but had an *unwholesome* smell."

Mr. Brodie, the surgeon, of Saville-row, says—"The water which you have shewn me corresponds in appearance with that which is supplied to my own house, and is manifestly very impure."

Dr. Paris, the writer on "Diet," says—"The water with which I am supplied is extremely impure and unwholesome."

Mr. Keate, of Albemarle-street, speaks from his own experience, and in the vein even of "King Cambyzes," upon the subject. He holds all "Thames water" unfit for domestic purposes until it has undergone a process somewhat analogous to fermentation."

Sir Henry Halford, Dr. Hume, Dr. Turner, Dr. Mac Michael, and several other medical men describe the Grand Junction water, "furnished to their own houses," as of "extremely impure and offensive quality." And Dr. James Johnson adds, that he "has always looked upon the water used in London," and "taken up from the Thames near the metropolis," as "disgusting to the imagination and deleterious to health."

It will be supposed, of course, that the opinions of the "seven thousand" householders whom the Grand Junction Company supplies, have not been generally so strong as those of the parties above quoted: if they had been, no doubt the nuisance would have been abated long ago. The fact is, that the *extremely* foul supply complained of has been only occasional, and then, generally, partial. But, independent of this peremptory and intolerable nuisance, the ordinary character of the Grand Junction water is by no means so good as it should be; and notwithstanding the resoluteness with which the company refuses to ascribe this fault to the position of its Dolphin, we are ourselves perfectly convinced that it is to that circumstance (probably to that only) that it is owing. In fact, the company seems to us to have acted ill in resisting this impression so obstinately as it has done. If the foulness of the water which it supplies be *not* owing to the position of its Dolphin, to what cause *is it* owing?—the company, in its "letter," has not informed us of that fact. If the company's agents understand their trade, they ought to be aware what is the cause of the evil; and, being aware of that cause, it was their duty long since to have removed it.

The "Dolphin" is the name given by the water companies of London to a small wooden erection—something like a martello tower—which each company places in the river, to inclose and indicate the source from which, by means of a steam-engine on shore, their supply of water is obtained. Mr. Wright, in his pamphlet, has given a drawing of the situation of the Dolphin of the Grand Junction Company, the accuracy of which has been strongly denied in a letter from Mr. Coe, the company's secretary: we have no hesitation in saying, however, that—from an actual inspection of the place—Mr. Wright's drawing appears to us to be a perfectly fair one.

The steam-engine house, &c. of the company stands upon the banks of the river Thames—*next door*—if we may be allowed to use a vulgarism, which perhaps will best convey the idea we mean to express—to Chelsea Hospital. Between the grounds belonging to the engine-house and those of the hospital, and dividing them by a distance of about twelve feet, runs the “great Ranelagh sewer;” and, directly abreast of this sewer, not thirty yards advanced into the bed of the river from the mouth of it, lies the Dolphin from which the Grand Junction Company takes its water.

Mr. Coe says, in his answer to “The Dolphin” pamphlet—“1. The frontispiece of the pamphlet, which professes to give a view of the Dolphin, whence the supply of the Grand Junction Company is drawn, gives a false (and it is difficult to conceive not a wilfully false) impression of the real state of the case. The Dolphin is much more distant from the sewer than the plate represents; but—what is still more material to observe—it is completely *above*, so as to make it utterly impossible that one drop of the sewer water can reach it: during the ebb and during the flood, the issue of any water from the sewer is completely stopped.—2. The delineation of the minor common sewers in the same plan is an absolute falsehood, the two upper being the openings by which the Chelsea Hospital derives its supply of water from the Thames, and the lower only a temporary opening, whilst the Ranelagh sewer is repairing, across the mouth of which a dam has been built, so that not one drop of water has issued from it since last October.”

Now, certainly, we think that Mr. Coe here is mistaken. In all its material bearings, Mr. Wright’s drawing is a fair one. The Grand Junction Dolphin—as it appeared to us upon actual inspection—is certainly not “above” the Ranelagh sewer, but *directly abreast* of it—so directly, that, supposing that sewer to be full, as it is in rainy weather, when it empties out suddenly the impurities which have long been accumulating, it is hardly possible to doubt that its whole stream of filth and foulness must run directly *upon* the company’s Dolphin, and be taken up with the water which may be pumping in from it. When the Ranelagh sewer is full and swollen with rain, we should say that, even with the river also full, and the tide running smartly, the rush from the sewer would be sufficient to penetrate the stream of the river, and to reach the Dolphin. But, besides these cases of mischief from occasional floods, upon ordinary occasions, we think that there would be two periods in every day, when the water taken up would also be impure. While the tide is flowing up, the flood-gates of all the sewers are of course closed; or, if they were open, the contents would not issue, but be forced backwards with the entering water. And, while the tide is running fast down, the stream that issues from the sewer—if small—would be at once carried away along the shore by the force of the ebb, without getting far into the bed of the river. But, at the time of low water, and for a while previous to and after that period—when the body of water in the river is small, and for a time almost stationary—then the stream pouring out from the sewer, even although slight, being carried neither upwards nor downwards by any tide, would make its way directly into the river, and towards the company’s Dolphin; and if it so happened that the stream from the sewer was copious at such a moment, the effect would go far beyond this, and almost the whole quantity of water taken up at the Dolphin during the interval described would be pumped from its contents.

It is true, as Mr. Coe states, that at the present moment a dam is built across the mouth of this Ranelagh sewer, for the purpose of repair, and that

no water issues from it; but we are bound to take the thing as it has been, and will be again—not as it happens to be at one particular moment. And, besides, by a peculiar infelicitousness in the arrangements of the Grand Junction Company, their Dolphin gains very little by all this closing of the Ranelagh sewer—it stands so perfectly in a nest of sinks and drainage. While the Ranelagh sewer is shut, an opening lower down the river, about twenty yards, pours out a stream which—having got into the bed of the river at low water—floats, with the rising of the tide, directly up to the Dolphin; and, on the other hand—though there may be some error as to the two “openings under Chelsea Hospital,” which Mr. Wright’s drawing describes as “minor common sewers”—yet there is another sewer, which Mr. Wright entirely *omits*—the sewer which runs along the western boundary of the hospital, and is widened at the mouth so as to admit, we believe, of pushing barges up to deliver coals, &c. at the door of the house, of the contents of which sewer the Grand Junction Company is not accused in the drawing which they complain of—but which, in fact, must go on pouring its stream down upon its Dolphin (unless we are much mistaken) during the whole time of the returning tide.

So, again, Mr. Coe says in his letter—

“The Dolphin of the Chelsea Water Company is immediately below, and not many yards distant from, that of the Grand Junction Company; and if the supply of either company be affected by the Ranelagh drainage (which is, in fact, the discharge of water from the Serpentine River in times of flood), it would not be difficult to decide which would be so in the higher degree.”

This inference is not a fair one. The Dolphin of the Chelsea Company is not placed at “not many yards” from the Ranelagh sewer, but at a considerable distance from it; we should say at a distance of from one to two hundred yards. And—that which is of far more importance—the Dolphin of the Chelsea Company is pushed *out* considerably farther from shore than that of the Grand Junction Company—beyond the reach of the sewer streams, and into the bed of the river.

Personally, therefore, we have not a doubt that these circumstances explain the real cause of the occasional impurity of the Grand Junction Company’s supply. The foul water of which Mr. Wright’s witnesses complain must have been that which was taken up at some of the unfavourable periods which we have described, and sent at once—without being previously deposited in any reservoir—into the cisterns of the company’s customers; and we repeat that it was acting with very culpable negligence not at once—without a moment’s delay—when the evil was perceived, to go about applying a remedy. We believe that a remedy either by this time has been, or very shortly will be, applied. We understand that the Grand Junction Company has, at a great expense, been preparing, and in a few weeks at farthest will have completed, an extensive reservoir on the banks of the Thames, which will enable them to dispense entirely with the supply from their Dolphin at any time when it may seem convenient to do so. Into this great reservoir the water of the Thames is to be admitted, by means of flood-gates, when the tide is up. The gates being closed as the tide falls, a body of water will remain: from which, after it has been duly allowed to filter and settle, the town will be supplied, in lieu of pumping—as is at present done—directly from the bed of the river. But while justice compels us to give credit to the company for this intended improvement, still nothing can be more clear than that the completion of such a project ought not to have been

waited for. The Grand Junction Company ought not to have gone on, even for a single day—upon any pretence—in supplying the public with water which appeared to be objectionable; and we think there can be no question now, that—even when all is completed—they must still *remove their Dolphin*: they must not offend public feeling by keeping up even the semblance of a means of supply which it is known may, under particular circumstances, be noisome. The ostensible source of the water which the people of London are to drink, and a focus of common sewers—whether they do continue to communicate, or whether they do not—must not continue to be placed together.

But although we agree, therefore, in the fitness of the inquiry which has taken place, if only a reasonable suspicion of negligence attached to the conduct of the Grand Junction Company; and though it well becomes the persons who have suffered from that negligence to take very sufficient precautions that the same fault shall not readily offend them again; still the public ought not to allow itself to be led, under feelings of irritation, either into believing, all of a sudden, in five hundred extraordinary evils, none of which exist—or into subscribing Five hundred thousand pounds for a work, which, if those evils did exist, would be perfectly inadequate to remedy them. The moment that we heard that the people of London and Westminster were being poisoned by the water that they drank, we involuntarily exclaimed—“Now, Heaven send this be not to conclude in a new Joint Stock Water Company!” We had a sort of instinct that the people could not be about to be saved from being poisoned without being called upon to pay for it. We had a presentiment of some approaching touch at the old “sore place” of the town—a sort of trial how far the offending spirit of trying to cheat their neighbours, and eventually being cheated themselves, still lurked in men’s minds, in spite of whipping.

No task on earth could be more pleasant, we are convinced, to a hundred little knots of gentlemen, whom we could name, than to dispose of £300,000 or £400,000 of other people’s money—if they could get such an amount subscribed—no matter if it were in a new water-work—in a new mine—or in a new theatre. To hold the patronage of distributing large profits to themselves, or to such other persons as they might think fit;—to give jobs to engineers, architects, and surveyors;—to buy land, and iron, and wood, and labour, and stone, and bricks, and mortar; and to have the chance of a little dealing in “shares;” and a little snack to give to a friend in the way of law expences and agency;—and moreover, to have the appointment of a board of directors—probably with salaries!—and of a “secretary,” certainly with a good round salary—not to speak of clerks and other inferior officers;—the whole thing would be very pleasant,—and perhaps very profitable—for the persons who had the disposition of the means; but it is not quite so clear to us what would be the condition of the *other* persons who might be benoodled into furnishing them.

Upon this point, however, we will endeavour—arguing from the past and the present to the future—to collect some little information. And first—as to the gains of the Water Companies already in existence. The whole amount paid for the supply of water by the cities of London and Westminster—taking in the whole of the town and suburbs on the Middlesex side of the river—is less than £200,000 a-year. This is the whole income which the companies have to pay their current expenditure, as well as to supply interest upon the vast capital sunk in plant and machinery: and for this, *five* establishments are already combating.

Full one-half of this gross amount of £200,000 is in the possession of the New River Company: a company which stands free from all the objections urged by "The Dolphin" against its rivals. The income of the New River Company, obtained from the supply of 60,000 houses, at an average rate of thirty shillings per house, would be £90,000 a-year. The four remaining companies divide about £90,000 a-year more among them, but in unequal proportions. The East London Company supplies 32,000 houses, at twenty-three shillings average per house: in round numbers an income of £36,000 a-year. The West Middlesex serves 11,000 houses, at an average rate of about fifty shillings: that gives an income of £27,000 a-year. The Chelsea Company has about 8,000 houses, at an average, say of forty-five shillings—making £20,000 a-year. And the Grand Junction 7,000 houses, at an average of sixty shillings amounting to £21,000 a-year.

Now the established companies will hardly build churches out of an income like this;—but especially the newer establishments, which, taking their water from the Thames by steam, are exposed to a heavy expense, which is also a lasting one, by the consumption of their engines in coal. The average expenses of the West Middlesex Company are at the present time £13,000 a-year: of which 3,000 is expended only in coals for the steam-engines that raise the water, and force it to its places of destination.

Therefore, at first sight, it would appear that there is no vast mine of wealth to struggle for; and that the whole *income* would not maintain an army—not to speak of what may be done with the profit. But, to go beyond conjecture, it is perfectly easy for us to shew—for four fifths of the information is in print and published already—what the actual rate of profit is which has been made by all the water companies—jointly and severally—from the time of their foundation.

For *twenty* years after the formation of the New River Company, *no dividend* was paid to the proprietors at all. This company now (according to the statement of "The Dolphin") pays five per cent. interest upon the value of its property.

In the case of the Chelsea Company, it was *thirty* years before any dividend was paid. The amount now paid is three per cent.

The East London Company's affairs, in the commencement, were conducted with some irregularity. For several years, however, they paid *no* dividend: for several more, a dividend of only *one* per cent; they now pay about four and a half per cent.

The West Middlesex Company was, from the year 1807 to 1819—*twelve* years—without paying any dividend. They then began to pay one pound fifteen shillings per cent.; they now pay two pounds fifteen shillings.

The Grand Junction Company, which, from the mode in which it made its bargain as to the supply of water—(one of the chief sources, it will be observed, of its late, or present, objectionable condition)—and from the circumstance of its getting what is termed a "good district"—*i. e.* a district in which the houses are chiefly of a high order—has paid better than any other.—This company was established in 1810, and in 1819 began to pay a dividend of one pound seventeen shillings per cent. They are now paying six per cent.; but are making great improvements—and must make more—the effect of which will be probably to lower their dividend pretty considerably.

Thus it appears, we think, pretty plainly, that the whole of the new race of water companies, so far from being in the condition of having made large gains, have not paid any thing like a competent interest upon their capital.

Then with respect to the proposal of our new company, to do a great deal more, and a great deal better than any other speculators have done before us—any attempt at *general* competition for the supply of the town on the part of a new water company, would be absurd and impossible. The trade is already carried on at a less cost than it could be if such general competition existed. The several companies, taking each a particular district, are enabled to supply their customers at much less original expense than they could do if those customers were widely scattered. The Chelsea Company, taking its trade entirely at the west end of the town, is enabled to serve its 8,000 houses at an incomparably cheaper rate, than if one-half of those houses lay in their present situation, and the other half—where they must have new pipes and mains laid down to them—at Bethnal Green or at Mile End. This proposition we take to be so clear, that we need waste no time in enforcing it.

In fact that state of things which the persons who complain of the conventions of the water companies, describe as “competition,”—but which in more fairness should be called “opposition,”—is one which, in the water trade, we apprehend can by no possibility exist. Nothing can be more certain than that, if a dozen companies, instead of five, existed in London, there would still be so far a want of what is described as “competition,” that orders might be offered to every one of those companies, which they would be compelled to refuse, leaving the customer, as he is left now, to depend upon the company which had local convenience for serving him, or to shift for himself, independent of any general supply at all. That the termination of the contest which existed ten years ago between the West Middlesex Company, the Grand Junction Company, and the New River Company, may have disappointed the customers that profited by it, is very likely. And so, if any two or three persons were bespattering each other with mud, it would be a loss of amusement to the populace, that looked on when they left off. But, in plain reason, the only *real* wonder is—not that “division” eventually took place of “competition,” among these parties; but that it did not take place of it long before. The same mistake will not be made again. Because an opposition between two water companies does not stand upon the same ground with an opposition of steam packets, or stage coaches. The main point of hope on which each party relies in these last cases, is the retreat of the other party out of the market;—a course which in the first case is barred. The only alternative, in a struggle between two water companies, is compromise or extermination. The coach master, growing tired of a contest, can employ his coaches and horses upon another road; or he carries them to auction, and sells them to some one else for their value. But, in the case of the water company, their *whole capital* is vested in works, which—as the people say who advertise the papers lost in their pocket-books—“are of no use to any but the *owner*.” They have a property on hand, which may be *used* to some slight profit; but which, *sold*, produces nothing. They are not dealers in an article, which they pay for, piecemeal, as they dispose of it, and which, therefore, they will cease to trade in when they cease to make a profit upon it; but they are the holders of

an enormous machinery, which, if they sold it, would not fetch a shilling in the pound upon its value, and which, therefore, they will go on working, while it only pays the oil necessary to keep it in motion, rather than sacrifice it altogether.

When we talk of an application to Parliament for a new company, on the ground of the "nefarious" convention, and "close monopoly" set up by the existing ones—an Act for a new company might no doubt be obtained easily enough—the public would suffer nothing by its formation—but it should be recollected, that the whole question of "division" and "monopoly" *has been* considered by Parliament already.

And it is singular to observe, upon reference, how entirely the decision of the Committee of the House of Commons affirms the cursory view that we have been taking of the subject. The report of the Committee of the House of Commons upon this very question—the alleged combination of the water companies—in 1821, says:—

"The principle of the acts under which these companies were instituted, was to encourage competition; and certainly in this, as in other cases, it is only from competition or the expectation of competition that a perfect security can be had for good supply; but your committee are satisfied that, *from the peculiar nature of these undertakings*, the principle of competition *requires* to be guarded by particular checks and limits in its application to them; in order to render it effectual, without the risk of *destruction to the competing parties*, and thereby, ultimately, of a *serious injury to the public*.

"Competition, in ordinary cases, adjusts the supply to the demand through the liberty which the sellers have to go out of the market as well as to come into it; but in trades carried on by means of large capitals, vested in fixed machinery, and furnishing a commodity of no value but for consumption on the spot, the sellers are confined to the market by the nature of the trade; and if the new comer has to seek immediate employment for large works, by taking custom from the established dealer, as there can be no great difference in the quality of what they sell, they must *vie in lowness of price*, and will probably be driven to *underbid each other down to the point of ruin*, because it is better to take *any thing* than to take *nothing* for that which *cannot be carried away*; and this must go on until both are worn out, or one has out-lived the others, and succeeded to a *real and effective monopoly*, or until, *by some arrangement between themselves*, they can put a stop to their mutual destruction.

"These consequences appear to have followed from the late protracted competition between the water companies; it was carried on, during several years, at a very ruinous loss, and must, in all probability, have led to the extinction of all except one or two of the wealthiest—as it actually did to that of the smaller companies—but for an arrangement which took place, by which the supply of the town was partitioned between them."

The fact is, that the cry of monopoly is pretty absurd; because real "monopoly" there can be none. The water companies have no compulsory power upon the inhabitants of London; it is open to any individual to decline the supply furnished by them, and to provide for himself, as may seem fit to his discretion. But the principle upon which the present arrangement among the companies has proceeded, is one which nothing short of bringing the government into the market as a competitor can ever get rid of. The character of the trade instinctively leads to such a convention—it is to the *interest* of all parties. The people who are proposing a "new company" are perfectly well aware of this. They know that, for them to compete for the supply of *town* is impossible; they would be doing their trade at a *cost* twenty per cent. above other people. All that they could attempt would be to oppose *one* or *two* of the existing companies, whose

districts lie together ; and all they have a chance of accomplishing, is, in a certain degree, to displace the Grand Junction Company—against which some displeasure on the part of the public, at the present moment, very reasonably exists. But this course—beyond answering the end of some half-dozen agents, directors, and attornies, who will gain ten times as much by conducting the speculation as they lose by having a share in it—will have no other result than that of wasting the property of a great number of small capitalists who are to be drawn into supporting it, without affording the slightest security to the public against the recurrence of the evil of which they really have to complain.

There may be—and we are rather afraid there is—in despite of the exposures which have taken place of the late monstrous frauds and bubbles connected with the formation of joint stock companies—a remnant of inclination in the public mind for speculations of this character ; and, therefore—at the hazard of being tedious—we will venture to go a little further upon this question of the formation of a “ New Joint Stock Water Company.”

All that any new establishment can possibly expect to accomplish, coming into the market to oppose a company already in possession of a district, will be—standing at an *outlay* equal to that of the company attacked,—which shall supply, we will say, ten thousand houses—to obtain the supply of *half* that number of houses, at a considerably decreased average rent or rate of payment. The West Middlesex Company, for instance—to select an establishment against which there is no accusation, and which certainly supplies excellent water, and from an unobjectionable source, to its customers—this company possesses—say—with an expenditure of £13,000 per annum—an income—arising from the supply of eleven thousand houses, at an average of fifty shillings per house—of £27,000. A company which started to oppose the West Middlesex Company would certainly—in order to get away half its customers—have to *reduce* the average price of the supply from fifty shillings to thirty-five shillings. It is probable that the reduction would go a great deal further : but, at least, it would go so far—which would bring down the *whole* income arising from the eleven thousand houses, from £27,000 to less than £20,000. Taking the *expenditure* of *each* of these companies, then, still to be £13,000 a year—for to supply one side of each street in a district, or half the houses of any district, would cost, within a mere trifle, as much as to supply the whole—then each company would receive not quite £10,000 a year of *income*. And, even supposing that we have put this calculation unfavourably—a fact which we entirely deny—and that more fortunate circumstances might increase the revenue of each competing company to £15,000 instead of £10,000—although we see no source which could *possibly* lead to such a result ; still the trade of the entire district of eleven thousand houses would only be done at *double the first cost that performed it originally* ; and neither of the two companies, after defraying its annual expenses, would have five shillings per cent. to divide, for interest on capital, among its proprietors.

This is precisely the course of events supposed to arise out of an over-extended competition, by the Parliamentary Committee of 1821. The people who supplied the funds for a new company would lose their money. The town would be parcelled out—unless one establishment was finally exterminated—into *six* districts, instead of *five*. And the little “ committee,” who superintended the *expenditure* of the £300,000 capital,

would, according to the etiquette in such cases made and provided, have to "regret" the "failure of the speculation"—and be the only parties perfectly well satisfied with the result.

The limited space farther, however, that we can afford to devote to this inquiry, compels us to return to that which is really the most important question connected with it:—How far the inhabitants of the metropolis have reason to be contented with the *quality* of the supply of water furnished to them, and with the *terms* upon which they receive it? The first section of this question applies to a point almost of vital interest; and as to which any attempt to excite the apprehension of persons groundlessly—or to disguise danger, or objection, where it really exists—becomes equally reprehensible.

A part of the object of the "New Joint Stock Company" Association—and a very material point it would be if they could accomplish it—seems to be to shew that the supply of water obtained from the Thames—near London—is—not merely as regards the Grand Junction Company's supply—but, altogether, objectionable.

Mr. Keate, the surgeon, as we have shewn some pages back, is quoted as speaking of "Thames water"—without reference to the condition in which it is supplied—as "unfit for domestic purposes." Mr. K. probably means to say, "for human consumption."

Dr. James Johnson says, that he has always regarded the "Thames water," taken up "near London," as "most disgusting to the imagination, and deleterious to health."

And a Mr. Mills, who stated himself, at the Westminster meeting, to be an engineer, declared, among a great variety of new and startling propositions, that the Thames water could never be fit for drinking unless it was taken up "above Teddington lock."

Now, with great respect for the spirit of improvement that is abroad, and for the very excellent job that would arise out of bringing 500,000 hogs-heads of water daily to London, from "above Teddington lock"—particularly as a second job would very quickly follow upon this arrangement: for the water in the Thames, "above the Teddington lock," is apt enough (without this enormous draught) in summer to run short, already—we are disposed to think that, as we have got on *so long* with the Thames water, so, with only mending the old system of supply a little, instead of breaking it up entirely, we may get on a little longer.

The Thames water, it may be worth while to recollect, as it is supplied by every company but the Grand Junction Company, gives, or has given, very reasonable satisfaction. Against the East London Company, the West Middlesex Company, the Chelsea and the Surrey Companies, we have heard of no complaint as to the Thames water; or, if it has been served occasionally in a turbid state—as it must be in wet weather, let it be supplied from what source it will—there is nothing here which the adoption of a little more settling and filtering precaution on the part of the companies may not entirely get rid of. The question, how far health may be affected by the use of a water like that of the Thames, into which impurities are constantly pouring, is one which we shall not pause here to discuss—because we think the fact of its offensiveness, if materially contaminated by these impurities, a sufficient circumstance of objection. It must not be supposed, however, that this question of "danger to health" is at all an admitted one. On the contrary, we believe that the balance

of opinion—on a point very fiercely contested—is that the impurities do *no* mischief to health at all. Dr. Turner, in his letter to Mr. Wright [“Dolphin,” p. 79], in answer to the inquiry, whether the inhabitants of Westminster are, or are not, poisoned into all sorts of diseases by Thames water,—states very candidly his opinion, that—whether the impure state of the water furnished by the Grand Junction Company (the Thames water—this is when most objectionable) has had any influence upon the inhabitants of Westminster, “is a question that would admit of much controversy.” And we happen ourselves to recollect rather a curious case in the county of Somerset, where, after examining all the medical men for fifty miles round, a special jury found their verdict, upon a great balance of evidence, that water loaded in an *excessive* degree with *putrid animal matter* would produce no ill effect if taken into the stomach.*

Fact however is better than argument; and we are content to waive the question of health, and admit the proof of “offensiveness” to be evidence sufficient: but then it must be understood that, when we speak of “offensiveness,” we do not mean to speak of *mere* “offence to the imagination.” Of that sort of offence which merely touches the imagination,

* The case was rather a singular one; and it is not the least curious point about it, that, although the verdict proceeded upon a principle which persons in general would hardly be supposed very ready to admit, it never—if we recollect right—came before the superior courts for revision. The circumstances were these. In the summer of the year 1820, or 1821, which was extremely hot and dry, great numbers of horned cattle in Somersetshire were attacked with an inflammatory disease, which the farriers of the place did not understand, but which carried the animals off very rapidly, and was believed to be infectious. Among other persons who suffered by this calamity, the defendant in the action, C. D.,—who had a number of cows feeding in a pasture on the banks of a certain stream, on the banks of which, in another field, some short distance *lower down*, the plaintiff, A. B. had also a number of oxen feeding—lost a cow by the influenza. By the usage of the country—if not, we believe, by some statute actually in existence—the defendant was bound to have buried his dead cow; but he omitted to do this, and caused her, instead, to be thrown into the stream which bordered his land; whereby, the water being low, and the heat excessive, great nuisance was produced to the neighbourhood; and, at the end of eight or nine days, the annoyance became so great, that it could not be borne, and the carcass of the animal was obliged, after all, to be taken out of the water and buried. In the mean time, however, the cattle of the plaintiff, which were compelled to drink of the water that ran down from the defendant’s land, were seized with the same complaint as that of which his cow had died, and perished in great numbers; on which the plaintiff, conceiving that they were infected, or poisoned, by the water which the defendant’s conduct had rendered unwholesome, brought his action of damages against the latter for their value. When the case came on to be tried before Mr. Justice Best at Taunton, these facts were stated on the part of the plaintiff, and proved by unquestionable evidence. For the defendant, however, a whole host of medical men were called; who swore, that—with respect to the charge of “infection”—the plaintiff’s oxen *could not* have caught the infection, of which the defendant’s cow had died, by drinking the water in question; because it appeared, that the animal had not been thrown into the water until two days after her death; and, with the first symptoms of decomposition about any animal matter, all power that it might ever have had of communicating infection ceased. And with respect to the charge of “poisoning”—the plaintiff’s cattle could not have been *poisoned* by the water in which the defendant’s cow lay; for the drinking of water, in which the most putrid animal substances had been mixed up, could not produce, either to cattle or human beings, the smallest mischief. In proof of which last doctrine, we recollect one of the witnesses stated, that he had himself made the experiment upon his own person, by swallowing a considerable quantity of water from a small pool in which he happened to see a putrid pig;—a piece of evidence, which—judging from the event—would seem to have made a considerable impression upon the minds of the judge and jury; though, at the time when it was delivered, it appeared to operate principally in the way of discomposure to their stomachs.

It would be easy, however, to cite opinions, of the highest authority, that the Thames water is not, in the slightest degree, unfitted for consumption by the impurities which are thrown into it.

we are afraid it would be difficult entirely to get rid any where. Mere "offence to the imagination" will be referable to the different delicacies, or predilections, of parties. No doubt, to drink the water of a river like the Thames, into which the sewers of a city empty themselves, is, abstractedly—if we choose to dwell upon it—"offensive to the imagination." But if any person were to amuse himself by counting the dead dogs—since, in answer to plain charges, we must speak in plain terms—which he might find in the small stream of the New River, between the Sluice House and Sadler's Wells, or to look at the crowds of individuals, of every rank and calling in life,—who wash their persons in the same narrow stream every summer's morning,—in spite of the great exertion which is made to procure all possible cleanliness, by the New River Company, it is possible that such an individual (for a few moments after the survey) might hardly be satisfied to raise a glass of New River water to his lips? And, "imagination" apart, the truth, we believe, is, that the story of the "offensiveness" of the Thames water has nothing at all in it. The impurities which proceed from the drains, on the banks of the Thames, seldom make their way far *into the bed* of the river; and are neutralised as far as they do so—by the enormous body of water into which they flow. The constant inclination of all the drainage is to be carried at once down by the tide—as it comes forth—along the margin of the river; and it is only where the supply is taken from an improper vicinage—as has been the case with the Grand Junction Company—from some spot which the proximity of the sewers is enabled to operate upon—that any *real* inconvenience, or "offensiveness," would arise. We repeat that we do not speak here of persons who choose to indulge their "imagination;" and who would be as disinclined to approve of the water of Paris—carried about the streets for sale, in wooden tubs, by dirty fellows—as they are to drink that which comes clean into their cisterns, only because they know that it is taken from the Thames. But—we call the water of the Thames "filthy" and "poisonous!" Are we not forgetting that two-thirds of the population of town, within the bills of mortality, has *never* been supplied with any water *but* that of the Thames? Do we remember that a vast quantity of this poisonous water, from time immemorial, until within the last *three* years, has been used to be thrown, by the water works at London Bridge, *directly* into the cisterns of the people of London, without being previously deposited in reservoirs, or subjected to any course of purification whatever? And, moreover, when we are told thus suddenly, that the Thames water is unfit for use—is it not time to recollect, that, up to the reign of James I., the whole population of London never had any supply of water but this "Thames water," so taken up at London Bridge, in the very heart of the city?

For the present, a pressure of other matter compels us to quit this subject; but it is possible that we may return to it; because we rather think, that—upon the strength of an evil which has only been slightly *partial*, and could only be temporary—we see a desire on the part of some speculators to get up a profitable *job*.

The story of the "monopoly" we take, in plain terms, to be pure humbug. If we have a "monopoly" of five companies now—when a new company was started, we should only have a "monopoly" of six.

The complaint of "extravagant charge"—as against the companies

in general—is even more entirely unfounded. The rates charged are certainly not so low as they were during the time of the “competition”—when the companies were eating up their capitals in the hope to destroy each other; but the price, fairly taken, at which the inhabitants of London get their water supplied, is low to a degree that seems astonishing.

In fact a single glance only is necessary, at any of the *remedies* proposed for this grievance of “extravagance,” to set the question of “cheapness,” as to the supply, entirely at rest. The last Number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science and Art*, observing upon the “filthy state of the water usually supplied, at very extravagant rates, by the water companies,” suggests that, in “many cases, it answers to *dig a well* for the exclusive supply of a large house with water; and, *if deep enough*, the water will be abundant, soft, and pellucid.” The only drawback upon this exquisite stratagem is observed to be “the *labour* of forcing the water, by a pump, to the top of the house.” (There would be some labour necessary, we humbly apprehend, in raising it to the surface of the earth.) “This, however, is very easily done *by a horse engine* !!! “or there are people enough about town glad to undertake it at *a shilling a day*.” This shilling a day—which is over and above the expense of sinking a well, and keeping machinery in order—being the resource against the “extravagant charges” of water companies, whose charges may be taken to average, one house with another, at *a shilling a week*; and who deliver—this is about the rate of the West Middlesex and East London Companies—for that shilling a week, into a house of the rent of £100 a year, every week, a supply of water, exceeding in quantity 1,000 gallons. This scheme we are afraid is scarcely as feasible as Mr. Mills’s offer to bring the Thames water from “above Teddington lock;” but would not a far simpler than either be—that every individual for whose “personal consumption” the Thames water (*supplied from a proper point*) did not appear sufficiently pure, should provide his house with a common “filtering cistern,” which costs thirty shillings, and puts an end to all difficulty?

The fact is, that a great deal of the objection alleged against the existing system of water supply in London, is groundless; that a great deal more has been very much exaggerated; and that, for any little which remains, a “New Company” is not the proper cure. If competition is all that is wanted—that may be had, we venture to affirm, at once. If the persons supplied by the Grand Junction Company find themselves aggrieved, and want merely the assistance of another establishment—they—or any reasonable number, say one-third of them—have only to guarantee their custom to the Chelsea Company, or the West Middlesex Company, for five years; and either of those establishments, we venture to prophesy, will break the “Holy Alliance,” and “lay down pipes” immediately.

If any remedy beyond this is necessary, it must be found—not in the establishment of more companies, but in the entrusting a power of control to the legislature. Without any affront to the proposers of the new “Real Joint Stock Company,” which is to be “actuated by no other motive than an earnest desire to contribute to the health and comfort of their fellow-citizens,” we must be excused if we decline believing that a new company will exhibit more virtue than those which are already existing. The supply of an article so vitally important as WATER to the metropolis, would justify the assumption of a power of *surveillance* by the government; and if any

public proceeding be requisite, this is the only one which could produce any beneficial result. At the same time, we are not at all convinced that such a course is necessary. The best measure for any parish which found itself ill-supplied by one company, would be to offer its custom, secured for a stated period, to another: there is very little danger—in despite of the proverbial *inviolability* of treaties—that such a temptation would be resisted. For the formation of a “new company,” the public can suffer no injury from its establishment; but we would recommend those persons who are to supply the *money* for such a purpose to consider well before they undertake it.

THE OLD WARRIOR'S GRAVE.*

THOU didst fall in the field with thy silver hair,
And a banner in thy hand;
Thou wert laid to rest from thy battles there,
By a proudly mournful band.

In the camp, on the steed, to the bugle's blast,
Thy long bright years had sped;
And a warrior's bier was thine at last,
When the snows had crown'd thy head.

Many had fallen by thy side, old chief!
Brothers and friends, perchance;
But thou wert yet as the fadeless leaf,
And light was in thy glance.

The soldier's heart at thy step leaped high,
And thy voice the war-horse knew;
And the first to arm when the foe was nigh
Wert thou, the bold and true!

Now mayest thou slumber—thy work is done—
Thou of the well-worn sword!
From the stormy fight in thy fame thou'rt gone,
But not to the festal board.

The corn-sheaves whisper thy grave around,
Where fiery blood hath flowed;—
Oh! lover of battle and trumpet-sound!
Thou hast won thee a still abode!

A quiet home from the sunbeams glare,
And the wind that wandereth free—
Thou that didst fall with thy silvery hair,
For *this* men toil like thee!

F. H.

* I came upon the tomb of Marshal Schwerin—a plain, quiet cenotaph, erected in the middle of a wide corn-field, on the very spot where he closed a long, faithful, and glorious career in arms. He fell here at eighty years of age, at the head of his own regiment, the standard of it waving in his hand. His seat was in the leathern saddle—his foot in the iron stirrup—his fingers reined the young war-horse to the last.—*Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.*

THE FOUR NATIONS:

No. II.

" Quatuor homines—quatuor chartæ."

All lead, I grant, is still in essence lead,
 However it be moulded ; but the mould
 Determines both the comeliness and value :
 As, what cast one way is a nameless vessel,
 Moulded another, might be Hercules.
 E'en so with men : the peasant or the savage,
 By different training, doubtless might have been
 A man o' the woods, or wise philosopher.
 The worth, in all that nature lends, consists
 Not so much in the substance as the use.

GODOLPHIN.

HAVING, in a former paper, delineated a few of the more striking and simple features in the character of each of the Four Nations composing the British public, as that character is found—not in individual instances—in the very noblest or the very meanest—but on the average, and in the gross ; or, having, as some will perhaps rather be inclined to think, made a slight, but by no means a wanton incision through the *epidermis*—it may be, for the purpose of ascertaining the national malady,—it now remains to consider the more important, because the more practical and manageable, question of what influence the circumstances of each nation may have had, and may still have, in giving to the features of its character those peculiarities which have been described. This is a subject of great extent and difficulty, as well as importance ; and it is one, in the consideration of which no man perhaps can escape the bias and prejudice which his own peculiar circumstances have stamped upon himself ; and, therefore, though it demands to be treated with boldness and decision, it ought not to be done with dogmatism, or received with offence—inasmuch as the performance of it is labour, and the object cure.

In order that I may be the more perspicuous—if, indeed, perspicuity can be predicated of such an inquiry—I shall arrange my few remarks, and deductions from those remarks, under the several heads of—*Geographical Situation—Original Race—Education—Employment—Social Habits—Political Condition—Intellectual State—and Prevailings Opinion*. Even this enumeration does not comprehend the whole, and there are several parts of it which can hardly be separated from others ; but still there is no possibility of understanding the mechanism of the living body, whether physical or politic, without an ideal dissection, inasmuch as the common analogy of anatomy will not apply ; for, though an examination of the parts of a human body which is deprived of life makes us acquainted with the functions of those in which life still exists, the dissection of a dead community throws not much light upon the nature of a living one, and none at all upon that which is the object of this inquiry—the peculiarities which belong to it, and to it only.

GEOGRAPHICAL SITUATION.—There can be no question that much of the external appearance, and more of the modes of feeling and thinking, depend upon the nature of the earth upon which man is placed, and the atmosphere which he breathes. For in those central regions of the world, where the bud, the blossom, and the fruit are together and constantly upon the tree—where there is but little change of temperature—where even slight clothing is a burden—where the shelter of massy walls is not required,

and where the native, panting and throbbing in fervent heat, is contented with a subsistence small in quantity and simple in kind—there is nothing to call out those inventive powers of which necessity is truly the mother, and there is every thing to relax and enfeeble the powers of the body. In the other extreme of temperature—"the thrilling regions of the thick-ribbed ice"—those inhospitable climes where, in the language of Milton, the air

"Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire"—

the dreary wastes of Spitzbergen; those more dreary still, where Captain Parry went to seek knowledge, and found misery; and those, rendered perchance still more unfavourable by the eternal blasts of the Australian air, and the ceaseless weltering of the southern wave—are all fatal to the development of even the lower powers of the mind; and they who have the misfortune to dwell there seem doomed to external woe and internal weakness, without remedy and without hope. Nor are the extremes of heat and cold the only geographical circumstances which affect the character; for the man who is doomed to respire for life the *miasmata* of a fen, or an atmosphere surcharged with excessive humidity, if he shall escape a physical consumption, is sure to be visited by a consumption of all the more delicate feelings and more exquisite fancies of mind; while he who treads the mountain's peak, looks out during the day upon the unclouded majesty of the sun, and during the night upon the sparkling glories of the starry host, and who breathes an air which is kindred to that of those heavens which are so displayed to his contemplation, however his frame may be shrunk by the nipping of winter, has his nerves strung to an excess of vigour, and his mind attuned to the warmest feelings and the most glowing perceptions.

Nor is the influence confined to temperature and humidity; for the comparative fertility of the earth appears to have no small effect upon the character of its inhabitants. Of the table which nature sets out for man, as well as of that which he sets out for himself, it may with truth be said that—

"dainty bits

Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits."

So even-handed, indeed, is that justice which nature awards, that they who enjoy the fat places of the earth are doomed intellectually to partake a little of their obesity; while they who are placed upon the bleak ridge never fail to be rewarded with a portion of its firmness and elevation. Nor is it difficult to find out the means by which this equalization is brought about: the chemical changes which take place in the upper stratum of the earth must continually evolve matters that alter the atmospheric air; and it is well known that the gases which are given out by animal and vegetable substances, while undergoing the putrid fermentation, all have a pernicious effect upon the health when in large quantities, and upon the feelings and faculties, even though the quantities are very small. Now, in a country which is very fertile, and at the same time very flat, the putrefactive process, and consequently its pernicious effects, will be at *maximum*; while, among the hard and perennial plants and naked rocks of a mountainous country, where the water no sooner falls on the surface than it floods away to the river or the lake, the air must be free from the whole or the greater part of this contamination. Even the habits of the people in a fertile country must dispose them less to activity and thought than those

of a country where they are not only put, as it were, "more upon their shifts," but where the gratification of the animal appetites bears a much smaller proportion to the means by which it is obtained. He who obtains his turtle and his champagne without an effort, and almost without a wish, may have more gilding and glitter than he who toils the livelong day for his crust of black bread; but, if we came to "set" them, we should find that the latter were of choicer temper, and could receive a keener edge.

It may with truth be said, that as property accumulates, the value of man declines; and in proof of this, I might appeal to the laws of England, which are supposed to be the result of the most polished civilization and the most consummate wisdom; and yet which, after all, decree a heavier punishment to the stealing forty shillings' value out of a dwelling-house, than they do to the depriving of a man of life, if that be perpetrated in a momentary fit of anger, and without premeditated malice or design.

The localities of the Four Nations do not possess any remarkable, or, at least, any extreme variation in natural temperature, humidity, or fertility; but still they are different naturally, and the natural difference has been augmented by artificial means. In point of atmosphere, Ireland is perhaps the most humid,—because, as an Irishman would say, "the fogs of the Atlantic are perpetually weeping over its woes;" but, along with this, the annual temperature of Ireland is, upon the whole, the most mild and uniform. In favoured spots, Ireland is probably the most fertile by nature; but, in consequence of the neglect of cultivation, immense tracks of that country have been converted into bog, and thus have injured both the fertility of the soil and the salubrity of the climate. England, from the comparative absence of mountains and lakes, is the most uniform, and it is, upon the whole, the best or at least the most generally cultivated; but the eastern parts of England are, in many situations, injured by the *miasmata* of the fens, and, for certain portions of the year, chilled by the bleak winds and inhospitable fogs which are wafted from the cold and moist regions of the north-east. Wales escapes from these, and, where it is susceptible of cultivation, it is much better cultivated than Ireland; but a large portion of Wales is mountainous; and though the air upon these mountains be soft and transparent, it is at the same time humid from the vicinity of the Atlantic. Scotland, by nature the most bleak and inhospitable of the four, is exposed to a certain portion of fog on the eastern shores; but as that fog is wafted across a much greater extent of sea, and as the north-east winds come not over land so humid as those which visit England, the fog does not appear so much to influence the feelings and the character of the people. But still it is found, that, in those portions of Scotland which lie on the eastern shore, and are flat and fertile, there is the same increase of size, relaxation of muscle, and obtuseness of intellect which are found in the flat eastern counties of England; while, in the very extreme wilderness of that country, there is an excess of severity which is equally pernicious to the better powers. These observations are not sufficient for the formation of any thing like a theory; but they lead us to this one conclusion:—that the best geographical position for the favourable development of mind is, like that of the best civil position for the same purpose, the one which is neither too high nor too low—which is neither parched by cold and drought, nor soaked by heat and humidity. Even although the theory here were perfect, it would not make a great deal for the general question, inasmuch as, though there be greater similarity in the inhabitants of these

parts of the Four Countries which resemble each other, yet enough of difference remains to shew that geographical position is not the only, nor indeed the principal cause.

ORIGINAL RACE.—Though I am not much of a convert to those doctrines of phrenology which make the human *cranium* a “house with many mansions,” and rate the importance in which each faculty and propensity is held—as men are sometimes rated in the world—by the size of its dwelling; yet I am very ready to admit—and admit it not as a mere assertion, but as the result of very careful and very long-continued observation—that the general form of the head is a very certain indication of the general ability and disposition of the possessor. When the head is very broad, more especially toward the fore part, it may always be taken as an indication of steadiness and perseverance in labour; when the head is narrow in front, but greatly elongated, so as to have the form of an ellipse of considerable eccentricity, there is always greater rapidity and versatility of powers than in the former case—but there is not the same steadiness and perseverance; and when the head is small in both its measurements, and especially when a horizontal section at the union of the eye-brows appears to leave the greater part of the cranial cavity below, there is great irascibility, without either rapidity of perception or perseverance. In all the three formations there are these radical distinctions; and the capacity of each increases in proportion to the increase of elevation above the eye-brows.

Now the Saxon tribes—which form the basis of the population in at least the eastern and middle parts of England, and in some parts of the lowlands of Scotland, and which are also partially intermingled with the population of some parts of Ireland—have the head broad and full at the sides, without any great elongation. Hence, reasoning upon this principle, we should expect to find in them that steady pursuit of a single object—that following of it out into the very minutest of its details—that profound knowledge of its principles, and that dexterity in its practical management, which are found to be the chief characteristics of the English.

The Celtic tribes, which, though altered by a different admixture, and modified by different habits in each country, form the basis of the population of Ireland, of Wales, and of the northern and western parts of Scotland, have their foreheads much narrower than the Saxon tribes; and, when pure, the Celtic head does not appear to be much elongated backwards, or to have, in the majority of cases, any great elevation. Among such a people it would, therefore, be vain to look for any very transcendent or commanding powers either of investigation or of action: and, therefore, we find that the Celtic tribes have ever been conquered by their—probably, in many instances—less quick but more solid and persevering neighbours. From the remnant of them that skirts the western verge of Europe, and, as travellers say, a certain portion of the extreme west of Africa, and from the slight traces of their language (or at least of language in many respects analogous) which are found among the mixed inhabitants of the Caucasus, and some of the western ridges of the Himmalah, it is no very violent hypothesis to suppose, that, in the course of ages, they have flitted before their successive conquerors, at least from the confines of Asia. That, in the British islands, they are the subdued part of the population, there is abundant evidence. In England there are authenticated records of their successive subjugations, from the time of Julius Cæsar to the present day; while, in the highlands of Scotland, the heads of the clans—and, in Ire-

land, the petty kings, who were heads of clans under a different name—are almost invariably described as being men of giant bulk, light hair, and ruddy complexion; whereas the genuine Celts are invariably of slender though active form, and dark complexion—usually with thick and straight hair, resembling that of the Hindoos.

The Scandinavian tribes—those hardy pirates and warriors who, in the early part of the middle ages, issued from the north, and established themselves not only upon the coasts of the British islands and in Normandy, but who colonized, or at least subjugated, the very southern extremity of Italy—had a formation of head different both from the Saxons and the Celts. It was less extended in breadth than the Saxon, though broader than the Celtic; and it was more elongated and of greater elevation than either. These men, accordingly, were not so cool-blooded in their cruelty as the Saxons in the savage state, or so laborious, and plodding, and industrious when civilized; neither had they the irritability and versatility of purpose of the Celts; and thus they were, perhaps, a more intellectual and powerful race, and, had they been as numerous as any of the others, better adapted for subjugating the world than any sept of men who ever left their original habitude for that purpose. Indeed, from antient accounts, as well as from present appearance, in so far as the antient traces have not been obliterated by intermarriages and crossings with different races, the chieftains of the highlands, and the petty kings of Ireland, together with a very considerable number of the English barons, are of Norwegian, or, as it is styled in England, of Norman origin.

Before Christianity introduced into the world a system of celestial religion—a system which is acquired, and not invented—the religions, and more especially the mythologies of the different races, threw more light upon their general abilities and character than perhaps any thing else; and those who choose to examine and compare even the imperfect remains which are left of the mythologies of the Celts, the Saxons, and the Northmen, will find in them a pretty strong confirmation of the view which is here taken.

If the authenticity of the poems of Ossian is to be admitted; and it is certain—for I have myself heard them repeated by persons who could not possibly have had them translated from the English—that, however detached and however different from those published by Macpherson, there have been shreds of tales and legends somewhat analogous to the poems, handed down by tradition from a very remote period;—if the authenticity of these poems—or even of these fragments—be admitted, it is not a little remarkable that there is not in them any allusion to a deity, or any reference to beings of a celestial or imaginary nature, other than the ghosts of departed warriors, which seem to have amused themselves with playing at hide-and-seek among the clouds. Indeed, from all that we can glean concerning it, the religion of the Celts appears to have been a grovelling superstition, without any thing fanciful or intellectual in its character; and though the *wraiths* and *fetches*, of which tales still continue to be told, may perhaps be allowed to be indigenous—as they correspond, in many respects, with the ghosts of the Ossianic fragments—yet the fairies, which, until the “march of intellect” pressed sore upon them, were very general inhabitants of the Celtic districts, appear to have been of foreign, and possibly of Arabic origin. How folks so very little could have travelled so far, may puzzle many; but those who perplex themselves with that had better pause, and settle, in the first place, why the Jews and

gypsies have preserved so much of their original appearance, and so many of their original habits.

According to all accounts—that is, according to such accounts as we have—the mythology of the Saxon tribes was much more intellectual than that of the Celts; but still it was metaphysical and complicated, rather than sublime; and it partook not a little of the cold-blooded cruelty which was characteristic of this race in its savage state.

The religion of the Northmen was abundantly superstitious—but it wanted those features of cruelty which marked the other two; and there was a magnificent wildness—a going-forth and extension—a maddening, as it were, of creative fancy about it—which imparts to it a charm even in the smallest fragment. Now, as the Christianity of every nation in the Christian world is mixed with more or less of the antecedent superstition, and more especially so the more unmixed that the people are, and the less that they are learned, there cannot be a question that in Ireland, in Wales, and in the interior of the highlands of Scotland, the remains of the Celtic religion, whatever that religion may have been, still goes so far toward the formation of at least the vulgar character. It is equally true that in those islands, and upon those coasts where the Northmen formed settlements and made landings, their mythology must still go toward the formation of the vulgar character. Now, as the system of learning—or, perhaps, I should rather say, the substance of learning—is every where pretty nearly the same, so far as it goes, the national character can neither be judged of, nor investigated from, the learned of either nation; and thus the antient religion, as being an invention of the antient race—and, as such, an embodying of its powers—may have more influence upon the existing peculiarities of character than there are data for demonstrating. This, however, though a tempting, is both a wide and a pathless field—a land of dreams, in which fact and fancy are blended beyond the power of separation.

Intermediate between the Saxons and the Celts and Northmen, there is—more especially in the north of England, and in the south and middle parts of Scotland—say from the North Riding of Yorkshire to the Grampian mountains—a race which has not the characteristics of any of the three; but with a complexion perhaps a little different from what one would predicate of such a union, might be considered as the whole—or, more especially, the Saxon and the Norman, blended together. This race of people (which, of course, from the changes and intermarriages that have taken place, more especially within the last century, cannot now be found pure in any one locality) have a greater elongation and altitude of head, as well as a greater length of countenance, than any of the others; and, without the irascibility of the Celt, the stubbornness of the Saxon, or the hardihood of the Norman, they are decidedly more intellectual than any of these races. Where they are found in the greatest perfection, the country is neither bleak mountain nor fertile plain—but an alternation of hill and dale,—beautiful, romantic, and comparatively fertile. This is the situation to which the histories, or rather the legends, have referred the Picts, in whose cause there has been so much good ink so unprofitably shed. But whether they be Picts, or a more recent population arising out of the admixture of Celts with Saxon or Northmen, it is unquestionably to them that both ends of the island owe the most of its inventive and intellectual character.

The small head of the Celt is accompanied by a sort of compression or

concentration of the features. The eyes are nearer to each other; the cheek-bones more angular and prominent; the nose is shortened and often blunted at the termination, as if nature had forgotten to finish it; the upper lip is very frequently disproportionable in its length to the rest of the face—just as in the Hindoo and the Tartar; but, instead of having the mouth dependent in the middle—like that of a Jew, with three-fourths of the lips pared away—or almost like the bill of a young sparrow—the Celtic mouth is straight, and rather depressed at the angles; while the chin is diminutive, and the whole puckered together, as if it had undergone some squeezing process, which, at the same time, reduced the altitude of the forehead. This general expression of countenance takes a different form in Wales, in Ireland, and in Scotland. In Wales it expresses firmness—or, as one would say, obstinacy—accompanied by a great deal of vehemence; in Ireland the irritability seems joined to recklessness; while, in the Scotch highlander, with equal passion and pride, there is rather more of cunning. But it is probable that, though the passion and the pride—the violent and momentary impulse of purpose, as it were—be primary in all the varieties of the Celt, the additional quality by which it is distinguished, even physiognomically speaking, in each of the three localities, is produced very little by geographical situation, and chiefly by the circumstances hereafter to be noticed.

EDUCATION.—Although all education, in so far as it is intellectual, tends to subdue the passions—at least the more animal ones—and elevate the general character; and although, in as far as it is mechanical, it always tends to make those upon whom it is bestowed more efficient members of society; yet education must take a certain tinge from the original structure of the people among whom it obtains, and by reflection it must assist in so far in perpetuating whatever peculiarity arises from that structure.

If we were to characterise in few words the education of the Englishman, the Scot, and the Irishman, we would say that the Englishman's education is a treatise upon a single subject, well understood, clearly digested, and neatly written; that the education of the Scot is a sort of encyclopædia—not always very tasteful, and seldom very profound, but still giving a general view of the great outlines of every thing; and that the education of the Irishman is a kind of novel or romance—often very striking, but not just exactly applicable to any one specific purpose. The Englishman is educated for some one particular object, which is kept steadily in view all the time; the Scotsman is educated also for an object,—namely, rising in the world if he can; but, generally speaking, the particular pursuit that he is to follow, as his ladder, does not enter into the plan of his education;—and the Irishman, who proverbially considers advancement more as a matter of lottery than either the one or the other, and very generally calculates upon what is called “making a hit,” is educated for no specific object.

The way in which education is extended over these three divisions of the country (and, at least in this respect, there is a strong resemblance between England and Wales) arises partly from this difference of purpose; but, more especially in Ireland, it is strongly modified by the differences of religion. In England there is enjoyment down even to the pauper, who claims his birthright in the workhouse; and therefore an Englishman, generally speaking, does not seek for preferment in the world out of the vocation of his father; and, consequently, he is not so eager after education, not bearing upon that vocation, as the man who is ready to snatch preferment,

come from what point of the horizon it may. Hence the Scottish system of education is not only more general in its subjects than the English; it is also more general in its application; and, equally to peasant and peer, it is in so far a general or intellectual education, without any reference to its immediate application to the business of life. Of late years, and more especially in the very populous and manufacturing districts, which are rapidly assimilating to England, this difference is diminishing; and, with far more practical dexterity in writing and casting accounts, and with much more knowledge of the modern languages, the education of the middle and lower classes in Scotland is not nearly so intellectual now as it was forty or fifty years ago. Parochial schools existed then, as they do now; the teachers in them were, as they are now, generally speaking, men far above the average both in natural talents and acquired knowledge; but then they were attended by youths and young men—whereas now they are chiefly attended by children, who are compelled, by the great number of additional wants which fashion has introduced, and the greater difficulty of supplying those wants, to begin labour at an earlier age than their fathers left school. This has already produced a very great change in the Scottish character; and the change which it has produced will, in all probability, continue to increase until a uniformity be established in all the rich agricultural and manufacturing districts of the island. For it is perfectly evident, that children of ten or eleven years old (and the average age at the parish schools is now much under that), how rapidly soever they may commit to memory, and how dexterously soever they may use their fingers, cannot take the same intellectual grasp of a subject, and so speculate upon its connection with other subjects, as lads of eighteen or twenty.

One great cause which made the middle and lower classes of the Scots a much more intellectual people than those of any other of the nations—at least in so far as education is concerned (and beyond that there is no philosophising)—is the peculiar aspect which the reformed church assumed in Scotland. The livings under that establishment were originally exceedingly poor; even now they are not rich; and there is no performing of the labour, which is very considerable, by a cheap deputy. After, therefore, the lords of the covenant had slept with their fathers, and the fashion and novelty of the thing had gone by, there was not, and there is not yet, any thing that can tempt the sons of the higher classes of the Scots to enter the church. In England and Wales matters are very different; for, though a clergyman may begin to officiate upon a curacy worth only £40 or £50 a year, a strong gale of patronage may blow him up to half as many thousands, enable him to take precedence of temporal peers, and give him as much patronage and influence as a German prince. Thus that which is preferment and honour to the middle and lower classes in Scotland, is preferment and honour to the higher classes in England; and while the Scottish peasant sets his noblest ambition upon the hope of his son's filling the pulpit of the parish, the English peer is equally ambitious that the younger son shall sit in canonicals on the right hand of majesty, roll in the sacerdotal chariot, and be even spiritually considered a great man according to the flesh. The door of church preferment is, as it were, open to the peasant and shut to the peer on the north bank of the Tweed, and shut to the peasant and open to the peer on the south bank.

In Ireland—in as far as the established church, and the people professing the doctrines of that church, are concerned—circumstances are the

same as in England: Nay, they are far more tempting to the upper classes; and, therefore, by necessary consequence, far more completely monopolized by them. Princely as is the possession of lawn sleeves in England, it is nothing at all compared with the train of substantial wealth and political influence attendant upon an Irish mitre. Comfortable, too, as is an English rector, and snug and sleek as is an English dean, they are nothing compared with their brethren on the other side of St. George's Channel; because there, while the labourers are many and the wages excellent, the vineyard is limited indeed; and even now the ironical commencement of the service with the words "Dearly beloved Roger," would apply to many a well-endowed clergyman of the establishment. The Catholic religion, too, while it renders the established church an object much more desirable, tends, by its peculiarities, still further to narrow the wish for education. Catholicism always has been, and when in vigour always necessarily must be, inimical to freedom of thought; and this without any question about its purity as a system of religious faith; because, if the people put their minds under servitude to any man, however good and holy he may be, upon a subject of so extensive and overwhelming a nature, it is not possible that they can have free or ardent scope upon other matters. But, by prohibiting the reading of the Bible—which, independently of its divine origin, is really the most delightful book for every-day reading—and by commanding an election among other books, the holy brotherhood of the Catholic religion still farther narrow the desire of education to their humbler disciples; while certain bars that lie in the way of the advancement of Catholics to the very highest offices of the state, must throw a damp upon the desire of education, even to the very top of the Irish community.

The literary impulse which the peculiarity of its church gives to Scotland is much more extensive, and much more valuable, than would at first be imagined. Even discounting the loss that may be supposed to be sustained by the scaring away of the higher classes, it will be found, upon examination, that it brings into the field not only a much greater proportion of the whole people, but a much more talented proportion than is called forth by the limited and aristocratic system of the sister kingdoms. In the upper classes, the son who is educated for a parson may, by possibility, be the one who—if the expression may be pardoned—is fit for nothing else: at all events, he will be the one whom they cannot better provide for;—whereas the peasant will naturally select for sending to college that branch of his family which possesses the greatest aptitude for acquiring knowledge. The larger proportion of the people, too, from which the candidates are taken, necessarily makes the number of candidates much greater in proportion to the number of livings. In England, considering the classes whence they emanate, no man thinks of bringing up his son for the church unless he has some prospect, and that a pretty clear one, of obtaining a living for him. Not so in Scotland; for, if the candidate should not get a living, there is another office in every parish as important, scarcely less honourable, and which, though it rises not much above the verge of poverty, is a respectable enough sort of starvation—that is, the office of parochial schoolmaster. To the institution of these parochial schools—to the cheap rate at which education is obtained at them—and to their, generally speaking, keeping quacks out of the field, and rendering unnecessary those jobbing establishments styled CHARITY-SCHOOLS in England—establishments in which charity really covers "a multitude of sins"—the supe-

riority of the lower and middle classes of the Scots, in point of education, intellectual powers, and capacity for rising in the world, is mainly to be attributed; and as long as the contest for the church livings shall remain between peasant and peasant, and as long as the preference shall be given to the cringing tutor over the independent student and manly youth, so long will Scotland retain a means of education more general, more efficient, more pure, less expensive, and less liable to imposition or abuse, than can be devised in a country where the church holds out allurements to the aristocracy.

In these observations I have not thought it necessary to enter into any estimate of the comparative value of education at the respective colleges in the three great divisions of the United Kingdom; neither have I thought it necessary to make any particular allusion to the principality of Wales—because that portion of the island does not differ much from the neighbouring parts of England in this respect. The public schools and colleges of England have the same exclusive and aristocratic character which belongs to the candidates for the church. Their system, followed out and attended to, produces very neat and very elegant scholarship; but it is scholarship for the chosen few, and not for the people generally; and if you are to have a young man completely educated there, you must provide both pupil and teacher. All this demands an expense in the first instance, and an object of reward in the ultimate vista, which takes it out of the national character, and confine it within narrow limits. The system of the Scottish colleges is more limited as to knowledge of particular subjects; but it is more rapid in the acquisition, more stimulating in the progress, and—what is of infinitely greater importance in a practical point of view—it is far less costly. There are some paltry distinctions between those who pay single and those who pay double fees; but the price of this honour is only a few pounds, and it is so odious, and confined to so limited a number, that the distinction, and any preference that might be obtained from it, are soon lost. From the temperate habits of the boys, too, and the inferior price of every thing connected with education, a young man may attend the general classes at one of these colleges, including fees and board, for a sum not exceeding £200 for his whole education; and, if he be a young man of ability, he may contend publicly for a bursary, which may produce him more than a third of this sum; while, by teaching during the vacation, and by being tutor to a richer dunce during the terms, he may not only make up the whole of the remainder, but absolutely save money while he is acquiring his education. As to the making of a bishop, an attorney-general, a judge, or a prime minister, these would be but small considerations; but, in a national point of view, and as they tend to form and influence the character of the people, and give them a love of education and a turn for thinking, they are very great indeed. The general doctrine, that the highest price procures the best commodity, is not true in as far as education is concerned; for it is not only in the inverse ratio (taking its general utility) of the price that is paid for it—but it is in the inverse ratio of what is done by the tutor; and, under whatever form it may appear, the water of knowledge which a young man drinks at the fountain for himself, is far more invigorating than if it were brought for him in an earthen pitcher, of the most classic mould, and the most ample size.

The University of Dublin combines some of the leading advantages of the English and the Scotch. The system of education, and more especially the scholarship at it, is more profound than the latter; and it is much

cheaper and far less exclusive than the former—so that it is open to a greater number of the people; and, under favourable circumstances, the middle classes are, in consequence, certainly better educated, as to general literature, than the English. But, somehow or other, there is a want either of scientific stamina or scientific culture; because one very often meets with an eloquent and elegant scholar from Trinity, who is withal a most inconclusive reasoner, and a most unskilful metaphysician.

The colleges, however, with the exception of those of Scotland—and to a certain, but much smaller extent, that of Dublin—have not much influence upon the peculiar character of the people; and, in so far as education influences that, it must consequently be sought in the schools. Now, the leading distinctions here are, that English education is always professional—has some track marked out for it, from which it is neither expected nor wished to deviate; and, if the party travels into general literature, it is looked upon as an aberration, hostile to the main chance and gist of the whole. It is all subservient to the one object of making and enjoying a fortune; and, according to the general mercantile principle of the country, it is reckoned worth no more than the money-price that can be obtained for it. The Scottish education, on the other hand, is not professional; it is general, and aims at the cultivation of the whole powers—so as that the possessor may be able to trim his sails to the gale of fortune, however that gale may set. It is this which gives to the Scotsman that inquisitive look and manner, and that disposition to wrangle and debate his way to a subject, which is so characteristic of him, and so disagreeable to those who do not look to the right hand or to the left, and have no wish to speculate out of the line of their profession. Upon the great body of the Irish, the system of education does not appear to have much influence: they are far more erratic than the English; and though not so tedious and argumentative as the Scots, they are a good deal more confident and dogmatical. In matters of learned application, the Englishman advances by precedent; the Scotsman by reasoning—not unfrequently by sophistry; and the Irishman by assumption and assertion.

In these observations I have not been able to exhaust all the circumstances enumerated; neither have I followed any one of the three which have been stated into its minute details. It is not, therefore, time to draw any general conclusions: but what has been said will, if carefully weighed, at least assist those who may wish to study this highly-interesting subject; and if the reader will have the goodness to bear this in mind, I shall feel pleasure in resuming my subject in another paper; in which I trust I shall be able to bring it so far to a conclusion, as to shew how the characteristic differences which we meet with in persons of the Four Nations, holding the same ranks and offices in society, are explainable by circumstances, over which they, as individuals, can have no control, and for the consequences of which they are, therefore, as individuals, neither to be praised nor to be blamed.

X.

COUNTRY RAMBLES :

No. I.

Wheat-hoeing.

MAY the 3d.—Cold bright weather. All within doors, sunny and chilly; all without, windy and dusty. It is quite tantalizing to see that brilliant sun careering through so beautiful a sky, and to feel little more warmth from his presence than one does from that of his fair but cold sister, the moon. Even the sky, beautiful as it is, has the look of that one sometimes sees in a very bright moonlight night—deeply, intensely blue, with white fleecy clouds driven vigorously along by a strong breeze—now veiling and now exposing the dazzling luminary around whom they sail. A beautiful sky! and, in spite of its coldness, a beautiful world! The effect of this backward spring has been to arrest the early flowers, to which heat is the great enemy; whilst the leaves and the later flowers have, nevertheless, ventured to peep out slowly and cautiously in sunny places—exhibiting, in the copses and hedge-rows, a pleasant mixture of March and May. And we, poor chilly mortals, must follow, as nearly as we can, the wise example of the May-blossoms, by avoiding bleak paths and open commons, and creeping up the sheltered road to the vicarage—the pleasant sheltered road, where the western sun steals in between two rows of bright green elms, and the east wind is fenced off by the range of woody hills which rise abruptly before us, forming so striking a boundary to the picture.

How pretty this lane is, with its tall elms, just drest in their young leaves, bordering the sunny path, or sweeping in a semi-circle behind the clear pools, and the white cottages that are scattered along the way. You shall seldom see a cottage hereabout without an accompanying pond, all alive with geese and ducks, at the end of the little garden. Ah! here is Dame Simmons making a most original use of her piece of water, standing on the bank that divides it from her garden, and most ingeniously watering her onion-bed with a new mop—now a dip, and now a twist! Really, I give her credit for the invention. It is as good an imitation of a shower as one should wish to see on a summer-day. A squirt is nothing to it!

And here is another break to the tall line of elms—the gate that leads into Farmer Thorpe's great enclosures. Eight, ten, fourteen people in this large field, wheat-hoeing. The couple nearest the gate, who keep aloof from all the rest, and are hoeing this furrow so completely in concert, step by step and stroke for stroke, are Jem Tanner and Susan Green. There is not a handsomer pair in the field or in the village. Jem, with his bright complexion, his curling hair, his clear blue eye, and his trim figure—set off to great advantage by his short jacket and trowsers and new straw hat; Susan, with her little stuff gown, and her white handkerchief and apron—defining so exactly her light and flexible shape—and her black eyes flashing from under a deep bonnet lined with pink, whose reflection gives to her bright dark countenance and dimpled cheeks a glow innocently artificial, which was the only charm that they wanted.

Jem and Susan are, beyond all doubt, the handsomest couple in the field, and I am much mistaken if each have not a vivid sense of the charms of the other. Their mutual admiration was clear enough in their work; but it speaks still more plainly in their idleness. Not a stroke have they done for these five minutes; Jem, propped on his hoe, and leaning

across the furrow, whispering soft nonsense; Susan, blushing and smiling—now making believe to turn away—now listening, and looking up with a sweeter smile than ever, and a blush that makes her bonnet-lining pale. Ah, Susan! Susan! Now they are going to work again;—no!—after three or four strokes, the hoes have somehow become entangled, and, without either advancing a step nearer the other, they are playing with these rustic implements as pretty a game at romps—shewing off as nice a piece of rural flirtation—as ever was exhibited since wheat was hoed.

Ah, Susan! Susan! beware of Farmer Thorpe! He'll see, at a glance, that little will his corn profit by such labours. Beware, too, Jem Tanner!—for Susan is, in some sort, an heiress; being the real niece and adopted daughter of our little lame clerk, who, although he looks such a tattered raggamuffin that the very grave-diggers are ashamed of him, is well to pass in the world—keeps a scrub pony,—indeed he can hardly walk up the aisle—hath a share in the County fire-office—and money in the funds. Susan will be an heiress, despite the tatterdemallion costume of her honoured uncle, which I think he wears out of coquetry, that the remarks which might otherwise fall on his miserable person—full as misshapen as that of any Hunch-back recorded in the Arabian Tales—may find a less offensive vent on his raiment. Certain such a figure hath seldom been beheld out of church or in. Yet will Susan, nevertheless, be a fortune; and, therefore, she must intermarry with another fortune, according to the rule made and provided in such cases; and the little clerk hath already looked her out a spouse, about his own standing—a widower in the next parish, with four children and a squint. Poor Jem Tanner! Nothing will that smart person or that pleasant speech avail with the little clerk;—never will he officiate at your marriage to his niece;—“amen” would “stick in his throat.” Poor things! in what a happy oblivion of the world and its cares, Farmer Thorpe and the wheat-hoeing, the squinting shop-keeper and the little clerk, are they laughing and talking at this moment! Poor things! poor things!

Well, I must pursue my walk. How beautiful a mixture of flowers and leaves is in the high bank under this north hedge—quite an illustration of the blended seasons of which I spoke. An old irregular hedge-row is always beautiful, especially in the spring time, when the grass, and mosses, and flowering weeds mingle best with the bushes and creeping plants that overhang them. But this bank is, most especially, various and lovely. Shall we try to analyze it? First, the clinging white-veined ivy, which crawls up the slope in every direction, the master-piece of that rich mosaic; then the brown leaves and the lilac blossoms of its fragrant namesake, the ground-ivy, which grows here so profusely; then the late-lingering primrose; then the delicate wood-sorrel; then the regular pink stars of the cranesbill, with its beautiful leaves; the golden oxslip and the cowslip, “cinque-spotted;” then the blue pansy, and the enamelled wild hyacinth; then the bright foliage of the briar-rose, which comes trailing its green wreaths amongst the flowers; then the bramble and the woodbine, creeping round the foot of a pollard oak, with its brown folded leaves; then a verdant mass—the blackthorn, with its lingering blossoms—the hawthorn, with its swelling buds—the bushy maple—the long stems of the hazel—and between them, hanging like a golden plume over the bank, a splendid tuft of the blossomed broom; then, towering high above all, the tall and leafy elms. And this is but a faint picture of this hedge, on the meadowy side of which sheep are bleating, and where, every here and there, a young lamb is thrusting its pretty head between the trees.

Who is this approaching? Farmer Thorpe? Yes, of a certainty, it is that substantial yeoman, sallying forth from his substantial farm-house, which peeps out from between two huge walnut-trees on the other side of the road, with intent to survey his labourers in the wheat-field. Farmer Thorpe is a stout, square, sturdy personage of fifty, or thereabouts, with a hard weather-beaten countenance, of that peculiar vermilion, all over alike, into which the action of the sun and wind sometimes tans a fair complexion; sharp shrewd features, and a keen grey eye. He looks completely like a man who will neither cheat nor be cheated: and such is his character—an upright, downright English yeoman—just always, and kind in a rough way—but given to fits of anger, and filled with an abhorrence of pilfering, and idleness, and trickery of all sorts, that makes him strict as a master, and somewhat stern at workhouse and vestry. I doubt if he will greatly relish the mode in which Jem and Susan are administering the hoe in his wheat-drills. He will not reach the gate yet; for his usual steady active pace is turned, by a recent accident, into an unequal, impatient halt—as if he were alike angry with his lameness and the cause. I must speak to him as he passes—not merely as a due courtesy to a good neighbour, but to give the delinquents in the field notice to resume their hoeing; but not a word of the limp—that is a sore subject.

“A fine day, Mr. Thorpe!”

“We want rain, ma’am!”—

And on, with great civility, but without pausing a moment, he is gone. He’ll certainly catch Susan and her lover philandering over his wheat-furrows. Well, that may take its chance!—they have his lameness in their favour—only that the cause of that lameness has made the worthy farmer unusually cross. I think I must confide the story to my readers.

Gipsies and beggars do not in general much inhabit our neighbourhood; but, about half a mile off, there is a den so convenient for strollers and vagabonds, that it sometimes tempts the rogues to a few days’ sojourn. It is, in truth, nothing more than a deserted brick-kiln, by the side of a lonely lane. But there is something so snug and comfortable in the old building (always keeping in view gipsy notions of comfort); the blackened walls are so backed by the steep hill on whose side they are built—so fenced from the bleak north-east, and letting in so gaily the pleasant western sun; and the wide rugged impassable lane (used only as a road to the kiln, and with that abandoned) is at once so solitary and deserted, and so close to the inhabited and populous world, that it seems made for a tribe whose prime requisites in a habitation are shelter, privacy, and a vicinity to farm-yards.

Accordingly, about a month ago, a pretty strong encampment, evidently gipsies, took up their abode in the kiln. The party consisted of two or three tall, lean, sinister-looking men, who went about the country mending pots and kettles, and driving a small trade in old iron; one or two children, unnaturally quiet, the spies of the crew; an old woman, who sold matches and told fortunes; a young woman, with an infant strapped to her back, who begged; several hungry-looking dogs, and three ragged donkeys. The arrival of these vagabonds spread a general consternation through the village. Gamekeepers and housewives were in equal dismay. Snares were found in the preserves—poultry vanished from the farm-yards—a lamb was lost from the lea—and a damask table-cloth, belonging to the worshipful the Mayor of W——, was abstracted from the drying-ground of Mrs. Welles, the most celebrated laundress in these parts, to whom it had been sent for the benefit of country washing. No end to the

pilfering, and the stories of pilfering! The inhabitants of the kiln were not only thieves in themselves, but the cause of thievery in others. "The gipsies!" was the answer general to every inquiry for things missing.

Farmer Thorpe—whose dwelling, with its variety of outbuildings—barns, ricks, and stables—is only separated by a meadow and a small coppice from the lane that leads to the gipsy retreat—was particularly annoyed by this visitation. Two couple of full-grown ducks, and a whole brood of early chickens, disappeared in one night; and Mrs. Thorpe fretted over the loss, and the farmer was indignant at the villains. He set traps, let loose mastiffs, and put in action all the resources of village police—but in vain. Every night property went; and the culprits, however strongly suspected, still continued unamenable to the law.

At last, one morning, the great Chanticleer of the farm-yard—a cock of a million, with an unrivalled crow—a matchless strut, and plumage all gold and green, and orange and purple—gorgeous as a peacock, and fierce as a he-turkey—Chanticleer, the pride and glory of the yard, was missing! and Mrs. Thorpe's lamentations and her husband's anger redoubled. Vowing vengeance against the gipsies, he went to the door to survey a young blood mare of his own breeding; and as he stood at the gate—now bemoaning Chanticleer—now cursing the gipsies—now admiring the bay filly—his neighbour, Dame Simmons—the identical lady of the mop, who occasionally chared at the house—came to give him the comfortable information that she had certainly heard Chanticleer—she was quite ready to swear to Chanticleer's voice—crowing in the brick-kiln. No time, she added, should be lost, if Farmer Thorpe wished to rescue that illustrious cock, and to punish the culprits—since the gipsies, when she passed the place, were preparing to decamp.

No time *was* lost. In one moment Farmer Thorpe was on the bay filly's unsaddled back, with the halter for a bridle; and, in the next, they were on full gallop towards the kiln. But, alas! alas! "the more haste the worse speed," says the wisdom of nations. Just as they arrived at the spot from which the procession—gipsies, dogs, and donkeys—and Chanticleer in a sack, shrieking most vigorously—were proceeding on their travels, the young blood mare—whether startled at the unusual *cortège*, or the rough ways, or the hideous noise of her old friend, the cock—suddenly reared and threw her master, who lay in all the agony of a sprained ankle, unable to rise from the ground; whilst the whole tribe, with poor Chanticleer their prisoner, marched triumphantly past him, utterly regardless of his threats and imprecations. In this plight was the unlucky farmer discovered, about half an hour afterwards, by his wife, the constable, and a party of his own labourers, who came to give him assistance in securing the culprits; of whom, notwithstanding an instant and active search through the neighbourhood, nothing has yet transpired. We shall hardly see them again in these parts, and have almost done talking of them. The village is returned to its old state of order and honesty; the Mayor of W—— has replaced his table-cloth, and Mrs. Thorpe her cock; and the poor farmer's lame ankle is all that remains to give token of the gipsies.

Here we are at the turning, which, edging round by the coppice, branches off to their some-time den: the other bend to the right leads up a gentle ascent to the vicarage, and that is our way. How fine a view of the little parsonage we have from hence, between those arching elms, which enclose it like a picture in a frame! and how pretty a picture it forms, with its three pointed roofs, its snug porch, and its casement windows glittering from amid the china-roses! What a nest of peace and comfort!

Farther on, almost at the summit of the hill, stands the old church with its massy tower—a row of superb lime-trees running along one side of the church-yard, and a cluster of dark yews shading the other. Few country churches have so much to boast in architectural beauty, or in grandeur of situation.

We lose sight of it as we mount the hill, the lane narrowing and winding between deep banks, surmounted by high hedges, excluding all prospects till we reach the front of the vicarage, and catch across the gate of the opposite field a burst of country the most extensive and the most beautiful—field and village, mansion and cot, town and river, all smiling under the sparkling sun of May, and united and harmonized by the profusion of hedgerow timber in its freshest verdure, giving a rich woodland character to the scene, till it is terminated in the distance by the blue line of the Hampshire hills almost melting into the horizon. Such is the view from the vicarage. But it is every way better to look at this glorious prospect from within the house. So we will ring at the door. “Not at home?” I am very sorry, and my companion is very glad.

This companion of mine, the only person in the parish who would be glad to miss seeing the ladies of the vicarage, is a magnificent greyhound, whom the author of *Waverley* has saved me the trouble of describing—inasmuch as Sir Henry Lee’s dog Bevis is my dog Mossy to a hair. I do think that, some way or other, Sir Walter must have seen him. Never was such a likeness, except that Mossy is all over slightly brindled; that is to say, that the rich brown is lightly mingled with rich black. A most superb dog is my moss-trooper, and a most amiable but sworn foe to morning visits; for, although he be an universal favourite, it is utterly impossible to think of taking such a follower into a drawing-room: Farmer Thorpe might as well introduce his pet, the bay filly; and to all sorts of waiting, whether in hall, or court, or kitchen, Mossy has the most decided aversion. He is sure to bark for me (and I could swear to his note as readily as Dame Simmons to poor Chanticleer’s) before I have been seated ten minutes; and the bark becomes very cross and impatient indeed, if I do not come to him in five minutes more. This “not at home,” which he understood as well as I did, has enchanted him. He has nearly knocked me down in his transports, and is frolicking and gambolling about me in inexpressible ecstasy, and putting shawl, and veil, and flounces in grievous peril.

“Be quiet, Mossy! pray be quiet, my dear Mossy!” And having at last succeeded in tranquillizing my affectionate, but obstreperous companion, we set forth homeward in great good-humour.

Down the hill, and round the corner, and past Farmer Thorpe’s house. “One glance at the wheat-hoers, Mossy, and then we will go home.”—Ah! it is just as I feared. Jem and Susan have been parted: they are now at opposite sides of the fields—he looking very angry, working rapidly and violently, and doing more harm than good—she looking tolerably sulky, and just moving her hoe, but evidently doing nothing at all. Farmer Thorpe, on his part, is standing in the middle of the field, observing, but pretending not to observe, the little humours of the separated lovers. There is a lurking smile about the corners of his mouth that bespeaks him more amused than angry. He is a kind person after all, and will certainly make no mischief. I should not even wonder if he espoused Jem Tanner’s cause; and, for certain, if any one can prevail on the little clerk to give up his squinting favourite in favour of true love, Farmer Thorpe is the man.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR :—I must throw myself on your justice and compassion ; and intreat of you a few pages (and a very few only I ask), in the ensuing number of your Magazine, for the present communication, rendered necessary by the article headed “ Catholic Resolutions,” which appeared in April. That article, though written by a friend of Emancipation, is calculated to prejudice the cause ; and its appearance, at this critical moment, will do much mischief, unless its statements and reasonings are met with an immediate reply. Every question, it is said, has two handles ; and your correspondent has, unfortunately, taken hold of the wrong one. There is, moreover, a sufficiency of truth and common-sense about much that he writes to render its misapplication a source of very fatal error : an open and avowed enemy could not, indeed, be more injurious. It is not my intention to justify all the overt-acts of the Catholic Association, which he so vehemently accuses. That body has done many things disgraceful to the English—many injurious to their own cause—many to provoke their enemies—many to cool, to annoy, and to impede their friends. But your correspondent views all this through the fog of a London atmosphere, which aggravates and distorts ; and the inferences he draws are neither philosophical nor candid. Admitting the premises—admitting that there is much in the conduct of the Association to blame, as unwise and factious—yet it should be remembered that their position is peculiar—their duties, embarrassing ; and that, when all allowances are made, if there still remains something which is susceptible of no apology, it should not be forgotten that error is the natural consequence of that moral degradation, which six centuries of misrule are calculated to impress on the population. If the Catholics are turbulent, the circumstance, so far from affording an argument against their emancipation, is one of the strongest in favour of their liberties ; and if there are individuals in England fools enough to fall into a passion, and to refuse justice, because the victims of oppression do not writhe gracefully under the lash, nor sigh harmoniously under the harrow, the fact is deeply to be lamented. It tells more against the English than against the Irish ; and it is surely not the part of an enlightened politician, or of a considerate friend, to encourage the prejudice, and to elaborate the sophism, to the widening of the breach, and the mutual injury of both countries. There is still one more error in your correspondent’s reasoning, which lies in the consequence that flows by implication from it—that, had the Catholics acted more wisely, their enemies would have been less triumphant.

Upon the score of violence, the people of Ireland have ever been most unfairly dealt with. Whenever they have been tranquil, and have quietly waited the growth and development of opinion in England on the subject of their wrongs, they have been represented as insensible to injury ; and an

* As an unequivocal proof of the sincerity of our opinions upon the subject of Catholic Emancipation, we insert the above reply to an article in our last number—contrary to the declared rule of our Magazine. Our reproof in that paper was meant to apply—not to the conduct of the Catholics of Ireland as a people, but to the measures which a few individuals who call themselves—self-constituted or otherwise—their “ leaders,” have thought fit to pursue on their behalf. The letter of our present correspondent is written with spirit and ingenuity ; but of the *utter destructiveness* (to all Catholic interests) of the course which we have reprobated, it is still impossible for us to entertain a doubt.—ED.

induction has been drawn against disturbing an order of things, which, if theoretically not the best possible, yet practically did not work sufficiently ill to require any immediate change. If, on the other hand, they have been goaded into turbulence and faction, they have been accused of rebellion, or at least of insolence and menace; and the English—terribly afraid of being afraid*—have immediately cried out, “We will not be bullied, and we will not legislate so long as any one can throw in our teeth that we are acting under the influence of fear.” By the help of these two sophisms, redress it is evident may be protracted *ad græcas calendas*. The weak and the injured are always wrong; and the opponents of Emancipation, like the drum-major, too apt to d—n the wretch they lash, because, “strike where they will, there is no pleasing him.” No one acquainted with the progress of the Catholic Question will presume to deny that history is altogether against the argument about turbulence. Whatever the Catholics have hitherto gained has not been obtained either from the justice or the generosity of England, but from its fears;† and, it must be allowed, that if they mean to work out their own emancipation, it will not be by sitting with their hands before them. They have, therefore, two almost incompatible ends to pursue. While they are bound in prudence to conciliate the English, and to persuade them to grant them their liberties, they have to rouse and stimulate their own countrymen to that proud assertion of their rights, which can alone render them respectable in the eyes of Europe, and convince their enemies of the necessity of concession. The formation and development of public opinion, I need not say, always rests with the few. Where these few cannot, or will not, manifest themselves, nations go on for ages suffering, complaining, but making no adequate and effective exertions for redemption. There is not a Catholic in Ireland who does not feel his degradation, and resent it. Yet, without what is called agitation, to lash opinion to its sticking-place, the efforts of the country for redress would never get beyond the nightly enterprises of Captain Rock. The sort of addresses and measures which would flatter the vanity of John Bull, cajole him out of his absurdities, and appease his irritability, would by no means attain the necessary end of awakening the Irish to a wholesome and constitutional activity. A certain degree of asperity is necessary in the leaders, to shew the people that the Association is in earnest; while a certain degree of impatience is justifiable in an assembly, groaning under centuries of oppression. The English would be most weak, ungenerous, and unjust, if they expected a cringing servility—a tranquil submission to a system, whose avowed object is not the good government of Ireland, but the maintenance of institutions there, whose sole advantage is the imagined security of Protestantism in England. “*Sic vos non vobis*.” The injured have a right to complain loudly, and even intemperately: nature demands it, humanity allows it, and policy requires it. Is it, therefore, less than fair to impute the complaints of the anti-Catholic party concerning Irish intemperance to a deliberate intention of withholding all relief? Let any Englishman make the case his own. Let him suppose the Irish Catholics imposing their religion upon England; and let him ask himself whether he would be silent—whether he would abstain from harsh language—nay, even from blows—if blows were likely to abate the

* Rev. Sydney Smith.

† Perhaps it would scarcely be possible for the most determined enemy of the Catholics to attribute an opinion to them more calculated to prejudice their cause than this.—ED.

nuisance. The objection is captious; it is unworthy; and, for the most part, I believe it insincere.

But there is a difference, it will be said, between firmness and violence. The Irish can have nothing to hope from rebellion; and their reference to foreign war, it may be asserted, is an empty insult. Mr. Shiel's attack on the Duke of York, and divers other overt acts of the association, it may be argued, are as useless as they are impolitic:—granted. The weak are ever violent; and this womanish railing and wordy vituperation, is no more than might be expected from the helplessness of the Catholic position. England, it is true, has always been bullied into concession; but then it has been a foreign enemy that has frightened them into their acts of tardy and parsimonious justice. The Catholics should, perhaps, know this: they should know that, with a million of protestants at home, with the whole population of the north longing only for the opportunity to be at the papists, a very small English army will suffice to prevent successful rebellion in Ireland. Still, the mistake, if they really make it, of supposing themselves equal to a fight with England, is not an unnatural, no an unpatriotic one; and, at least, the presumption is not greater than that of their enemies, who think a rebellion may be risked, and who estimate the loss of life and of property, of liberty and of happiness, in an unsuccessful resistance to their usurpations, as nothing, when compared with the maintenance of their own monopoly of all the power, influence, and wealth of the country. If the Catholics are violent and intemperate, the orange-men are at least equally so; and the former have never carried their factious violence into the jury-box: their magistrates and their gentry have not resisted and insulted the government, and intercepted justice; and their clergy have not openly preached blood and provoked to insurrection. Make the most, however, of the misdeeds of the Association: Mr. Shiel wanted taste, when he abused and insulted his dying enemy, and the Catholics made his speech their own by their approval:—what then? That the Catholic population are not as politically educated as the people of London, that they have not the virtues of freemen, the moral tact of a thriving and united population, is the reproach of England. If the people of Ireland were, indeed, good citizens, then would there be no real distinction between a bad and a good government; causes would not produce effects; and the constitution of Algiers would be as desirable as that of America. It is the curse of our proconsular misrule that it educates slaves, not subjects: that it deprives the citizen, in the language of Homer, of one-half of his virtues, and renders him as unprofitable to the state, as he is unhappy in himself. Your correspondent, Mr. Editor, has taken this question by its English handle, as I have said before; I beseech him, in all kindness and sincerity, to grasp it by its Irish one; before he censures, with such unmeasured asperity, our intemperance, let him look at the dreadful condition of the entire island,—not only political, but economical. Let him consider that the labouring population, without employment, are starving in the midst of abundance; while every class and predicament in society, from the Lord-lieutenant, to the beggar in the street, is dislocated and strained. Let him look at the helotism of the Catholic, the insolence of the orange-man: let him weigh the cruel insults and mockery of the invading army of saints; their parliamentary invectives; their ferocious and often false accusations against the dogmas and the morality of the prevalent religion; their intrigues and their bribery of the lowest of the starving and ignorant population; their usurpation of educa-

tion as an instrument of proselytism ; their forcing of libellous tracts on the people ; their persecutions of recusant tenantry, and refractory cottiers ; and their aggravating triumph on every paltry and precarious success ; and then let him, if he can, wonder that the priests are exasperated and the people furious. I, Mr. Editor, am an Englishman, and a protestant ; as partial to my own country, and as hostile to the spirit of popery, as man can be ; yet, so help me Heaven, my sole astonishment is at the patience and forbearance of the Catholics under their manifold grievances, and that the peace of the country is preserved amidst such a complication of miseries.

In much that your correspondent writes, as touching the imprudence of certain acts of the association, I perfectly agree ; but as touching their impression on the English opponents of emancipation, I differ. The diatribe on the dying duke, unquestionably did great mischief, if it only afforded a plausible handle to the enemies of the cause ; but it did more ; it alarmed the timid, and it gave something to say to the no-thinkers, who oscillate between the two parties, and are ever disposed to side with that which is the strongest. The Liberators too was a most absurd farce, and cast a "*ridicule ineffaçable*" upon the noble and dignified efforts of the forty-shilling freeholders to save their country : an effort worthy of ancient Greece, and of the yeomanry of England in the proudest days of her Hampdens and her Marvels. The alliance with Cobbett was founded on an utter ignorance of the estimation and influence of that writer. These were great political mistakes, attributable to individuals. But even in judging of individuals, we should not forget how far Ireland is out of the gang-way of Europe. We should not forget, that for centuries, education was penal there ; and that Irishmen cannot be expected to act otherwise than consonantly with such circumstances. The Irish are all national ; national in their prejudices, in their feelings, and ideas ; and consummately ignorant of that political instruction which the protracted struggle of the French revolution has afforded to the nations of the Continent : they know nothing of how people feel and think in any other country than their own. They are full of confidence and simplicity, and they are the dupes of their own first impressions. With respect to O'Connell's conduct in the matter of the forty-shilling freeholders, how, it may be asked, was he to foretell the sudden revolution which afterwards ensued, and restored the Irish serfs to a momentary independence ? After all, was he wrong in his first ideas ? Will that independence continue ? Will the peasants not relapse into that thralldom which rendered their franchise as burthensome to themselves as it was mischievous to the community ?—" *reste à savoir.*" For my own part, I take their present condition to be merely an accident ; and their former plight, to be the ordinary and natural consequence of their position in society. Universal suffrage alone can ensure the political independence of the tenant ; and without it, it matters little who returns the one hundred members to a British parliament. With respect to "the rent" and its application, I differ from your correspondent, both in facts and in inferences. To its collection there is but one objection,—that *it is efficacious*. That its collection is burthensome must be admitted ; but it is scarcely more so than your penny a week subscriptions for converting Jews and baptizing Hindoos, are to the starving population of England. Then the money is raised for the people, and not for aliens and strangers. As to its application, it has been hitherto faithfully employed in advancing the cause, and in obviating the tyranny of the disappointed and exasperated.

landlords. The proposition of prying into titles was mere talk—an empty menace, never intended to be executed: and, if it had been, what cheaper or more effectual stop could have been put to the vindictive poundings of the cattle, and persecuting ejectments of the rebellious tenantry? On this point of rent, however, it would be but fair in the English to leave the people of Ireland to themselves. They best understand their own concerns, and know better than strangers where the shoe pinches, and what will best serve their own occasions. The English have no idea of the sort of persons by whom the Catholics at home are opposed, nor of the sort of measures which are calculated to hold them in check. The Protestant morality is as vitiated as the Catholic, by the demon of ascendancy; and a stranger would hardly conceive the malignant animal that a genuine orange saint really is. These are domestic points in which a stranger has no right to interfere. Give us Emancipation, and we will no longer offend you by our follies. You sow thorns, and you expect to reap figs and grapes;—unreasonable presumption!

Much might here be offered in extenuation of the errors of the Association, on the ground of its necessary constitution. In Ireland there is no effective middle rank of society. There is little between the highest classes of proprietors, chiefly Protestant, and the peasantry. English misrule has made Ireland a nation of absentee proprietors, and beggarly proletarians. Newspaper editors, attorneys, here and there a small country gentleman, and shopkeepers, form, of necessity, the bulk of every popular assembly. These men may be inadequate to conduct a nation's affairs; but they are all we have! As for the few men of education and fortune, in the ranks of Catholicity, they are much intimidated, and are easy and retired in their habits. If the Protestant proprietors, who are favourable to Catholic claims, would join their Catholic fellow-citizens, and take their place in the popular meetings of their countrymen, much might be done: but, all things considered, this, perhaps, is too much to expect.

Be the Association what it may, its existence is an uncontrollable necessity, for which things, and not men, are alone answerable. The half-and-half policy, which has given the Catholics much power, which has enabled them to acquire wealth, without entirely removing either insult or injury, has inevitably given birth to public assemblies of the people. This even Mr. Peel allows, in acknowledging that he has advised an abstinence from legal measures against them. The Association is the mere creature of circumstances, and with circumstances laws cannot contend. As well, therefore, might the English rail against the sun for shining, or the rain for beating, as complain of this inevitable contingency.

As to the imputed influence of the acts of the Association on the opinions of the British public, I believe it is much over-rated. Hostility to Catholic Emancipation is almost exclusively confined to the great borough-oligarchy. The English people know and feel that their enemies and those of the Catholics are the same; and if the parliamentary advocates of the question are fewer than heretofore, it is because corruption has been active in the late elections. The opponents of emancipation are also, for the most part, opponents of a free trade in corn; and it is in their latter capacity, more than in their former, that they have been nominated by the great noble and landed proprietors of boroughs, to seats in parliament. True it is, that the Duke of York being dead, and Lord Liverpool *hors de combat*, the Catholic cause continues stationary. But the Lonsdales, and the Rutlands, and the Eldons, are at their posts,* and England and

* These obstacles now exist no longer.

Ireland are equally far from their redemption. Place Mr. Canning at the head of a strong and undivided cabinet, and the opponents of corn-bills and of emancipation would dwindle into insignificance. No, Mr. Editor, the people of England, their wants, and their wishes, are wholly out of the question; and while this influence "behind the throne, and greater than the throne," prevails, temper, and prudence, and moderation, will be as nothing. The oligarchy are essentially a selfish and an headstrong faction; and the Catholics are not so very wrong in imagining they can frighten those whom they cannot convince or inspire with sentiments of justice and humanity. One great and deplorable error they have committed, is confounding this faction with the people of England, and visiting its sins, with ill-advised expressions of triumph on English misfortune, which in fact they do not feel. The people of all countries are united in interest; and the instincts of the Catholics have taught them this truth, however much they may swagger and pretend to disown it. I would, therefore, willingly prevail with your correspondent, who is a powerful writer, and a strong thinker, to re-consider the question; and give to the people of this unfortunate and ill-treated country the full benefit of his powerful talents; by admonishing them of their errors, not upbraiding them; and by imputing their mistakes, not to those who are mere *effects*, but to those who are the *causes*, the fountains, and the springs, of all that is mischievous and absurd in Ireland. Above all things, I wish that he would visit the country, for he will there see so much to grieve the heart, and to harrow up the soul, that if the people were as deep in sin as they are in misery, he would be unable to reproach, and scarcely find courage even to reprove them.

T.

Dublin, April 10, 1827.

STANZAS.

I WANDERED by her side in life's sweet spring,
 When all the world seemed beautiful and young—
 When hope was truth, and she a peerless thing,
 Round whom my heart's best, fondest wishes clung.
 Her cheek 'was fanned, not smitten, by Time's wing;
 Her heart Love had drawn sweets from, but ne'er stung;
 And, as in youth's and beauty's light she moved,
 All blessed her:—she was lovely and beloved!

I stood by her again, when her cheek bloomed
 Brightlier than aye, but wore an ominous hue;
 And her eye's light was dimmed not, but assumed
 A fiercer, ghastlier, but intenser blue:
 And her wan cheek proclaimed that she was doomed,
 And her worn frame her soul seemed bursting through;
 And friends and lovers were around her sighing,
 And life's last sands were ebbing:—she was dying!

I stood by her once more—and, bending down,
 Sealed on her lips a pledge which they returned not;
 And pressed her to my bosom—but her own
 With life's warm fires, to mine responsive, burned not;
 And clasped her hand—but, as in days bygone,
 Her heart's thoughts from its eloquent pulse I learned not;
 Light from her eye, hue from her cheek had fled.
 And her warm heart was frozen:—she was dead!

H. N.

THE BORDERER'S LEAP.

ESSELSTONE-Heath, on the northern side of the borders, is the entrance to one of those jumbles of rocks and mountains which seem to have been destined by nature for the haunt of such wild and desperate characters as held in these districts their reign of blood and terror, before the union of the two kingdoms, and for some time after. It was there that the Raven of Hornscliff, as he was called, one of the last of the "border thieves," terminated his career in a manner well worthy of his life. The crime which led to this catastrophe, although not unparalleled in the annals of the period of which we write, would seem, to the refinement of modern taste, too gross for historical detail:—it may suffice, therefore, to say, that at the marriage of one of his enemies, which was celebrated that morning, the Raven made his appearance—a guest as unlooked-for as unwelcome—with a numerous train of followers, massacred a great part of the company, violated the bride before the bridegroom's eyes, and set fire to the house. Unexpected succours, however, arrived—although not before the work of revenge had been but too well accomplished: the assailants were assailed in their turn, when least prepared for defence—the bridegroom liberated, whom they had intended to carry off as a prisoner—and their chief obliged to betake himself to flight, alone and unarmed.

It was the afternoon when the outlaw arrived at the borders of the heath, and his breath came freer as he felt the cool air from his own mountains, and saw the declining sun, which hung over the cliffs to which his fugitive steps were directed, pointing as it were to the place of their mutual repose. He slackened his pace for an instant, to look around on the well-known scene; his heart dilated with a kind of pride as he felt his foot once more on his native heath, which it pressed with an elasticity hardly diminished by the weight of fifty years; and his eyes sparkled with a fierce joy as he saw the approaching termination of his flight. But he was alone and unarmed—for his sword had been broken off to the hilt; a host of enemies were behind, and his place of refuge yet distant. He looked back as he gained the summit of an eminence; and although, to a less experienced traveller, no sound would have been heard to break the stillness of the hour, and no living form appeared to give animation to the desolate heath, save that of the wild bird, now and then startled by his sudden step from its resting-place; yet, when he had bent for a moment his keen eyes on the distance, and then turned his ear in the same direction, as if to catch some note of confirmation, the outlaw snuffed up the wind like a fox pursued to his covert, and, bending his body forward to the mountains, darted on with renewed velocity. He did not rest again till he had reached the base of the ridge of mountains which forms the termination of the heath; but his exertions, during the latter part of the journey, although not less steady than before, were less violent. Perhaps his long and rapid flight—or, it may be, the pressure of approaching age—had contributed to stiffen his wearied limbs, and to depress his stout heart; or, perhaps, it was only some consideration of policy that induced him to reserve his strength for the greater hazard and fatigue of ascending the rocks: but so it was, that, towards the conclusion of the race, although the foremost of his enemies was then distinctly in sight, the pace of the outlaw became gradually slower; and at length he threw himself down by a small stream of water that gushed out of the cliff, and turned his eyes deliberately upon the heath. As his pursuer approached nearer and nearer, it could be seen that

he was a young man, of a strong, athletic make: in his right hand was a sword covered with blood, which the mid-day sun had baked into a brown crust on the blade; and in his left he held a costly handkerchief, such as was at that time worn on holiday occasions by females of wealth or rank. He was dressed more like a chambering gallant than a rough warrior, who seeks the brown heath with the naked brand; but the disorder of his apparel, which was torn and daubed with the marks of mortal strife—his long hair, hanging in clotted heaps on his half-naked shoulders—and his wild and ghastly aspect, where fury, horror, and despair were written in mingled characters—seemed yet fitter for the lonely heath than the festive hall. When he saw his enemy fall down by the side of the stream, a low but deep cry broke from his lips, resembling half the shout of the tired forester, when the stag who has held him to bay sinks powerless at his feet, and half the greedy and savage howl of the wolf-dog over the quivering carcass of his quarry. The Raven of Drumscliff smiled scornfully as the sound broke on his ear through the distance; but when his pursuer came within a space when farther delay might have been dangerous, he plunged his head into the cool stream, tore open his dress, and splashed the invigorating element over his bosom; then springing upon his feet, threw back his hair over his forehead, shook his limbs, and returning the premature cry of triumph by a shrill yell of defiance, began to ascend the sides of the mountain, and speedily disappeared among the rocks. The bridegroom, with his black lips and burning forehead, rushed past the stream without wasting even a look on its reviving waters. Guided either by a previous knowledge of the outlaw's haunts, or by an instinct similar to that which leads the bloodhound to his unseen prey, he threaded the maze of rocks with undeviating accuracy; till at length the sound of his enemy's feet—the crashing of the branches that were laid hold of to assist his ascent—and, finally, the rushing of stones and fragments of earth, dislodged by his feet, down the steep path, convinced him that he gained upon the object of his pursuit, and that a few more efforts of his strong and youthful limbs would place the fell destroyer before his eyes. In the meantime the outlaw, avoiding the steep breast of the mountain, turned short into a rocky pass which cuts through the ridge, and which, although dry at that time, in winter forms the bed of a torrent. In a few minutes more, he found himself within sight of a place that, on former occasions of as great need, had stood him in lieu of friends and fortress; and, with renewed energy, he rushed down the steep declivity, which forms the east side of the mountain he had ascended by the west, and leads direct to a singularly situated rock, even at that time known by the name of the Raven's Tower. On this side, the mountain sweeps down for more than half way in a tolerably smooth declivity—but then stops suddenly short, and with frightful abruptness descends, in an almost perpendicular manner, for the remaining space of nearly a hundred and fifty feet. Its rugged and projecting points overhang the turbulent river below in a manner which precludes the possibility of a man's descending alive; and, although a fordable part of the stream lies immediately under, the traveller is thus obliged to make a circuit of some miles before reaching it. The rock we have mentioned, although seeming at a little distance to form a part of the steep—only projecting in a bolder manner than the rest, and surmounted by a capitol resembling slightly the battlements of a fortress—yet, on nearer approach, is discovered to be, in reality, quite distinct and separate from the mass of mountain. It raises its gigantic form from the bosom of the dark waters below at a distance of a good many feet from the main land; but, in the

corresponding shape of its landward side, and the strata of its substance, a geologist might infer the traces of a more intimate connexion subsisting at some remote period, and look upon it as a further token of the great natural convulsion believed to have once visited the elements of our globe—

“ For neither rain, nor hail, nor thunder
Could wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once had been.”

The outlaw whose flight we are relating had good title to bestow his name on the Raven's Tower; for he alone, even of all the desperate adventurers who infest that part of the country, had strength of limb, steadiness of brain, and boldness of heart to leap across the chasm which separates it from the mountain. This feat he had performed on several occasions of imminent danger, and always successfully; for, when once he had gained the rock, a natural path down the riverward side—although one filled with danger even to him, and only made available by the heath, brushwood, and projecting stones, which afforded points of precarious support—led the fearless ruffian in safety to the ford below. On this occasion, however, there was more danger to be apprehended in the leap than on any former one. The length of his flight—which had lasted from the forenoon till the shades of evening were beginning to fall—had deprived his limbs of their wonted strength and elasticity; and, perhaps, even the few years of toil, intemperance, and crime that had elapsed since his last visit to the tower, had cast a weight upon his head, to which, during the progressive infliction of the burthen, he had been insensible. It may be, too, that the dreadful deeds of the morning, so different in their character from the usual feats of arms—which, however bloody in their consequences, appeared to these lawless men as something honourable and praiseworthy—may have sate with more than common weight upon his mind. But, however this may be, it was with an unsteady step he approached the brink of the precipice; and when a wild bird, which had built in the cliff, scared from her nest by the intrusion, burst away with a sudden scream, the bold outlaw started and grew pale: perhaps it was the cry of the devoted bride which it brought to his haunted recollection. Controlling his feelings, however, he went close to the edge of the cliff, and looked down for a moment into the abyss. Objects of a similar nature, occurring in the scenery of mountainous countries, do not usually impress the traveller with ideas of unmingled terror:—the trees bending across the chasm, and concealing with their foliage its depth and danger—the heath and brushwood clinging to the sides, like natural tapestry—and the projecting points of the rocks, raising their grey heads at intervals through the curtain, give a romantic variety to the picture, and gild our fear with admiration. But these points of pictorial beauty and relief were here wanting: the naked sides of the rock were only variegated by the colours of the different strata, and by its own sharp and bare projections, stretching forth from either side like threatening knives, to deter or to mangle; while the river, rushing through the comparatively narrow channel below—although its voice was scarcely heard through the distance—seemed to light the dismal passage with its white foam. A sound of hasty footsteps behind did not permit the outlaw to indulge long in contemplation of this object; and, suddenly mustering up his resolution as well as he might, he stepped backwards a few paces, rushed to the edge of the cliff, and took the terrible leap. He did not, as heretofore, clear the chasm at a single effort; for it was his breast that first met the rock—his legs and the greater part of his body hanging over into the abyss. He was as brave a man, in the vulgar accep-

tation of the word, as ever faced a foe; but, at this moment, the cold drops of mortal terror burst over his forehead: he dug his hands into the hard and scanty earth that covered the surface of the landing-place, and clung convulsively with his feet to a slight projection on the side, that must have instantaneously given way to a less pressure had it not been of the hardest granite. It seemed for some time as if further effort was impossible—as if his heart's sole aim and desire was to remain fixed forever in this frightful position; but, as he found his strength gradually giving way, his hands relaxing in their grasp, and his feet slipping from their hold—and the conviction broke on his mind that, in a few minutes more, he must give himself up to a death the imagination shuddered at—desperation came to the aid of courage; and, staking every thing on the event of a single movement—which, if unsuccessful, must plunge him into the gulf—he caught with his hands still closer to the rock, and pressing his feet with all his might against their slender hold, succeeded, by a violent muscular effort, in heaving himself upon the cliff. “Eternal curses on my nerveless limbs!” cried the bridegroom, arriving at the instant; “the Raven has reached his tower—and who may follow him?—Turn back,” continued he, raising his voice into a furious shout, “ravisher! murderer! monster!—all things bad but coward!—Turn back! and I swear by every thing binding on man’s soul, to divide in twain my sword with thee; and, although thou deservest to die like a dog, to fight a fair fight with thee on this hill side, without friend or witness, save yonder setting sun, and Him who made it!” But the Raven was deaf even to so courteous an offer; he lay on his back upon the cliff, apparently without sense or motion, his legs hanging over the side—seeming, like the poet’s personification of Danger, to have thrown him

“on the ridgy steep
Of some loose, hanging rock to sleep.”

“Take this, then, to rouse thee!” said the bridegroom, tearing up, by main force, a fragment of the rock, and hurling it across the chasm: it fell with a heavy sound on the outlaw’s breast; and he raised himself up, like a chained mastiff, at the pain and insult. “Who art thou?” he cried, hardly seeming to recollect his situation; “what dost thou seek?”—“What do I seek?—O God!—Look here!” replied the bridegroom, stretching his arms and his body far over the cliff towards the destroyer, while his voice was choked with the opposite and yet combining emotions of grief and rage.—“What do I seek? See’st thou this handkerchief? A few hours ago it covered the fairest and the chastest bosom in broad Scotland: the red blots of murder, and the wrinkles of ruffian violence, are on it now; and the covering of the bosom is reproach, and foulness, and dishonour!—What do I seek? I seek,” continued he, speaking through his clenched teeth.—“I seek to fulfil the oath I made to heaven and to her—to steep this handkerchief, ravisher, in thy heart’s blood!”—“Tempt me not!” said the outlaw: “hast thou not tasted enough of my vengeance already? I am slockened on thee. Get thee gone—but cross no more the path of one who has neither fear nor mercy.” The avenger paused for an instant, and then paced to and fro by the edge of the rock, with the restless and impatient step of a beast of prey along the bars of his cage; but soon his brow grew blacker, and his lips met with a firmer resolution, “He is spent with fatigue,” he said aloud, although communing only with himself; “he is weary with murder, or he would by this time have sought the ford. What holds me from leaping into his den? I am younger than he; my limbs are more supple than his. What care I

for the craven-lay which threatens death for the attempt?—my vengeance shall not be stayed with a song. It shall be so: the weight of despair is surely not greater than the weight of guilt." And so saying, he stepped backward to the proper distance, and began to prepare himself for the adventure. This he did, in the first place, by striking his blade into the ground, clasping his hands, raising up his face towards heaven, and repeating a short prayer for success; but, although he stood thus in an attitude of Christian devotion, he might have seemed to resemble more one of the ancient Alani, whose only object of worship, as Ammianus Marcellinus informs us, was a naked sword stuck in the earth. He then drew forth his good steel again, and, planting his feet firmly in their proper posture, was about to spring forward to the perilous undertaking. The outlaw, who had apparently watched his movements, and even heard his words, raised himself gradually from his reclining posture—first on his knees, and then, as his enemy's preparations seemed to be nearly completed, upon his feet. "Stop!" he cried; "witness that I have, at least, not sought *this*. The event be on your own head! I confess that I am worn out—I am alone and unarmed; but the visitor who thrusts himself unbidden on me here shall never live to tell what welcome he met with at the Raven's Tower." The reply of the avenger was to wave the bloody handkerchief in the air, which he then placed in his bosom; and, clearing the intervening space at three rapid bounds, he darted from the side of the mountain. The desperation that had prompted him to the adventure lent an energy to his limbs which it was believed only one man of that day possessed, and he alighted on the brink of the rock; yet so barely was the feat performed, that, had he not seized hold of the outlaw's arm, who struck a furious blow at him as he touched the ground, he could not have preserved his footing even for a single moment. They were both men of more than ordinary strength, and their mutual hate was of more than ordinary fierceness; and, had that meeting taken place upon the mountain's side, or had the assailant even gained a firm footing upon the rock, it is more than probable that the evening's sun would have gone down upon the struggle. But here was no contest of warriors in the field—no flashing of the sword—no spilling of blood—no cries of triumph or of vengeance! On the one part, it was an instinctive, silent clinging to the only object of support within reach—and, on the other, a desperate but hopeless resistance against a power which seemed, with supernatural force, to be gradually dragging him to perdition. They stood thus for some moments upon the smooth and sloping edge of the precipice, their frames convulsed and their sinews cracking with the intensity of the struggle, and yet their motion towards the brink scarcely perceptible. They looked into each other's faces, and saw in the damp and ghastly features the image of death. "I warned thee!" at last broke, in choked accents, from the white lips of the outlaw as their fate became certain, and a glare of rage and terror illumined for an instant his despair. The bridegroom replied by bending down his head, with a last effort, and tearing with his teeth from his bosom the bloody signal of vengeance, which he held up in the destroyer's face. The next moment he fell backward into the abyss, still clinging with a death-clasp to his enemy, and they commenced their headlong descent; and so firmly did he retain his hold, that, although the projecting points of the rock spattered their brains upon the wall, and mangled their bodies out of the form of men, yet they arrived, still hand in hand, in one mass of blood at the bottom of the cell—whence the pollution of human guilt and misery was instantaneously swept out by the indignant stream.

PUBLIC CHARITIES.*

The general fact that this country abounds with charitable institutions, beyond any other in the world, in proportion to the amount of its population, is notorious—is matter of pride and exultation to Englishmen; but the fact is equally true, though not hitherto equally notorious, that never were charitable institutions so infamously administered, so corrupted, so wasted, so plundered, so turned from the purposes to which the pious founders originally destined them—to so pervading an extent too—is sufficient to make every Englishman hang his head with shame. It seems to shew—would we could hide the conviction from ourselves—that the moment you invest a man with office, or entrust him with authority, virtue flies, and selfishness—of the coarsest kind—seizes the abdicated seat, and sears up the sense of honour.

For what ultimate purpose did the benevolent individuals, from whom they all originate, bequeath their property in the support, or the institution of public charities? To enrich the wealthy? Surely not, but rather to relieve the burdens of the miserable—to feed, clothe, educate the poor. Well, and are they not actually so applied? No; the great mass of the property is in reality in the hands of the aristocracy, of the clergy, and of corporate bodies; much of it is consumed in political intrigue; much of it in family aggrandizement, more in personal emolument and indulgence, and the insignificant remnant doled out unwillingly and scantily to those injured classes, for whose sole advantage assuredly the whole was, at first, designed.

But all this, it will be said, has very much the air of a random assertion. Ten years ago such a declaration might have been received as a random assertion; but now we speak on authority and ‘by the card.’ Thanks to the exertions and resolution of Mr. Brougham, light has been thrown into the den of Cacus; and in spite of all let and hindrance, the time is not, we trust, far remote when we shall be allowed to penetrate unimpeded into *all* its complexities, into its deepest, darkest recesses; and ferret and rout out every filthy and lurking abuse. Though numerous instances of intolerable abuse are already actually dragged into open day, almost, or perhaps quite as many remain screened in darkness. To Mr. Brougham, however, we are wholly indebted for all we have learnt, and to him is gratitude justly due from those who have already more or less benefitted, by the fears of some, and the prudence of others; but still more will it be done from a distant, and not very distant posterity; for sure we are, abuses of this kind require only to be generally and thoroughly known to force on reform, first or last, privately or publicly. The rich and powerful must relax their hold; and corporations, if they resist, will be themselves, and most deservedly, swept away with the corruptions they have sanctioned by sharing the plunder, and the impediments, by which they have arrested the career of benevolence.

In 1816 a Committee, called the Education Committee, was appointed, to inquire into the provisions for the education of the poor of the Metropolis. This committee had no ulterior views; but the course of their inquiries elicited such an extent and variety of abuse, as naturally suggested an extension of the inquiry over the whole country. In 1818 a commis-

* An account of Public Charities, digested and arranged from the Reports of his Majesty's Commissioners on Charitable Foundations in England and Wales, with Notes and Comments; Simpkin and Marshall.

sion of fourteen was accordingly named ; in 1819 their number was augmented to twenty,* with enlarged powers ; and in 1824 the provisions of the previous act were continued for four years. These powers extend to the right of inquiry into all estates, funds, and donations, of whatever kind, left for charitable uses, to the summoning of all concerned in the management, and the enforcing production of documents. The commissioners may examine on oath, and are themselves sworn to execute the trust committed to them faithfully, impartially, and truly. But there are exemptions, and important exemptions too, why or wherefore—for what honourable purpose we mean—no man could ever understand. Who are the parties exempted then ? The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge ; the Colleges of Westminster, Eton, and Winchester ; the schools of Harrow and Rugby ; and the Corporation of the Trinity House ; but, besides, all charities—a pretty considerable number—having special visitors, governors, or officers, appointed by the founder ; and finally, all charities for the benefit of Jews and Quakers, as well as those wholly or principally supported by voluntary subscription. The work has been zealously pursued, and the results have been annually printed ; but, though disclosing the most important information, and the most irrefragable corruptions, these reports have hitherto not been taken into consideration by parliament ; and as to the country generally, they are so many sealed volumes. They are printed only for the use of the members—a few copies, besides, which get into circulation, do so by oblique means ; but were they published for general sale, their very bulk would alone preclude any considerable acquaintance with them.

Deeply impressed, as we have long been, with a sense of their importance, we were on the point of analysing their contents, when we heard of a publication, professing to give the substance of these voluminous reports in a condensed form, by a gentleman already advantageously known as the Editor of the *Cabinet Lawyer* ; but even this publication—exceedingly well got up as we find it to be—will not supersede our purpose, though it will abridge our labour. An established periodical is a capital vehicle for spreading information on subjects of too general or too remote an interest to be immediately and personally exciting. It lays the matter before the reader's eyes without waiting for the summons ; by the same act, it excites curiosity and at once gratifies it. We propose, then, in laying the subject of public charities before our readers, to take upon ourselves the same office, towards the abridged reports to which we refer, which the author of them has performed towards the original ones—convinced, that while we gratify our readers, and serve the cause we have at heart, we shall only be fixing an attention, that will still more effectually promote the circulation of his book, and ensure him still further the reward he so justly deserves. The Editor commences his reports with the London Companies, and we shall, in general, follow his arrangement. These companies have the management of numerous charities all over the country ; and out of the produce of these charities, we shall find, spring the sources of much of those feastings, for which the city is so nobly renowned. Our purpose, more specifically, is to state the object of each charity—the present state of the property, and its actual application.

* Of these, ten, not in parliament, receive a £1,000 a year each ; and £8,000 is annually allowed for secretaries, messengers, and travelling expences. The commissioners are divided into boards, we believe of two and three each—of course the salaried commissioners are the only working ones.

THE MERCERS' COMPANY.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.—This school was founded by Dean Colet, in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., for the education of 153 boys—‘desiring nothyng more thanne education, and bringing uppe children in goode manners and literature.’ The apparently whimsical number is that of the fishes taken in the draught after our Saviour’s resurrection. The original estates granted by the Dean, together with some additions for exhibitions at Cambridge, given by Viscount Campden, make up an income for the school of 5,252*l.* 7*s.* 7½*d.*, which income, as well as the patronage, is entirely under the management of the Mercers’ Company. Now, how have they discharged this splendid trust? We shall see. In 1804, by the accidental finding of an old account-book, followed up by a little investigation, the company were discovered to be in debt to the school estate, to no less an amount than 34,637*l.* 15*s.* 0*d.* The revenues of the school had actually been employed by the worthy company in speculations, loans, and annuities, by which they lost immense sums. To avert the scandal of exposure in the courts, the company engaged to refund, at the rate of 1,000*l.* a year; and 16,000*l.* have actually been refunded, and the remainder will now, probably, be restored in the same way. Out of these sums thus restored—the company not knowing, it should seem, what better to do with them—the present magnificent buildings have been lately erected. The whole income of 6,252*l.* 7*s.* 7½*d.* is now, however, reported to be spent upon the school; but how spent? Look at some of the particulars of expenditure of the last year;—1,000*l.* an annual pension to the late head-master; 181*l.* in salaries and gratuities to the officers of the company; 229*l.* 9*s.* 0*d.* on the apposition dinner—a dinner given on the annual examination, appointed by the founder, who directed a ‘littell dinner not exceeding the pryce of fower nobles;’ 52*l.* 10*s.* to the examiners at the apposition; 129*l.* 19*s.* 8*d.* for law agency; 287*l.* 14*s.* in courts and committees—as douceurs to members of the company for attendance, otherwise, it seems, a sufficient attendance could not be secured; and a gold medal of 20*l.* to the surveyor-accountant; and one of the same value is annually given to the said surveyor-accountant—a member of the company—when he goes out of office. All this, however, with such abundant resources, may be, it seems, nothing but liberal. But who has the benefit of this noble foundation? Of what description of children does the school consist? Chiefly, says Dr. Sleath, in his evidence, belonging to the clergy, the professional gentlemen, and medical men in the neighbourhood, and to gentlemen in Doctors Commons—to persons, that is, to whom the gratuitous* education may be very convenient, but surely not such as can be said to want it—surely not such as the original founder contemplated, particularly when he speaks of poor scholars, as well as those, who were to have wax tapers at the cost of their parents. But why, with such ample funds, now by publicity secured, and the company not likely to have the opportunity of entrenching upon them again—why is not the number of scholars augmented? Nay, the founder himself limited the number. So he did the wages of the head master to a mark a week, though the present master has 613*l.* a year; and where did he direct an annual medal? and where the

* The founder’s intention was gratuitous education. What expenses are saddled upon the parents we know not. Something no doubt, and something considerable perhaps—though the lawyers will take care of themselves.

guinea fee for attendance on committees? The statutes, in short, wherever any particular interest is in view, readily give way; but where the general interests of the school, and the general views of the founder are concerned,—the promotion of education obviously, and nothing else—there they are as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

WHITTINGTON'S ALMSHOUSE.—Considerable property was left by Sir Richard Whittington, in 1521, for works of charity; and an almshouse for thirteen poor persons was erected by his executors. Additions to the endowment were made by Wm. Elkeyn in 1597, Edward Barkley in 1601, Samuel Goldsmith in 1647, and several others. The whole is under the management of the Mercers' Company; but, unluckily, the Lord Mayor is named special visitor; and though the Lord Mayor appears never to have exercised his privilege, the provision precluded the commissioners from all inquiry. The company are thus legally screened, and all malversations consecrated. The property is notoriously greatly beyond the paltry sums dribbled out to the occupants of the almshouse. What becomes of the surplus? and how can men, pretending to character and respectability, appropriate that, of which they know themselves to be but trustees, to purposes which the donors never contemplated?

DAUNTSEY CHARITIES.—1. *Coals.*—Alderman Wm. Dauntsey, in 1542, left 200*l.* to be lent to young men free of the company, 50*l.* each, for seven years, on the condition of a load of coals being given to the poor of certain parishes in the city. No member of the company requiring these loans—by the way, they are all merchants of the first class, bankers, &c.—53*l.* in acquittance are now paid to the officers of those parishes. This, as to the amount, may not be much amiss.—2. *School and almshouse at West Lavington, Wiltshire.* The school was destined for the children of the parish generally, and the almshouse for five men and two women. When the property, consisting of houses in the city, came into the hands of the company, the charges upon it were 10*l.* for the schoolmaster, and 10*s.* 11*d.* a quarter for each of the alms-people, called the headsmen and women of West Lavington—that is, about 25*l.*; and the rents amounted to 47*l.* Additions to the allowances of the master and the alms-folk have been made from time to time; the actual payments now made to them amount to 221*l.*; and the average expenses for rebuilding, repairing, &c. for the last eighteen years have been 90*l.*; but the rents have swollen to 1,060*l.* What becomes of this 700*l.* or 800*l.*? Is it distributed in acts of charity, or discussed in feats of guttling? Is it pocketed by the company for the good of their families, or exchequered for some future scene of jubilee magnificence? Why is not a school established to take in the neighbouring parishes? and why are not the heads-people more liberally relieved, and their members increased? The intention of the benevolent founder is manifest—to educate the children and assist the poor of West Lavington. If all be, indeed, educated and relieved that want educating and relieving there, we may be sure there are others in the neighbourhood who are not. Let the company promptly come forward, and act with something like honour and humanity, and not wait for the forcing of the legislature, to their own eternal disgrace.

LADY JOAN BRADBURY'S CHARITY.—The company, in the reign of Henry VIII., were empowered by patent to receive lands, to the value of 20*l.* a year, from Dame Joan Bradbury; and, in pursuance of this authority, the Bishop of Norwich granted them twenty-nine acres in Mary-le-bone, and 120 in St. Giles's and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, of the annual

value of 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, in part of the said 20*l.* This grant was to be applied to the maintenance of certain SUPERSTITIOUS uses in the church of St. Stephen's, Coleman-street—except thirty shillings, to be distributed in coals among the poor of the same parish. What has become of this property? There has been strange management on the part of this Mercers' Company in ancient days; and the conduct of the commissioners with respect to this property is perfectly unaccountable. The application of the property, after the discontinuance of these superstitious uses, is involved in obscurity; and they did not, they say, think it material to inquire farther about it. Not material to inquire? On what principle could they thus desert their sworn duty? Did it never strike them that the good lady, though she might direct her donations to be applied to superstitious uses, yet doubtless meant to benefit her fellow-creatures—and, no doubt, specifically, her *poorer* fellow-creatures? But the property itself—the 149 acres in the heart of London, covered with houses every foot of it—does the company hold it still? No; eight acres and a half are all that are left of it in their hands—forming the north side of Long Acre and the adjoining street. But the produce of these eight acres and a half, in such a position, must be of some significance. What becomes of it? How does the company apply the still valuable relic of this once magnificent donation? Have they found any analogous use for it? The poor lady's wishes have been held in utter scorn, even to the distribution of the thirty shillings in coals. They are paid, not in coals, but in the shape and tale of thirty shillings still, into the general poor-account, of St. Stephen's, Coleman-street.

ROBERT CHERTSEY'S GIFT, 1555.—All his messuages, tenements, and houses in the parish of St. James's, Garlick-hithe, were conveyed to the company on the death of his wife, on condition that seven-pence a week be paid to each of three poor householders, free of the company, for ever; and, accordingly, seven-pence a week is most conscientiously paid to three poor widows of freemen of the company. This property must be of considerable value; but the commissioners have left us completely in the dark about it. What is the meaning of this? Were they wearied, or careless, or disgusted? Let them return to the charge, and fearlessly and faithfully perform the duty they have sworn to fulfil.

LADY GRESHAM'S GIFT, 1560.—Dame Isabell, widow of Sir Richard Gresham, left to the Mercers' Company, in trust, certain houses in the city, charged with the payment of 9*l.*, to be distributed to the poor of certain parishes annually in sums of eighteen-pence each—or in coals, one sack or more; and empowering the company to take ten shillings to compensate its officers for their trouble. The rental of the estates was then 14*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.*; but, in 1819, it had grown to 902*l.* What do the company do with it? Oh! not one farthing beyond the original 9*l.* 10*s.* do these cautious and conscientious trustees venture to distribute, though the intentions of the donor so stare them in the face, that they must studiously turn away to avoid the petrifying gaze. This is one of the grossest pieces of corruption that the corrupt trusts of corrupted England can shew.

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM, 1575.—The estates left by this magnificent merchant now produce 6,080*l.* a year, which sum, it appears, is divided equally between the corporation of London and the Mercers' Company. The charges upon the estate are 50*l.* for each of seven lecturers, to which another 50*l.* was added in lieu of residence, when the government purchased the present site of the Excise, where, before, the lecturers had, each of them,

chambers; which sums, together, amount to 700*l*.;—53*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*. for eight alms-people of St. Peter-le-Poor; 50*l*. for the relief of poor persons in the prisons of Newgate, &c.; 10*l*. to each of five hospitals; and 100*l*. the company is empowered to spend on four quarterly dinners, for the *whole* company, in their hall. The annual payments, then, out of the estate now are 773*l*. 4*s*. from the city's share, and 340*l*. out of that of the Mercers. The Mercers, therefore, still pocket 2,700*l*. a year. How many dinners will this sum afford Monsieur Jarrin,—or, still better, Mr. Alderman Birch?

But these lectures, on which 700*l*. are thus expended—of what benefit are they—and to whom? Do these lecturers perform any duty? Are lectures actually read? Yes; the gentleman to whom we are so much indebted for his analysis of the Commissioners' Reports, about a twelve-month ago—having some mistrust upon the matter—resolved to ascertain whether there really were lecturers or lectures. The first time he approached the scene indicated by public advertisement, all was still as death; the second, third, fourth visits, and many more—no signs of activity. At last, on venturing to inquire of one of the 'Change-keepers, he was told nobody attended—but sometimes the rooms were open, and a lecture read. Encouraged by this glimpse of hope, he persevered, and eventually had the good fortune to find the door open, and some one at the door evidently watching for the arrival of auditors. He stepped in; and presently arrived the professor. It was he of Geometry,—who forthwith commenced, what appeared to be a discussion on the properties of fire; in the course of which the audience, consisting of six persons, were informed, that fire was one of the four elements, out of which all things were made or begotten. But all such evidence is superfluous: every body actually knows, or safely concludes, the office is become a sinecure. Cannot these institutions, however, be made available, when attempts are making on all sides, and assistance wanted, to spread the knowledge of science? If but one of the company were animated with the spirit that is stirring the world around them, his fraternity could not, for very shame, refuse to enforce on the lecturers an effective compliance with the will of the founder. If the lectures were of any value, there would be no want of audience, even upon 'Change; and if money be wanted for modern machinery, or the more liberal remuneration of able lecturers, the company have, or ought to have, enough and to spare.

TRINITY HOSPITAL, GREENWICH.—Founded by Henry, Earl of Northampton, in 1615, for a warden and twenty poor men, noninable, and on good grounds removable, by the Mercers' Company; twelve to be taken from Greenwich, and eight from Shotesham in Norfolk, where the earl was born. Lands were left for the maintenance; and the company manage the property, and regulate the allowance to the alms-people; but no part of the income, it seems, passes through their hands. We do not understand this. Twelve of the company are, by the earl's will, *visitors* of the hospital, and, by the terms of their authority, the commissioners conceived themselves to be precluded from all inquiry; and abuse, if abuse there be—which we suppose there must be—is thus again protected.

SIR THOMAS BENNETT'S CHARITY, 1616.—This was the splendid bequest of the rectory and vicarage of Kirton, in the county of Lincoln, and of all messuages, lands, and tithes thereto belonging. The rent reserved upon a lease of these premises for forty-one years, dated 14th James I., was 150*l*.; of which sum the wardens and eighteen of the Mercers' Company were appointed trustees; and the uses to which the whole,

with the exception of nine shillings, was to be applied, were expressly stated. Among these uses are 20*l.* to fifteen of the most poor and aged sort of men and women of the borough of Wallingford; 20*l.* to four poor brethren of the Mercers' Company; 24*l.* for redeeming twelve or more poor debtors yearly in the two compters and Ludgate—that is, such as were redeemable for forty shillings, or less; 14*l.* for clothing poor and naked men, women, and children, wandering in the streets of London, and that have no dwelling; 20*l.* for Christ's Hospital; 20*l.* for a dinner to the warders, assistants, and livery of the company, on St. Andrew's Day, &c. The company have done pretty much as they pleased with this charity. The annuity of 20*l.* to Christ's Hospital they have redeemed. The present rental of the estate is 1,000*l.* a year: the charges upon it amount to 509*l.*; but the last tenant, on condition of giving up the lease, had an annuity granted of 400*l.*, which, of course, will fall in by-and-bye; and then the charges will be only 109*l.* out of 1,000*l.*

But we wish to call the reader's attention to the 24*l.* for redeeming debtors. This sum, in spite of the vast numbers that have always crowded our gaols, was, it seems, *unapplied for*, and was consequently invested in the public funds; and, in 1818, the dividends amounted to another 24*l.* In 1820, there was actually a balance of 149*l.* 11*s.* 11*d.* in hand. Had the company no bowels? The keeper of Whitecross-street prison now, we learn, is annually informed of the sum in hand, with liberty to apply for the whole of it, *if he find proper objects*; and the debts, to which relief may be granted, are extended to 4*l.* or 5*l.* Why, we ask, is not the sum thus disposable trebled, or quadrupled, or rather decupled? The London debtor prisons are in a horrible state. The 14*l.* assigned to the destitute—to save themselves trouble—the company paid over, without the addition of a farthing; in 1820, to the Mendicity Society.

BANCKS'S CHARITY, 1619.—A house and six acres of land in Holloway, in the parish of Islington, Middlesex; the whole rent of which, then amounting to 17*l.* was directed to be applied by the company to specific uses. This 17*l.* they still distribute scrupulously—but what becomes of the balance? The rent is now 84*l.* Mr. Bancks also left 200*l.* to be lent to two young men of the company—the interest to be added to the rent of the Holloway land. For this the company have not accounted to the commissioners.

MERCERS' SCHOOL.—In 1542 Henry VIII., by patent, granted to the Company certain premises belonging to the dissolved hospital of St. Thomas of Acon, on part of which premises the present hall, chapel, &c., of the company, stand, in consideration of 969*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, and also, on condition of keeping a free grammar school for twenty-five boys. This school has been kept up nearly in the manner prescribed by the original instrument. To the Mercers', also, Thomas Rich bequeathed all his tenements in St. Mary-axe, on condition of their allowing two exhibitions, of 6*l.* each, to poor scholars taught in Mercers' school and sent to the University; which property now produces 30*l.* a year. No exhibitions were claimed till 1817. The money, however, had been funded, and the dividends now amount to 90*l.* Another small property was left by the same Thomas Rich, directing 4*l.* for special uses, and a moiety of the remainder to be paid to the school-master. This produces 45*l.* The average sum spent on the school for the last seven years is 677*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.* The value of the premises, granted by the crown, either at the time of the grant, or at present, we have no means of judging, nor, of

course, of determining the degree of liberality shewn by the company in this case. *Ex uno disce omnes.* The master has 250*l.* and a house, rent and tax free. There are thirty-five boys—ten beyond the original contract—who are instructed in Greek and Latin, and, since 1804, they have been taught writing and arithmetic, by a master appointed by the company. Here then the company have deviated from the indenture of foundation—have augmented the number, and extended the branches of education. Why cannot they do the same at St. Paul's, where they have more space to turn in?

FISHBOURNE'S CHARITIES, 1625.—This munificent citizen left to the Mercers' 9,000*l.*, to be applied to religious and charitable purposes—500*l.* for a weekly sermon in their own chapel from Michaelmas to Lent; 2,800*l.* to purchase impropriate livings in some northern county, where the word of God was most needed; 1,000*l.* to be lent gratis, on security, to five young men free of the company; 1,000*l.* to purchase land of the clear yearly value of 50*l.*, of which was designed for a lecture in the church of St. Bartholomew—20*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the same parish, and the company are directed to take care that this do not abate the assessment of the wealthier sort, but to make it a clear increase, and yearly addition of relief to the poor—and the remaining 5*l.* to be shared between the wardens and clerk of the company; 420*l.* to be laid out in land, and the rent expended in a dinner to the *livery*, and a sermon before the dinner; 300*l.* for law expenses; 1,000*l.* (for land) to be distributed in clothes to the poor of the company; and lastly, 2,000*l.* to the town of Huntingdon, to be applied to the maintenance of a grammar school, lecture, and almshouse. With the sums thus directed to be laid out in land, and about 1,500*l.* bequeathed by others (that is, 1,000*l.* for the maintenance of poor scholars at Cambridge, and 240*l.* for the benefit of six poor persons of Harrow, and six of Rocksey, and 200*l.* to be lent out at interest to young men) the manor of Chalgrano, and other property, were purchased, now producing a clear rent of 700*l.* A surplus of 111*l.* remains with the company, after satisfying the purposes of the several benefactors. With the 2,800*l.* left for the purchase of livings, were bought the tithes of some parishes in Northumberland, for the support of a lecture at Hexham, and another at Berwick-upon-Tweed; and the rectories of Canwick and Repham, in Lincolnshire—now, of course, in the gift of the company. The sums for gratuitous loans pass to the company's general funds—the original purpose is now entirely lost sight of, and no analogous or charitable purpose can be substituted. The company are naturally fearful of profaning the pious purposes of the donor. Better do nothing than do wrong.

LADY MICO'S ALMSHOUSES, STEPNEY.—In 1676 this lady left the company 1,000*l.*, with which ten alms-houses were to be built, and the remainder to be laid out in land, and the rent equally distributed among the occupants. This sum, however—we learn not why—was not laid out in land; but invested in South-sea annuities, and now produces 144*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.* Within these few years this charity has had an accession—recovered under singular circumstances—and the whole income now amounts to 210*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.* The ten widows who occupy the houses have had 30*l.* each, since 1805. There must be some mistake, as this allowance alone, without the thirty guineas given to an apothecary, &c., exceeds the income.

RAND'S CHARITY, 1706.—This excellent citizen left to the company the moiety of three houses in Tower-street, for the discharge of poor

debtors, forty shillings each, as far as the rents would go. The good man desired the master, or wardens, to be present in the discharge, and pay no prison fees, nor chamber-rents; and take twenty shillings for their trouble. This little charity has been shamefully and most unfeelingly mismanaged. The income now amounts to 101*l.*—that is, 71*l.* from the rents, and 30*l.* from dividends of invested balances, and these balances arising, of course, from the company neglecting their trust. From 1807 to 1810, nothing whatever was paid; and from 1815 to 1819 only 4*l.*; and all the while the prisons swarming with debtors. If the company be too idle, or too callous to attend to the miseries of these wretched persons, let them annually pay over this 101*l.* to that admirable little society, instituted for the very purpose to which these funds are destined—and which has, in the course of about half a century, redeemed 40,000 debtors. When the company do redeem debtors, neither master nor warden attend, according to the desire of the founder; but each—which surely the letter of instruction does not warrant, takes the twenty shillings—that is four pounds from the charity.

MORLEY'S CHARITY.—A house, known by the sign of the Angel and Crown, near Newbury, in Berkshire, the rent of which was to be distributed among four poor men above sixty years, to be chosen by the company, apparently without restriction. The rent under the present lease 40*l.* Two of the persons at present benefited are members of the company.

HORSHAM FREE SCHOOL, 1532.—Founded by Richard Collier, for the free instruction of sixty scholars belonging to the poor of the parish. A house called the Key—the site is not now known—with appurtenances in Cheapside, in the parish of St. Pancras, in the ward of Cheap, was left to the company, from the rent of which they are to pay to the master 10*l.*, and to the usher ten marks,—take one pound for themselves, and the rest is to go towards the repair of the high roads round Horsham. This property became confounded with other estates belonging to the company; but, in 1596, was calculated at four-fifths of the property thus commingled. That property now produces 515*l.*, and will give 412*l.* for the 'Key.' The salaries of the master and usher 'remain unaltered;' but *gratuities* are added,—and, of course, the salaries may as well be said at once plainly to be augmented. The average surplus for the last years has been 5*l.* Does this 5*l.* go to the Horsham highways?

PETER BLUNDELL'S GIFT.—One hundred and fifty pounds, on condition the company, with part of the sum, purchase lands, and pay forty shillings to Bethlehem Hospital. With this sum, and a legacy of 200*l.* by the same person, they bought the house at the corner of St. Swithin's Alley, now called the Turkey Coffee-house (or John's Coffee-house) and three shops adjoining. What is the rent, and why are we not informed of its amount? It must, in such a position, be considerable; but the company still scrupulously obey to the letter the donor's direction, and pay just forty shillings to the hospital!

So much for the landed revenues of the Mercers' Company, amounting to 14,581*l.* per annum, exclusive of church patronage;—but the real property—known and unknown, is probably nothing short of 20,000*l.*—the real property we mean, for which they are trustees for charitable purposes. With the property, which is strictly their's as a society, we have nothing to do:—for instance, the Irish estates, which they hold in common with other companies, though we do not exactly know on what conditions the grant of those estates was made. But the landed estates, which we have been

reviewing, are very far from constituting all their trust-property. Very considerable sums have been bequeathed to them—not directed to be invested in land—and from the nature of the proposed employment of them, incapable of being so invested. Of this kind are gifts of money, from thirty or forty persons, amounting together to 11,618*l.*, destined, the greater part, 7,699*l.* that is, to be lent to young men, sometimes gratis; sometimes conditioning a distribution of coals among the poor, generally in interest, and the interest to be given to the poor of certain parishes in the city; 2,000*l.* for relieving and redeeming debtors; 1,325*l.* for binding apprentices; 570*l.* for sermons, and the remainder to the company itself for donations to the *livery* generally, or in the payment of certain sums to the poor. Of the larger sum, not a farthing is lent to young men free of the company, because, truly, the company have no members who require such loans; but the interest that would result from such loans is carefully assigned to the purposes directed by the donors. Our readers will, of course, now conclude, from what they have already seen, that let the money be employed how it may, or produce what it may—in contempt of all advances in the nominal value of money, no advance in the sums distributed is ever made. If, 150, or 200, or 300 years ago, the sum allotted to the poor was five pounds, five pounds are all that are paid still;—the letter of the injunction is fulfilled—they have nothing to do with the spirit of it. Interpretation is always hazardous.

A load of coals is sometimes the return for the loan of 50*l.*; this load, generally, is valued at five and twenty shillings, though the load manifestly meant—as sometimes it is even specified—thirty sacks; and five and twenty shillings will purchase only six. Sometimes there are evasions of another kind:—for instance, Alderman Walthall, in 1608, left a sum, now by accumulations producing 36*l.* a-year, to be given to the three *poorest* scholars of Cambridge. The company do not know how to ascertain the fact—the *ne plus ultra* of poverty—and therefore keep the money. Again, Mr. Martin, in 1630, we believe, left to the company 200*l.*, ‘heartily praying them to accept of the same, and in lieu of it, pay the poor of Yarcombe, in Devonshire, ten pounds annually for ever;’ but the good and considerate gentleman afterwards thought the company might possibly lose by the donation, and, by a codicil, added 250*l.* more, to secure them effectually against all risk of damage. What do the company do? Oh, of course, only pay the ten pounds—with something now for arrears, for there have been times when they have not even paid the ten pounds. Lady Hungerford, in 1671, left the company 1000*l.*, the profit of which was to be expended in binding apprentices—preference to be given to lads out of Wiltshire and Gloucestershire. The practice has been to bind three boys annually, with a premium of 10*l.*; but Wiltshire and Gloucestershire, it seems, will not, or does not, or cannot furnish three boys annually; and so balances have accumulated, and the company has now 42*l.* instead of 30*l.*, and are ready to give 14*l.* each—if any will apply out of Wiltshire and Gloucestershire. But the Viscountess Campden’s legacy beats all. In 1642, this excellent lady left 3,100*l.* to purchase impropriate church livings in the counties of York, Durham, Lincoln, or other places where such purchases could be made, and the greatest lack of preaching existed. What have the company done with this large sum? In 1652, they founded two lectureships at Grantham and Wakefield, at 75*l.* each: but in 1689, the chancery directed a purchase to be made within two years. This order of court was neglected; and 115 years afterwards, in

1804, a committee reported that no steps had been taken, and recommended instant compliance, and further to add the savings on the Grantham lecture—how they arose is quite unintelligible—amounting to 931*l.* 5*s.* to the original 3,100*l.* No livings are yet purchased,—and we hope now, that no livings will be purchased, but that some better mode of disposing of this 4,000*l.* the wisdom of parliament will quickly discover.

The Haberdashers' and the Southwark Charities, next month.

KINDRED HEARTS.

OH! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountains flow;
Few—and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet—
Such ties would make this life of our's
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky,
Where the rich sunset burns:
It may be that the breath of spring,
Born amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—
A sorrowful delight!
The melody of distant chimes,
The sound of waves by night;
The wind that, with so many a tone,
Some chord within can thrill,—
These may have language all thine own,
To *him* a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this, the true
And steadfast love of years;
The kindly, that from childhood grew,
The faithful to thy tears!
If there be one that o'er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne part,
And watched through sickness by thy bed,—
Call *his* a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made,
Wherein bright spirits blend,
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
With the same breeze that bend,
For that full bliss of thought allied,
Never to mortals given,—
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,
Or lift them unto heaven.

F. H.

LETTER UPON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL, FROM A GENTLEMAN IN
THE "COUNTRY" TO A GENTLEMAN IN "LONDON."

York, 18th April, 1826.

YOU appear to me a strange fellow, in asking for my opinion on things in general; and a still stranger in fancying that those opinions will be worthy perusal. What can a hermit like myself, buried in a country town, two hundred miles from London, know of the world but by report?—and what can report bring to my knowledge which it has not previously brought, in a more striking shape, to your own? *Here*, I am the mere reader of events, of which you are an eye-witness—the mere digester of opinions, of which you are, perhaps, the original propounder. It is true, that I look to both with some attention;—to the first, in the hope of distilling from them agreeable recollections; and to the latter, in the hope of dispelling by them ill-omened apprehensions. But then I neither collect facts, with a view of confirming idle theories—nor register opinions, with a view of forming out of them rude and undigested metaphysics. No; I seek truth, when it floats upon the surface; and leave others to dive for it, when it sinks into depths beyond ordinary comprehension. You will, therefore, see that my lucubrations are those of a lounging, who thinks upon all subjects, and meditates upon none; and that, if they have any value, they derive it from being suggested by a view of society taken in a different position from that in which you stand; and, therefore, embracing certain features of it which may not, perhaps, have come under your observation. But why should I go on, with the affected modesty of an Irish orator, to depreciate the labour which I am nevertheless determined to undertake?—why weary you with gossiping about my own inability, when you want me to gossip about all that has interested the town and the country, the palace and the cottage, for the busy period of the by-gone months?

The changes in the ministry have formed for some weeks past, and will probably form for some weeks to come, the principal subject of public conversation. Rumour has stuffed my ears with so many surmises and conjectures respecting the nature of those changes, and the probability of their duration, that I hardly know which I ought to believe, and which I ought to repudiate. Only two points seem as yet definitively settled;—and those are, that Mr. Canning is to be the head of the administration, and that the administration is not to be exclusively in favour of the Catholics. Now, though I set no great store upon Mr. Canning's political honesty, in consequence of his having alternately flattered, bullied, and derided, pretty nearly every party in the state for the last thirty years, still, as his interest will prevent him from intriguing against his own administration, he appears to me a fitter person to be entrusted with the helm of government at this particular crisis than any other public man we possess in our present dearth of commanding talent and ability. Mr. Tierney may, perhaps, be gifted with acuter perception; and Mr. Brougham, with more ready and argumentative eloquence; but they are both vastly inferior to Mr. Canning in their experience of public business, and in their acquaintance with diplomatic forms and trickeries. I do not however see the advantage of getting rid of the underling members of the late cabinet, supposing that the new cabinet is to be constituted, like its predecessor, on the principle of division. I believe that Mr. Canning would have gladly worked on with the old hacks of office, if they would have consented to work on with him as subordinate agents; but their pride would not let them yield

to the degradation of serving under a man without ancestors, and they are in consequence left upon the strand friendless and unpitied, whilst he is carried with a flowing tide into the harbour of royal and popular approbation. Still he is surrounded with appalling difficulties, and, for my own part, I cannot conceive how he will be able to form an effective permanent administration either with or without the aid of whiggery.* If the whigs join him, there must be, as in the case of Fox and Lord North, such a sacrifice of principle on one side or the other, as would deprive the coalition ministry of all public confidence, inasmuch as they are pledged over and over again to support many of the measures, which he is quite as strongly pledged to oppose and counteract; and if they do not join him, his adversaries will, I am afraid, be too strong for him to resist; and he will therefore be obliged, either to try the chance of another general election, or to resign into their hands the premiership, which he has so unexpectedly wrested from their clutch. As to the failure of an administration purely Catholic at this moment, there cannot be the slightest doubt, except in Ireland. The last division on the Catholic question is sufficient to convince any man of cool judgment of the loss which the cause of emancipation sustained by the late elections; and I am sure that nothing has occurred since they were holden to diminish, though many circumstances have occurred to aggravate the reluctance which the people of England feel to grant that measure of expediency and justice.

I am sorry to observe, from an announcement in the *Chronicle*, that the forthcoming Number of the *Edinburgh Review*, contains an article on the Catholic Question, in which the writer gravely maintains, that it is the bounden duty of the Irish Catholics to bully the English government and people, as they will never grant Emancipation unless they are bullied into it. As far as the “*sensitive*” people of Ireland are concerned, this is a dangerous doctrine to inculcate, on account of its intimate connection with outrage and bloodshed, with insurrection and rebellion; and, as far as the high-spirited people of England are concerned, it is an erroneous doctrine, contradicted by that notorious disregard of personal consequences, which induced Voltaire to liken them to their own mastiffs, which run blindly on lions, and get their heads crushed for their pains. The Catholics of Ireland may depend upon it, that we shall never yield to force that which we refuse to solicitation; and that their prospect of success is removed to an infinite distance, if they seek to work upon our fears, instead of aiming to convince our reason. *We* have the consciousness of feeling, and *they* ought to have the prudent caution of recollecting, that in the last great struggle between us at the revolution, *we* reduced *them* to a slavery so abject, as to dishonour the conqueror more than the conquered, though *they* had been, for some time previously, in almost undisputed possession of all the resources of Ireland, and were supported by the unbroken power of Louis the XIVth., and *we* were contending with a disappointed faction, and discon-

* Mr. Tierney declared, on the 6th of February, 1821, amid the cheers of the Whigs, in the House of Commons, that there were THREE conditions, *without which* he would never accept of office—the first was, that *Catholic Emancipation should be granted*; the second, that *the six acts*—all of which have now expired, except that which punishes with transportation a man twice convicted of libel—*should be repealed*; and the third, that *Parliamentary Reform*, “which he declared to be the object nearest to his heart,” *should be immediately carried into execution*. Mr. Canning stands pledged to oppose Parliamentary Reform, in every shape, and cannot well agree to the repeal of the Libel Act, since, by the manner in which he undertook the defence of it, he identified himself with it at the time of its proposal. Mr. Brougham’s opinion of Mr. Canning’s qualifications, to act as first minister of this country, is on record, and can never be forgotten.

tented populace, at home, and were labouring under all the other disadvantages of a newly settled government. Besides, emancipation, if granted *without the good will of the people of England*, would, from being the triumph of one party over another, fail to be a valuable acquisition even to the inhabitants of Ireland; and how the good will of the people of England is to be conciliated, by telling them that, if they do not grant emancipation of their own accord, “they shall see their sons slaughtered on their thresholds, and hear their daughters scream for assistance on the graves of their sires,” the miserable spouter, who employs the threat, can alone explain to them.

The Catholics, of late, have frequently complained—and not without justice—of the vituperative language, in which their opponents speak, not only of their tenets, but also of their practices. Hard words never yet were arguments—and the chance is, that he who has a great abundance of the first, has a marvellous lack of the latter article. Let it not, however, be supposed, that the hard words are all on one side;—for instance, read the following extract from a letter, which the Catholic Bishop Doyle has addressed, during the last month, to the Protestant Archbishop Magee, and then wonder, if you can, at the increasing hostility to the Catholics, which is fast pervading every part of the empire:—“It may be safely affirmed that the Duke of Alva was not half so lost to the feelings of nature and decency, as *Cranmer* and *Henry*; or that the cruel assassins of *St. Bartholemi* were not more wicked, more heartless, more cruel, than the bloody satellites of *Elizabeth* or *Cromwell*, in *England* or *Ireland*—*that Mary was incomparably less a persecutor than her sister; that the proceedings of Knox and the covenanters in Scotland, of the Parliament, Protector and Vicerays in this country, surpass BEYOND MEASURE all that was ever done, not by Catholics, but by Nero, Tiberius, Domitian, throughout the Roman Empire, or by Pharaoh himself in Egypt. No, all the fiends of Milton, if let loose upon the earth, could not exceed in cruelty, impiety, and injustice, the persecutions of the Irish people!!*” What good, in the name of heaven, can come of this bloated magnificence of invective—this pompous exaggeration of alleged injustice? Is it not, I would ask, “blowing a trumpet and proclaiming a fire-cross to an hereditary and perpetual civil war?”

If I turn from the consideration of the Catholic Question to the consideration of other measures, recently discussed in parliament, I must say that I am surprized at the extraordinary manner in which the real business of the session has hitherto been neglected. With the exception of the Corn Bill, which it has sent, amid the growlings of the agricultural and manufacturing interests, to be exterminated by the Lords, the House of Commons has done absolutely nothing. The state of our finances, which appear sufficiently deplorable, is still unexplained; the causes of the continuation of our commercial embarrassments, which have now exceeded all former limits, are still unexplored; the complaints of our colonists, against their governors, especially those from the Cape of Good Hope, against Lord C. Somerset, are still unexamined; and what is, perhaps, more material than all, the Court of Chancery, a nuisance which affects the whole population of the empire, rich as well as poor, still remains unabated, and flourishes in all the full glories of mystification, chicanery, and delay. Admirable subjects these for the consideration of a new administration, and a new parliament; but far above the comprehension of a rustic like myself, who thanks God that he is neither a politician, nor yet a political

economist. The Lords have been as busy as the Commons in doing nothing; and, save on one or two occasions, when there issued from their lips indistinct mutterings of opposition to all changes in the laws, affecting Catholics and Corn, have preserved a most decorous and edifying silence. Indeed their very existence would have been forgotten, had it not been for the portentous consequences which resulted from the loss of Mr. Bell's seventeen and sixpenny umbrella. Talk of the loss of Calais to Queen Mary! Why it was nothing to the loss of that umbrella to Mrs. Bell. But though Mary, with all England at her back, sought not to obtain another Calais, Mrs. Bell, with no other resources but those of her own indomitable mind, thought it "foul scorn" not to seek to obtain another umbrella. She raved and remonstrated, but not in vain. She compelled her husband to summons the officer of the House of Lords, to whom he had entrusted it, and bated not one jot in courage when the said officer, with black rod at his heels, came with a more peremptory summons for her husband in return. Well was it for their Lordships that they did not summon this modern Xantippe, instead of her husband, to their bar—for, if they had, their characters would have again suffered irreparable injury from conflicting with a woman. Privilege of petticoat against privilege of peerage! Why, in such a quarrel, there is only one side on which a man of spirit can strike; and their Lordship's, therefore, judged wisely in selecting Mr. instead of Mrs. Bell, as the victim of their displeasure. He has, however, gained a loss by it, which he cannot value too highly. He has received, in return for the reprimand of their Lordships, a fame which will last as long as that of his illustrious name sake, Peter; and I trust that the great Laker, who has already given one Bell to immortality, will not hesitate to perform the same kind office to another. If the rape of a lock, of a pulpit, and of a bucket—things mean and insignificant in themselves—were deemed worthy of song by the Popes, Boileaus, and Tassonis, of former generations, surely the rape of an umbrella, which roused the sleeping peerage of Britain from their trance, and forced them to recollect their violated privileges, is not an unfitting subject even for a poet of these Augustan days, to marry to the beauty of high-sounding verse. Besides, who can tell what mighty revolutions may yet spring from this petty cause? A joke of Sir T. Wyatt caused the reformation, and a song of Lord Shaftesbury* the revolution. The neighing of a steed raised Darius to empire, and the cackling of a goose rescued Rome from ruin. Who then can swear that Mr. Bell's umbrella may not have unseated the administration, and driven the Chancellor from his long appropriation of the woolsack to a reluctant retreat, into the macadamized recesses of Piccadilly and Pimlico?

The House of Commons has also found occasion to stir its privileges. Mr. Peel made some remarks on a Mr. Jennings, which led Mr. Jennings to forward a message to Mr. Peel, which was not of the most conciliatory description. Mr. Peel preserved a dignified silence; and Mr. Jennings feeling himself bound to answer it, sent him another message in still more furious language. Mr. Peel was, nevertheless, still unmoved, when Mr. Jennings being ebullient with beer, and not having the fear of the Serjeant-at-arms before his eyes, threatened to address Mr. Peel no longer by the post, but, in person, from the gallery of the House of Commons. Mr. Peel, who has been pelted roundly enough, in his time, by speeches, regularly delivered in parliament, determined to guard himself from the annoyance of speeches irregularly delivered there. He complained to the House

* Lillibullero.

—the speaker's warrant issued forthwith, and Mr. Jennings, being previously gagged, was placed at the bar of the House, and desired to speak for himself. I wish all this formality had not been observed. It would have been a spirit-stirring sight, as they say in the Catholic Association, to have witnessed the dismay, which would have pervaded the House, at hearing a speech addressed to it *ex improviso*, from the strangers' gallery. The speaker's wig would have started in fright from his head, and have sought refuge near the bulky pericranium of Mr. Wynne. Mr. Wynne would have looked around him for a precedent to direct his conduct, and finding none, would have fainted over the order book. Mr. Brougham would have risen to peep into the gallery, and, discovering that Mr. Gourlay was not the orator, would have speedily squatted down again to hide the composure of his feelings. Mr. Hume would have stopped short in his hundred and sixty-seventh speech for the evening, and would have asked Reading Monk what he meant by barking, more rapidly than usual, his little shrill, snappish cry of "hear, hear!" Calls for order would have augmented the disorder, and would have ultimately terminated in an explosion, terrible as that which recently turned back the tide at Liverpool, shattered the Well Tower at Lancaster, shook Skiddaw and Saddleback from their base, and, as an ingenious professor of the art of sinking adds in the newspapers, broke all the windows at Brougham Hall! Mr. Jennings, in the mean time, would have darted to the right and to the left the thunders of his eloquence, and would have been for the moment the admired of all beholders. The pens of the reporters would have started from their inkstands to arrest, of themselves, the passing glories of the scene; and the newspapers of the next day, filled with the fate, the folly, and the flourishes of Mr. Jennings, would have obtained an extent of sale, which, at this period of financial distress, would have gladdened the hearts of the commissioners of the revenue, by the grateful God-send it would have added to the stamp duties.

I was once told by a "gentleman of the press," that an exhibition something like that, which I have ventured to describe, did actually take place in the House of Commons. Any person, who is at all conversant with the proceedings of that body, is aware, that a long pause sometimes occurs, between the conclusion of private, and the commencement of public, business. On one of these occasions, when a heavy debate was expected, and the House was crowded, and a dead silence prevailed, and every body was expecting to hear the name of "Mr. Pitt" issue from the lips of the Speaker, a shrill voice was heard from the back rows of the gallery, calling on Mr. Speaker for a song. Excessive was the consternation and laughter of the House. The Speaker called, but in vain, for order, and it was not till some minutes had elapsed, that directions could be given to the Serjeant-at-arms to take the offender into custody. As the serjeant entered the gallery to hunt him out, a reporter tapped a grave, demure, quaker-like stockbroker, who was sitting before him, on the shoulder, and said to him, half whispering, and half aloud,—“a pretty scrape you are in, Sir—but you would not be advised—and you must now get out of it as you best can.” The serjeant drank in the sounds with greedy ears—pounced upon the unlucky stockbroker, thus clearly denounced to him—and, in spite of his affirmations of innocence, dragged him, mighty loath, to the bar. The Charles Wynne of that day immediately began to put the inquisitorial power of the House into operation against him; but a few questions soon convinced him that the party

seized was "more sinned against than sinning." The House saw the folly of prosecuting its inquiries further, and dismissed the frightened stock-broker, with a sort of apology for the needless trouble which it had occasioned him. With wings "as swift as meditation, or the thoughts of love," he swept back to the gallery, to wreak his vengeance on the wag-gish reporter, who had pointed him out to the executive authorities of the House; but the reporter, knowing the better part of valour to be discretion, had fled amain, and had left his colleagues to sooth the resentment of the exasperated stranger. Need I say that the reporter was himself the person who uttered the impertinent cry, and that he craftily imputed it to another, in order to ward off detection from himself. The trick was "pleasant, but wrong"—amusing to the spectator, but no joke to the party upon whom it was played.

As I am upon the subject of Parliamentary Privileges, I see no reason why I should not here allude to a curious breach of them, which came out during the investigation of the East Retford Election Committee, and which has only been noticed in some of our party provincial papers. It appears, that in order to examine into the nature of the expenses incurred by the successful candidates, their bankers were ordered to produce their books, when the first item entered to their account was a sum of 1,200*l.* from Earl Fitzwilliam, to be applied towards forwarding their return. Now, there is a standing order of the House, declaring the interference of peers in elections a gross breach of privilege. By what process of logic, then, is it, that, after all the outcry against the corporations of Leicester and Northampton, this liberal grant of Earl Fitzwilliam is not considered an interference in the Election at Retford? Is it that the meshes of privilege are strong enough to hold the small, but too weak to retain the large flies which are encircled in them? Or is it, that printers, and publishers, and umbrella-losers are to be punished, because they have no friends, whilst peers are to pass unscathed, because they are provided with many?

—faciunt *hi* plura—sed illos

Defendit numerus, junctæque unbone phalanges,

De nobis post hæc tristis sententia fertur;

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.

One Yorkshire peer reminds me of another; and that again reminds me that I have to thank your kindness for a copy of Lord Wharnccliffe's bill to amend the Game Laws, which is at this moment lying on my table. From the tardy progress which it has hitherto made in the House of Lords; and from the momentous interests which both Houses of Parliament will have to discuss on their re-assembling, I think it most probable that this bill will not be converted into a law during the present session. Neither do I think it of much consequence that it should; for, so far from its being a consolidation of the present Game Laws, as I was induced, by a published letter of Mr. Peel, to suppose that it would be, it merely increases their number, without diminishing their intricacy and obscurity. It is true, that it puts an end to the absurd anomalies of the present disqualifying statutes, and gives the beneficial owner of land the right either to take the game upon it himself, or to authorise any other person to take it for him. So far it is undoubtedly an improvement, for it makes game the property of the *small* landholder as well as of the large, and gives to both an equal right to dispose of it as they please. How the former restrictions were justified I never could understand. All writers upon ethics agree, that no

restriction is consistent with civil liberty, that does not conduce in a greater degree, than the absence of it, to the public welfare. Now, why a man with twenty acres is to be restrained from killing that game himself, which no other man can legally kill without his permission, is not quite so clear as the "way to parish church." Does his killing it hurt, or his being prevented from killing it benefit, his fellow subjects? If he neither hurt them in the first case, nor benefit them in the latter, the restraint laid upon his will is wanton and causeless; and every such restraint is declared by Blackstone a degree of tyranny. It is said, however, that this alteration of the law is a boon given to the small at the expense of the large proprietor, inasmuch as it enables him to seduce to, and kill in, his paltry plot of ground the game bred in the costly plantations of his opulent neighbour. Lord Suffield, who has been a game-preserved and a sportsman, ever since he attained the age of manhood, affirms, upon his own experience, that if game-keepers know and perform their duties, this seduction is impossible, game being easily retained in any covert, where there is an adequate supply of food; but, even if this were not the case, why is not the small owner to be permitted to go to the expense—for the thing cannot be done without expense—of attracting to his portion of land those wild animals which feed at large upon the bounties of nature, and are no man's property,* till they are taken and caught? The perdricide squire will generally possess much greater means of attracting game than his less-landed neighbour, and if he does not employ them he has no right to find fault with any landholder in his vicinity; be he great or small, who is more active than himself in the improvement of his property. The great difficulty, however, of the Game Laws arises in the consideration of the question, how you are to punish offences against them, after you have destroyed qualifications, and made game the property of the owner of the soil. You cannot at present place game under the same protection as poultry, by making the taking of it by an unauthorized person a felony, because it is quite clear, that, by such an enactment, you would soon convert into felons one half of the existing generation of gentlemen in England. How, then, are you to deal with trespassers, supposing that you convict them of being trespassers in search of game? The remedy by action is expensive, uncertain, and dilatory. "Therefore let the perdricide justice fine the trespasser," cries Lord Wharncliffe." "Aye," replies Lord Ellenborough, "fine him by all means for the trespass, and commit him to prison for ten days for each head of game that shall be found in his possession." Now, though I cannot substitute a better, I like not either of these proposals. That of Lord Ellenborough, which would introduce one desirable novelty into the Game Laws, by inflicting the same penalty both on the patrician and the plebeian violator of them, has been rejected, as it deserved to be, by their Lordships. Lord Wharncliffe's proposal has been approved, but is, nevertheless, highly objectionable, in my mind, because it gives in the first instance, to a single justice, who in all probability will be a *game preserver*, and subsequently, in case of appeal to a board of justices, of which the *majority* is certain to consist of *game preservers*, the right to fine, and consequently to imprison, their countrymen without the intervention of a jury; and because, after all

* The language of the civil law is very clear on this point—"Ferae bestiae et volucres, et pisces, et omnia animalia, quæ mari, cœlo, et terrâ nascuntur, simul atque ab alio capta fuerint, jure gentium statim illas esse incipiunt. *Quod enim ante nullius est, id naturali ratione occupanti conceditur*, nec interest fera bestias et volucres utrum in suo fundo quis capiat aut alieno."—Justinian's Institutes, lib. ii. tit. s. 12.

this fining and imprisonment, it leaves, by a subsequent clause, the party, whose ground is trespassed on, at full liberty to bring an action against the trespasser for the same offence—a proceeding which, to say the best of it, savours not a little of vexation and oppression. The bill, after providing for the seizure of snares, and for the punishment of those who commit the enormous crime of destroying the eggs of game, comes to the real point at issue between the public and the landed aristocracy. It enables the persons who are entitled to kill game to sell it to certain persons, who are licensed to deal in it, and releases those who buy it from such licensed dealers, from the penalties to which they are now liable. On the propriety of repealing Mr. Bankes's foolish and inoperative law relative to the sale and purchase of game, nobody who refers to the evidence taken by the House of Commons a few years ago, or to the informations which are now filing under it at the different police offices in the metropolis to defeat its provisions, can entertain the slightest doubt. Parliament has, within a short period, created 800 millions of funded property, and a class of persons deriving a revenue therefrom of 40 millions a year; and yet, as the law now stands, members of that class *cannot have in their possession*, much less kill or eat, any "hare, partridge, pheasant, black-game, grouse, heath, moor-game, or bustard." Every day's experience proves, that they are in the constant habit not only of violating the law on this subject themselves, but also of encouraging others to violate it for the supply and gratification of their luxurious palates. Mr. Bankes justifies the prohibition of selling game on the ground that it is "a restraint imposed upon the opulent in consideration of the necessities and frailties of the poor." Now, if Mr. Bankes means thereby, that the landholders are prevented from selling their game, in order that the poor may be encouraged to steal it, I fully agree with him as to the practical operation of his law; but if he does not attach that meaning to his words—and I am sure that he does not—I have some difficulty in discovering round what meaning he is so deliberately blundering. It has been well observed, that it is not because the poacher kills the game that the poulterer buys it, but that it is because the rich and opulent will have it, that the poulterer buys, and the poacher kills it. Why, then, do you not alter your laws to meet the altered circumstances of your population? Why do you not allow those who rear this species of delicacy to bring it openly into the market, for the consumption of the fundholder, whom you do not wish to destroy, instead of exposing them to nightly conflicts with poachers, whom you wish to exterminate, but cannot, because they are hired by the fundholder to procure for him, by illegal means, that which he cannot procure, however willing, by legal means?

It is said, that if ever the sale be legalized, "partridges and pheasants will be no longer reserved to indulge the appetite of the head of a corporation, but will grace the dinner-table not only of the alderman, but of every man who has a table and a dinner." Now, omitting for the present all comment upon the scornful love of power and privilege, which is manifested in this sentence, I will venture to remind Mr. Bankes, who uses it, and those who adopt it from him, that the consummation, which he seems to dread almost as much as the repeal of the Corn Laws, the granting of Catholic Emancipation, or the upsetting of the Lord Chancellor, has already arrived, without the sale of game being legalized. There is not a tradesman in this town, nay more, there is not a tradesman in London, populous and extensive as it is, who does not make a point of putting game on his table, when-

ever he assembles his friends about him. And what is the consequence of such an abundant supply being brought into the illegal game market? A palpable diminution in the quantity of game? By no means. Even Mr. Banks himself admits that there has been a prodigious increase of it throughout the kingdom during the last twenty years, and attributes that increase to a very singular cause, of which he almost seems to regret the termination—namely, to the power* which the *magistrate* had during the war of *sending a convicted poacher on board a ship*. Such being the case, I will now proceed, without entering further into the impolicy of confining the trade in game to the dishonest dealer, to examine the conditions under which Lord Wharncliffe proposes to authorise a partial opening of it to the community. The majority of justices assembled at a special sessions in the month of July are to be authorized to grant licenses to any housekeeper whom they may approve, and who may be able to obtain two sureties to enter into recognizances for his good behaviour. The selling game to, or buying game from, any other but a licensed person, is to be made an offence punishable with a heavy penalty. Every person who receives such license is to deliver, with every parcel of game which he sells, a ticket, containing his own name and place of abode, the name and place of abode of the party from whom he bought it, and to whom he sells it, together with the date of such sale and such delivery; and individuals buying or selling game without such ticket affixed to it, are to be liable to a penalty for every parcel of game so bought and so delivered. Now, my first objection to this system is the increased influence which it throws into the hands of the local magistracy, who, as far as my experience goes, are not very unlikely to abuse it: and my next is, the monopoly which it gives to a favoured few, and the invidious exclusion to which it consigns every body else who wishes to deal in the game trade. A monopoly so guarded by penalty, is inconsistent with the leading principle of the bill that game is property—for that can hardly be called property which you cannot dispose of, either when you please, as you please, or to whom you please. It tends also to make the licensed dealers in game the arbiters of its price; and, as they are to be selected by the justices, who would soon become game-sellers, would enable them to enhance the price of the article as they thought proper. An assize of game would be, therefore, fixed at every July sessions as regularly as an assize of bread was fixed in former times, and any dealer who refused to sell according to the terms then agreed upon, would run the risk of having his license stopped at his next application for it. Besides, the power given to the magistrate to compel any purchaser as well as any seller of game to produce his tickets and vouchers at any subsequent distance of time, in order to show how he became the possessor of game, is a power of the most inquisitorial description, and militates against one of the oldest principles of our law, that no man shall be called upon to criminate himself. For my own part, I see no reason why any license should be required at all. The dealers in game, if the sale were legalized, would not, as now, conceal from the public that they were so; and those who got their game dishonestly would be no more supported in their traffic by their customers than the dealer in poultry, who derived his stock from the pillage of the hen-roost and the robbery of the farm-yard. Moreover, poaching would become more difficult from the number of small proprie-

* Vide "Re-considerations on certain proposed alterations in the Game Laws," by G. Banks, Esq. p. 33-34.

tors, who would have an interest in preventing it; and though it would not be extinguished immediately, would receive such a wound, from the want of encouragement which would follow the legalization of the sale, as would render it infinitely less lucrative, and therefore infinitely less tempting to the misguided peasantry, who now engage in it. I say nothing of the moral feeling, which would be generated against it, for I dislike canting about that of which we know nothing till we see its fruits.

I have now gone as briefly as I could, through the leading enactments of this bill; and you will see, that, though I approve of the principle on which it proceeds, I disapprove of most of its details. It is to be accompanied by another bill, without which it would be utterly unavailing as a remedial measure, repealing the 57th Geo. III. ch. 90.—an act, which has filled the land with more bloodshed, and its prisons with more felons and murderers, than any other single act in the whole range of the Statute Book. As the manner in which that bill was smuggled through parliament, very clearly elucidates the spirit, in which country gentlemen legislate on partridges and peasants, you will perhaps not consider it a waste of time to listen to a short history of it. In the session of 1817, Mr. G. Banks *sneaked* a bill into the House of Commons, extending the time of night to two hours beyond its natural duration at any period of the year, and authorizing *magistrates* at Quarter Sessions *to convict, by a summary process*, persons found *by night* in enclosed places with guns or other implements with intent to kill game, and to *subject them* at the discretion of the said magistrates, *to transportation for seven years*, or to any minor punishment. This bill—which for severity has no parallel, except it be the act of Elizabeth, which doomed to the gallows such soldiers and sailors as were found begging in the streets without a pass from their officers—was introduced, like its predecessor, as an amendment on the vagrant act, and had passed as such, without remark, through all its stages, to the third reading, before Sir S. Romilly discovered it to be an impudent attempt to aggravate the existing penalties of the Game Laws. That great man immediately opposed it with the united powers of argument and eloquence, but was not able to wrest from the country gentlemen any thing more than this alteration in it,—namely, that the conviction should not be by summary process before the magistrates, but by a trial by jury; either at the Assizes or the Sessions. Since the passing of that law, a war of posts has been maintained in every plantation; and the situation of gamekeeper and lord of the manor has become a situation of danger, without being converted into a situation of honour. Nor is it at all wonderful, that such should have been its results. The man, who would surrender quietly, if a few months imprisonment was all he had to suffer, is driven to attempt a desperate resistance, when he recollects, that his capture may lead to a long banishment in a distant country from all his friends and family connections. The severity of the law has also destroyed its efficacy. Notwithstanding all Mr. Bankes's twaddling about (*) “a poacher being a thief according to the law of nature,” jurors are accustomed to take the same view of poaching that the law does, and to consider it as a trespass, not as a theft. It appears inconsistent with their feelings of justice, that so heavy a punishment should fall upon so insignificant a crime;—and the consequence is, that, until the last Assizes at Warwick, they always refused to convict upon this statute, from a fear of the conse-

* Vide the “Re-considerations.”

quences attendant on their verdict. And what I would ask has been the result of that particular conviction? An open contrast between the punishment awarded to manslaughter and to partridgeslaughter, and a public declaration, that, if aggravated manslaughter is to be punished only by a year's imprisonment, and partridgeslaughter, which is the rich man's sport, but the poor man's crime, by seven years transportation, the law of England must consider the partridge as the being with a reasoning and immortal soul, and the peasant as the unthinking and irresponsible bird. To remedy the mischief arising from such a notion, Lord Wharncliffe proposes to repeal the whole of the act of the 57th of the late King, and to enact instead of it, that a poacher, upon conviction *before a magistrate*, shall be sentenced for his first offence to hard labour for three months, for his second offence to hard labour for six months, and for his third offence *shall be liable to transportation*. Now, though I shall rejoice in seeing Mr. Bankes's brutal act repealed, I must here again complain of Lord Wharncliffe's propensity to throw great and extensive power into the hands of an unpaid and irresponsible magistracy. In neither of his Game Bills has he *allowed the conviction of a single offence to take place before a jury*; and surely, when no less than 1,300 persons are incarcerated annually in England for breaches of these laws, it is too much to say that the magistracy, and the magistracy alone, shall sit in judgment upon them. Besides the punishment for the third offence is too severe, and will tend to foster a spirit of hostility against the new system, which is one of the most lamentable consequences of the old system, of Game Laws. Surely we have had gamekeepers enough shot by poachers, and poachers by gamekeepers, to warn us against inflicting a disproportionate punishment on an offence, which cannot be committed, except the culprit has arms in his possession, nor proved against him, except he is captured *flagrante delicto*.

One word more upon this subject, and I have done. Though Lord Wharncliffe's bills are not calculated to create such a code of Game Laws, as I could wish to see adopted permanently in this country, they are still an improvement, as far as they extend, on the present system. He may, and most probably will, be defeated for the present session in his endeavours to stop by their means the demoralization, which the practice of poaching is now spreading through the rural population of England; but he is not therefore to despond. The voice, and, what is better, the sense of the country is with him as to the principle, whatever it may be as to the details, of his bill; and, though a few booby lords and ignorant squires may still protest with Sir John Shelley, that "the Game Laws ought not to be touched, because the country has arisen to the highest pinnacle of glory under them," many years will not elapse, before their impolicy, inconsistency, and inutility will be admitted even by their present advocates. When that time arrives, he will be considered as a great public benefactor who shall reduce them into one consistent whole, and shall purge them from those anomalies and imperfections, which are depriving the bold and virtuous cottagers of England of that self-respect, which is the best guarantee for integrity of conduct, and are degrading them from their former high moral standard to a level with the reckless and sanguinary peasantry of Ireland.

By the bye, I hate the present Game Laws so inordinately, that I will put into the hands of the poachers a means of bringing the squire-archy a

little to reason. That part of the statute of 2 Jas. I. cap. 27, is still unrepealed, which inflicts a penalty of 20 shillings for every pheasant and partridge, *which is killed with a gun by any person whatever*, no matter whether he be *qualified* or not. "Gentlemen," says Lord Suffield in his admirable pamphlet on the Game Laws, "who are in the habit of bagging upwards of 100 head of game to their single gun in each day's battue, if sued under this statute for the penalties attaching to their offence, will find *battuing* rather costly sport." Let the poachers attend to this hint, and we shall have even the lords of double barrels squeaking for a reform in the law. Lord Wharncliffe's bill, strange to say, leaves this statute, which was made for the protection of hawking, in all its original force and efficacy.

Along with the two bills I have just been criticising, a third bill has been travelling through parliament to declare the setting of spring-guns unlawful. The object of the proposers of that bill, was to prevent them from being set in any place whatever; but it was defeated by the Marquis of Lansdowne, who carried a clause in the Lords, enabling any man, who thought fit, to set them in his house, and to shoot by accident any of his family. In the debate on the bill, Lord Suffield made an appalling disclosure of the dreadful devices which the gentlemen of England think themselves justified in employing for the protection of their game. If we are to believe his statement, plantations are often converted into large mines for the destruction of poachers. Shells are attached to spring-guns, which explode on the slightest change in the situation of the machinery to which they are attached; and wooden pheasants, filled with detonating powder, are placed in trees, which have only to be struck by a shot to go off, like a Congreve rocket. These secret engines of death have, strange to say, met with defenders among individuals, who pretend to liberality of feeling and kindness of disposition. It is argued, that if they hurt one man, they deter another; and that it is better humanity (*) to kill a poacher at once, than to send him to a gaol, where he is certain to become indifferent to guilt, and to graduate rapidly in every species of crime. I shall not waste words in pointing out the absurdity and wickedness of this argument, which, if it is worth any thing, is the severest censure that has yet been pronounced upon the impolicy of the Game Laws. The mischief is, that this rural artillery cannot discriminate between the innocent and the guilty, and that it will shoot a squire with as little remorse as a labourer or a poacher. Besides, if it even could discriminate, a poacher is not such an outcast from society, as to be shot without either judge or jury; — "*inter pontem et fontem*, he may yet," as Lord Coke says, "find mercy." I know, that the setting of these machines is defended by the setting of spikes and tenter-hooks on walls to prevent trespasses upon gardens; but I doubt the legality of the latter practice, and am sure that there is a wide difference, not only in the magnitude of the evil inflicted by them, but also in the notice of the danger which is given to the eye, and in the criminal intention of the party trespassing. My own opinion is, that there is in the setting of spring-guns such a formed design of doing mischief to some party, as constitutes that degree of legal malice which makes murder of a killing by them; and had I time, I should like nothing better than to run over the cases in Hawkins, and the other writers on the pleas of the crown, which

* Vide "Observations on Lord Suffield's pamphlet on the Game Laws, by a Country Gentleman." London. Chapple. 1825.

bear out my view of this subject. According to the preamble of this very bill doubts have arisen upon the point, and it is therefore extraordinary that there is nothing in the body of the bill to put those doubts to rest. It is, indeed, declared a misdemeanor to set spring-guns; but not a word is said as to whether the person setting them is to be considered guilty of murder or manslaughter, in case death should be occasioned by their going off. The bill, which passed the Commons in 1825, declared such person to be guilty of manslaughter, and gave to the trespasser, who was only wounded by them, treble damages and costs in the action which it entitled him to bring against the person who set them. I like that bill better than the present; but I suspect this milder measure was introduced in its stead, in order to conciliate the opposition which was then got up against the principle of it by the Duke of Wellington and one or two of his military cronies, who being rendered callous by long practice to the shooting of men by wholesale, could not be expected to see any harm in shooting them by retail.

From the Game Laws, I come by no unnatural transition to a paragraph, which I saw in *The Morning Herald* of the other day, stating that the parishioners of St. George's, Hanover Square, had been treated with an "impressive and eloquent" sermon against gaming by their worthy vicar, the Dean of Chester. Now, to my mind, a work of greater supererogation could not have been attempted: first, because the gamblers, for whose benefit it was intended, are not in general church-goers; and next, because they would be impenetrable to argument even if they were. Of all the propensities which commence by making dupes, and end by making knaves of those who are their victims, none is so perfectly reason-proof as that which derives its origin from the excitements of the gaming table, and the visionary who seeks to cure the toothache by philosophical dissertations, which "make a pish at pain and sufferance," is not likely to have more success than he who seeks to cure the gamester by discourses, "writ in the style of gods," upon the danger and immorality of his practices. By the stage, the pulpit, the bar and the senate, efforts have been made, in all ages, languages, and countries, to repress, if not to extinguish, the spirit of gaming, and the experience of successive generations is pregnant with proof, that under every different combination of climate, circumstance and character, those efforts have all been equally vain and ineffectual. If then we cannot put a stop to the practices of the gamester, it is worth while to consider whether we cannot render them less noxious to himself and the community, by placing them under the correction and control of some responsible public authority. I expect you will raise an immense outcry against me, when I declare to you that my honest opinion is, that the system of prohibition, which we pursue in England with regard to gaming houses, is infinitely more prejudicial to public and private prosperity than that of licensing, which is pursued in most, for I do not say all, of the continental states. In England, every gaming house is by law *tabooed* or prohibited ground; and the keeper and frequenter are both liable to the infliction of severe and even infamous punishment. The consequence is, that a degree of mystery attaches to them, which renders them highly attractive to the young and inexperienced. You must be introduced by a friend; you must be entrusted with a pass word; you must be sworn as it were to secrecy and silence. What passes over the table at night, you must not divulge to the uninitiated in the morning; and hence you are often deep in the gulph of ruin before you can be cautioned that you are

even standing upon its brink. The very danger of exposure, which you as a frequenter run in common with the master of the gaming house, is craftily turned by him into an excuse for securing to himself advantages over you in the game, which are permitted in no other country but our own; and if he should happen to take further advantages than those which custom warrants, a circumstance by no means improbable, you have no remedy, except the useless one of breaking his bones, to which you can resort without injury to your character as a gentleman. Besides, the law, though severe, is so irregularly enforced in England, that almost in every instance in which it is enforced, it appears unjust and partial in its operation. Hence, in various parts of the country, gaming houses, in which every species of abuse is permitted, are kept open, not only with the connivance, but almost under the avowed patronage of the local magistracy. I am not speaking here at random. In this very town, from which I now write, a printed note of invitation was put into my hands about three years ago, at the August races, by a minion of the police, stating that a Mr. Cauty, for I see no reason why I should mince the fellow's name, had opened a house in Blake-street for the race week, at which he should be happy to see such of his friends—I disclaim being of the number—as were inclined to amuse themselves in the evening either at hazard or at *rouge et noir*. At the time I received this invitation, I was in the York Tavern, conversing with a magistrate of the county, who had been that very day, I believe, attending a preparatory reform meeting at the Whig Hotel of this ancient city. I put the note into his hand with a significant hint, that I thought he had better commence his projects of reform at home. His reply was immediate. "You are mistaken; this is no concern of mine; I cannot either mar or mend it; for the offender dwells not within my jurisdiction." A somewhat similar occurrence happened, as I am told, a few years ago at Brighton; but there the magistrate, who received the card of invitation from a police officer who knew him not, had jurisdiction, and immediately exercised it in suppressing the house. But did he effect any good by that suppression? None whatever. The place was changed, but the practice; with the single exception of its being more secret, remained unaltered. And here I may remark, that just in proportion to the privacy, with which gaming is carried on, is there scope given for trickery and imposition. Hence I prefer much those public *salons de jeu*, into which any well dressed person may walk, whether he plays or not, and in which a man cannot become a professed gambler, without the fact being rendered notorious to his relations and friends, and what is often much more material, to his creditors and tradesmen, whom his practices are certain to injure in the long run. Besides, the perpetual superintendence, which the police exercises over those places, drives in a great measure from them those common cheats and robbers, who swarm in our private gaming houses, and checks, if it does not entirely prevent, that deliberate system of intoxication and pillage, which forms so prominent a feature in the tactics of our modern sharpers. Add to this, the very fear of being discovered in such a scene of contamination by a party, who could stand aloof from it, without exciting suspicion or remark, would, in a thinking country like our own, deter numbers from mixing in it. At present no man detects another in a gaming house without being himself a fellow sinner, and I believe I may also add a fellow sufferer; and thus a sense of common interest compels each to shield the other from the disgrace and the penalties attendant upon detection. Under the system which I recommend, the

case would be different; and though you might be free from the lash of the law, as in point of fact you are at present, you would be rendered much more amenable to that of public opinion.

It is argued, however, that this system would facilitate the means of play, and would, therefore, materially increase the practise of it among us. Now I deny the correctness of the premises, on which this argument is founded, and therefore quarrel with the deduction, which is derived from it. I think, that the higher classes of society could not, under any mitigation of the existing law,—which, to its disgrace and condemnation, be it spoken, is never enforced against them—have greater facilities for gaming than they have at present, collectively in their clubs, and privately in their mansions; and that the lower classes of society have, at their fairs, their horse-races, their cock-fights, their bull-baits, their badger-hunts, their boxing-matches, their skittle-grounds, and their tipping-houses, the most abundant opportunities to indulge, though on a less expensive scale, in the same dangerous, but exciting diversions with their superiors. A question may, perhaps, arise on this point with regard to the middling classes, if, indeed, any diversity of rank be recognized at the gaming-table. Now, though I am of opinion that no man, who belongs to this grade of society, can have much difficulty in obtaining admission to any “hell” in this country, if he seriously wishes for it, I will still admit, that even that little portion of difficulty would be obviated by the change which I have ventured to recommend in our law: but then it ought to be recollected, that the members of this class are the very individuals who would be most affected both in mind and fortune, and respectability, by the publicity, which, as I have before said, would be attendant on the alleged increase of facility;—and it is my opinion, that “the sway of motion,” which they might derive from the latter, would be more than counterbalanced by the repulsive force which would be generated by the former. Be these speculations, however, as they may, I will not pursue them further at present. I have noted them down as they arose in my own mind, not from any hope of seeing them converted into reality, but from a downright detestation of the disgusting cant, which I hear daily about the mischief arising from the toleration of these moral lazarus houses. I am convinced that much greater mischief arises from the total prohibition of them; and though I admit, that, if it were practicable to put them down entirely, you would be bound in conscience to do so: still, if such a result cannot be realized, I must contend that it is better to place them under correctional superintendence, in order that the evil, which you cannot eradicate, may be restrained and limited in its destructive ravages.

I see by the remainder of the paragraph, which I quoted from the *Morning Herald*, that the Reverend Doctor made “an allusion that could not be misunderstood, to the abominable Pandæmonium, now erecting in St. James’s-street.” Leaving you to inquire whether this strange periphrasis, to avoid mentioning to “ears polite” the Hell which Crockford is constructing, be the invention of the sermon or the paragraph writer, I proceed to notice an intimation contained in all the papers, that an indictment has been found against him for winning £900 odd of a Mr. Dick. It would be hard work for you or me to be badgered at once by the anathemas of the church and the informations of the law: but Crockford, fortunately for himself, is proof against both, and cares little about either. He knows that the first are at present idle words, and trusts that the latter will become so, from the reluctance of Dick’s witnesses to appear on his

behalf at any public trial. He has escaped repeatedly from the fangs of justice by means of that reluctance; and he lives in hopes of so escaping from them again. Can there be a stronger reason for altering the law, than this proof of its inefficiency to answer the ends for which it is enacted?

There have been many odd edicts made to suppress gaming; but there is one recorded in Benedictus Abbas so extremely curious, that I cannot refrain from inserting it here. It was issued in the year 1190 to the army of Crusaders, commanded by Richard of England, and Philip of France, and prohibited every person in it from playing at any sort of game for money, except knights and clergymen! The edict allowed these latter gentry to lose twenty shillings each day, but visited them with a forfeiture of 100 shillings, to the archbishop of the army, in case they ventured to lose more. The two kings were permitted to play for what sums they pleased; but their attendants were limited, like the knights and clergymen, to a loss of twenty shillings. Their fate was, however, a little harder, when they transgressed the law; for they were to be whipped, naked, through the army for three days. What admirable work would the re-enactment of this law carve out for the ruling pillars of the church, and the final dispensers of the law!—Hangmen and archbishops would have full employment; and as one would take care of the bodies, and the other of the souls and purses of all offenders, it is possible that they might conjointly work out that reformation, which has hitherto been found impracticable by all who have attempted it.

I am sorry to learn that the people in Westminster have been so long poisoned with execrable water without knowing why, and glad to find that a Caliban has risen up in the shape of Mr. Wright, to shew them

“ — all the qualities o’ the isle,

Its fresh springs, brine-pits, waters sweet and troubled ;”

but is this Mr. Wright the disinterested person he wishes to be considered? or is he pursuing his usual system of puffery, and only decrying Westminster water to get off super-excellent Westminster wine? If he is, I shall not complain—for “the jest is laughable,” to those who are not compelled to gulp down either.

“The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,

And these are of them—whither are they vanished?”

Taking this opinion of Banquo for my motto, I proceed to notice the report, which the committee appointed to examine into the Arigna Mining Company has presented to the House, containing a savage flagellation for Sir W. Congreve, but a gentler chastisement for Mr. Brogden. “The Times” says, that the evidence warrants still more cutting language than the report uses; and rumour adds, that Alderman Waithman intends, after the holidays, to move for the expulsion of both members, and for the prosecution of the original concoctors of this bubble by the Attorney-General. Mr. Wilks, on a recent occasion, said, that Sir W. Congreve and Mr. Brogden both stood honourably acquitted on the face of that report;—and nobody was surprized, considering the charges, which are pending against Mr. Wilks, that he should say so.—

*Quis cælum terris non misceat, et mare cælo,
Si fur displiceat Verri, homicida Miloni?*

I must admit that the member for Sudbury defended himself ingeniously, but yet desperately, against the slashing attack which Waithman

made upon him. He finessed a little more than the occasion required, but still shewed great tact in the manner in which he hoisted a friendly signal to every senatorial sinner in shares. No doubt, they will rally round him, and fight to the last in defence of the property which they have wrested from the public. Will their defence, which rests upon the forms and technicalities of the House, be allowed to succeed? It ought not, but I am afraid it will.

The "assize intelligence" has not been of an interesting description. Justice Park has found out, that Monmouthshire is the most ignorant, and Somersetshire the most wicked, county in England, thereby affording a geographical proof, that there is no great distance between ignorance and crime. Justice Bayley has proclaimed to gamekeepers, that they will be hanged, in future, if they murder poachers, which will, in all probability, prevent poachers from being hanged for murdering gamekeepers. At Abergavenny, some rustics, who were no conjurers, maltreated an old woman who was no witch, and are now spell-bound for it in any thing but an enchanted castle. You may laugh in London at the superstition which led these Welsh clod-hoppers to commit the offence of which they were convicted, and may flatter yourself, that it is only to be found in mountainous and isolated districts. But the fact is not so. There is scarcely a village in these northern counties, in which the labouring peasantry are not imbued with a most ludicrous dread of witches and witchcraft. Even some of the middling classes are not exempt from it. I know a respectable and opulent farmer, who, though in other respects no fool, feasted the "wise man of Stokesley" most sumptuously for three weeks, and paid him £40., in hard cash, besides, for freeing his cattle from the spells which he fancied that an old crone of his village had cast upon them.

In the Vice Chancellor's court, a curious discussion took place the other day, between the King's Counsel and Mr. Montagu, in which the silk gowns had all the hard words on their side, and Mr. Montagu all the right on his. Mr. Montagu attributes much of the delay in the Court of Chancery to the manner in which the King's Counsel neglect their work, after receiving the hire for performing it; and has given notice that he will not undertake the responsibility of a leading counsel, in any case in which he only acts the part, and receives the fees, of a junior. Now, if Mr. Montagu has given proper public notice of that intention, nobody can blame him for adhering to it, especially if he returns his fees to his client, as he did the other day, when Mr. Heald, who was his senior, absented himself from the court, and left him, without notice, to manage the cause as he could. The senior counsel, however, consider this conduct, on the part of Mr. Montagu, as an act of *lèse majesté* against them and their dignity, and express the bitterest scorn for this attempt to confine their engagements within the scope and ability of their performance. Mr. Sugden and Mr. Heald, notwithstanding all their fine palaver about "more ease, and less fees," fumed so violently against Mr. Montagu, on this score, the other day in open court, that the Vice Chancellor felt it his duty to interfere, and tell them that he was convinced that Mr. Montagu acted from the purest motives, in the resolution to which he had come. It would be a great benefit to the suitors of the court, if the other junior counsel would act in the same prompt and decisive manner; but it is idle to expect such determination from them, until they have shook off that subserviency to their seniors, which renders them blind even to their own immediate interests.

"I could have better spared a better man," from parliament, than Dick Martin, who, I understand, is turned out of the representation of Connamara. "I shall have a heavy miss of him," when I wish to be light-hearted over a long debate. It is said that he has gone to France to avoid unpleasant reminiscences in England. I trust, for the old man's sake, that it is not so—but if it be, I think he would have avoided them more certainly by going with Captain Parry, on his present voyage, to Spitzbergen. Acceptances may be waisted in quest of him to the Seine, or to the Indus, but not to the Pole. Indeed, who would follow a debt through regions of "thick-ribbed ice," where he might chance to take off his toes with his stockings in an evening, or blow off his nose into the fire in a morning? Such a calamity might happen near the North Pole, since Knivett tells us, that it did happen to himself and some of his friends, when they sailed with Sir T. Cavendish in quest of the South Pole.

You must have heard of an ancient periodical, entitled *the Gentleman's Magazine*, though I do not suppose that you, a man of the town, have ever seen it. It is one of the reliques of a former age, for which we, of the country, entertain an indefinite sort of respect, arising out of our partiality for "the wisdom of our ancestors." I know not what induced me to look into the number for the present month; but, as I am a great naturalist, I think it must have been my good destiny, which would not permit me to be ignorant of a singular phenomenon, which has recently been witnessed in the Indian seas. A young midshipman, in writing to his worthy grandfather, Sylvanus Urban, on the Burmese War, informs him that the captain of his ship—whom I take to be an Irishman, from his ingenious mode of doing business—*forwarded* his despatches to the government "by his Majesty's ship, *Champion*, then lying before Rangoon, where *she* has been ever since, and is *now*, with her people, *half eaten by the mosquitoes.*" I had heard much of the rapacity of the mosquitoes, before I saw this anecdote in illustration of it; but I had no idea of their tooth being so dreadfully keen and destructive. I knew that the "Dragon of Wantley" was in the habit of taking a parson for his lunch, and a church and congregation for his dinner on a Sunday; nor was I surprized at the circumstance, because I had been informed that he was a monster, which, like his great progenitor, "lay floating many a rood," and therefore conjectured that he must have an appetite commensurate with his size—but, that a mosquito, which in magnitude exceeds not a common gnat, should have swallowed up half a ship's crew, together with half the hull, masts, sails, cordage, and guns, is a miracle, which I could never have credited, had it not come to us from such grave and respectable authority. For the sake of science, as well as of humanity, I am glad that one half of the ship and crew has escaped from the dreadful catastrophe, which has overtaken the other. The commander of the *Champion*, if he has not been literally "sawed into quantities," and "hurt beyond the reach of surgery," by these bloodsuckers of the east, must lay before the Admiralty an account of the direful disaster, which his Majesty's *late* good ship has unfortunately experienced; and I am certain, that neither the secretary, nor his sub, when they have once procured it, will allow "sleep to hang upon their lids," till they have prepared the particulars of it for publication, in the forthcoming Number of the *Quarterly Review*.

N. S.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Elements of Physics, or Natural Philosophy, General and Medical, explained independently of Technical Mathematics, by N. Arnott, M. D.; 1827.—This volume keeps very faithfully the word of promise, and we are delighted to be able to give it our sincere and unqualified approbation. It is well adapted to spread the general truths of science beyond the very narrow boundaries within which they now circulate; and this can only be accomplished by simplifying and reducing them to the language and comprehension of common life, by stripping them of technicalities, and of the forms of calculation—the very sight of rows of figures being as appalling to the ordinary reader, on subjects of science, as on those of finance. The society recently instituted for the diffusion of knowledge is at this moment actively pursuing the same object—a little too elaborately—too much *secundum artem*—we fear. Let them take a leaf out of Dr. Arnott's book.

The author throws a rapid and comprehensive glance over the realms and regions of knowledge, and proposes a very intelligible and satisfactory division of the whole into physics, chemistry, life, and mind, with the subsidiary or supplementary science of quantity. Then taking the first division, and separating the subjects of physics into the ponderable and the imponderable, he discusses, at length, and with a particularity sufficiently minute for all the purposes of general information, the **PONDERABLE** ones—distributing them under the heads of *somatology* and *dynamics*, explaining under these awful terms—we wish they could be got rid of altogether—the constitution of masses, and the motions going on among them; *mechanics*, the peculiarities of state and motion among solid bodies; *hydrodynamics*, the peculiarities of state and motion among fluid bodies—specifically, *hydrostatics*, water at rest; *pneumatics*, air phenomena; *hydraulics*, water in motion; *acoustics*, phenomena of sound and hearing—which matters together constitute the very full contents of the present volume. The **IMPONDERABLE** substances are destined to fill a second volume, consisting of *caloric*, or heat; *optics*, or light; electricity; magnetism—followed by a survey of the phenomena of the heavens, or astronomy. Under each of these heads are ranged the illustrations afforded by animal economy, under the terms of animal and medical physics—subjects not usually so classed, but susceptible of being so classed with the strictest propriety—and constituting here indeed some of the most valuable, instructive, and, we may say, entertaining parts of the volume.

For us to attempt any minute analysis of these multifarious subjects would be useless, and with our narrow limits quite impracticable. It is sufficient for us, and all that we can usefully do, to give our readers some

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indications of the contents, assuring them, as we justly may, that the work, important as is the object, and one of considerable pretension too on the part of the author, fully realizes the expectations it holds out. It is a clear and vigorous exhibition of the general principles of science, in form and language accessible to the common apprehension. The illustrations are peculiarly distinct and appropriate, and, what in matters of this kind is most welcome, *full* and *familiar*. We are sure that the book does all that a book can do on these matters—experimental lectures and demonstrations are indispensable—no discussions, however accurate, no language, however obvious, will supply the absence of them. With great candour and truth, the author expresses the same conviction, adding:—

No man has ever been remarkable for his knowledge of physics, chemistry, or physiology, who has not had practical familiarity with the objects. With reference to this familiarity, persons, who take a philanthropic interest in the affairs of the world, must observe with much pleasure the now daily increasing facilities of acquiring useful knowledge, afforded by the scientific institutions that are formed and forming through this kingdom, and indeed through most civilized nations.

We should like to give our readers a specimen of the writer's tone of illustration, but scarcely know where to choose. The animal physics will perhaps be most interesting, and we take the **HEEL**:—

The heel, by projecting so far backwards, is a long lever for the strong muscles which form the calf of the leg, and terminate in the tendo achillis, to act by. These muscles, by drawing at the heel, lift the body, in standing on the toes, in walking, in dancing, &c. In the negro foot the heel is so long as to be ugly in European estimation; and its great length rendering the effort of smaller muscles sufficient for the various purposes; the calf of the leg in the negro is smaller in proportion than in other races of men. In a graceful human step, the heel is always raised before the foot is lifted from the ground, as if the foot were part of a wheel rolling forward; and the weight of the body rests for the time on the fore part of the foot and toes. The muscles forming the calf of the leg lift the heel, as just described, by drawing at the tendo achillis, and produce a bending of the foot in a corresponding degree. But where strong wooden shoes are used, or any shoe so stiff that it will not yield and allow this bending of the foot, the heel in walking is not raised at all until the whole foot rises with it, so that the muscles of the calf are scarcely used, and in consequence soon dwindle in size, and almost disappear. Many of the English farm-servants wear heavy stiff shoes, and in London it surprises one to see the drivers of country waggons, with fine robust persons in the upper part, but with legs which are fleshless spindles, producing a gait most awkward and unmanly. One regrets, that, for the sake of a triding saving, fair nature should be thus de-

formed. The wives and sisters of these men, and their brothers, who are otherwise employed, are not thus mis-shapen. An example of an opposite kind is seen in Paris, where, as there are no side pavements in the streets, and the ladies consequently walk almost constantly on tip-toe, the great action of the muscles of the calf has given a conformation of the leg and foot, to match which the Parisian belles proudly challenge all the world. They are not aware, probably, that it is a defect in their city to which the peculiarity of their form is in part owing.

De Vere, by the Author of Tremaine.

4 vols. 12mo.; 1827.—An attempt is manifestly making to puff this very superior moral performance into a sort of political portraiture, for which the venerable and very accomplished writer surely never destined it, calculated as such an attempt is to ruin its present utility and permanent reputation. Ambition is the stuff of the book; and he illustrates and exemplifies the bastard and legitimate species of it, by exhibiting—how could he do otherwise?—the characters and careers of the leaders of political parties—some prompted by selfish profligacy, and others aspiring to the purest and most elevated patriotism. Premiers, and secretaries, and chancellors cannot of course be spoken of, even as imaginary shadows, without recalling realities; and accordingly the reader, in the tale before us, insensibly, and, if the fact be previously asserted, perhaps resolutely takes them for portraits; and portraits, in some of the features, they undoubtedly are. The features of ministers, from Bolingbroke to Pitt, are traceable distinctly enough; but one of the most conspicuous, Mr. Wentworth, the patriot minister, the daily prints and some of the literary journals, most absurdly and stupidly will have to be Mr. Canning. Mr. Canning, indeed just now, is the hero of the liberal prints, and an act of oblivion seems by consent to have been past on all his long and habitual support of the worst corruptions of a corrupt system, controlled by a predominating oligarchy, the weight of whose iron hand he is himself now feeling, and which, should he even shake it off for the present, will eventually crush him. Heaven forbid, that we should refuse to Mr. Canning all title to patriotism—but he must be judged by his acts. This Mr. Wentworth of the novel, is portrayed as a man resolved upon introducing a new and more liberal system of government—upon setting his face steadily against official or family intrigues—upon administering a government of “measures, not men”—that is, of shaping public measures for the benefit of the community at large, great and small, and not of one of its orders, &c. Now, really to think of Mr. Canning in this light is quite ridiculous. What, in the existing system of representation, can a government be but one of political intrigue—one of exchange—of buying and selling; and who has ever from first to last been half so resolute, and so turbulent and insolent an opponent of reform as Mr.

Canning? He has gloried in this opponency; and no man can rationally expect a change in this respect; and if not in this respect, none in the general system of administration—none essentially and efficiently—and for any thing else we care not a straw.

We do not however for a moment believe that the writer had individuals, known and tried, specifically and wholly in view; if he had, and Mr. Wentworth be the foreign secretary, then he must either have the eyes of a lynx, or be as blind as a bat. But he is no blind man; and we therefore the more wonder—and must wonder—at the unconcerned, unhesitating tone in which he speaks of borough influence, as if it never entered his thoughts as a matter deserving of censure; and nothing, we conceive, but the long and hardening possession of office could have brought a man of his high moral purity of principle—which strikes us at every turn, and is every where else consistently, beautifully, and feelingly enforced—not only not to reprobate, but by implication to approve of the corrupting effects of it. But to the novel:—

De Vere is the descendant of the noble family of that name, the younger son of a general officer of very small property, and left by the death of his father to the tender mercies of an elder brother. This elder brother studiously neglects him; and in his boyhood he finds himself the sole occupant of the ancient tumbling-down mansion, with no other attendance than the old servant who has the care of the house and grounds. He is thus suffered to run wild and unlicked—remote from all acquaintance with the elegancies of life, and possessing scarcely its ordinary comforts; his education is utterly unattended to; his manners roughen; and he is in manifest danger of sinking fast into the coarsest habits, and of never recovering the position in society to which his birth entitles him, and which his natural abilities, could they be cultivated, seem destined to adorn. In spite of the brother's cruel and insidious neglect—in spite of all resolves to depress him below his caste, the noble disposition and lurking talents of the lad, interest one of his father's friends—one of his guardians—with nothing but the *person* to guard—and after the failure of many attempts, at last an old retired and eccentric Oxonian is persuaded to take charge of him; and, under his instruction, he picks up, if not polished manners, at least some useful classical knowledge.

As his mind opens, and his moral qualities develop, firmness and resolution appear to be the chief characteristics of his nature. He was now sixteen, and had not seen his mother from infancy—the elder brother's policy—the principles, or at least the purpose, of which are not very satisfactorily defined—had interrupted all intercourse between the mother and the son. This separation, and the general oppression he labours under, kindle his indignation, and prompt him to expostulate roundly. He will see her, and he does

see her; and they behold each other with sentiments of mutual tenderness, and a warm admiration, that after intercourse never cooled again.

Luckily for De Vere, about this time his elder brother dies; and though the property to which he succeeds is small, his guardians now bestir themselves to shape his future destiny. One of them is an ecclesiastic of eminence—the late Dean of — Christ Church, we may here say at once—for Cyril Jackson doubtless was in the writer's mind. This is one of the most finished portraits in the book. The dean is represented as a man of influence among the greatest—of learning, talent, polish, and moral superiority. On the dean's advice he goes to Oxford; and under the superintendence of this respected and respectable adviser, he successfully pursues his studies; and under the noble lessons of his noble mother, he matures in every excellent propensity, and every high and firm resolve.

Now he first meets with his cousin, Lady Constance Mowbray—an heiress of immense expectations, with all the fascinations of beauty, dignity, sense, and worth, to unite in laying spell-bound for ever his first feelings of love. The lady's father, Lord Mowbray—a brother of De Vere's mother—is in office, devoted to place and politics—a man of very inferior abilities, and of no very lofty sense of integrity, where any obstacle, which could be removed by a little management, stood in the way of his ambitious views.

With the little property to which De Vere succeeded on his brother's death, was the command of one of the seats of the neighbouring borough; and to this command he owes the notice Lord Mowbray takes of him—particularly his invitation, and a long visit of months to Castle Mowbray. De Vere, however, full of swelling notions of the qualifications of a statesman, declines for a time taking himself the seat, and proposes to travel and see the world under different aspects, the better to qualify himself for his legislative duties. Just at this time Lord Mowbray's private secretary, who held De Vere's seat, dies, and though De Vere declines, somebody who can be relied upon must occupy it. He recommends to his uncle a humble friend of the name of Clayton—a college acquaintance—a tuft-hunter—already known to Lord Mowbray through his introduction, and acceptable to him, to fill up both vacancies. This youth proves a scoundrel, and is the very representative of rascality in the lower ranks of office. By a long course of assiduous attentions he had contrived to conciliate De Vere's esteem; and gradually now, through him, he does the same with his uncle; and finally, through that uncle's cupidity for power and influence, aided by De Vere's refusal to become a tool in the hands of his unworthy relative, brings about an alienation between the parties. Craftily, he ruins De Vere's interest in the borough, which he secures for Lord Mow-

bray—with something very like connivance on the superior's part—and looks forward to keeping the seat comfortably and securely, not on the precarious tenure of De Vere's absence, or of De Vere's approbation, but as the fee and reward of his agency in the dirtiest work, and the most degrading political traffic, for Lord Mowbray.

Lord Mowbray's daughter is an observant spectator of a great deal of these combined machinations of her father and his creature against her high-souled cousin; but no sooner is her knowledge of this combined proceeding suspected, than every motive available with a delicate and high-minded and devoted daughter, is put in requisition by her artful father, to lull, and subdue, and shame her from interference. The borough is thus lost to De Vere; and very soon afterwards, to the extreme relief of Lord Mowbray's conscience, he fills up the measure of his own offences against his uncle's party, by manifesting a pretty decided attachment to a certain ex-minister.

All hopes of succeeding in the career of politics were thus at an end; but he had enjoyed rich opportunities of proving, in many successive trials, and by the rejection of many offers of brilliant slavery, that he loved his independence better than riches coupled with discredit. He now buried his attachment to his cousin in the depths of his heart; and sick of the profligacy of politicians, and embittered by the ingratitude of the reptile he had raised from the dung-hill, he resolves to go abroad. He and the ex-minister, Wentworth—himself disgusted and defeated—the patriot, the scholar, the orator, the gentleman, the friend—a combination of all that is lofty, brilliant, fascinating, and attaching—start together for the continent, to travel down their common disgust, and moralize among the sunny vines of the south; and we accompany them through a most delightful tour.

But ambition had gotten one of them at least securely within the influence of its vortex, though as far removed from its centre as the Pyrenees; and, from different motives, both sigh for London again, and its spirit-stirring interests. On their return, the political world is in a state of distraction—every individual on the rack—the minister just ready to let go his feeble hold—chiefs conflicting—and subordinates watching and suspended. Lord Mowbray is supplanted, and driven to the country, and dies miserably of baffled hopes—not however before imploring and importuning his daughter, as the sole means of saving his life, to marry a profligate kinsman, Lord Cleveland, the very man who had turned him out, and who was ready to condition—for that reward—to negotiate his return to power.

Constance, and her struggles, through these importunities, are beautifully painted; and indeed throughout the novel, from her first introduction to London, where, for political purposes, she is made the centre of at-

traction and influence, down to the time when she watches by the bedside of her luckless parent, we cannot recollect, in novel or poem, a picture more simple, sensitive, energetic, delicate, and commanding than the author's heroine. Lord Mowbray dies, and she succeeds to all his large possessions.

But soon Lord Cleveland, who had in vain attempted to traffic for her hand, gets possession of a deed, by which it appears that the ancestor, through whom one-half of her estates are derived, never intended them for a female, but that they should go to the Clevelands, of whom this lord was the representative. The cause comes to trial, when it appears to the judge that all the parties are not in court, and that the collateral heirs of Lord Mowbray must appear. De Vere and his mother persist in refusing the summons, till the matter becomes evident, that at all events Constance's right cannot be maintained, and that the question concerns the male heir only. Then at last he consents; and the estates are finally adjudged, not to Lord Cleveland, but to *himself*.

The manner in which De Vere and his mother are enabled, by the greatness and integrity of their souls, to keep well with Constance, and she with them, through this delicate business of the trial; and the last explanation between De Vere and Constance, in which he pours into her ears his long-pent tale of passion, are far above our praise; and we will not mar either of them by attempting the detail, or the eulogium they deserve.

The story however cannot be said to be vigorously developed—its chief interest lying among the fluctuations, stratagems, and anxieties of public life; but political profligacy is shewn up in a true and strong light; and every kind and shade of it meets with a reprobation, in which our judgment entirely acquiesces. It wants the vivid colouring that lives in the Scotch novels; the figures do not breathe before our eyes, and speak to our ears; the machinery does not stand out in that bold relief, which *there* so occupies and engrosses every sense of the reader; but our sentiments and our understandings are kept in constant activity; and moral truth is elicited with strength and simplicity, and a heart-stirring solemnity. The writer must take rank with the proudest.

The Life of Grotius, &c., by Charles Butler, Esq., of Lincoln's-Inn; 1826.—Mr. Charles Butler makes a miserable book. He is an indefatigable man in his way, and the older he grows the more active he becomes; always busy, and, in his own conception, always useful; not illiberal, nor unenlightened—though surely not of a liberal or enlightened party—but top-full of conceit, and terribly disposed to be garrulous. The history of Grotius and his times is a good specimen of Mr. Butler's manner and his powers, and a strange higgledy-piggledy mess he has made of it. First, we have a

little account of the Netherlands generally; then a fragment of Grotius's story, with a scrap of the Arminian one, and something like a discourse on free-will; then follows a page or two relative to Grotius's professional, and another of his literary labours, with a mite or two of criticism, begged or borrowed, relevant or irrelevant; then we are told of Grotius's journey to England, but nothing about the object of it; then we hear of his arrest and imprisonment, with scarcely any intimation of the real causes which led to that decisive event of his life; next comes the story of his eleven years' exile at Paris, where he leaves us in almost total ignorance of his occupations during that most important period of his matured age and abilities; and, finally, we are told of his employment by the court of Sweden, and embassy to that of France, in the days of Richelieu and Marzarin, with the barren intelligence that he executed the purposes of his mission to the satisfaction of his employers, and the credit of himself. And as to the Civil, Political, and Literary History of the Netherlands, of which he professes in the title page to give "brief minutes;" the few remarks relative to the two first points are so disjointed as scarcely to hang together; and of the latter there is absolutely nothing. A history of Dutch literature, he tells us, somewhere or other, is very much wanted: which no doubt is true enough; but Mr. B. himself contributes positively nothing, "*pour servir*" to the supply of this important want.

Grotius was a very remarkable man in his day—remarkable as a scholar, a moralist, and a statesman,—a man of some independence of character and elevation of sentiment—of prompt and practicable talents—of great acquirements, and ready application of his acquirements; a man who suffered for the maintenance of principles which he believed essential to the welfare of the country, and certainly of principles which every friend of freedom will approve, though he must feel they fall short of what modern discussions shew to be requisite for the secure enjoyment of it. He was born at Delft in the year 1582. His family were of high respectability: his father a scholar, and a lawyer of some eminence. Very early he felt a passion for literature, and before completing his fifteenth year, an edition of Minutius Capella was published in his name, with the usual display of annotating lore and labour, in the style of an old and experienced critic. What assistance he had of course we know not. For wonders of this kind we are apt to be a little incredulous; but still the fact must be allowed of extraordinary precocity, a precocity which did not, as it usually does, shame the results of his maturer years. At seventeen he was admitted to the bar, and undoubtedly the same year pleaded his first cause. At six and twenty he was made attorney-general of Holland and Zealand; and in his thirty-first pensionary of Holland, a

distinction which gave him, *ex-officio*, a seat in the states of Holland, and eventually introduced him to the states-general. This same year, 1613, he was despatched to England, to settle some disputes which had arisen with the English Government relative to the fisheries. He had, four or five years before, published his first work—his first of any importance, and beyond the reach of suspicion, we mean—under the title of *Mare Liberum*, asserting the liberty of the seas, which probably led to his being sent to England on this occasion. The subject of his book involved the principles on which the fishing disputes were to be discussed. Not that Grotius wrote his book with reference to the fisheries. The *Mare Liberum* was written in opposition to the claims of the Portuguese to the exclusive dominion of the Indian seas. Those claims the Portuguese carried to the extravagant length of proscribing the Dutch from all access to their settlements and factories in Java, Ceylon, and the Moluccas. Mr. Butler states the object of it, as intended to confute the claims of the English to the exclusive navigation of the British seas, which only shows that he has not read the book of which he thus undertakes to speak. The mission to England, and Selden's *Mare Clausum*, are coupled with Grotius's *Mare Liberum*; and the inference the reader is to draw is, that all these matters occur together, when the truth is, Grotius had not the British in view at all, or at least no words of his imply it. It was occasioned by the work of a Spaniard, of the name of Velasquez, and was published in 1608. It was not till 1613 that Grotius was sent to England; and not till 1635 that Selden, prompted by some fresh disputes between England and Holland, wrote his *Mare Clausum*, which was not an answer to Grotius, though it discussed the same subject, and vindicated the opposite doctrine. Selden barely notices Velasquez and Grotius.

On his return from England, his reputation grew rapidly, and he became every day more and more conspicuous; his activity, intelligence, and promptitude were observed, and estimated; and he served the patriot party, which he joined, and almost headed, zealously, vigorously, but unhappily without success. We have no space to pursue his career to the crisis of his fate. It will be recollected, that after the revolt of his country from Spain, the provinces were split into parties—the partizans of the Orange family, and the friends of republican principles. During the whole of Grotius's political life, Maurice headed the aristocratic party, and was evidently aiming at sovereign power; while Barneveldt was the acknowledged leader of the democratic. But temporal politics were exasperated by religious disputes. The Calvinists and Arminians were in open and hostile opposition. The aristocrats favoured the Calvinists; the democrats the Arminians. Frequent attempts at conciliation were made by the Arminian party, but all in vain. At

length, in 1688, a synod was assembled at Dort of the Calvinistic ministers, aided by assessors from England, Switzerland, &c., for the settled, though not avowed, purpose of suppressing the Arminian ministers. Before and during the sitting, the Arminians bestirred themselves; the towns in which the party predominated raised troops for their defence, and Barneveldt, who was the grand pensionary of the states general, sanctioned the raising of these troops, particularly in Holland. This precipitate measure gave the orange party a handle, and they made an effective use of the advantage. They were equally active; they prevailed; and Barneveldt, Grotius, and Hoogerbetz were arrested. In the meanwhile the synod assembled; the Arminian ministers were banished; and the triumphant party succeeded without farther opposition in bringing Barneveldt to the block, and throwing Grotius and Hoogerbetz into prison. In prison he remained for nearly two years—the whole time devoted to study—chiefly to the elucidation of the scriptures; and was at last rescued by the zealous affection of his wife—escaping, through her contrivance, in a box, supposed to be filled with books, while she occupied his cell. After his escape he went, on the recommendation of the French ambassador, to Paris, where he was well received by every body, and had a small pension allotted him by the king. Unhappily this pension was ill paid, and he was frequently reduced to considerable distress, trusting mainly to the precarious supplies of his friends in Holland. Here he continued eleven years; and during this period published some of his most esteemed works. His *Apology*, embracing a vindication of his party, an edition of *Stolæus*, and his book *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, a work which, though now little read—it is of an antediluvian cast—was, on its appearance, and long after, in high repute.

At the end of these eleven years of exile he ventured to return to his country; but was quickly compelled to leave it again; his enemies had not forgotten him, and he was formally banished. From thence he settled at Hamburg, where he resided about three years, when Oxenstiern, the chancellor of Sweden, and regent during the minority of the young queen Christina, took him under his protection, and despatched him as ambassador to the court of Paris. In this honourable employment he continued for ten years, till conceiving some disgust at the conduct of his court, he solicited his recall. On his arrival at Sweden he was treated with marked distinction by the queen, and promised a provision; but finding himself by degrees neglected, and disappointed in his hopes, with a heart ill at ease, he left the country, and was wrecked on the coast of Pomerania. He escaped with his life, but was immediately taken ill, and died in a few days; nor does it appear in what corner of the world he hoped to find a refuge.

As a scholar, he was most extensively

known to the literati of his times, and in correspondence with many of them. There is a folio volume of letters, many of them of great interest, particularly an almost unbroken series to his father and brother for the last thirty years of his life, in which he details his literary engagements, the current public events, and domestic circumstances, in a clear but very cursory manner—always grave, sometimes heavy. Almost all his writings are in Latin, of which he had great command. The best specimens, beyond all question, are his letters. The annals and history of his country are in a very inferior style of composition. He was a poet too; but a cold correctness is the highest praise his Latin versification is entitled to; and Mr. Bowring, almost the only man in England who knows any thing of Dutch poets, speaks of his vernacular poetry as scarcely worthy of his splendid reputation. His Evidences of the Christian Religion were originally written in Dutch verse.

Sketches in Ireland; Description of Interesting and hitherto unnoticed Districts in the North and South; 1827.—These sketches, though plainly the production of a harum-scarum sort of brain, struck with the *coup-de-soleil* of fanaticism, and a passion for preaching and converting, shew so much good feeling, and so much correct conception of the state of Irish society, as in our minds to redeem the puppyism so conspicuous in his manner, and make us even bear with the details of the fairy and fancy legends he so sedulously gathers up, in rivalry of Crofton Croker, and with respect to which his own credulity is infinitely less excusable than that which he gratuitously imputes to the Catholics, and labours to expose. Does he for a moment believe that these marvellous stories are gravely and distinctly credited by one in a thousand of the acute, though illiterate, race of Ireland? The Irish belief on these matters we take to be about as extensive as that of the people of our own country in witchcraft, or in the demoniac origin of wonders so commonly, all over England, named from the devil, and once, seriously perhaps, ascribed to his agency.

There is one source of blunders relative to the uneducated Irish which has not been sufficiently attended to, and that is their ignorance of our language, and our ignorance of theirs. This is particularly applicable to the remoter districts visited by the author. He himself will furnish an apt illustration of our meaning, though on him the lesson seems to have been lost. He is in the neighbourhood of Bantry Bay:—

A shower of rain drove us to seek shelter in the hut of the man who looks after the pheasants (Lord Bantry's). He was alone; and with all the civility that never deserts an Irishman, he welcomed us in God's name, and produced stools, which he took care to wipe with his great coat before he permitted us to sit on them. On inquiring from him why he was alone, and where

were his family, he said they were all gone to watch mass (it was the Saturday before Easter-day). "And what is the watch-mass?" He could not tell. "And what day was yesterday?" He could not tell. "And what day will to-morrow be?" He could not tell. "What! cannot you tell me why yesterday has been called Good Friday, and to-morrow Easter Sunday?" "No." Turning to my companion, I was moved to observe, with great emphasis, how deplorable it was to see men, otherwise so intelligent, so awfully ignorant concerning matters connected with religion. "Not so fast with your judgment, my good Sir," said my friend; "what if you prove very much mistaken in this instance concerning the knowledge of this man; recollect you are now speaking to him in a foreign tongue. Come, now, I understand enough of Irish to try his mind in his native dialect." Accordingly he did so; and it was quite surprising to see how the man, as soon as the Irish was spoken, brightened up in countenance; and I could perceive from the smile that played on the face of my friend, how he rejoiced in the realization of his prognostic; and he began to translate for me as follows. I asked him what was Good Friday? "It was on that day that the Lord of Mercy gave his life for sinners; a hundred thousand blessings to him for that." "What is Watch Saturday?" "It was the day when watch was kept over the holy tomb that held the incorruptible body of my sweet Saviour." Thus the man gave, in Irish, clear and feeling answers to questions, concerning which, when addressed in English, he appeared quite ignorant; and yet of common English words and phrases he had the use; but like most of his countrymen in the south, his mind was groping in foreign parts when conversing in English, and he only seemed to think in Irish; the one was the language of his commerce, the other of his heart.

The leading purpose of the book, however, is to give some account of districts little known to the tourist, and of course to the mere reader. These are the coast of Donegal, and the south-western points of the county of Cork: and certainly there appears to be some remarkable spots. He ascends Lough Salt—this is a mountain, not a lake—that commands a long line of the Donegal coast. After describing with some animation the different points that came within the purview of the hill:—

Northward of Don Castle, says he, lay the sands of Rosapenna, a scene that almost realized in Ireland the sandy desert of Arabia; a line of coast and country extending from the sea, deep into the land, until it almost meets the mountain on which we stood, and exhibiting one wide waste of red sand; for miles not a blade of grass, not a particle of verdure; hills and dales and undulating swells, smooth, solitary, desolate, reflecting the sun from their polished surface, of one uniform and flesh-like hue. Fifty years ago this line of coast was as highly improved in its way, as Ards, on the opposite side of the bay, now is—it was the much-ornamented demesne, and continued the comfortable mansion of Lord Boyne—an old fashioned manorial house and gardens, planted and laid out, in the taste of that time, with avenues, terraces, hedges, and statues, surrounded with walled parks,

and altogether the first residence of a nobleman—the country around, a green sheep walk;—now not a vestige of all this is to be seen; one common waste of sand, one undistinguished ruin cover all. Where is the house? under the sand—where the trees, the walks, the terraces, the green parks and sheep walks? all under the sand. Lately, the top of the house was visible, and the country people used to descend by the roof into some of the apartments that were not filled up; but now nothing is to be seen. The spirit of the Western Ocean has risen in his wrath, and realised here the description Bruce gives of the moving pillars of sand in the deserts of Sennaar, &c.

Not far from this spot is a very singular natural phenomenon, which in the neighbourhood has the name of *McSwine's Gun*:—

It is caused by a horizontal cavern running for many yards under the cliff, from whence a perpendicular shaft rises to the surface. This particular point lies open to the north-west, and when the tempest sets in from that quarter, the storm forces the sea with tremendous power into the cavern, and whenever the gale is most frightful, and an immense surge beats in, up flies the water through the perpendicular shaft, like the Gieser spring in Iceland, some hundreds of feet high, accompanied with a report louder than any piece of artillery, and the shot of *McSwine's Gun* is asserted to have been heard in the city of Derry (thirty miles).

While in the county of Donegal he visits what is still called *Patrick's Purgatory*, in one of the islets of *Lough Derg*. This seems to have been of old a place of some celebrity, where an exhibition of the penalties of purgatory were got up in high theatric style, pretty much on what has been supposed to be the plan of the old Eleusinian, or Samothracian mysteries. It is still the object of pilgrimage, and the scene of severe mortification. It was not what is called “station” time, when the author visited it; but a friend of his, who timed his visit better, gives the following account of it:—

The island is about half a mile from the shore; on approaching it we found all the people walking round one of the buildings in the direction of the sun. There are two chapels: one for confession, and another for general worship. In the former no strangers are admitted; but on entering the latter by one of the galleries, a mighty multitude of the most apparently devout worshippers I ever beheld, presented themselves. All were kneeling except the choir, and every one busy for himself, without the smallest interruption from his neighbourhood. The only instruments they used were their beads, crucifix, and manual. Their food is a small quantity of bread, which they bring into the island with them, and water, which, by the priest's blessing, is supposed to be made equally nutritive as wine. They take this only once a day, except when in the prison, where they remain twenty-four hours. During this period they are prohibited from tasting food of any kind. Twenty-four priests are the regular number for officiating in this place, each one hour. The prison is a dungeon, into which the light of day is not al-

lowed to enter. A man with a switch is kept in regular exercise here, to keep the pilgrims in a wakeful state. Sleep is very dangerous, for a single nod may lose the soul for ever, without the interference of all the fathers and saints of the calendar, and a considerable sum of money.

The property of the place, it seems, is with a Colonel L., a relation of the Duke of Wellington, who leases the ferry to the island at £280 a year; and to make up that sum, and obtain a suitable profit for themselves, the ferrymen charge each pilgrim fivepence. Therefore, supposing the contractors to make cent. per cent. by the contract, which it may be supposed they do, the number of pilgrims will amount to 13,000. Each pilgrim, too, it appears pays from 1s. 8d. to 2s. 6d. to the priests, which will swell the income of the priests, or whoever pockets the fees, to £1,500 a year.

In the county of Cork the writer came to a river, which divides the estates of the Marquis of Lansdowne and Trinity College, Dublin. The difference between the two estates appeared very striking:—

“Are you a tenant of Lord Lansdowne's,” addressing a man whom he met on the road. “Ah, no, Sir, and more is my loss! No, Sir, if it were my luck to be under the great Marquis, I would not be the poor naked sinking crathur that I am; his lordship allows his tenants to live and thrive; he permits no middle men to set and re-set over and over again his estate; he allows no Jack of a squireen to be riding in top-boots over the country, drinking and carousing on the profits of the ground, while the poor racked tenant is forced, with all his labour, often to go barefooted, and often to live and work on a meal of dry potatoes. No, Sir, look across the river there, look yonder at that snug farmer's house; there the man's forefathers lived, and there he himself, and his seed after, will live, and do well, paying a moderate rent, and there's no fear at all of their being disturbed.” “Well, but my friend, on your side of the river, is it not the same? To be sure, I see not so much comfort; I see many, very many poor cabins.” “Oh, Sir, how could it be otherwise? There are twenty landlords between the college and the man who tills the ground; the land is let, re-let, and sub-let; it is halved and quartered, divided and sub-divided, until the whole place will become a place of poverty and potatoe gardens. I have four acres of land; how can I live and rear my children, and pay thirty shillings an acre off that? and I am subject to have my pig, or the bed from under me, eanted by one, two, three, four—och, I do not know how many landlords, &c. Och, then it's I that wishes that the great college that does be making men so larned and wise, would send down some of these larned people here, just to be after making their own poor tenants a little happier and a little asier.”

Yes; and if the college will not, the legislature should force them, and force them in time, or—by and by it will be—“needs must when the devil drives.”

Crockford House, a Rhapsody; 1827.—For “country cousins” the name of Crock-

ford may require explanation. Briefly then,—as we gather from the poem—we ourselves cannot be supposed to know any thing of the matter—a Mr. Crockford has long been proprietor of a fashionable gaming-house, first in Bolton-row, and next in St. James's-street. After the removal of his establishment to St. James's, the flourishing state of the concern prompted him to enlarge its dimensions by adding to it an adjoining tenement; and finally determining that the conjunction of even these two houses would give but very insufficient accommodation for his numerous and splendid visitors, he resolved upon the bold measure of purchasing the next two houses, of levelling all four to the ground, and of building up in their stead one new and magnificent edifice, such as might fulfil his own beau-ideal of a gaming-house, fit for the noble and gentle of the land. This palace, now in such rapid progress towards completion, has arisen from its foundations with a celerity so unfrequent among builders of flesh and blood, that strange stories appear to have got abroad, shaped and derived, we suppose, from the proprietor's vocation. Hear the tale:

But while, mushroom-like, it grows
Folks get frightened, and suppose
That, for ends so full of evil,
Crockford's dealing with the devil;
And, from greediness of pelf,
To that fiend has sold himself,
Who will, at no distant day,
Claim, and carry him away!

They down-face you, that his master
Scarcely for himself built faster,
When he of metallic scum
Fashioned Pandemonium,
Than his slave, they can't tell how,
Builds, as if by magic, now;
So that any one may spy
Satan's finger in the pie.

Thus, they add, as if they'd seen 'em
Sign the deed, it runs between 'em;
That of masonry or brick-work
(Being anxious to make quick work)
Crockford covenants to lay
Certain cubits every day;
Stipulating so, they guess,
Just to save appearances,
While the devil, maturely weighing
What the house is meant for—playing,
And that then and there, the guests
Must perform his high behests,
And promote his interests,
Duly promises to lay
(Reckoning on the aforesaid play)
Every night in order due
For each Crockford-cubit, two.
Both performing thus in turn
To complete the whole concern,
As agreed, if not so soon
As the end of May, in June.

The writer's resources of phraseology, rhyme, and illustration are very extensive—he is no stranger, by the way, to the public—his Letters to Julia are well and acceptably known—and these most felicitous re-

sources for effect, are combined with a liberality of sentiment, and at the same time a serious and lofty tone of moral reprobation, lightly and delicately conveyed, that claim and receive our unfeigned respect. His irony, so far as it is directed against the daemon of gaming generally, must fall soft enough upon the multitude of its worshippers, while, upon the high-priest—the institutor of fresh facilities—the contriver of new blandishments—the man who thus ostentatiously spreads before the public gaze both the gains derived from pandering to this passion, and the seductions by which he lures his victims, and accomplishes his *winning* purposes—it may perhaps descend somewhat uncomfortably and mal-apropos. As to this point, however, our calculation will probably be baffled, for, considering the strange perversions which vice, and this passion of gaming especially, confessedly effects in the breasts of its votaries, we must not venture with any confidence to conclude, that the circumstance of public notice being thus forcibly drawn to this seat and centre of profligacy, by the proud and defying aspect it assumes, may not augment the irresistibilities of the place, instead of diminishing them, among that wide class especially who sin for notoriety's sake; and thus the owner's purpose be doubly answered.

The Zenana; or, a Nuwab's Leisure Hours; by the Author of Pandurang Hari; or Memoirs of a Hindoo; 1827.—The Deewan, or Prime Minister, of the Nuwab of Surat, is disgraced for malversations in office, and some months pass away before he can seize upon any opportunity for recovering his credit. At last he hears of the arrival of an Arab vessel, with a slave on board of the most ravishing beauty, and by her means he hopes to conciliate his offended master. By a little alacrity, he out-manœuvres the cotwal, or minister of police, who has the same object in view, and who had been the cause of the premier's disgrace; he gets possession of the lady—presents her to the Nuwab, and is immediately reinstated. The cotwal is very much annoyed by this defeat, and watches, like a cat, for his revenge. In the meanwhile the lady plays the capricious, and, though in the ardour of excitement the Nuwab even offers marriage, she will listen to nothing till an answer is obtained to some questions she proposes to put to the astrologers. The only astrologers of the town are an old Hindoo of some celebrity, and the court astrologer, a Mahometan—a mere pretender. The premier and the cotwal are commanded to assemble the astrologers, and a struggle ensues—each wishing to gain the Nuwab's favour by securing a favourable answer. The old Hindoo is gained over by the premier, and the Mahometan by the cotwal. Contradictory answers are given; and, as the lady's real object was delay, she avails herself of the pretence, and puts the Nuwab off for a twelvemonth. In the rage of dis-

appointment he threatens destruction to the astrologers; and they, to save themselves, agree to criminate their patrons. The patrons, however, foreseeing the danger, compromise their quarrel, and prove too much for the astrologers, one of whom gets a hundred stripes on the soles of his feet, and dies of his wounds, and the other has the good fortune to escape with impunity. But all this, though amusingly told, is not essential to the machinery of the tales. The lady perseveres in refusing to listen to the Nuwab's proposals. He is exceedingly out of temper, and plagues the minister to death, who now repents of ever having introduced this whimsical stranger to him. Presently appears in the scene a suspicious Persian, and circumstances lead the minister to conclude he is some way or other connected with the lady—she is known to be a Persian, though nothing more is known of her. Forthwith he resolves to see this Persian privately, in the hope of discovering, through him, some means of getting rid of her. With difficulty he finds out that he is lodging in the outskirts of the town with the old Hindoo astrologer, and in the evening he proceeds in the disguise of a Persian to get an interview with him. Now, it so happens, that this same Persian had beaten the minister's barber; and at this very time the barber, with some of his friends, had assembled for the purpose of taking revenge upon him. The party see the minister advancing, and mistake him for the Persian. They contrive to throw a fisherman's net over him, and thus whip him up to the bough of a tree; and while he is thus suspended, they set to and give his posteriors a hearty scourging, that lays him up for months. A scene of some humour follows, while he consults the surgeons, and attempts to divert the Nuwab's inquiries about his wounds. In the meanwhile the Persian disappears; the lady's resolutions are still inflexible, and the Nuwab more enamoured than ever. The year is nearly concluding, when the lady desires to visit some particular gardens; but stipulates that no male shall be permitted to look at her on the journey. All are consequently commanded to shut themselves up in their houses; but just as she reaches the gardens, some ten or a dozen male folks rush towards her, and actually stare her in the face. Into a furious passion breaks the lady on her return to the palace.—What is the matter? asks the Nuwab. Enough is the matter, says the lady. Your orders have been trampled on; and men have gazed on me. By the prophet, I would rather wed a foot-soldier, than a prince without power. My answer must be deferred another year. Now, in his turn, bursts the Nuwab into a still greater fury, and bellowing like a bull, he closes the gates of the town, orders the names of every man to be taken down, and promises to hang all that are absent as soon as they are caught. About a hundred are seized, and ordered for instant execution. The lady, a little mollified by

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these effects of her vagaries, proposes that, instead of hanging these hundred wretches, the heads of each profession, and principal trade, should be compelled to relate some entertaining tale, and that, if one must die, the relator of the worst tale should suffer. The Nuwab consents; the parties are assembled, and eight or ten tales are told—filling up the greater part of the volumes. The series is interrupted by the approach of a grand festival. During the festivities appears again the Persian. The Nuwab orders him to be seized, but he escapes. A few days after, a noble Persian demands an audience. He proves to be the very man. He delivers a firman from Nadir Shah, for the Nuwab to deliver up the lady. Great perplexity follows; but eventually all is cleared up. The lady, a Persian princess, had two cousins; to the younger of whom she was betrothed; the elder was his brother's rival. Maddened by jealousy, he had the lady privately carried away, and his brother murdered. The Arab captain, who carried away the lady, deceived his employer, and sold her at Surat. The mysterious Persian proves to be the murderer himself; he had discovered the lady's residence with the Nuwab, and procured the Emperor's firman to have her delivered up to him. Fortunately the Nuwab discovers that the Persian was the murderer of his brother, sends him in chains to the Emperor, and excuses the apparent disregard of the firman. The lady's sorrow, for the death of her lover, by degrees wears away, and, at last, she consents to bless the Nawab.

The tales themselves—to speak of them collectively—we have no space to speak of them separately—are of a lively, eventful character; exceedingly well told; and—what is the writer's main purpose—well calculated to convey a good deal of information, in a very agreeable way, of the manners and habits of the people of Hindostan.

If the writer's statement is to be taken seriously, the tales are entirely of native manufacture. He speaks of himself, as having been formerly appointed to an outstation, far removed from the Presidency, and where an intimate knowledge of the Persian and Hindostan languages was indispensable. To further the attainment of this knowledge, and to blend amusement with instruction, he invited the natives of his establishment, to relate to him entertaining tales. These his moonshee wrote down on the spot, and then, himself, with the moonshee's assistance, translated them. At first, great reluctance was shewn; but money soon brought story-tellers in abundance. From these tales, thus collected in great numbers, the author professes to have selected the contents of these volumes—rejecting such as regarded birds and beasts, giants and magicians, extremely childish or absurd,—and such again as were full of tricks, and treacheries, and intrigues—immoral and indelicate—neither instructive nor amusing.

Of course, the skeleton—the mere incidents—of the tale is all that can be regarded as genuine; the taste and propriety with which they are worked up can be nothing but European.

The Apocalypse of St. John; or, Prophecy of the Rise, Progress, and Fall of the Church of Rome; the Inquisition; the Revolution of France; the Universal War; and the Final Triumph of Christianity: being a new Interpretation. By the Rev. George Croly, A.M. 1827.—Another interpretation of these long neglected, and now almost abandoned mysteries, was an event, perhaps, little to be looked for; after so many superior persons of ability and research had laboured, if not vainly, at least very unsatisfactorily. The ill success of his distinguished predecessors did not dishearten Mr. Croly—a ray of light had flashed upon him, which did not and could not illumine them. His interpretation rests upon the events of the last forty years—which accounts at once for the failure of the old interpreters, and exonerates himself from the charge of presumption. Whatever we may think of the result of his labours, we are decided enough as to the ability, and energy, and confidence with which he has executed his task.

On a casual reading of the Apocalypse, some years ago, he was struck, he tells us, with what appeared to him, the manifest reference of the eleventh chapter—that of the TWO WITNESSES—to one of the most extraordinary—or, more correctly, to that unique event of our own times—the abjuration of religion by a government and people. But a circumstance, not less striking to him, was the declaration that this event marked the conclusion of an era, in which the whole chronology of the Apocalypse rests—the well-known 1260 years. These two witnesses (xi. i.) are said to prophecy in sackcloth 1260 days,* and at the end of these days, the beast,—who oppressed the saints forty-two months (1260 days) ascends from the bottomless pit, and makes war upon them, and kills them. Their dead bodies lie *three days and a-half*, and then the spirit re-enters, and they stand upon their feet again. Now these two witnesses are the scriptures—and their prophecy in sackcloth, indicates the triumph of the beast—the papacy; and the death of these witnesses is the abjuration of them—an abjuration which took place in France in November 1793, by a public act of the government and people, and continued till June 1797—THREE YEARS AND A-HALF. At the end of this period, the scriptures were re-adopted, and public worship revived. But what period of the papacy do these 1260 days indicate? Deduct 1260 days from 1793, and you have the year 533,—the very year when, it is admitted on all hands, the papal power was firmly established. In that year it was,

that the Emperor, Justinian, first allowed the supremacy of the see of Rome, over that of Constantinople, and not before.—There is another number, 666, equally memorable and with respect to which, Mr. Croly will be thought, perhaps, equally felicitous. The thirteenth chapter of the Apocalypse describes the beast that rose with seven heads and ten horns, and on his heads ten crowns, and the name blasphemy. This is the papacy. But in the same vision, the Apostle beholds another beast coming up out of the earth, which had horns like a lamb, and spake as a dragon. This had a number—666; and the fancy of interpreters has pretty generally led them to suppose this number involved the name of the particular individual or party represented by the beast. Mr. Croly, very naturally at least, takes it to be, as it stands, a *date*; and a 666 added to 533, make 1199, the very year in which was instituted the INQUISITION. This lamb-like and dragon-tongued beast, therefore, is the Inquisition, and very happily is it characterised—that is, by contraries; and the remaining part of the description, at least, tallies well with the qualities of that infernal court. These coincidences led to a farther research. The seals, the trumpets, and the vials, are all carefully and solicitously examined—with singular dexterity, and, it may be, appalling success. These prove to be, in many respects, parallelisms. The seals are—1. The establishment of Christianity; 2. The fall of the Western Empire; 3. Popery; 4. French Revolution; 5. An Interval; 6. Universal War; and 7. Triumph of the Church; The trumpets and vials commence later, and are almost wholly parallel; 1. The Papal and French Wars in the fourteenth century, and the plague of the same century; 2. Destruction of the Spanish Armada; 3. The War of the Cevennes; 4. The Wars of Louis XIV.; 5. The French Revolution, and seizure of Rome; 6. The overthrow of the Revolution; and 7. The Universal War.—More particularly, the fifth trumpet announces the revolution, and the ninth chapter is a history of its changes and states to the expulsion of Napoleon. Two states are described as being of EQUAL DURATION, which prove to be the Republic and the Empire, each eleven years; the Republic commencing in 1793, and the Empire in 1804, and terminating in 1815. By the slight addition of a single letter, the Apollyon of the Apocalypse will give the pronunciation of the most remarkable name of the revolution—Napoleon. (145.)

We cannot, of course, give the author's arguments their full force—we can only outline them; the reader, who has any curiosity about the matter, must refer to the book itself: we can assure him he will be gratified by contemplating the ability and earnestness of the writer; and the air of probability he has thrown over the whole interpretation will add to his surprise, if it do not compel his assent.

* In matters of prophecy, the *day* obviously represents the year.

Servian Popular Poetry, by John Bowring; 1827.—This poetry of the people of Servia, traditional for many centuries, has only been embodied in print within a few years. The Quarterly Review gave some account of them recently, with a few translations, evidently heightened by a little of the translator's ornaments. Mr. Bowring's versions are of a simpler kind, and, in the same proportion, of a more valuable character. If we have them at all, let us have them as they really are. They will scarcely be welcomed as additions to the stock of enchanting or soul-stirring poetry—they are calculated neither to strike very forcibly by novelty, nor delight by taste, nor gratify by cultivation; but they are of infinite value, as giving us another glance of the operation of natural sentiments in remoter times and uncouth manners.

Mr. Bowring's indefatigable exertions on this and other occasions, in the same line, have fully established the truth—one of some interest, and of no mean importance, in a moral and literary view—that poetry mounts up to perfection, not by the slow and gradual steps, which mark the sister arts; but that from the earliest songs of every country may be gathered *morceaux*, quite capable of charming those who breathe in the most cultivated ages.

Sentiment requires no technical education to foster it; and the rudest modes of life call it up in every man's bosom, as far as nature has accorded the original capacity. Certain positions, whether relative to ourselves and others, or to outward events, are subjects of deep interest to us, be we actors, or spectators only. These positions—or rather the interest they excite—are rooted in nature; and it is past the skill of man to augment or vary them. These positions then, these moral attitudes of men, form the poet's stock; and his materials, in many respects, were as ample in the beginning of the world as they are now. The machinery of poetry, indeed—the times, and occasions, and the circumstances that shall produce or accompany them, must vary with the variations of customs and conventions, and advance perhaps with the advance of cultivation, but will not differ in the degree, in which other arts do at different times; and for this reason, because poetry will only please by selecting—the simplest aspects of things—and because it must hover perpetually about those emotions which have most hold of the human heart. The poet is chained down strictly to nature in his pursuit of situations, that shall enable him to sound his loftiest strains; and, consequently, each succeeding bard finds more difficulty than his predecessor did, and himself bequeaths still greater difficulty—narrower resources—to his successor.

The effects, however, of the instrument, which the poet uses—language—must not be disregarded. Language improves in capacity by the progress of refinement; words multiply; and the invisible and intangible

soul of man, and the changing shades of emotions come thus by degrees to be more nicely discriminated. The modern poet, too, enjoys the advantage of studying those who have gone before him; he has also the rules of composition ready to his hands—the fruits of pains-taking observation—not that we are inclined to attach much importance to the efficacy of rules. The eternal principles, upon which all rules are founded, ought to be the discovery of genius for itself—not of an arbitrary law to be obeyed.

Such being our notions, we are not surprised at the deep pathos occasionally elicited in these productions of unlettered ages:—

How so much, says Mr. Bowring, of beautiful anonymous poetry should have been created in so perfect a form, is a subject well worthy of inquiry. Among a people, who look to music and song as a source of enjoyment, the habit of improvisation grows up imperceptibly, and engages all the fertilities of imagination in its exercise. The thought which first finds vent in a poetical form, if worth preservation, is polished and perfected as it passes from lip to lip, till it receives the stamp of popular approval, and becomes as it were a national possession. There is no text-book, no authentic record, to which it can be referred, whose authority should interfere with its improvement. The poetry of a people is its common inheritance, which one generation transfers, sanctioned and amended, to another. Political adversity, too, strengthens the attachment of a nation to the records of its ancient prosperous days. The harps may be hung on the willows for a while, during the storm and the struggle, but when the tumult is over, they will be strung again to repeat the old songs, and recall the time gone by.

If this be indeed the process of traditionary poetry, it ought to be invaluable. The gem of thought, mixed up necessarily in its first production with human alloy, is yet seen and known to be a gem; and however deeply imbedded in grossness, its radiations blaze through; and its purification, too difficult for one, the many instinctively accomplish.

We must give the reader a little specimen; and we will quote the Quarterly's translation of it also, by which the merits of Mr. Bowring's version may be distinctly shewn, and the reader see at a glance that he may be more safely trusted.

AJKUNA'S MARRIAGE.

She [was lovely—nothing e'er was lovelier;
She was tall and slender as the pine-tree;
White her cheeks, but tinged with rosy blushes,
As if morning's beam, had shone upon them,
Till that beam had reached its high meridian;
And her eyes, they were two precious jewels;
And her eye-brows, leeches from the ocean;
And her eye-lids, they were wings of swallows;
Silken tufts the maiden's flaxen ringlets;
And her sweet mouth was a sugar casket;
And her teeth were pearls arrayed in order;
White her bosom, like two snowy dovelets;
And her voice was like the dovelet's cooing;
And her smiles were like the glowing sunshine, &c.

QUARTERLY'S TRANSLATION.

Stately was she, as the *mountain* pine-tree ;
 White and rosy-colour *intermingled*
 Were her cheeks, as *she had kissed* the dawning ;
Dark and flashing, like two noble jewels,
 Were her eyes, and *over them* were eye-brows,
Thin and black, like leeches from the *fountain* ;
Dark the lashes too ; although the ringlets
Hung above in clusters *rich and golden*.
 Softer were her eyelids *than* the pinions
 Of the swallow, *on the breeze* *reposing* ;
 Sweeter were the maiden's lips *than* honey ;
White her teeth, as pearls in *ocean* ripened ;
 White her breasts, two little *panting* wild doves ;
Soft her speaking, as the wild dove's murmur ;
Bright her smiling, as the *burst* of sunshine, &c.

The words in italics of the Quarterly's translation are not, says Mr. Bowring, to be found in the original—which, we think, though we know nothing ourselves of the original, can scarcely be doubted—no body indeed will doubt about it.

The Cabinet Lawyer, or a Popular Digest of the Laws of England ; 1827.—This is a very useful publication ; and a second edition, in so very short a space, shews the public have found it out. The truth is, nothing in this department was more wanted. The only book pretending to a popular view of the subject is Blackstone's ; and the numerous changes that have been brought about within the last fifty years have rendered it almost useless, and in many instances worse—misleading ; and then the way in which his defects are supplied, by the notes of successive editors, is any thing but satisfactory. It is indeed exceedingly tiresome to be reading a long-winded statement, and when you have struggled to the end of it, to be told in a note—which requires a microscope to get at—that *tout cela est changé*. The publication before us, therefore, is extremely welcome—and welcome not only from supplying the deficiencies of others, but from its own excellencies. It is a vigorous and unincumbered statement of the subject—a competent digest, compressed to a tangible size, without confusion or obscurity. 'Every man should know as much of law as may enable him to keep himself out of it ;' and here he may get it, and get it, agreeably. There is no nonsense in the book—none of the idle reasons for things, of which Blackstone is full. For surely, with many excellencies, he was much of an old woman ; and almost incapable—from whatever cause—of distinguishing between what was, and what ought to be.

The work is advantageously divided into six parts, embracing successively the Constitution ; the administration of justice ; persons and classes ; property and its incidents ; civil injuries ; and crimes and misdemeanors—with a very useful appendix, under the title of a dictionary of law terms, acts of parliament, and judicial matters, which could not, says the author, be properly incorporated into the body of the work, yet neces-

sary to comprise an entire digest of the laws of England. In this department, too, is condensed a great variety of recent statutes, a knowledge of which is more or less essential to every person, especially the acts relative to the post-office, assessed taxes, turnpikes, stamps, excise, navigation and commerce, marriages, bread, and other subjects, correct information on which can hardly be any where procured in a collective form, and never without considerable care and inconvenience. The second edition has considerable improvements.

Falkland ; 1827.—We take up the pen to speak of Falkland with that deep interest in the future literary destiny of its author, which youthful genius naturally awakens in our minds. Would that the subject were other than it is ; and that the writer, with his high gifts, had not been tempted by enthusiasm, and the consciousness of power, into an elaborate delineation of the workings of unholy passion, through all its descending gradations, from the excitement, which lifts the mind transiently above the common crowd, only to plunge its infatuated victim irrecoverably below it. He takes his motto from *La Nouvelle Eloise* ; and he tells the tale of the seduction of a married woman's affections, and the final triumph over her virtue, we will not say in imitation exactly of the man whom he has evidently taken as his tutor, but in the self-same spirit which stirred that mighty master's bosom. The book is of less dimensions than Rousseau's, and unquestionably inferior in execution ; but what it lacks, it lacks in detail, in the skill to be derived only from years and practice, rather than the more essential and unacquirable talents, or a thorough good-will for accomplishing a work equally mischievous with that of his great prototype.

It is to be lamented, and not lightly, but deeply lamented—we say not this as words of course—that with abilities such as are here indicated, the author should not pursue the suffrages of the wise and good, instead of a species of bastard fame, to which age, and maturity, and virtue can never give their approbation. Let him be sure, that contempt for the opinions of the better part of his fellows—pretty distinctly announced in his preface—will only precipitate him into imprudencies, that will, first or last, work him nothing but bitterness.

Practical Hints on Light and Shade in Painting, illustrated by Examples from the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, by John Burnet. 4to.—This is an excellent text-book both for the professor of the art of painting, and for those who make a knowledge of its principles part of a liberal education ; indeed, we have never met with any thing that can be compared with it for the mass of information it contains on the subject it pretends to elucidate. The "Hints" are clear, concise, and nervous ; and the illustrations are chosen with the greatest

good taste, and engraved in the most spirited and beautiful manner.

Drawing is, of course, the painter's abecedarium; having acquired that, his studies may be divided into three parts—composition, light and shade, and colour—wanting any one of these, he will never excel, but being master of them, he must be respectable. We remember to have seen Mr. Burnet's 'Hints' on composition, which preceded the work before us; he has now but to give us an equally useful compendium on colour, which, by the way, is already announced, and a work will be in the hands of the public, capable of forming a correct taste, and teaching judicious discrimination.

Of the present work, we cannot convey a better idea than the following extract from the preface will give,—it is a pleasing specimen of the author's manner, and, as far as it goes, will bear us out in the character we gave of it in the first paragraph:—

I have endeavoured to trace the effects, as much as possible, to their first causes, operating in various ways on the minds of the different artists who have adopted them. Whether they were guided by rules, or imitative instinct, we cannot now determine; nor is it my wish to inculcate any doctrine when the student has a better mode of his own to serve as a guide. Let him, however, always bear in mind, that in painting, as in other things, to use the words of Dr. Johnson,—“The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay.”

Picturesque Views of the English Cities; from Drawings, by G. F. Robson. Edited by J. Britton.—To Mr. Britton the public are already indebted for his numerous series of beautiful engravings of our different cathedrals and abbeys—however, he now produces another work, which is to consist of four parts—two are already published; the first contains views of York, Litchfield, Worcester, Norwich, Rochester, Canterbury, Chichester, Bristol; and the second, which has just appeared, views of Winchester, Hereford, Salisbury, Chester, Carlisle, Wells, and Lincoln—and a different view of Norwich: they are all beautifully executed, and reflect great credit on all parties concerned. The value of these would have been materially enhanced if accompanied by a letter-press description, which, we perceive, the editor promises to give separately, when the engravings are completed; he is compelled, he says, to this arrangement, to avoid the operation of a most absurd and oppressive act of parliament, which forces the publishers of all works, in which letter-press is used, to give eleven copies to as many wealthy institutions; all of which, being amply endowed with the necessary funds, ought to foster and encourage rather than tax and depress literature in all its branches. None know the inconvenient effect of this shameful tax better than Mr. Britton; no

individual having smarted more under its application.

A Discourse of the Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science; 1827.—A society, consisting of persons well known in the literary, political, and scientific world—of men distinguished alike for public spirit and tried ability—have undertaken the superintendence of a series of treatises on every subject that can be brought within the precincts of useful knowledge, under the title of a LIBRARY of useful knowledge. The very purpose of the publication of them, is to circulate the ready means of gaining information among the more uneducated classes of society; plainness and cheapness therefore are indispensable qualities, and effectual measures have been adopted to secure both. The series will commence with subjects of science. The discourse before us is the preliminary treatise, professing to exhibit the objects, advantages, and pleasures of science; and well does the execution correspond with its profession. It is the production of an indefatigable member of the society—Mr. Brougham—and presents, at once, a proof of his persevering zeal for the diffusion of knowledge, and another specimen of his powerful ability to assist in the actual communication of it. It is, in our opinion, the very best and most distinct—the most connected and complete view of the matter—numerous as similar views have been—we have ever read.

Take a sample of the familiar and happy style of the introduction. There is something positively agreeable, says he, in gaining knowledge for its own sake:—

When you see any thing for the first time, you at once derive some gratification from the sight being new; your attention is awakened, and you desire to know more about it. If it is a piece of workmanship, as an instrument, a machine of any kind, you wish to know how it is made, how it works, and what use it is of. If it is an animal, you desire to know where it comes from, how it lives, what are its dispositions, and, generally, its nature and habits. This desire is felt, too, without at all considering that the machine or the animal may ever be of the least use to yourself practically; for, in all probability, you may never see them again. But you feel a curiosity to learn all about them, because they are new and unknown to you. You accordingly make inquiries; you feel a gratification in getting answers to your questions—that is, in receiving information, and in knowing more—in being better informed than you were before. If you ever happen again to see the same instrument or animal, you find it agreeable to recollect having seen it before, and to think that you know something about it. If you see another instrument, or animal, in some respects like, but differing in other particulars, you find it pleasing to compare them together, and to note in what they agree, and in what they differ. Now, all this kind of gratification is of a pure and disinterested nature, and has no reference to any of the common purposes of life; yet it is a pleasure—an enjoyment. You are nothing the richer for it; you

do not gratify your palate, or any other bodily appetite; and yet it is so pleasing that you would give something out of your pocket to obtain it, and would forego some bodily enjoyment for its sake. The pleasure derived from science is exactly of the like nature, or rather, it is the very same. For what has just been referred to is, in fact science, which in its most comprehensive sense means *knowledge*, and in its ordinary sense means *knowledge reduced to a system*—that is, arranged in a regular order, so as to be conveniently taught, easily remembered, and readily applied.

Personal Narrative, or Adventures in the Peninsula during the War in 1812-13. By an Officer, late in the Staff-corps Regiment of Cavalry; 1827.—Though but a barren volume, not however a dull one, we are not unwilling to accept it with thankfulness. Accounts of other countries are for the benefit of those who stay at home; we are of the stay-at-home class, and do not care how many books of this kind we have, provided they come authenticated. It is only variety of descriptions—it is only the survey of many eyes, that will supply in any thing like a satisfactory manner, to the domestic reader, the use of his own. No one person will see precisely with the eyes of another. One man, too, loves what another scorns; one gazes where another only glances; one has no eyes at all for many things we require, and another has prejudices which blind him to more; one lacks opportunities, or tact, or capacity, which the superior facilities or superior talents of another may supply. It is easy to discern the bias of a writer, but not so easy to measure the allowance which we feel must in *some* degree be made for his representations; but when we have the representations of scores of travellers, we can not only discern the individual bias, but we have the means of estimating its depreciating effect; by comparing statements, and balancing prepossessions, we arrive at last at a pretty safe result. Therefore, we welcome these and similar publications, though they swell to dozens.

The writer before us was in the commissariat department, and was of course driven frequently from the scene of action; and in fact seems to have traversed the north and centre of Portugal in all directions; but of Spain he saw no more than the frontiers, and the line of march of the army to the Pyrenees. He was very young, just escaped from school indeed; and the letters profess to have been written on the spot. He is a little too full of his school-books, and parades his Greek and Latin, and even Hebrew, to say nothing of divers other languages: but if the letters indeed appear as they were written, they are no contemptible specimen of early and cultivated ability. The sentiments he expresses relative to the Portuguese and Spaniards, and to conspicuous individuals, must of course be received as rather picked up from others than gathered from observation. We were struck with the contrast between his representations of the Portuguese, and

what appears to be the existing state of things. Then we were welcomed and respected; now we are looked cool upon, and all but insulted. But it is one thing to come and rescue a nation from oppressors, and quite another to put ourselves in so equivocal a position, that we must either be regarded as the friends of one half the nation against the other, or as usurpers, who seize the country, and resolve to keep it as long as a rival power keeps similar possession of a neighbouring country.

Stories of Chivalry and Romance; 1827.—This little volume contains six tales, all of them belonging, as the title expresses, to the chivalric order and period. What shall we say of them? They have no distinctive character; but the insatiable devourer of fiction may very well occupy an hour or two with them.

A writer of tales lies under great disadvantages, it must be allowed, compared with the novel writer, though we are perhaps apt to consider the construction of a tale an undertaking of inferior pretension. A tale is usually so brief, that a glance suffices for deciding on the proportion or disproportion of its parts—the order of its arrangement—the bearings of its subsidiary portions on the main story—and, lastly—the most important of all considerations belonging to it—whether the main incident upon which the whole interest hinges, has been used for the same purpose a thousand times or not. If it have been so employed time out of mind, then the extremely narrow limits of a tale bars the possibility of any compensating for the absence of novelty.

The plot of a novel may, to be sure, be worn to the bone; but then a novel may have subordinate plots—episodes, dialogues, discussions, descriptions, and every conceivable variety of subject, and to an extent almost unlimited. The bookbinder too, and the printer, conspire to distract our mental *corp-d'œil* of the production, by dividing it into volumes: and though the main outline and features of the story may be the thousandth repetition of what we have seen before, yet the fillings-up and shadings-in of the intermediate parts may entirely confound our memories as to the actual prototype. In short, a novel affords so much larger a scope for a writer's powers, that if he be capable of excelling in anyway, he may find or make an opportunity of bringing these powers conspicuously and effectively forward. As many times as he offends by faults, he may compensate by beauties; and, at the worst, may leave the final balance of good and bad, in the reader's mind, confounded and undecided.

Thinking as we do of the difficulties of the tale writer, it seems a matter to be regretted that any body should voluntarily impose upon himself additional fetters by writing with reference to a state of society so peculiar, and so strictly and necessarily limiting the sources of inven-

tion. It occasions the same wonder in our minds, that we should feel with respect to persons preferring the phraseology of Cicero and Virgil for the embodying of their thoughts, to the free and boundless forms of expression which their mother-tongue would afford them.

The Road Guide, No. I., London to Birmingham.—This is a very useful and convenient publication. The distances between

each stage are carefully set down, and a description of every place on the road worthy the least notice, is pleasantly detailed. The whole is contained in a size well adapted to the pocket. Indeed, when a traveller leaves London for a particular place, he needs only the direction to that place, and not a huge volume containing all the cross roads in the country. No. II. is to continue the route from Birmingham to Holyhead.

THEATRES.

EASTER customarily brings with it a round of *spectacle* at the principal theatres. The English are, after all, a pantomime-loving people; and, though Christmas monopolizes harlequin, yet Easter lays claim to something as like harlequinade as is contrivable by the Farleys of this present world.

"Peter Wilkins," an imitation of Gulliver, and perhaps among the most amusing of the imitations of Swift's immortal burlesque, is the ground-work of the Covent-garden spectacle. *Peter* is wrecked on a desert island, where he renders a service to a female inhabitant of the moon, by whom he is introduced to all the novelties of this hitherto forbidden sphere, notwithstanding the rising propensities of Mr. Green. The idea is wrought up by Mr. Farley into a series of adventures, the mirth of which may probably atone for their perfectly terrestrial calibre. The proverbial skill of Covent-Garden in machinery is exhibited to great advantage. The audience are kept in constant anxiety by the soaring ambition of the performers, particularly of that very pretty little pantomimiste Miss Scott, who has established a high reputation in birds of paradise, flying sorceresses, angels, and other wonders on the wing, and whose delicate bones, we sincerely hope, will not be broken in the course of her professional elevations. A great deal of showy scenery fills up the intervals left in the mind of the audience by the acting and dialogue; and, with the help of Messrs. Grieve and Saul, who are the true performers on the occasion, the audience listen to Keely and Power with perfect patience. Both these actors are clever and popular; but as it is the business of an actor to say only what has been set down for him, and as neither of them is emulous of the honour of authorship, we must allow ourselves to say that they both talk a vast deal of nonsense in the course of the *drame* of "Peter Wilkins."

Charles Kemble, after his pilgrimage to the waters, has returned to the favouritism which his fine stage qualities always deserve and obtain. Miss Foote, to whom popularity adheres with a desperate fidelity, and whom, in our natural deference for the sex, we believe to have been "more sinned against than sinning," is playing to full houses during a brief engagement, and the theatre is enjoying the reflux of that golden tide,

which, we are always inclined to think, activity and good sense in managers would render perpetual. But a serious loss seems about to be experienced in Jones, the most animated, intelligent, and effective actor of the lighter comedy that the stage has seen since Lewis. Whether he joins the Drury Lane company, from which overtures have, it is said, been made to him, we cannot ascertain. But to have lost such an actor is among the worst omens of a theatre.

Drury Lane exhibits at least activity. A succession of performances, if not quite original, yet not much remembered, have signalized the manager's diligence. The present spectacle is "Gil Blas," which, however antiquated, and in fact attempted to be brought forward, perhaps, as often as any other subject on the stage, is yet either so little known, or so well adapted to the popular tastes (so far as the subject goes), that it at this moment makes a popular spectacle. *Gil Blas* is played by Miss Kelly, to whom, by an especial right, belong all exhibitions of archness, subtlety, and female pantaloons. She has talent and well turned ancles, and thus she follows the direction of nature. Some pretty scenery, though not so effective as the general displays of this theatre, consummates the charm, and *Gil Blas* is more lucky than his original. Laporte appears from time to time in little farces, translated from the French. He is an ingenious actor, but too *grotesque* for the English stage; his pronunciation is a still more formidable drawback. At his time of life the difficulty of a new language is insurmountable; and however we may admire the boldness of the effort, it is impossible to congratulate him upon its success.

Mathews, always ingenious, and labouring with extraordinary diligence for novelty, is proceeding in his entertainment at the Lyceum. It consists of the "Home Circuit," a series of scenes and characters familiar to Londoners. Epping Hunt scene contains some very pleasant songs and recitations, and is on the whole deserving of the habitual popularity of that very dextrous and attractive performer.

Yates, at the Adelphi, carries on a similar exhibition, consisting of the anecdotes of his early theatrical career; some of those excellent imitations of the style and dialogue of

the principal actors, for which he is remarkable; and a "Monopolylogue," in which he very ably plays a succession of parts. The whole is dextrously conceived and performed.

The King's Theatre has hitherto had one of its best seasons. Signora Tosio, a fine stage figure, with a powerful voice, which the practice of a few years must bring out with great effect and beauty, has given new life to the performances. Galli, the first *basso cantante* of Italy, has appeared, and sustained his high reputation. He is a powerful and scientific singer. Caradori has returned to the performance of those characters for which she is best fitted. Tenderness, innocence, and modesty seem to adopt her as their natural representative on the stage; but she must leave the storms and struggles of the higher passions to others. When she insists on flourishing in the *prima donna* energies, she mistakes her talent and the public interest.

The Haymarket Theatre is already making preparations; and a complaint has gone through the newspapers against the cruelty

of shutting up the theatre for eight months in the year. There seems something arbitrary enough in this at first sight, and we are satisfied that the whole system relative to the ministerial government of the drama might be very advantageously reformed. Why the appointment of a licenser should exist—this odious remnant of the most odious law of the most odious of all codes—is incomprehensible except on the ground of patronage. Why the authorship of the stage should be exposed to universal plunder, in the midst of a time when the law of copyrights is growing more accurate, more solid, and more practically guarded every day, is a question which it is extremely difficult to answer. Something should undoubtedly be done to secure the stage author's right to his play, and his family their inheritance in the labours of his pen. Until this is done, by some legislator, with sense enough to see his way, and with zeal enough to defy the trouble of the effort, the authorship of the stage—elegant, vivid, delightful as its nature is—must feel itself but an exotic in the winter-world of England.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

March 9.—At this meeting there was read, a "Notice respecting some errors common to many tables of Logarithms," by Charles Babbage, Esq., Foreign Secretary of this Society, of which we have already given an account.—There were next read two letters from Mr. Andrew Lang to F. Baily, Esq., dated St. Croix, 20th of March and 30th of November 1826. The first of these transmits an account of observations of the meridian transit of the moon's enlightened limb, and some stars preceding and following her, made at St. Croix, lat. $17^{\circ} 44' 32''$ north, assumed long. $64^{\circ} 45'$ west, between September 22, 1825, and March 15, 1826. These were sent to Mr. Schumacher at the same time, and have been published in No. 104 of his *Astron. Nachrichten*.

Mr. Lang describes the climate of St. Croix as peculiarly favourable to astronomical observations, and speaks of the steadiness of the terrestrial refraction there. The terrestrial refraction scarcely ever varies perceptibly from the *one-sixteenth* part of the intercepted arc.

In Mr. Lang's second communication, he presents a further account of the meridian transits of the moon's enlightened limb, and of moon-culminating stars, observed between March 30, and November 21, 1826. He also gives a summary of his observations of occultations of μ , and μ , *Sagittarii* by the moon, on the 9th of September; and of $\downarrow$ *Virginis*, on the 28th of October.

Next, there was read a paper, "On a new

application of the method of determining the time by observations of two stars when in the same vertical, to the case of *Polaris* when so situated with respect to any other circumpolar star in the course of its diurnal revolution below the pole. By Dr. T. L. Tiarks. The author first describes the peculiarities and advantages of this method, and then presents the investigation of the formulæ of computation. If l denote the co-latitude of the place of observation, d the polar distance of the pole-star, D that of the other star, α their difference of right ascensions, and t the time elapsed from the upper passage of the pole-star to the moment of its being on the same vertical with the other; then the result of the investigation gives

$$(I) \dots (t + \phi) = \frac{\sin \alpha}{\sqrt{\tan l}}.$$

The values of α and ϕ being determined by the following equations; viz.

$$(II) \dots \alpha = \frac{\sin(D - d)}{\sin d \sin D \cos \downarrow}.$$

$$(III) \dots \tan \downarrow = \frac{\sin \frac{1}{2} \alpha \sqrt{(\sin 2D \sin 2d)}}{\sin(D - d)}$$

$$(IV) \dots \sin \phi = \frac{\sin \alpha}{\sqrt{\tan d}}.$$

The author occupies a portion of his paper in tracing the limits of error, and in pointing out in what cases the method is not strictly true.

Lastly: There was read a letter from M. Gambart to the President, dated Marseilles, 30th of December 1826. After adverting to what may be supposed his temerity in anti-

cipating the transit of the comet seen in Boötes over the sun's disc, on the 18th of November, he presents the elements of the parabolic orbit of another comet, which are as below: *viz.*

	From Midnight.
Passage of the perihelion 1827. 34 ^d . 989 M.T.	
Perihelion distance.....	0.455
Longitude of perihelion.....	34° 0' 50"
Longitude of the node	191 44 33
Inclination	72 4 15
Motion retrograde.	

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The Wednesday meetings of this Society, during the last month, have been numerous attended, and the lectures at three o'clock have excited much interest. At three of these meetings, the secretary delivered discourses on the affinities that connect the different groups of ornithology, illustrating the subject by specimens of the most attracting groups in the society's collection. Several ladies of distinguished rank were present at these exhibitions. A lecture has also been given by Mr. Brookes, the celebrated anatomist, on the comparative anatomy of the ostrich. A fine opportunity was afforded for illustrating this subject by a donation from his Majesty of a female ostrich which, lately died in the menagerie at Windsor. Preparations were made of the more interesting parts of this bird, which, with specimens of the different parts of structure of the emeu, cassowary, rhea, &c. selected from Mr. Brookes's museum, served to illustrate this very erudite and scientific lecture. A numerous audience of the principal men of science in London, was collected on this occasion.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 15.—Sir R. H. Vyvyan, Bart., M.P., and Caesar Moreau, Esq., were admitted Fellows of the Society, and the following papers were read:—An Astronomical Paper, by C. Rumker, Esq.; Remarks on a correction of the solar tables required by Mr. South's Observations, by G. B. Airey, Esq., F.R.S.—The reading was begun of a paper on the mutual attractions of the particles of magnetic bodies, by S. H. Christie, Esq., F.R.S.—Feb. 22. G. W. Taylor, Esq., M.P., was admitted a Fellow of the Society, and the reading of Mr. Christie's paper concluded.—A notice was read, entitled Correction of an Error in a paper published in the Philosophical Transactions, entitled "On the parallax of the fixed Stars," by I. F. W. Herschell, Esq., Secretary R.S.; and a paper on attractions apparently magnetic, exhibited during chemical combinations, by W. L. Henwood, Esq., communicated by D. Gilbert, Esq., V.P.R.S.—Mar. 1. Dr. J. C. Prichard was admitted a Fellow of the Society; and a paper was read on the structure and use of the submaxillary odoriferous gland of the Crocodile, by Thomas Bell, Esq., F.L.S., communicated by Sir. E. Home, Bart., V.P.R.S.—The reading was commenced of a paper, entitled, "Note on the M.M. New Series.—Vol.III. No.17.

Chemical Composition of two liquids lately proposed as powerful disinfectants, and on the action of those liquids on putrid animal matter," by A. B. Granville, M.D., F.R.S.,—Mar. 8. M. M. Morichini, Ehrman, and Ampere, were elected Foreign Members of the Society.—A letter was read from M. Rumker, announcing his discovery of a Comet in the southern hemisphere, in September last, at Paramatta.—The reading of Dr. Granville's paper was concluded.—A paper was also read, entitled "On the permeability of transparent screens of extreme tenuity by radiant heat," by W. Ritchie; communicated by Mr. Herschell.—March 15. Captain G. Everest, conductor of the trigonometrical survey of India, was admitted Fellow of the Society; and M. M. Struve, Stromayer, Plana, and Soëmering, were elected Foreign Members.—A paper was read, entitled "Correction of an Error in the reduction of the observations for atmospherical refraction at Point Bowen, by Lieut. Forster, R.N., F.R.S.; the reading was also commenced of a Paper on Experiments for determining the mean density of the Earth, made with two invariable pendulums, at the mine of Dolcoath, in Cornwall, by Mr. Whewell, F.R.S., and G. B. Airey, F.R.S.—Mar. 22. The reading of the above paper was concluded, and an Appendix to it, by Professor Airey, was read.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris, January 22, and February 17.—The president stated, that after a due examination of the subject, nothing prevented the memoirs "on the physiology of vegetables" from appearing among those which are written for the prize for "experimental physiology," founded by M. Montyon.—M. Arago communicated a letter from M. Bous-singault, addressed to M. Humboldt, and dated from Bogota, in which he describes the earthquake experienced there on June 17, 1826. M. M. Silvestre and Rose made a favourable report on two memoirs of M. Saintomens, concerning the improvement of the uncultivated parts of the Landes.—A favourable report was likewise made by M. Dulong and Gay Lussac, on a memoir of M. Dumas, on various points of the atomic theory—which paper, as well as another by Dr. V. Portal, on "human aneucephalous monsters," was ordered to be inserted among the communications of learned strangers. The same honour was likewise adjudged to the observations of M. Lescelles on some compounds of brome which he had obtained.—February 19. A letter of M. Le Roy of Etioilles, was read, relative to new instruments for measuring the stones in the bladder.—Some observations and calculations regarding the comet in Boötes, was communicated by M. Vabe and Gambart.—M. Cauchy presented a memoir on the shock of elastic bodies.—A favourable but verbal re-

port was made by M. Blainville, on Dr. Charvet's work "on the comparative action of opium, and its constituent principles on the animal economy."—A very complimentary report was delivered by M. M. Thenard and Chevreul, on a memoir of M. M. Colin and Robiquet, entitled "new researches on the colouring matter of madder," which was ordered to be inserted in the collection of learned foreigners.—26. M. Delessert made some communications relative to M. Vallance's (an English engineer) plan of travelling by means of an exhausted cylinder.—M. Arago mentioned having heard from Captain Sabine, that Captain Franklin had crossed the whole of North America, and arrived in Behring's Straits.—M. Naviere presented a work on the movement of an elastic fluid rushing from a reservoir or gasometer.—March 9. The meeting was adjourned, in consequence of the death of M. La Place.—12. M. Geoffrey St. Hilaire stated, that M. Tournier Pareay was about to send from Hayti to the academy, a work on the yellow fever, which he had been observing for four years, and did not consider to be at all contagious.

—M. Cauchy read a memoir on the tension or pression in elastic bodies, and another on the shock of elastic bodies.—19. M. M. Latreille and Dumeril made a favourable report on the memoir of M. Vellot, concerning the *Cecidomyes*, the *Gruus Tipula* of Linnæus. M. M. Cuvier and Dumeril made a report on the memoir of M. M. Audouin and Milne Edwards, which was ordered to be inserted in the collection of learned strangers.—M. Biot read a memoir on the measure of the azimuths in geodetical operations, and in particular on the amplitude of the chain of triangles which extend from Bourdeaux to Fuimes in Istria.—M. Cuvier read a memoir on a genus of fish called pogonias.—M. G. St. Hilaire communicated on this subject some observations which he had made on certain silecies of the Nile, which produce in water a sound, which is very audible to a by-stander, and which they appear to make by means of their fins. —A verbal report was made by M. Girard on M. Lamblardie's work, entitled "observations on the projected tolls upon the Seine."

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Scientific Consistency.—We noticed in our last the fortuitous concurrence of certain atoms of gold which had found their way from the Royal Society of England and the Institute of France, to the hand of Captain Sabine; without alluding to the private motives (and we shall be understood by those whom it concerns) which may have influenced these two learned bodies, in thus crowning with laurels this gentleman's work on the pendulum; we shall offer a few observations on the work itself. On its first appearance, we ventured to hint, that the harmony pervading it, so far from proving accuracy of observation, merely shewed the skill with which the results had been adjusted, or the judgment displayed in selecting the observations: now we appeal to scientific men, if results differing in general but the fraction of a second, are likely to be obtained from observations made upon certain stars, whose position has been accurately determined by numerous observations, continued through a series of years, and from others whose places are known only from La Caille, or if noticed by Rumker, have not been attended to by him for a sufficient length of time to admit of their right ascension and declination being calculated with precision. Captain Sabine refers in particular, as a proof of the accuracy of his instrument, to the uniformity of the result obtained at Maranham; the mean latitude of which, is stated by him, at $20^{\circ} 31' 42.4''$, when it ought to have been given at $20^{\circ} 31' 23.6''$; and the difference of the least and greatest observations, instead of being two seconds and a-half, is greater than twenty seconds; in fact this difference,

instead of being constant, is variable: for example—the discrepancy between his statements and the truth, on his own showing, amounts in six instances to $43.3''$ — $42.1''$ — $44.6''$ — $1.2''$ — $1.3''$ — $2.5''$ —&c. Again, the latitude of Drontheim is wrong, 13.5° , but it is needless to select from what is only a mass of error; however, as the time at various places, New York and Maranham, for example, was determined by observations made with the same unlucky repeating circle, the account of the rate of the chronometers, and in fact, every computation into which the time entered as an element, cannot be depended upon; still, did the results published by Captain Sabine admit of correction, all confidence in himself and his proceedings is utterly destroyed, when we find the multiplication of errors of which no well made instrument is susceptible, and when we see this member of a "scientific family" so negligent in performing a task which he had undertaken, as never to have verified the instrument he employed. To Lieutenant Forster we do not allude; he has made the amende honorable, throwing himself on the mercy of the public, and citing Captain Sabine as the authority for his mistake. There is another oversight of Capt. Sabine, which is likely to be attended with more serious consequences. When performing his experiments in America, he communicated to the Scientific Institutions of that country the length of the English yard, at that time a particular desideratum, as the subject of regulating their weights and measures was occupying their attention. On his return to this country it was discovered, that an error

existed in the length he had assigned to it; so far, however, from apprizing them of his unintentional mistake, the circumstance was kept a profound secret, and we now learn from a paper, inserted in the last number of the Quarterly Journal of Science, that ever since Capt. Sabine's visit to America, the philosophers of that country, relying upon his statement, have been occupied in adjusting their measures by his incorrect standard: when we assert, which we do fearlessly, that he has known for a year and a half that the measure which he gave was incorrect, and that he has failed to communicate the fact, the circumstance needs no comment. From this recipiendary of the Copley medal, let us now turn to the royal medals. A year or two since, his Majesty graciously bestowed upon the Royal Society two annual gold medals, of the value of fifty guineas each, to be awarded as honorary premiums, under the direction of the "President and Council of the Royal Society, in such a manner as shall, by the excitement of competition among men of science, seem best calculated to promote the object for which the Royal Society was instituted" (extract from Mr. Peel's letter); desiring, at the same time, to be informed of the conditions upon which the Society intended to award them. The resolution adopted on the occasion, by the council, communicated to, and approved of by, his Majesty, was, that they should be given for the most useful "discoveries, or series of investigations, completed and made known to the Royal Society, in the year preceding the day of their award." In contravention of this, their own resolution, the council adjudged the royal medals for 1826 to Mr. Dalton, for his chemical theory of definite proportions, published nearly twenty years ago; and to Mr. Ivory, for his mathematical papers, inserted in the philosophical transactions some three or four years since.

We have not as yet heard that Mr. Peel has signified his Majesty's approbation of these incongruous resolutions, the glaring inconsistency of which has, it is reported, led to some warm discussions in the society; but we hope that its pecuniary affairs are administered with more integrity than those upon which its scientific character depend, and we recommend to all our readers a perusal of Dr. Brewster's remarks, contained in the last number of his Journal, on the signal impropriety of plundering the present generation of their honours, to bestow them on the race that is past.

Hybernation of the Black Ant.—On the 18th January, a large elm tree, to all appearance sound, was cut down, on the estate of Mr. Baden Powell, of Lackington Green, near Tunbridge Wells. On examining the lower part of the trunk, close to the root, a large excavation was discovered, rendering the base of the tree quite hollow; this cavity was filled with a large nest, somewhat resembling a wasp's nest, but of looser materials, being composed of cells, or separate

excavations, the sides of which were tough and pliable, and of a brownish colour, smelling strongly of the sap of the tree, and filled with innumerable large black ants, and their eggs quite alive, that is, not torpid. The tree had evidently been excavated by them, and would, in all probability, have ere long failed in its accustomed foliage, the cavity being very large; it appeared, indeed, to have measured above a foot in height, and the same in diameter, tapering towards the upper part. I am not aware that the nidus of this species of ant has ever been described, and, should any of your correspondents wish it, I have not any doubt but a drawing might be obtained, as the nest is preserved.—T. Forster, *Phil. Mag.*

Steam Boilers.—In the Philosophical Magazine for February, there is a very valuable communication from Mr. J. Taylor, who is led to inquire, with much modest caution, whether or not the bursting of steam-boilers may not be occasioned by a vacuum, formed in the furnace, by the formation and explosion of gas, leaving the boiler to support, suddenly, the increased expansive force of the steam. Mr. Perkins, in a very able paper, inserted in Newton's Journal of the Arts, for April, has advanced a different theory, of which the following is an abstract. Steam, he says, is often so generated as to indicate very high degrees of temperature without a corresponding increase of power, so as evidently to prove that temperature alone cannot be relied on as a measure of the elastic power of steam. Having ascertained this curious fact, he imagined, that if heated water were suddenly injected into the superheated steam, the effect would instantly be the formation of highly elastic steam, the strength of which would depend upon the temperature and quantity of the supercharged steam, and of the water injected. This theory was verified by experiment, and it soon occurred to him that to this might be traced the cause of the tremendous explosions that suddenly take place in low as well as high pressure boilers. There are many instances where, immediately before one of these terrific explosions had taken place, the engines laboured, shewing evidently a decrease of power in the engine. To illustrate the theory of sudden explosions, let us suppose the feed-pipe, or pump, to be choked; in this case the water would soon sink below some parts of the boiler, which should be constantly covered by it, thus causing them to become heated to a much higher temperature than the water: the steam being now in contact with the heated metal, readily takes up the heat, and becomes supercharged with it; since caloric will not descend in water, it cannot be taken up by the water which is below it. The steam thus supercharged will heat the upper surface of the boiler, in some cases red hot, and will ignite coals or any other combustible matter which may be in contact with it. If the water, which is kept below the supercharged steam by the pressure of it,

*should by any circumstance be made to take up the excess of caloric in the steam, as well as that from the upper part of the boiler, which has become heated above the temperature of the water, in consequence of the water having been allowed to get too low, it will instantly become highly elastic steam, and an explosion cannot be prevented by any safety valve hitherto used.

Iron Bridge at Paris.—From the inadequate, perhaps we should say unscientific, manner in which the ends of the chain bridge at Paris, were fastened, that structure has entirely given way; but as the scaffolding on which the road-way had been formed, was standing a little below it, and immediately relieved the chains of a great portion of their load, little damage was done to any part of the materials.

Entomology.—In Dr. Brewster's Journal, for April, there is noticed a new species of *Oscillatoria*, *O. rubescens*, which, though it has been long known to the inhabitants of part of Switzerland, has only recently been observed by the learned, and is described by Professor Decandolle, of Geneva. It is annually observed from about November to May, in the lake of Morat, which is covered in several places with a remarkably red substance. During the first hours of the day nothing particular is observed in the lake, but soon after there are seen long red lines, very regular and parallel along the margin of the lake, and at some distance from its banks. During the day this mass exhales a putrid smell; and during the night the whole disappears to return again the next day. When the lake, too, is agitated by high winds, the phenomenon disappears, and presents itself again when a calm returns. Upon submitting some of this substance to an attentive examination, it was found, as above described, to be a new species of *Oscillatoria*.

Natural History.—In the third part of the Philosophical Transactions for 1826, Mr. Osler has inserted a paper, on the burrowing and boring of marine animals, in which this learned naturalist states, that he conceives the pholades and teredines perforate their habitations by mechanical action alone; but the lithophagi, which would have the greatest mechanical resistance to overcome, appearing to be destitute even of the smallest mechanical force, he has come to the opinion that they must form their burrows in the rocks, which they inhabit, by means of some solvent secreted by the animal.

Earthquakes.—At St. Jago de Cuba, the most tremendous earthquake which has been experienced for fifty years, took place on the 18th of September, between three and four, A.M., and destroyed nearly one half of the town. It was felt at Kingston, Jamaica, the same day and hour. An earthquake was also felt and heard in the island of Arran, in Scotland, on the 20th of November, 1826.

Length of the Ancient Stadium.—A very accurate map of Turkey in Europe and of Greece, drawn up by M. Lepie, from mate-

rials collected by Count Guilleminot, the French Ambassador at Constantinople, and Baron Tremelin has completely resolved the problem of the length of the ancient stadia, and has demonstrated that they were, according to the opinion adopted by M. Gosselin, and rejected by D'Anville, 700 to a degree. Strabo, for example, reckons it 200 stadia from Corinth to Argos, and Pausanias, 660 from Sparta to Olympia. These are the exact distances found on the new map on stadia of 700 to a degree; which proves at once the accuracy of the ancient geographers, and that of the modern map.

Marking Ink.—Moisten the linen to be marked with one ounce and a-half of prepared soda, and the same quantity of gum arabic dissolved in four ounces of water; and when dry, write the characters with fifty grains of lunar caustic, one dram of gum arabic, and fifty grains of lamp black dissolved in half an ounce of water. The above composition will resist every effort to remove it.

Ganganelli's Correspondence.—A singular work has just made its appearance in France: it is the correspondence, which has been only recently found, between two persons, each of whom obtained a great, but very different celebrity. The facts are these: In 1720, in a seminary at Rimini, there were two children who contracted for each other a very strong friendship; one was the son of a labourer in the neighbourhood of *Santo Angelo-in-Vado*; the other was the only son of an officer of fortune in the service of the King of Sardinia. These two engaged, that whatever might be their lot in the world, they would never allow more than two years to pass without writing to or seeing each other: this promise was religiously observed. One of the children, Laurent Ganganelli, became professor of philosophy at Orsaro, entered into the order of St. Francis, held some high situation under the inquisition, was then made cardinal, and lastly pope, under the title of Clement XIV. The other child, Carlo Bartinazzi, went into France after his father's death, and better known under the name of Carlin, became one of the best harlequins of the Italian comedy. These are the two persons whose correspondence is now published. It may be added, that it was this very Clement XIV, predecessor of Pius VI, who in 1773, and at the request of all the European princes of the House of Bourbon, pronounced the abolition of the Society of Jesuits, which the present Royal Family of France are labouring so hard to re-establish.

Improved Chronometers.—In the public exhibition of the objects of national industry, which has just closed at Neuchâtel, a chronometer was produced, the work of M. Houriet, of Lorbe, in which steel was employed only for the main spring and for the axes of the movers; all the other parts were of brass, alloyed gold, gold of eighteen carats, and of platinum, and amounted in number to sixty-two: all the pivots turn on jewels,

and the movements of the free escapement are performed by means of palettes of precious stones. Some artists having observed to M. Houriet that the escapement and the spiral spring not being of steel, the inconvenience of a less degree of elasticity would be the result; numerous and successful experiments supplied a decisive answer to the objection; and it appears evident that gold, when hardened, is more elastic than hardened steel when untempered. During six days, this machine was exposed to an artificial magnet, of the strength of from twenty-five to thirty pounds, without its performance being in the least deranged. This new method of constructing chronometers, may be of the highest importance to those intrepid navigators who may explore the northern regions, in which the magnetic influence frequently produces a very sensible effect upon the chronometers constructed in the usual way.

Antient Manufactory of Arms.—The following very interesting account is extracted from one of the best foreign journals, the *Revue Encyclopedique*. The Count D'Abzac, a magistrate in the canton of Tervasson (Dordogne), has discovered by the side of the new road from Lyons to Bourdeaux, between Ternasson and Arrac, opposite the village of Boissier, the remains of one of the armouries, if such they may be called, where the ancients constructed their arms and instruments of flint. M. Jouannet, of Bourdeaux, who has so ably illustrated this branch of industry of the ancient inhabitants of Perigord, had already discovered in the Sacladais two of their ancient work-shops; and this last, like the two others, is characterized by a great quantity of fragments of flint, by a multitude of roughly-hewn darts, by the neighbourhood of a natural grotto, which probably served as a retreat for the workmen, and above, by a considerable heap of bones of domestic animals, which still retain the marks of the fire that had charred them. It may be remarked, that silex is not found nearer to Boissier than two leagues, and that it was necessary to hew many roughly

before they could obtain perfect arms or utensils, as may be seen by the numbers which are imperfect and have been left.—But whence the heap of bones? This is a question which, in all probability, will never be resolved.

Compression of Water.—The following are the results obtained by Mr. Parkins, from experiments on the progressive compression of water, with high degrees of force, and communicated to the Royal Society. The column of water is 190 inches in height, and the pressure of one atmosphere is, of course, estimated at fourteen pounds.

Atmospheres.	Compression in Inches.
10.....	0 189
20.....	0 372
30.....	0 543
40.....	0 691
50.....	0 812
60.....	0 956
70.....	1 056
80.....	1 087
90.....	1 288
100.....	1 422
150.....	1 914
200.....	2 440
300.....	3 339
400.....	4 193
500.....	5 987
600.....	5 907
700.....	6 715
800.....	7 402
900.....	8 243
1000.....	9 002
2000.....	15 833

We may add, that the cause of the colour of the Red Sea, which has given rise to various conjectures, has been decided by the Prussian travellers, M. M. Hemprich and Ehrenburg; the account of whose researches in Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, will speedily appear. M. E. remarked the first, that the colour above alluded to, arose from a species of oscillatoria, small vegetables, or animalculæ connected both with the animal and vegetable kingdom.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Capt. Andrews' Journal of his Travels from Buenos Ayres through the United Provinces to Coquimbo is expected to contain much new and interesting information. Also his explanation of his proceedings in behalf of the Chilian and Peruvian Mining Company, which he promises in an appendix, is much looked for by those lately concerned in the South American Mining speculations.

Mr. Horace Smith has a new novel in the press, to be entitled "Reuben Apsley." The scene is laid in England during the short reign of James the 2nd, some of the most

remarkable events of which are, we understand, embodied in the story; such, for example, as the disastrous rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth, the sanguinary Western assizes under Judge Jeffreys, and the triumphant landing of the Prince of Orange. The most prominent of the *historical* characters is Judge Jeffreys.

The Second Part of Mr. Crofton Croker's *Fairy Legends* will certainly appear next June.

We learn that a more extensive work on a similar subject, entitled the *Fairy Mythology*, may be expected early next season.

The Book Collector's Manual, or a Guide to the Knowledge of upwards of 20,000 rare,

curious, and useful Books, printed in or relating to Great Britain and Ireland.

The Third Series of Highways and Byways is now on the eve of publication.

A new edition of the *Pioneers*, by the author of the *Prairie, Spy, Pilot, &c.*, is just ready.

The Rev. Thos. Belsham is preparing for the press a second volume of his *Doctrinal and Practical Discourses*.

A Novel, entitled the *Guards*, will soon appear.

Miss Edgeworth has in the press a second volume of *Dramatic Tales for Children*, intended as an additional volume of the *Parent's Assistant*.

M. Mai will shortly publish at Rome some hitherto inedited fragments of the Greek Historians, Polybius, Diodorus Siculus, Dionysius Halicarnassus, Dion Cassus, Eunapius, and others. In one vol., 4to. with a Latin translation by the Editor, and some Notes.

The *Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornorton*.

Mr. Godfrey Higgins, author of a Treatise entitled *Horæ Sabbaticæ*, has nearly ready a work (in 4to. with lithographic prints) respecting the Celtic Druids.

The *Subaltern's Log Book* during two voyages to India, and *Eighteen Years' Observation on Land and Water*.

Mr. Dewhurst is preparing a system of Osteology, illustrated with engravings in lithography of the Bones of the size of Nature, from drawings taken from the recent Skeleton.

General Foy's *M.S. History of the War in the Peninsula*, preceded by a Political and Military View of Europe from 1789 to 1814, is about to be printed in four volumes.

Mr. Clark is preparing for publication a series of instructions in Landscape Painting in Water Colours, illustrated by Fifty-five Views from Nature, descriptive objects, &c. mounted separately, in imitation of drawings.

The Rev. J. Ross is preparing a Translation from the German of Hirsch's *Geometry*, uniform with his translation of Hirsch's *Algebra*.

Mr. T. F. Hunt, author of *Half-a-dozen Hints on Architecture*, has nearly ready *Designs for Parsonage Houses, Alms' Houses, &c.*

A *Life of Morris Birkbeck*, written by his Daughter, is nearly ready.

A Translation is preparing of a Reply by the Bishop of Strasbourg (late Bishop of Aire) to Faber's *Difficulties of Romanism*, which work was directed against a former production of the Bishop of Strasbourg, entitled *Discussion Amicale*. Also, *The Discussion Amicale*, in 2 vols., translated by the Rev. W. Richmond.

Chemical Manipulation, containing Instructions to Students in Chemistry relative to the methods of performing experiments, either of demonstration or research, with accuracy and success, by M. Faraday, F.R.S.

The *Aylmers*, a Novel. Nearly ready.

An Account of the Deaths of Men who have been eminent for their attainments in Theology, Philosophy, and General Literature. By the Rev. Henry Clissold, M.A.

The *Reigning Vice*, a Satirical Essay.

Mr. William J. Thoms announces a series of Reprints, accompanied by Illustrative and Bibliographical Notices, of the more curious old *Prose Romances*. The Work will appear in Monthly Parts, and the first, containing the prose "Life of Roberte the Deuyll," from the edition by Wynkyn de Worde, in the Garrick collection, will be ready on the 1st of May.

A complete Edition of Mr. Wordsworth's Poems, including "The Excursions," are nearly ready.

The Honourable Frederick De Roos, R.N. is preparing for publication a Personal Narrative of his Travels in the United States, with some important Remarks on the State of the American Maritime resources.

On the 1st of June, 1827, will be published Part I. a *Natural History of the Bible*; or, a descriptive Account of the Zoology, Botany, and Mineralogy of the Holy Scriptures: compiled from the most authentic sources, British and Foreign, and adapted to the use of English readers. Illustrated with numerous engravings. By William Carpenter.

In the Press. *The Desolation of Eyam*; the *Emigrant*, and other Poems. By William and Mary Howitt, Authors of the *Forest Minstrel*, and other Poems.

Mr. Peter Nicholson, Author of *The Carpenter's New Guide*, and other Architectural Works, has in the press a new Treatise, entitled *The School of Architecture and Engineering*, the first number of which will be ready for publication early in May.

The Principles and Practice of Botany, an elementary work. By Thomas Castle, is in preparation.

Some Account of the Science of Botany, being the Substance of an Introductory Lecture, delivered in the Theatre of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By John Frost, F.A.S. and L.S. of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and dedicated by permission to the King.

The Rev. J. East, A.M. announces *The Sea-Side*: a series of Short Essays and Poems, suggested by a temporary residence at a Watering Place.

A Translation of some of the most popular Fairy Tales from the German is in the press. They will be illustrated by Cruikshank.

The Theological Encyclopedia, embracing every topic connected with Biblical Criticism and Theology, is in preparation.

Original Correspondence between the Right Hon. Edmund Burke and French Lawrence, Esq. L.L.D. is announced, in one volume 8vo.

Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq. F.S.A. has ready for publication a *History of the Battle of Agincourt*, together with a copy of the Roll returned into the Exchequer in Nov. 1416,

by command of Henry the Fifth, of the names of the Nobility, Knights, Esquires, and others, who were present on that occasion.

A Concise History of the Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times; or an Account of the Means by which the Genuineness and Authenticity of Historical Works especially, and Ancient Literature in general, are ascertained. By Isaac Taylor, jun. Author of Elements of Thought, &c. 1 vol. 8vo.

Preparing for the press in 2 vols. 12mo. Memoirs, including Correspondence and other Remains of Mr. John Urquhart, late of the University of St. Andrews. By William Orme.

Dr. Gordon Smith's Work on Poisons, which has been greatly delayed by ill health on the part of the Author, will shortly be ready for publication.

Early in May will appear, London in the Olden Time. A Second Series. Comprising Tales illustrative of the Manners, Habits, and Superstitions of its Inhabitants from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. 1 vol. crown 8vo.

Pathological and Practical Observations on Spinal Complaints, illustrated with cases and engravings. Also an Inquiry into the Origin and Cure of Distorted Limbs, By Edward Harrison, M.D. F.R.A.S. Ed. formerly President of the Royal Medical and Physical Societies of Edinburgh, &c., is in the press.

A fashionable jeu d'esprit is announced by Mr. Ainsworth, under the piquant title of May Fair. It is dedicated to the Coterie at Holland House.

An Appeal to Reason; or, Christianity and Deism Contrasted. Dedicated to the Members of the Christian Evidence Society, by the Rev. Samuel Walter Burgess, D.D.

Mr. Sweet has nearly ready for publication, in monthly numbers, with coloured plates, The Florists' Guide and Cultivators' Directory, or an exhibition, with the best method of cultivation of Tulips, Hyacinths, Carnations, Pinks, Ranunculuses, Roses, Auriculas, &c. &c.

Major Frederick Johnston is preparing for publication a Translation from the German of Count Von Bismark's celebrated Lectures on the Tactics of Cavalry, to be dedicated by permission to Gen. Sir Hussey Vivian, Colonel of the 12th Lancers.

The Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Admiral Lord Collingwood. By G. Newnham Collingwood, Esq. are in a state of forwardness for publication.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

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History of the Rt. Hon. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, containing his Speeches in Parliament, a Portion of his Correspondence when Secretary of State, upon French, Spanish, and American Affairs, with an account of the principal events and persons connected with his Life, Sentiments, and

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List of Patents, which, having been granted in May 1813, expire in the present month of May 1827.

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31. John Mander, Aaron Manby, and Joseph Vernon, Wolverhampton, for making the scoria or keg from iron works into such forms that they may be used for bricks or tiles.

— James Oliphant, London, for an improved method of making military caps.

— Thomas Grant, Bideford, Devon, for certain ingredients which diminish the consumption of oil in making paint.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE MARQUESS OF CHOLMONDELEY.

George James Cholmondeley, Marquess and Earl of Cholmondeley, Earl of Rock-savage, Viscount Malpas, Baron Cholmondeley, of Nantwich, in the county of Chester, Baron Newburgh, in the county of Anglesey, Viscount Cholmondeley, of Kells, Baron Newburgh, of the county of Wexford, in the Peerage of Ireland, and a baronet, was born on the 30th of April, 1749. He succeeded his grandfather, third Earl of Cholmondeley, on the 10th of June, 1770. He married on the 25th of April, 1791, Georgiana Charlotte Bertie, second daughter of Peregrine, third Duke of Ancaster, (joint hereditary great Chamberlain of England, with her sister Priscilla, Baroness Wiltoughby de Eresby.) By that lady he had issue, George James Horatio, his successor; a daughter, Charlotte, who married Colonel Hugh Seymour, M.P. (second son of the late Lord Hugh Seymour,) who died in 1821, and another son, William Henry.

The Marquess of Cholmondeley was one of the oldest families of the county of Chester.* He possessed also the best estate in

that county; and his fortune was some years ago increased by his succeeding to the estate of Houghton, in Norfolk, by the death of Horatio, Earl of Orford.

Lord Cholmondeley long served in the ranks of opposition; but, when our present Sovereign assumed the Regency, he attached himself to him, and was made Lord Steward of the Household. On the 22d of November, 1815, he was created Marquess of Cholmondeley and Earl of Rocksavage. His Lordship was Judge of the Marshalsea and Palace Courts, and Chamberlain of Chester.

His Lordship's death was quite sudden. On the night of Monday, April the 9th, he retired to rest, in the enjoyment of his usual health, at 12 o'clock. About an hour afterwards he was taken very ill; Sir Henry Hallford was immediately summoned; but, notwithstanding the most prompt attention,

common ancestor, William le Bellward, who was Baron of Malpas, in that county, under the Norman Earls Palatine. David de Malpas, the eldest son of William le Bellward, was ancestor of the Egertons: and Robert, the second son, having, by gift of his father, the Lordship of Cholmondeley, settled there, and assumed the local name, which has been continued in his descendants.

* The two great Cheshire families of Egerton and Cholmondeley, are both descended from the same

the noble Marquess expired at 9 o'clock on the following morning.

His Lordship, by whose death a blue ribband was vacated, is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son. This nobleman was born on the 17th of January, 1792. He married, in 1812, Caroline, second daughter of Lieutenant General Collin Campbell, Lieutenant Governor of Gibraltar; but by her Ladyship, who died in 1815, he had no issue. His Lordship was called up to the House of Peers on the 27th of December, 1821, and placed in his father's Barony of Newburgh.

CHARLES DIGNUM.

This once popular singer is said to have been born at Rotherhithe. Subsequently, his father was a respectable, but not affluent master tailor, in Wild-street, Lincoln's-inn Fields; and to the tailoring business young Dignum was at first devoted, and, we are told, became an early proficient in the art. His parents being of the Roman Catholic church, he sang in the choir when a boy, at the Sardinian ambassador's chapel. At that time, his voice was admired by the frequenters of the chapel for its melody and power; so much so, that Mr. Samuel Webb, a man of fortune, extremely well known in the musical world, remarked his talents, and gave him instruction. The youth, however, though he had a soul above a button, entertained no idea of adopting music as a profession; he wished rather to dedicate himself to the service of religion, and importuned his father to send him to the college at Douay, to complete his education, and fit him for taking holy orders. This plan was relinquished, in consequence, we believe, of the pecuniary embarrassments of his father; and Charles Dignum was placed on trial under the care of a carver and gilder, named Egglesoe, who was at the head of that branch in the great establishments of Messrs. Seddon, in Aldersgate-street. He remained nine months in this situation, and was on the point of being regularly articulated, when a quarrel between his father and Egglesoe dissolved the connexion. Chance now operated in his favour: whilst doubting what occupation he should follow, he was introduced to the celebrated Mr. Linley, who perceived his talents, and gave him flattering hopes of becoming an acquisition to the stage. Dignum, in consequence, articulated himself to Linley for seven years; and, it is said, that during his musical probation, he was often obliged to take a lesson as a breakfast, and to sing a song instead of eating a dinner. However, at a subsequent period of his life, he would, to compensate for his early losses in the way of eating, take a mutton chop in the forenoon at one house, a basin of soup at a second, and a beef-steak at a third. When wanted at rehearsal, he was sure to be found in some chop-house, near Covent-garden, reasoning with the cook-maid, or contemplating the beauties of the larder. Corpulence was the

consequence of this indulgence. But, we are anticipating.

Linley bestowed the most indefatigable attentions on his pupil, and would not permit him to sing in public till his judgment was sufficiently matured. It was in the year 1784, that Charles Dignum made his *début* in the character of Young Meadows, in the comic opera of *Love in a Village*. His figure was rather unfavourable for the part, but his voice was so clear and full-toned, and his manner of singing so judicious, that he was received with great applause. Upon this occasion, however, the desire of Sir William Meadows that his son should go and plant cabbages and cucumbers, was regarded as a palpable hit against the singer's early occupation, and produced an effect upon the audience more risible than had ever been contemplated by the author. Altogether, his success was such as to give the opera a run of several nights.

Dignum next appeared in Cymon, and again experienced the most flattering approbation. On the removal of the elder Bannister to the Royalty Theatre, he succeeded to a caste of parts more suited to his person and his voice, which was a fine tenor. Amongst other characters, those of Hawthorn and Giles particularly suited him: indeed he was thought superior in them to any actor that had appeared since the days of Beard, their original representative.

Dignum was decidedly a bad actor, or rather no actor at all; yet, from his vocal powers he, for many years, held a respectable situation at the theatre. At Vauxhall, at concerts, and at public dinners, he was also exceedingly popular. Of his intellectual superiority, brilliant wit, and splendid conversational talent, many highly amusing anecdotes might be gleaned. Amongst others, it has been mentioned, that, when he found his body growing very bulky, he observed to some of his professional brethren, that it was troublesome to be always placing his right hand upon his heart, and wished to know, whether, if his heart were occasionally employed in a similar service, it would not do as well!

Dignum, amidst all his ludicrous eccentricities, was an amiable, good-natured, jolly fellow. He married, many years ago, Miss Rennet, the daughter of an attorney, with whom he received a considerable accession of fortune. After her death, so greatly did her loss prey upon his mind, he was for some time in a state of mental derangement. Another of his family distresses proved, for a time, very severe. A married daughter of his—we cannot recollect the lady's name—who lived in the neighbourhood of Islington, had her infant son carried off in an extraordinary manner, by a Mr. Rennet, a relation, by her mother's side. The child was ultimately recovered; and Rennet was apprehended, tried, convicted, and transported for the offence.

Dignum had long retired from the stage,
2 B 2

in easy circumstances. He was the composer of several pleasing ballads; and he published, by subscription, a collection of popular vocal music. He died at his residence in Gloucester-street, on the 29th of March, at the age of sixty-two. The immediate cause of his death was an inflammation of the lungs, produced by severe cold.

EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

Charles Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, in England, Earl of Wexford and Waterford, in Ireland, F.S.A., &c., was born on the 8th of March 1753. He succeeded his uncle, George, the fifteenth earl, on the 27th July 1787; and he married, on the 12th of September 1792, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James Hoey, Esq., of Dublin. He met with the lady at Bordeaux, whither she had gone to take the veil.

His Lordship was educated at Christ Church College; he was the premier earl of the English peerage; but being a Roman Catholic, he could not act in public life. Until the accession to the title of the present Duke of Norfolk, he was for many years considered as at the head of the Roman Catholics in England. His Lordship always conducted himself with great moderation.

The Earl of Shrewsbury, who traced an uninterrupted male descent from the time of William the Conqueror, with whom his ancestor, Richard Talbot, came into England, died, after a long illness, on the 6th of April; and, leaving no issue, he is succeeded in his title and estates, by his nephew John, the present earl. His lordship died possessed of nearly half a million of money, independent of landed and other property. He bequeathed all his estates, plate, furniture, &c. to his successor, who is also residuary legatee to upwards of £400,000. The legacies amount to about £30,000; the annuities to £5,400 per annum; and the charitable bequests to £3,000. The funeral obsequies of his lordship were celebrated on the 18th of April, in the chapel of the Bavarian ambassador, in Warwick-street, in a style of extraordinary pomp and splendour. The body was removed thence for interment to the family vault.

BEETHOVEN.

The musical world has sustained a heavy, perhaps an irreparable loss by the death of Von Beethoven, the celebrated German composer. Luderig Von Beethoven, was born at Baun, in the year 1770; his father being, at that time, the tenor singer in the chapel of the Elector. His earliest instructions in music, were received from Neefe, the court organist; and so rapid was his progress that, at the early age of eleven, he was able to play the far famed preludes and fugues of the great Sebastian Bach. He was early instructed in composition; and, at the same age, we find published at Mannheim and Speyer, under his name, variations to a march, sonatas, and songs, all for the piano-forte. The Elector of Cologne, attracted by his youthful genius, became his patron; and, in 1792, he sent him to Vienna, as court orga-

nist, under the celebrated J. Haydn. Two years afterwards, Haydn, on leaving Vienna for London, placed young Beethoven under the care of Albrechtsberger, one of the most learned of modern contra-puntists. At this period, however, Beethoven was more distinguished for his performance than for his composition: the critics of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* of Leipsic, the first musical Review in Europe, while they were loud in their praises of him as a player, were proportionately severe in their remarks on his attempts at composition, not allowing to him even the merit of framing variations. With some deficiency in precision, and distinctness of touch, his execution was singularly spirited and brilliant; and, in an extemporaneous performance, and in the art of instantaneously varying any given theme, he was second only to Mozart.

In the year 1801, the death of the Elector, and the precarious situation of the court of Cologne, during the war, induced Beethoven to make choice of Vienna as his future and permanent residence. Original and independent in his modes of thinking, as well as in the style of his musical composition, Beethoven's manners appear to have been rather repulsive than conciliating: his friends were few, and he was in open enmity with many. The court taste at Vienna ran in favour of Italian music. Salieri, the Italian, was, at this time, in possession of all the honours and all the emoluments of principal Maestro di Capella to their Imperial Majesties; and Beethoven, without patronage or support, was left entirely to his own resources. Under circumstances thus unfavourable, he was induced, in 1809, to accept an offer from the new Westphalian court of Jerome Buonaparte, of the situation of Maestro di Capella; fortunately, however, for the honour of Vienna and of Austria, the Archduke Rodolph, and the princes Lobkowitz and Kinsky, induced him to rescind his determination. In the handsomest and most delicate manner those princes had an instrument drawn up, by which they settled upon Beethoven an annuity of 4,000 florins, with no other condition, than that so long as he should enjoy it he must reside at Vienna, or in some other part of the Austrian dominions, not being allowed to visit foreign countries, unless by the express consent of his patrons. With such an income, equal to nearly £400 a year, we are at a loss to know how it was that the latter period of Beethoven's life was passed in penury, and, as it is said, almost in a state of destitution. Beethoven could not have forfeited his annuity; for, although he had always a great wish to see foreign countries, particularly England, he never even made application for leave of absence; yet, on the sixth of March last, we find him thus earnestly addressing a professional friend of his in this country.

"Dear Sir,—I do not doubt but that you have already received, through Mr. Moscheles, my letter of the 22d of February. Having, however, by chance, found your address amongst my papers, I do not delay writing to

you, once more, most pressingly, to urge your kind attention to my unhappy situation. Alas! up to the present day, I see no hopes of a termination to my dreadful malady; on the contrary, my sufferings, and with them my cares, increase. On the 27th of February I was operated upon (tapped) for the fourth time; and perhaps the fates will that I may expect to undergo this operation a fifth time, or even oftener. If this continues, my illness will then last half the summer—and in that case what is to become of me? Upon what am I to live until I regain my lost strength, so as to enable me to earn my subsistence with my pen? But I will not weary you with new complaints, but merely refer to my letter of the 22d of February, and entreat you to exert all your influence to persuade the Philharmonic Society to carry promptly into effect their former resolution relative to the academy, for my advantage. My strength does not permit me to say more; and I am so fully convinced of your friendly sentiments towards me that I need not fear being misunderstood. Accept the assurance of the highest respect with which, anxiously looking forward to your early reply, I always am, dear Sir, your's devotedly."

Beethoven had received a regular classical education; Homer and Plutarch were his great favourites amongst the ancients; and of the native poets Schiller and Goëthe (who was his personal friend,) he preferred to all others. For a considerable time he also

studied more abstruse subjects, such as Kant's Philosophy, &c.

We have seen a list of no fewer than 120 of Beethoven's performances, the greater part of which are allowed to be productions of the highest order. In the loftier strains of composition he was almost without a rival. His overture to the "Men of Rome and Lens," and his piano-forte concerto in C minor, 6 p. 37, would alone be sufficient to immortalise him. In many of his orchestral symphonies, overtures, quartetts for the violin, concertos, trios, and sonatas for the piano-forte, he may be ranked with Haydn and Mozart. Of Handel and Mozart Beethoven was a worshipping admirer. Of Handel he was once heard to exclaim, "I would uncover my head and kneel down on his tomb!" To the works of modern composers he seems to have paid but little attention; when asked about "Der Freischütz," his answer was "I believe one Weber has written it." Of his own productions he thought his second mass was the best.

For many years Beethoven laboured under the affliction of severe deafness; latterly he had a confirmed dropsy, which terminated in his death on the 31st of March.

In their neglect of living genius the feelings of the Germans appear to assimilate too closely with those of their brethren the English; for, although Beethoven was allowed to languish and expire in poverty, his remains were honoured with a splendid and ostentatious funeral.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

Soon after the commencement of the present year, it was remarked that cases of ague were more abundant than usual. During the last month this disease has become so decidedly prevalent in London and its vicinity as to merit particular notice. In the days of Sydenham—that is, about one hundred and seventy years ago—ague was one of the most common complaints in the metropolis. Cromwell died of it; and a physician of the name of Tabor, devoted himself, almost exclusively, to its treatment. Since that period, ague has gradually diminished in frequency, and the happy change is doubtless to be attributed to the incessant attention which is paid to the sewers and under-drainage of the town. Every now and then, however, ague re-appears in London, as was strikingly manifested during the years 1781 to 1785. A peculiar temperament of the atmosphere (the nature of which, from its extreme subtlety, escapes detection) is the probable cause of this phenomenon. We may suppose it to operate, either by promoting the development of febrific miasms, or by facilitating their diffusion through the air, or by predisposing the human system to imbibe them. Whichever of these opinions may be adopted, the fact is undeniable, that particular states of the atmosphere do concur with emanations from the earth, in the production of intermittent fevers.

During the present season, the central parts of the metropolis have not altogether escaped; but the disease has chiefly manifested itself in the outskirts of the town, as on the banks of the Thames, and in some of the villages in Kent. The reporter has seen some cases from the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park. In its character and symptoms, the ague of the present season has been decidedly *inflammatory*, as all vernal fevers may naturally be expected to prove. It has yielded to the bark with sufficient readiness, but in almost all cases, the reporter has found it necessary to premise two or three active doses of aperient medicine, especially calomel and jalap. In one instance he drew blood from the arm, during the hot stage, with great and well-marked benefit. Hepatic derangements have frequently been noticed, in conjunction with the ague, and invariably with the effect of interrupting the usual course of the disease, and of protracting its cure. The reporter has not neglected this opportunity of determining, as far as his limited experience would allow, the efficacy of the new preparation of bark, the sulphate of quinine, in aguish complaints. That it is a neat and elegant medicine must be at once admitted, and in mild cases it may be administered with sufficient confidence; but the reporter is strongly disposed to question its power of resisting the regular inroads of a fully formed

fever. Of the necessity of scrupulous attention to the purity of bark, when it is to be employed as a febrifuge, all practitioners are agreed. Now, there is this great disadvantage in the administration of the sulphate of quinine, that you are ignorant of the quality of the bark from which the preparation has been extracted. In all severe cases, therefore, where it is an object of importance to put a speedy check to the accession of fever, the powder of bark should be preferred; and that which is now sold at Apothecaries' Hall is of a most admirable quality.

Bronchial affections have almost entirely disappeared; and, in their stead, we have, as the prevalent diseases of the season, affections of the head and of the stomach. With the warm weather which suddenly set in early in April, might be noticed a strong determination of blood to the head. An unusual number of apoplectic and paralytic cases have occurred in the reporter's practice. The dependance of these complaints upon a heated state of the atmosphere was not unknown to the ancients. They attributed the fact to the increased volume of the mass of blood, and gave to this pathological doctrine the name of *plethora ad spatium*. But, besides the instances of head affection which have been clearly traceable to fulness of blood, very many have occurred, where headache and giddiness have been the predominant symptoms, without any proof of increased action of blood-vessels. The reporter is well satisfied that a very large proportion of these cases have had their origin in derangements of the biliary system. The first effect of the warm weather was to increase and vitiate the flow of bile, which was almost instantly succeeded by languor, lassitude, total loss of appetite, headache, and giddiness, so urgent as to absorb all the anxieties of the patient, sleepiness, and, in most cases, a confined state of the body. The pain of the head was generally of the diffused kind. The pulse was seldom affected in any marked degree, nor did the tongue indicate much constitutional disturbance. Four or five days usually sufficed to restore the patient to the enjoyments of health and activity.

The treatment which proved so uniformly successful consisted in the administration of an emetic, followed by two or three doses of rhubarb and calomel. The giddiness was constantly relieved when the emetic succeeded in dislodging an acid secretion from the stomach. In some cases, the repetition of an emetic was found necessary. Where listlessness and general weakness were the urgent symptoms, and where the head participated but in a minor degree, the mercurial purgative proved eminently successful. In some instances, diarrhoea prevailed, evidently owing to the descent of acid matters formed in the stomach. The operation of an emetic gave an immediate check to this symptom, and a few doses of chalk mixture completed the cure. In an opposite state of the bowels, the sulphate of magnesia, in small doses, was the appropriate remedy. It will generally be remarked, that in the spring months, saline aperients are particularly serviceable. During the cold season of the year, they often occasion considerable uneasiness, with frequent tormina and tenesmus.

Small-pox is again become very prevalent in almost all parts of the town. Hooping-cough is also abundant. Upon the whole, the last month may be characterized as one in which sickness has prevailed extensively, but not of an aggravated kind.

8, Upper John Street, Golden Square,
April 23, 1827.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

OUR reports from every part of the island, so far as relates to the state of the lands, their culture, the luten-seed season, the crops on the ground, the fall of lambs, and the condition of the live stock generally, are most satisfactory, warranting the most sanguine expectations of ample produce of every kind. This, in course, will be understood *cum grano salis*, with allowance for the wretched state in which the cattle and sheep were, in many or most parts, from defect of winter provision; through which danger however they have passed, with infinitely less suffering and misfortune than was indeed rationally predicted. Such a fortunate escape may really be placed to the account of national prosperity. The season has produced a full average of lambs, but it could not be expected that the ewes should milk so abundantly as in seasons of plentiful keep. The Lent corn and pulse have been got into the ground in the best style, the land working well in general, in consequence of the pulverization caused by the frost, and the subsequent rains, which, frequent and heavy, however, were not too much so to saturate the thirsty earth. Occasional impediments to tillage, nevertheless, were experienced from the frequent rains; casualties, always to be expected more or less. The crops indeed wear a variety of aspects, but the general view is luxuriant and prosperous. Some of the early sown beans were killed by the frost, and have been ploughed up, and the land re-planted with peas. The latter sown pulse have planted well, and appear flourishing. The early and forward barley and oats, on good lands especially, are strong and luxuriant, and those crops never wore a finer appearance at this season. The young clovers and other grasses, with winter tares, which some time since appeared thin and weak, begin to spread and improve; and but for the chilling easterly winds, would have been much forwarder. The present cannot be called a forward spring. The wheats thus far are universally a promising crop, for, from the fortunate circumstance of the sub-soil being dry and wholesome, the roots received no damage during the severity of the frost, the foliage only being affected. The very early sown

wheats on good lands exhibit such a prospect as is to be seen in the best seasons only; and those sown in January have succeeded; the late autumnal sowing has proved the least fortunate. The rains have brought the grass forward at a sudden and great rate, and our staple article of growth in this country never cheered the sight with a more bright and beautiful verdure, or exhibited a fairer prospect of a thick bottom and heavy crop. In the sheep and cattle districts this crop has been and must be anticipated. During the pinch of the season, sheep and even cattle were, from necessity, turned upon the bare pastures; and from the same cause, the first crop must likewise be speedily anticipated, and grazed down. In the poor-land districts, the farmers' teams are said to have been weak, from the scarcity and dearth of provender. In those particularly, the barn-yards do not make much shew of sacks. Small portions of turnips remained in the ground late, but of little worth in quality. Hay and straw, however deemed short in quantity, have been throughout the season obtainable for money, and transmitted in all directions, on the cheapest terms of carriage, by the canals, shewing the immense national importance of that system. Fat stock of all kinds is in request, at advanced and advancing prices, and lean stores must advance likewise as the grass grows; indeed stores must be expected to hold a considerable price from the number, in any tolerable state of flesh, which were slaughtered during the extreme pressure for keep. Speculation, on the first intelligence of the particular provisions of the new corn bill (which beyond a doubt will pass) raised the price of wheat a few shillings per quarter; but it has been since descending to its former level; and how it is likely to prove by and by, defies and puts all speculation at fault. In the north, the distress of the season has been encountered with a success that could scarcely have been expected. Their straw has been strictly meted out to their cattle, by weight, with a true Scotch economy. Their agriculture proceeds, *pari passu*, much on a level, and their prospects, with ours in the south. Wages in the northernmost parts seven to ten shillings per week, equal at least to thirteen shillings in the south. The great shew of fruit-blossom must inevitably receive some deterioration from the continuance of the sharp easterly winds, perhaps somewhat more favourable from inclining to the south side of the east: but the wind seems varying northward with an extreme chilling and blighting haziness. Business at present in hand, preparation of the land for potatoe planting and sowing turnips. The farmers of the United States have commenced the hop culture, it is said, extensively.

From the general tenor of our correspondence, the country seems heartily weary of those long-winded discussions into which it has been so earnestly and perseveringly urged, and at present quite inclined to sit down quietly and wait the event. In all probability, the agitators of this subject have incurred the usual error of complainants, by giving our agricultural distress too high a colouring, a tone ever suspected, and sure to render a cause, in itself unpopular, infinitely still more so. The picture so blazoned, does not well accord with the general active and good management of agriculture in Britain, or with the phrase, which has sometimes escaped from the same quarter, "why cannot our meddling government 'let well alone?'" We confess ourselves astonished also at, in our opinion, the strange misapprehensions of certain of our correspondents, who tell us that, not only the farmers, but the labourers, and persons of all descriptions in trade, are on the brink of ruin from a reduction of the currency, and that from such reduction, they are unable to pay their taxes. Now this appears to us one of the most causeless of causes; since the reprobated diminution of currency has neither diminished their stock of corn and cattle, nor prevented their sale at a market, indeed at a good price, nor the receipt of their money as usual. Taxes indeed may be, and are, far too heavy. The want of demand for wool is laid on the overburthened branch of the free-trade system; but how much of it is justly attributable to avaricious, overacted, and self-destructive speculation, which is ever prompted and nourished by too extensive a paper-currency? How can a demand arise for either wool or woollen goods, until that immense stock be worn off, with which our steam-engine creators of that which used to be manufacture, piling mountain upon mountain, have overwhelmed the world? A farming correspondent, of the class of talents, and the writer of various able essays in the country papers, complains to us, that the monstrous abortion of addled brains (of whose we are yet uninformed) known by the name of "equitable adjustment," is so generally foisted into petitions for reform; most certainly well calculated to throw a ridicule over, and excite a degree of suspicion and disgust against the most reasonable and patriotic petitions. The late change in the Ministry, from the accounts which have come to our hands, appears to be generally popular in the country. The spring intermittent, caused by easterly winds, and a variable temperature, formerly distinguished by the very apt and expressive term *influenza*, has afflicted individuals in most parts of the country.

Smithfield.—Beef, 4s. to 5s. 6d.—Mutton, 4s. 8d. to 6s. 2d.—Veal, 5s. 4d. to 6s. 2d.—Pork, 4s. 4d. to 6s. 2d.—Lamb, 6s. 4d. to 7s. 4d.—Raw fat, at 2s. 6d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 44s. to 68s.—Barley, 36s. to 46s.—Oats, 24s. to 42s.—Bread, 9½d. the 4lb. loaf.—Hay, 84s. to 128s.—Clover ditto, 90s. to 135s.—Straw, 40s. to 48s.

Coals in the Pool, 31s. 3d.—39s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, April 23, 1827.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Cotton.—The market at Manchester and here continues very dull ; the same at Liverpool for weeks past ; and public sales are partly discontinued.—Orleans, 6d. to 7d. ; Sea Island, 7d. to 10d. ; Brazil, 7d. to 11d. ; Demerara, 9d. to 9½d. ; Barbadoes, 7d. to 7½d. per lb.

Coffee.—Continues in demand for home consumption, and but few orders for exportation at limited prices, which cannot be executed on the conditions.

Sugar.—The market continues brisk for town trade—52s. to 66s. per cwt. Ordinary Dry, 42s. to 50s. ; Better, 51s. to 54s. per cwt.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—Old Rum scarce and in some demand ; Brandies held up on speculation ; and Hollands in no demand, at reduced prices, with a large quantity remaining on hand in the London Docks.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The two former articles remaining steady ; and as the spring advances, the latter is in less demand, and prices are declining.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 7.—Antwerp 12. 6.—Hamburg, 37. 6.—Altona, 37. 6.—Paris, 25. 85.—Bordeaux, 25. 85.—Berlin, 7.—Frankfort on the Main, 154½.—Petersburg, 8¼.—Vienna, 10. 21.—Trieste, 10. 24.—Madrid, 34½.—Cadiz, 34½.—Bilboa, 34½.—Barcelona, 34½.—Seville, 33.—Gibraltar, 33.—Leghorn, 47½.—Genoa, 48¾.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 38¾.—Palermo, 114½.—Lisbon, 48¾.—Oporto, 48½.—Rio Janeiro, 48.—Bahia, 48.—Buenos Ayres, 43.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9d.—Silver in bars, standard 4s. 11d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 270l.—Coventry, 1150l.—Ellesmere and Chester, 100l.—Grand Junction, 300l.—Kennet and Avon, 26l.—Leeds and Liverpool, 387l. 10s.—Oxford, 680l.—Regent's, 35l.—Trent and Mersey, 1,850l.—Warwick and Birmingham, 268l.—London Docks, 83l. 10s.—West-India, 199l.—East London WATER WORKS, 122l.—Grand Junction, 66l.—West Middlesex, 65l. 10s.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE.—1 dis.—Globe, 151l.—Guardian, 18l. 15s.—Hope, 5l.—Imperial Fire, 92l.—GAS-LIGHT, Westminster Chartered Company, 56l.—City Gas-Light Company, 0l.—British, 16 dis.—Leeds, 195l.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 21st of February and the 21st of March 1827 ; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Davies, Ann. Pennygloddfa, Montgomeryshire, flannel manufacturer
Dewnirst, B. East Retford, Nottingham, book-seller
Greenfield, E. Cuckfield, Sussex, tanner
Hawkins, J. Middlesex-street, Somers-town, builder

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 106.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Anderson, R. Manchester, woollen-draper. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane]
Bennett, J. Warwick-square, bookseller. [Wright, Bucklersbury]
Butterfield, R. Scriven-with-Tentergate, Yorkshire, flax-dresser. [Strangeways and Co., Bernard's-inn ; Gill, Knaresborough]
Bartlett, Christopher. Plymouth, Devonshire, ship-owner. [Gilbard, Devonport ; Sole, Aldermanbury]
Bush, J. Pembridge, Herefordshire, glazier. [Collins, Leominster ; Smith, Basinghall-street]
Bedwin, King's-head Tavern, Newgate-street, victualler. [Crosse, Surry-street, Strand]
Broomhead, A. Manchester, corn-broker. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row ; Claye and Co., Manchester]
Bates, J. South Crossland, Yorkshire, clothier. [Stephenson and Co., near Huddersfield ; Battye and Co., Chancery-lane]
Bowen, T. Swansea, builder. [Jones, Crosby-square ; Davies, Swansea]
Burch, J. Downham-market, Norfolk, grocer.

[Slade and Jones, John-street, Bedford-row ; Oldham, King's-lynn]
Barlow, E. Scerthport, Lancashire, innkeeper, [Chester, Staple-inn ; Hodgson, Liverpool]
Cotton, W. Linthwaite, York, cloth-merchant. [Battye, Fisher, and Sudlow, Chancery-lane]
Churchill, S. Deddington, Oxford, scrivener. [White, Lincoln's-inn]
Curwan, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Taylor and Co., Temple ; Lace and Co. Liverpool]
Carter, C. Uxbridge, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane]
Cooke, S. Salford, Lancashire, timber-merchant. [Milne and Parry, Temple ; Readhead, Manchester]
Clemesha, S. Liverpool, tailor. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row ; Toulmin, Liverpool]
Crossley, T. Elland, York, dyer. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields ; Seatcherd, Hallifax]
Chamberlayne, W. Leamington, Warwick, victualler. [Platt, New Boswell-court ; Patterson, Leamington-priors]
Castell, J. Blackman-street, Newington, victualler. [Benton, Union-street, Southwark]
Charles, B. Liverpool, ship-chandler. [Chester, Staple-inn ; Ripley, Liverpool]
Dobson, T. High-holborn, tailor. [Freeman and Co., Coleman-street]
Doren, R. Frith-street, tailor. [Saunders and Co., Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square]
Denbigh, C. Skipton, York, ironmonger. [Beverley, temple ; Alecock, Skipton]
Draper, A. Gloucester, plumber. [Watson and Broughton, Falcon-square ; Gardner, Gloucester]
Evans, D. Swansea, draper. [Pearson, Pump-court, Temple]

- Byland, L. H. Walsall, woollen-draper. [Turner, Bloomsbury-square; Hedlev, Walsall]
- Elliot, J. Hayes, maltster. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Riches and Co., Uxbridge]
- Ellis, G. Clifton, Yorkshire, wine-merchant. Brook and Co., York; Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard
- Elliston, W. G. and Henry T. Elliston, Leamington, booksellers. [Hopkinson, Red Lion-square]
- Fortune, T. Heighington, Durham, cattle-jobber. [Stocker and Dawson, New Boswell-court]
- Gardner, S. Wellington-road, Mary-le-bone, plasterer. [Pittman, Paddington-green]
- Gates, P. Stanground, Huntingdonshire, tanner. [Hardwick, Lawrence-lane, Cheapside]
- Gasley, G. A. St. Newport-street, Long-acre, upholsterer. [Walls, Hart-street, Bloomsbury]
- Gibbs, T. West-square, Lambeth, ship-owner. [Browne, Fenchurch-street]
- Holroyde, A. Triangle, Sowerby, York, innkeeper. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Alexanders, Halifax]
- Hughes, J. J. Birmingham, victualler. [Norton and Chaplin, Gray's-inn; Hawkins, Birmingham]
- Hodgson, D. Harrington, Cumberland, grocer. [Falcon, Temple; Hodgson and Son, Whitehaven]
- Hutchinson, W. Foot's-cray, Kent, shopkeeper. Whiting, London Bridge-foot
- Hawke, W. Spilsby, Lincolnshire, currier. [Walker and Co. Spilsby; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Hodgson, W. Birmingham, merchant. [Unett and Co., Birmingham; Tooke and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Hurecombe, C. J. St. Paul's Church-yard, oilman. [Richardson, Ironmonger-lane]
- Hatton, H. Liverpool, gunsmith. [Taylor, Clement's-inn; Whitehead, Liverpool]
- Horne, J. Myrtle-street, Hoxton, shawl-dealer. [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street]
- Ireland, W. Doncaster, horse-dealer. [Farden, New-inn]
- Johnson, T. Birmingham, linen-draper. [Hemming and Baxter, Gray's-inn; Birds, Birmingham]
- Jones, J. Blackrod, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Johnson, W. North Shields, common-brewer. [Robinson and Burrows, Austin-friars]
- James, J. Merthyr-tidvil, Glamorganshire, carpenter. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Williams and Co., Cardiff]
- Jackson, J. Poultry, glass-cutter. [Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard]
- Jones, J. Barmouth, Merionethshire, ship-builder. [Chester, Staple-inn; Williams, Liverpool]
- Kendall, T. A. Paternoster-row, silk-manufacturer. [James, Bucklersbury]
- Knott, P. West-hampnett, Sussex, miller. [Wrixon, Jewry-street]
- Love, R. H. High-street, St. Giles's, painter. [Weymouth, Chancery-lane]
- Lundie, J. S. Copthorne, Sussex, builder. [Stephens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle, Queen-street]
- Lupton, C. St. James's-place, Clerkenwell, jeweller. [Spyer, Broad-street-buildings]
- Moor, J. A. Kirby-Stephen, Westmoreland, innkeeper. [Nicol, Queen-street, Cheapside]
- Malam, W. and J. Lincoln, bone-cutters. [Markinson and Sanders, Temple; Foden, Leeds]
- Meredith, W. Bristol, baker. [Ford, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Frankum, Abingdon]
- Morin, J. Carzield, Dumfries, merchant. [Clen-nell, Staple-inn; Saul, Carlisle]
- Morley, W. Manchester, commission-agent. [Hurd and Co., Temple; Lawler, Manchester]
- Mitchell, J. Liverpool, woollen-draper. [Blackstock and Bunce, Temple; Robinson, Liverpool]
- Neely, W. Sherborne lane, printer. [Ashley and Co., Tokenhouse-yard]
- Pilbeam, T. Ardingley, Sussex, blacksmith. [Squire, Thavies-inn]
- Prudence, J. A. Miles's-lane, Cannon-street, wholesale grocer. [Wilde and Co., College-hill]
- Price, J. Wednesbury, innkeeper. [Farris, Surrey-street-Strand; Benson, Birmingham]
- Partridge, H. Birmingham, dealer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Tyndall and Co., Birmingham]
- Partridge, J. and G. T. Hancock, Kingswood, Wilts, clothiers. [Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields; W. and J. Harris, Bristol]
- Price, R. Berriew, Montgomeryshire, lime-burner. [Harvey and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields]
- Pitt, H. Liverpool, grocer. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Parry, Liverpool]
- Robertson, A. Whitehorse-terrace, Stepney, raker. Willey and Morris, Welclose-square
- Richards, R. Gellygroes, Monmouth, grocer. [Gregory, Clement's-inn; Perkyns, Merthyr-tidvil]
- Roach, J. Bristol, woollen-draper. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Smiths, Bristol]
- Richardson, F. Ormskirk, tailor. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Sharpless, Ormskirk]
- Randell, S. Ilminster, Somerset, victualler. [King and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Robinson, T. Liverpool, blacksmith. [Ridley, Liverpool; Chester, Staple-inn]
- Rich, H. Whittle, Spitalfields market, potato-salesman. [Weymouth, Chancery-lane]
- Ratcliff, T. Ramsgate, builder. [Taylor, Clement's-inn]
- Row, W. senior, St. Peter's, Northumberland, merchant. [Brown, Fenchurch-street; Bainbridge and Tappenden, and Carr and Jobling, Newcastle-upon-Tyne]
- Rawling, B. junior, Leeds, woollen-draper. [Smithson and Co., New-inn; Dunning, Leeds]
- Senter, J. Bristol, innkeeper. [Drake and Michael, Red-lion-square]
- Suffolk, T. Cheadle, Stafford, innkeeper. [Chester, Staple-inn]
- Spencer, S. Leeds, dyer. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Walker, Leeds]
- Swift, T. Fenchurch-street, hosier. [Hamilton and Co., Berwick-street, Soho]
- Seager, J. Mount-street, Lambeth, brush-maker. [Ivimey, Harper-street, Red-lion-square]
- Shelmerdine, N. and J. Lawton, Heyrod, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturers. [Wiglesworth and Ridsdale, Gray's-inn; Thompson and Co., Halifax]
- Silvester, T. Whittington, Worcester, horse-dealer. [Cardale and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Stabb, T. Torquay, Devon, wine-merchant. [Evans and Shearman, Hatton-garden; Haberfield, Bristol]
- Thorley, W. and R. Skelton, Salford, joiners. [Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Claye and Thompson, Manchester]
- Taylor, E. Bond's-mill, Gloucester, clothier. [Thornbury, Chancery-lane]
- Taylor, T. Ludworth, Derbyshire, victualler. [Tyler, Pump-court, Temple; Harrop, Stockport]
- Tunstall, G. Worcester, hop-merchant. [Harvey and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Bodenham, Farnival's-inn; Woodward, Pershore]
- Thompson, R. Winchester, earthenwareman. [Bumbridge and Co., Chancery-lane; Winter, Winchester]
- Tilby, W. King's-place, Blackman-street, Southwark, mill-wright. [Teague, Cannon-street]
- Trigwell, J. Gloucester-street, St. John-street-road, victualler. [Van Sandan and Tindale, Dowgate-hill]
- Terrill, W. Cambourn, Cornwall, tinman. [Brooking and Co., Lombard-street; Elworthy, Devonport]
- Taylor, J. Greave-in-Netherthong, Yorkshire, clothier. [Stephenson and Co., near Huddersfield; Batty and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Taylor, S. Milnthorpe-landside, Westmoreland, innkeeper. [Addison, Gray's-inn; Wilson, Kendal]
- Tickner, W. Teutenden, Kent, maltster. [Highmoor, Walbrook; Munn, Teutenden]
- Tinling, H. Salford, joiner. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Booth, Manchester]
- Williams, T. Cheltenham, auctioneer. [King; Serjeant's-inn.]

Whale, W. Witham, Essex, victualler. [Brooks-bank and Farn, Gray's-inn; Pattison, Witham
Weatherhead, A. Coventry-street, Haymarket,
tea-dealer. [Collingwood, St. Saviour's Church-
yard, Southwark.
Waters, W. Dowgate-hill, dealer in porter and
ales. [Evitt and Co., Haydon-square

Woodward, H. Sheffield, plumber. [Darke and
Michael, Red Lion-square; Burbeary, Sheffield
Watson, W. Lower Shuckburgh, Warwick, whar-
finger. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn; Wright, South-
am
Williamson, T. Holderness, York, brewer. [Shaw,
Ely-place; Richardson, Hull

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. W. F. Hook, to be Chaplain in Ordinary to
the King.—Rev. G. Buxton, to the Living of
Bradborne, Derbyshire.—Rev. J. Griffith, to the
Vicarage of Fulbourn All Saints, Cambridge.—
Rev. J. Wood, to the Church of Newton-upon-
Ayr.—Rev. D. Aitken, to the Parish of Minto.—
Rev. H. Law, collated Chancellor of Bath and
Wells.—Rev. C. E. Band, to the perpetual Cure
of Shaldon, and to the Rectory of Combrawleigh,
Devon.—Rev. W. Lloyd, to the Rectory of Lilling-
stone Lovell, Oxon.—Rev. H. J. Ridley, to the
Rectory of Kirkby Underdale, York.—Rev. W. B.
Winning, to the Vicarage of Keyshore, Bedford.
—Rev. C. Hall, to the Rectory of Routh, York.—
Rev. M. Keating, to the Rectory of Ventry, Kerry.
—Rev. T. Westropp, junior, to the Vicarage of
Bruree, Limerick.—Rev. W. Adanson, to the Liv-
ing of Kilkishem, Clare.—Rev. G. W. Jordan, to
the Rectory of Waterstock, Oxon.—Rev. T. Sur-
ridge, to be Chaplain to H.M.S. Ocean.—Rev. P.
Saumarez, to the Living of Great Easton, Essex.
—Rev. T. Shephard, to the Rectory of Crux-

easton, Hants.—Rev. Dr. Watson, to the Evening
Lectureship, of St. Mary and St. Mildred, Poultry.
—Rev. T. Stacey, to the Living of Gellygare, Glam-
morgan.—Rev. T. Barton, to the perpetual Cu-
racy of Kingstone, Notts.—Rev. T. Bradburne, to
the Rectory of Toft, with the Vicarage of Calde-
cote, Cambridge.—Rev. W. H. Roberts, to the
Rectory of Clewer, Berks.—Rev. W. Bull, to the
perpetual Curacy of Sowerby, York.—Rev. A.
Bayley, to the Rectory of Edgecott, Northampton.
—Rev. G. Montague, to the Rectory of South
Pickenham, Norfolk.—Rev. R. Lowther, to the
Parish Church of Muker, York.—Rev. C. John-
stone, to the Vicarage of Felis Kirk, York.—Rev.
C. Musgrave, to the Vicarage of Halifax, York.—
Rev. E. R. Benyon, to the Living of Downham,
Essex.—Rev. G. F. Tavel, to the Rectory of Great
Fakenham, Suffolk.—Rev. W. Mayd, to the Rec-
tory of Wethersfield, Suffolk.—Rev. J. Allgood,
to the Living of Felton, Northumberland.—Rev.
P. Bartlam, to the Vicarage of Holne, Devon.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The King has been pleased to approve of Mr.
George Benkhause, as Consul-General in Lon-
don for His Majesty the Emperor of all the
Russias.

The King has appointed His Royal Highness
William Henry Duke of Clarence, Admiral of His

Majesty's Fleet, to be High Admiral of the United
Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

The King has appointed the Right Hon. Sir
John Singleton Copley, Knight, Baron Lyndhurst,
of Lyndhurst, in the county of Southampton.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

March 20.—An Order in Council published, that
no training or exercising of the militia do take
place in the present year.

—A general meeting of British Catholics, held
at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, the Duke of
Norfolk in the chair; when a series of resolutions
were passed, embodying a declaration that they
would still persevere in their exertions to obtain a
participation in the blessings of the English con-
stitution.

21.—The Lords of the Admiralty inspected the
Hecla, Captain Parry, previous to her departure
for the expedition to the North Pole.

23.—A half yearly meeting of the Bank Propri-
etors was held, at which a dividend of four per
cent. was declared; and the state of their cir-
culating notes, amounting to twenty-one mil-
lions.

30. An Order in Council published, in regard to
prize-money arising from the capture of slave
ships, which adjudges that such proceeds shall be
divided in the manner directed by the order in
council of June 1824.

April 6.—The quarterly statement of the revenue

published, by which it appears that there is a de-
crease of £469,548.

9. The sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when
28 prisoners were recorded for death, 77 were or-
dered for transportation, and 63 to various terms
of imprisonment; 39 were discharged by procla-
mation, no bills being found against them.

—A numerous and highly respectable meeting
of noblemen and gentlemen was held at Willis's
Rooms, to take into consideration the means of
procuring a wholesome supply of water to the in-
habitants of the western portion of the metropolis,
when it was unanimously resolved to petition Par-
liament upon the subject.

12.—Mr. Canning having accepted the office of
Chief Commissioner of His Majesty's Treasury, a
new writ was issued in the House of Commons for
the borough of Newport.

—The Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Eldon,
Mr. Peel, the Earl of Westmoreland, Earl Ba-
thurst, Lord Melville, and Lord Bexley, gave in
their resignations, and retired from the adminis-
tration of government.

—A meeting of the inhabitants of Mary-la-
bonne was held at the Grosvenor Tavern, when it

was resolved to resist the payment of the Easter Offerings demanded by their incumbent, and to petition Parliament to exempt them from that annoyance.

MARRIAGES.

By special licence, at Lady de Clifford's, South Audley-street, Edward Eustace Hill, esq., to Lady Georgiana Keppel, daughter of the Earl of Albemarle.—At the Chapel Royal, St. James's, Sir W. S. Wiseman, bart., to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Rev. G. Davies.

DEATHS.

In the Westminster-road, 97, W. Manners, esq., fifth son of the late Lord W. Manners, of Grantham, Lincolnshire.—81, Mr. T. Milton, the celebrated engraver. His grandfather was brother to the immortal John Milton.—In Portland-place, 94, Mrs. Charlotte Holt, the last branch of the family of the Lord Chief Justice Holt.—In Gloucester-street, 62, Mr. Charles Dignum, formerly of Drury Lane Theatre.—The Hon. George Villiers, brother to the Earl of Clarendon.—At Enfield, 79, Sir Nathaniel Dance, knt. He was formerly a commander in the Hon. East-India Company's Service. The brilliant achievement with which he closed a hard service of 45 years, is in the memory of many living. On the 15th Feb. 1804, a French fleet, under Admiral Linois, fell in with the homeward-bound East-India fleet under Commodore Dance, which they had been despatched for the express purpose of intercepting. The French Admiral was beaten off and chased for several hours, and a property of the value of upwards of £11,000,000 sterling brought safely to England.—In Mansfield-street, Lady Susan H. Beresford, daughter of the Marchioness of Waterford.—Emma, youngest daughter of Lady Bridget Bouverie.—At Chelsea, 72, Lady Blake, mother, and also at the same place, Lady Blake, the wife of Sir

Francis Blake, bart., and M.P.—At Woolwich, 83, Colonel R. Douglas, commandant of the artillery.—In Chapel-street, Grosvenor-square, 78, the Hon. Mary Byron, relict of the late Hon. and Rev. R. Byron.—In Piccadilly, 78, the Marquis of Cholmondeley.—In Park-lane, Lady Hyacintha Vane, daughter to the Marquis of Londonderry.—In Stanhope-street, 77, Right Hon. Charles Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.—At the house of T. Williamson, esq., Chalton-street, Somers-town, 81, Mrs. Sarah Baring.—In Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, 79, Esther, relict of the late John Binns, esq., banker, of Leeds, in the county of York.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Malta, Lient. G. St. Vincent Whitmore, to Miss I. M. Stoddart, eldest daughter of Sir John Stoddart, Judge of the Vice Admiralty Court, Malta.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, Maria Duchess de Croix, eldest daughter of the Hon. General Dillon; also Lord Castle Coote, whose estate devolves to Eyre Coote esq. but whose title is extinct.—At Paris, 81, Duke de la Rochefoucault, the great patron of vaccination in France.—At Vienna, Beethoven, the celebrated composer.—At Jersey, 94, C. W. le Geyt, esq.; he was an officer in the 25th foot at the battle of Minden.—At Nantes, Euphrosine, the lady of Stapylton Stapylton, esq., of Myton-hall, Yorkshire.—In Portugal, Ensign Massey, of the 4th regiment; in attempting to ride through a pool of water to join some brother officers, he sank in a quicksand, and instantly disappeared.—At Jamaica, the Hon. Samuel Vaughan, Assistant Judge of the Cornwall Assize Court, and one of the Representatives in the House of Assembly; he had resided 38 years in the island.—At Paris, Mr. J. Douglass, civil engineer. He had attracted the notice of the Emperor Napoleon, who had awarded him the gold medal of merit.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

A beautiful figure of our Saviour, in stained glass, was placed, on the 12th of April, in the centre of the east window of the church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle. It is painted by Mr. John Gibson, and as a piece of art will bear comparison with any figure we have seen.

A variety of objects of natural history have lately been presented to the Museum of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle; amongst them is, the Blue-throated Warbler (*motacilla succia* of Linnæus) shot on the Newcastle Town Moor, last May, by Mr. Embleton, and presented by Mr. Hill. This bird is said to be common in the north of Europe, but has been hitherto entirely unknown as British.

One hundred of our seamen lately sailed from Shields to London in quest of employment, and were all instantly engaged; others, in consequence, are taking their leave for the same purpose.

Married.] At Monkwearmouth, Wm. Hazlewood, M.D., to Miss Goodchild.

Died.] Near Gateshead, Mrs. Turnbull.—At Wynyard, Wm. Hawks, esq.—At North Shields, Mrs. Bird.—At South Shields, 91, Mrs. A. Robson.—At Clifford's Fort, 97, Mr. John Sipple, 35 years master-gunner of Tynemouth Castle and Clifford's Fort. He had nearly completed 72 years in the service, having entered the Royal Artillery as a matross on the 1st of May 1755. He had seen much service on the coast of France, the West Indies, Germany, and America; in the attack and defeat of the American flotilla on Lake Champlain in 1776, he commanded a gun-boat; and was with General Burgoyne in 1777 when his army surrendered to the Americans.—At Halt-whistle, 80, J. Dawson, esq.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

At the Westmoreland Assizes there was not a single prisoner for trial.

An explosion at the William Pitt coal-mine, Whitehaven, lately took place, by which several persons were burnt; and an accident also happened at the Croft Pitt, by which the roof fell in and destroyed four unfortunate men.

A considerable number of operatives have set out to embark for America by the spring vessels.

Died.] At Warwick, 92, Mrs. M. Scott.—At Kirkoswald, the Rev. J. Fisher, 50 years vicar of that parish.—At Richardby, W. R. Graham, esq.—At Thursby, 76, Dr. R. Jackson, inspector of military hospitals, and chief of the medical department of the army in the West Indies.

YORKSHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

Trade has not improved as was expected, and there are 500 looms now wanting employ in Holey, near Huddersfield.

At the assizes for the County and City of York, sentence of death was recorded against *seventy-six* prisoners!!! four were transported, and six were imprisoned. There were 154 prisoners in the jails.

In the viney at the botanic garden, erected last spring, belonging to Mr. Donn, upon a new, light, and economical plan, a vine of the genuine Tokay was planted on the 10th of April last, without either ball or earth attached to its roots, and it has now produced the prodigious number of 200 bunches of grapes, above 130 of which at present remain on the tree.

Two Joint Stock Banking Companies have been established in this county; one at Huddersfield, the other at Bradford.

As some persons were digging for clay to make bricks, about 500 yards east-north-east of Conisbrough Castle, they found, at five feet from the surface, a sort of vault, in which had been deposited the remains of a human being. It must have been many centuries in the earth, from the decayed state of the bones: and was most probably of the Saxon line, as the body was inclosed in rough unhewn stone, after their manner of interring. The cavity or vault was about seven feet, in length, three in breadth, and two in depth completely inclosed above, beneath, and on the sides, with rough stones; unfortunately, the unthinking workmen have destroyed every vestige of the place.

The Hull and East Riding Institute for the promotion of the fine arts, have determined to open their exhibition of pictures, drawings, sculpture, &c., on the third Monday in July; to close the third Monday in October. The Northern Society do not propose to have an exhibition at Leeds this year.

A general meeting of the silk-weavers of Macclesfield was held at the Market Hall of that town, by permission of the mayor, for the purpose of petitioning the Legislature for an enactment for the better regulating of prices paid for labour. It was numerously attended, and conducted with decorum; several resolutions were entered into, with the petition, and carried *nem con*. The second resolution was—"That this meeting considers, from the protection granted to the landed proprietors, that a corresponding protection for the labouring classes of society would be equally just in principle, and easily put in practice, as their labour is to them equally the same as the nobleman's estate is to him; the refusal of which will tend to create dissatisfaction in the minds of the labourers and artisans, apprehensions in all other classes of society, and render the peace of the country dependant on military coercion."

Married.] At Sealecoates, the Rev. Charles Dodgson, to Miss Saturdge.—At Brotherton,

T. P. Zeale, esq., to Miss Joherwood.—At Leeds, J. P. Clapham, esq., to Miss Ann Clapham.

Died.] At Addle Croft, 105, J. Whitehead. He enjoyed, during the whole of his life, a singularly good state of health, unaided by medical science; the only doctor's bill he ever had amounting but to fourpence. His food was plain and simple, consisting principally of dishes made of oatmeal. He never drank tea, and never was intoxicated. He retained his faculties to the last, and his sight was so perfect that he had never occasion for spectacles.—At York, 79, Rev. W. Donnison, vicar of Felis Kirk.—At Bawtry, G. Hill, and J. Kaye, esqrs.—At Greenhead, near Huddersfield, Ann Elizabeth, daughter to B. H. Allen, esq.—At Beverley, the widow of Thomas Grimston, esq.—At Bridlington, Miss Hebbthwayte.

STAFFORD AND SALOP.

The assizes at Shrewsbury were protracted beyond all former precedent; 20 prisoners had judgment of death recorded against them, 13 transported, and 22 imprisoned. At Stafford assizes, 16 prisoners received sentence of death.

Died.] At Ellesmere, 84, F. Lee, esq.

LANCASHIRE.

The Emigration Committee have made a report on a special case which had been presented to it, *viz.* the condition of the hand-loom weavers, for whom it has been suggested that some relief might be afforded by emigration. The Manufacturers' Relief Committee have signified their readiness to contribute £25,000 out of the funds raised by the King's letter; and the Emigration Committee recommend a grant of £50,000. By this sum of £75,000 it is calculated that 1,200 families may be removed to Nova Scotia.

The ship Commerce Trader, having 200 barrels of gunpowder on board, was recently discovered on fire off Peel Castle, on the Lancashire coast. The crew immediately abandoned her; and, in ten or fifteen minutes after, she blew up with such a tremendous explosion, that, for 100 miles along the coast, it was supposed an earthquake had happened, and considerable damage was done to the windows, &c. in many places. Such was the terror at Lancaster, 40 miles distant, that many of the inhabitants ran to the open plains near the town; the windows flew out, and the doors crashed with amazing velocity. The shock was felt at Carlisle.

Married.] At Manchester, T. C. B. Cave, esq., third son of Sir W. C. B. Cave, bart., to Miss Ann Walker.

DERBYSHIRE.

A public meeting of the inhabitants of Derby convened by the mayor, has been held at the Guildhall, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament to adopt such measures as may suppress the horrid practice of widows immolating themselves on the funeral piles of their husbands in British India; and resolutions to that effect were unanimously agreed on.

Six prisoners were recorded for death, and six transported, besides several for imprisonment, at the Lent assizes.

The accounts up to March 28, 1827, of the Derby Savings' Bank, amounted to £99,452. 11s. 0½d.

Died.] Near Ashbourn, 81, Mr. W. Taylor.—At Bradley, 80, Mrs. Hartshorn.—At Findern, 83, Mr. Ashmole.—At East Moulsey Park, 61, the Dowager Lady Crewe, relict of the late Sir H. H. Crewe, bart., of Calke Abbey.—At Hardstaff, 95, Mr. Shooter.—At Breaston, 85, J. Snow, esq.—At

Barlborough, 68, the Rev. P. A. Reaston; he had been rector of that parish 34 years.

NOTTINGHAM.

The first stone of a new Catholic chapel was laid at Nottingham, April 3, by the Rev. W. Wilson, the priest, who delivered a short address on the occasion, inculcating peace, charity, and brotherly love. The stone bore the inscription, "*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam, A.D. 1827.*" The building is to be of the Grecian order.

The foundation of the new gaol was also laid the same day.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

At the assizes at Leicester, a greater number of prisoners were tried than has been known for many years; fifteen were condemned to death, but three only were left for execution; one of them, W. Brown, for a murder committed two years ago at Asfordby. Great praise is due to the magistrates for their perseverance in bringing this offender to justice, after the long period of commitment of such an atrocious assassination.

The frame-work knitters have forwarded a memorial to the President of the Board of Trade, praying for relief from their present dreadful distress; they say, "that their wages are lower now than they were in 1819 (then seven shillings per week), and that sixteen hours a-day many are compelled to labour, with only a morsel of bread to support them through the day; and that, compared with their present situation, transportation would be a paradise to them!!" The answer of the Board says, "their lordships regret very much that it is not in their power to point out a remedy!!"

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

Thirty-one prisoners were recorded for death at the assizes held at Warwick, 22 were transported, and 49 imprisoned for various periods. One culprit was sentenced to seven years' transportation for being armed for the destruction of game; whilst another was ordered one year's imprisonment, and fined a shilling, for the manslaughter of his son!!!

A petition from the mechanics of Birmingham, deputed by all the different trades of that town for the purpose, has been recently and unanimously voted to the House of Commons, in which they feelingly describe their melancholy situation, which deprives their skill and industry of its due reward, and degrades them to the misery of parochial relief. In praying for redress, they notice the system of emigration, which they consider as "destructive of the moral attachment of the people to their native land; nor can they comprehend by what train of reasoning the productive classes, who create the wealth and power of the kingdom, are stigmatized as being a burden to it."

The iron trade partakes in more than a common degree the general gloom and depression which pervade most branches of business at the present moment. The demand in Birmingham and neighbourhood has suffered a very sensible decline since Christmas, instead of experiencing an increase, which is the natural change.

It appears by the statement published of the Northampton Savings' Bank, that the sum of £273,501.3s. 1½d. has been received from its first establishment up to April 4, 1827.

A case has been recently decided by appeal in

the House of Lords, in which a clergyman, having been presented to the living of Kettering, in Northamptonshire, by Lord Sondes, on condition of his resigning it to a son of his lordship when ready for it, or paying £10,000, this bond was set aside as simoniacal by the existing law. The Archbishop of Canterbury immediately brought in a bill, containing such restrictions as would protect bonds of this nature *heretofore made*, and exempt the parties from the penalties incurred, under an erroneous impression of the law on the subject. A patron is liable to a penalty of double the value of the living, and the forfeiture of the patronage for that time; and the incumbent is liable to double the value of the living, and to be disqualified from holding it.

Married.] At Alvestone, J. Fullarton, junior, esq., to Louisa, fourth daughter to Sir Gray Skipwith, bart.

Died.] At Peterborough, 84, John Benson, esq., one of the principal committee clerks to the House of Commons.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

At Worcester assizes, 24 prisoners were recorded for death, 29 transported, and 20 imprisoned. There were 96 prisoners in the whole; 23 who could read and write, 27 that could read only, and 46 that could neither read nor write!

Although the glove trade at Worcester has lately improved, yet it is but too true that the admission of French gloves has diminished the former demands for British gloves.

Sentence of death was recorded at Hereford assizes against 14 prisoners, 8 were transported, and 18 imprisoned. £300 was awarded, by a special jury at this assize, to a gentleman, as compensation for an injury sustained by being overturned in the Bristol and Milford mail-coach.

At a meeting of the friends and supporters of the union of the "Three Choirs," lately holden at the Deanery at Worcester, it was resolved, that in order to give due effect to the gracious intentions of His Majesty, who has become patron of the institution, arrangements upon a more general and enlarged scale be in future adopted. The list of president, vice-president, and stewards, already contains all that are distinguished by rank and property in the three counties.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

At the Clifton and Bristol Bazaar, recently projected by some benevolent ladies of the neighbourhood, in aid of the funds for the distressed manufacturers in the north, as much as £960 were received.—The produce of a ball at the Clifton Rooms, also, for the distressed inhabitants at Pill, amounted to near £100.

At Monmouth assizes, a respectable farmer, a constable, and two servants, were convicted of having cruelly maltreated Mary Nicholas, aged 90, on the supposition of her being a witch, whose unholy arts had proved destructive to the cattle in her neighbourhood. The brutes concerned in this proceeding tore her garments down to her waist—wounded her flesh with a thorny stick, tore her hair from her head to see if it would burn, and compelled her to kneel down by a colt, which she was required "to bless!!" The sentence was six months' imprisonment for the farmer, and three months' for the others. Sentence of death was recorded at the same assizes against 8 prisoners,

transportation against one, and 17 were imprisoned for various periods.

At Gloucester assizes, the learned judge, in addressing the grand jury, said—"I must attest the melancholy truth, that in every county through which we have passed, we have unquestionably found that crime is more prevalent, and the gaols more crammed than ever they were known to be at former periods." 38 were recorded for death, 27 transported, and 67 imprisoned for various periods.

Died.] At Gloucester, 85, Rev. Martin Barry; —84, Mrs. Drayton; 80, Mr. W. Butt.

OXFORDSHIRE.

The amount received up to Nov. 20, 1826, of the Banbury Savings' Bank, appears to have been £52,391. 10s. 6d., as verified at the annual meeting of the trustees at the Town-hall.

Died.] At Oxford, Mrs. Rigaund, wife to the Radcliffe Observer and professor of astronomy.

BEDFORD.

At Bedford assizes, 11 prisoners were condemned to death, 3 transported, and 11 imprisoned for various periods.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

In consequence of the number of prisoners in custody for poaching, at Norwich, it was thought indispensable to convey them to Thetford in three detachments, under a military escort, a rescue upon the road being apprehended.

At the Bury assizes, sentence of death was recorded against nine prisoners, two of whom were gypsies.

A project is on foot to establish regular steam-packets between Lynn, Hull, and Gainsborough.

Married.] At Wixoe, Rev. W. Mayd, to Miss E. M. Jardine.—At Great Yarmouth, W. Browne, esq., to Miss M. Starling.

Died.] At Aylsham, 93, Mrs. A. Fish.—At Peasenhall, 102, Ann Haward, leaving 5 children, 24 grand-children, 50 great-grand, and 19 great-great grand-children.—At Wicklewood, 100, Mrs. Mary Spraggs.—At Bungay, M. Kerrison, esq.

HANTS.

Died.] At Adbury-house, 90, Dr. W. Fellowes; he was formerly the confidential physician of his present Majesty when at Bath.

DORSET AND WILTS.

On the north-eastern coast of Weymouth Bay, at Osmington, opposite the Island of Portland rises a chalky cliff, considerably higher than the rest of the coast, called the White Nore. On Friday, March 16, a flame was observed playing on the surface of the cliff, on a particular spot which has now assumed the character of a subterraneous fire burning continuously, and may be seen from the Esplanade at Weymouth by night. The chasms from which the fire issues cover a space of earth 20 feet square. Upon looking into the cracks in the earth, the fire appears as clear as that of a furnace. The atmosphere around is sultry, and a steam arises from a larger portion of the surface of the cliff. The coast in this neighbourhood produces a slaty coal, of a very sulphurous nature, and which exhales a gas so offensive that none but those who are driven by poverty to burn it can endure the odour.

At the Dorset assizes, 2 prisoners were recorded for death, and 25 were sentenced to imprisonment for various periods.

DEVON AND SOMERSET.

At the assizes held at Exeter, 15 prisoners received sentence of death, 8 were transported, and 33 were ordered to imprisonment for various periods. The judge complained of the local jurisdictions of the county at these assizes, and threatened to impose a fine upon the chief magistrate of Exeter, if the precincts of the court in which he was sitting were not kept free from the disturbance of noisy children!

A measure of great importance to the town of Newton, and to property of every description near it, has been determined on, *viz.* the cutting a canal into the centre of the place, the work of a few months, from which shipment may be made at once to London, &c. It is contemplated to connect an iron rail-road, running it towards Ashburton, and branching it off to Sigford, which is a short distance from the Dannemore iron-mine, recently discovered near High Tor.

At the Somerset assizes, held at Taunton, the calendar contained the number of 210 prisoners. Mr. Justice Park noticed the increase of crime, particularly at Bath, 34 culprits were recorded for death, 30 were transported, and 60 imprisoned for various periods. In addition to this melancholy list, there are about 230 in the different gaols of the county on orders, a great number of whom are very young. It seems to be the general opinion that the alarming increase of criminals in this county, as compared with others, is, in a great measure, owing to the failure of trade, and the excessively low rate of the wages of labourers in agriculture.

On Easter Monday, the Thorveston Sick Clubs dined together; the members, 800 strong, paraded the streets with music playing and banners flying. 1,300 lbs. of prime and solid meat were dressed for them, and their visitors from the neighbouring villages.

Married.] At Stonehouse, R. Bailey, esq., to Miss H. Courtis.—At Stoke, H. Tonkin, esq., to Miss C. Wood.

Died.] At Teignmouth, 108, Mr. R. Cotton.—At Plymouth, 74, the Rev. Dr. Hawker, 50 of which he had been the pastor of the parish of Charles, and author of many popular works; he was so much respected, that the day after his death, the windows of most of the shops remained half closed, the bells of the several churches tolled at intervals, and the flags of the merchant ships in the harbour were hoisted at half-mast, and continued so until his burial.—At Bath, 75, Alderman Clarke.—At Bristol, Mr. J. Embden; he was a most successful amateur composer, and author of many elegant ballads.

CORNWALL.

At the assizes for this county, held at Launceston, a variety of *nisi prius* causes were adjudged; but on the criminal side few prisoners were found to take their trials; 2 were sentenced to death, 2 transported, and a few imprisoned.

At Truro, the first stone was lately laid for a new church, designed chiefly for the poor of that place and its immediate vicinity.

The Blucher smack, belonging to Newlyn, and manned by six men and a boy, lately left Mount's Bay for Bristol, with about 9,000 mackerel which they had taken, with intent of disposing of their fish. When off Padstow it blew very hard, and the unfortunate crew thought it best to make for that harbour, in doing which she ran on the Dunbar

Sands, at the entrance, and in a short time the smack became a total wreck, and all on board perished. 5 widows and 18 children are left to lament the disastrous event that has deprived them of their natural protectors, who were all men of excellent character.

A public meeting, in aid of the Sunday School Society for Ireland, was recently held at Falmouth, when the secretary for England attended, and gave information respecting the operations of the Society, by which it appears that 1,900 schools, containing 157,000 children and adults, are receiving education, assisted by 14,000 gratuitous teachers.

Died.] At Flushing, 71, Mrs. Kempthorne.—At Penzance, 68, H. Bouse, esq.—At Truro, 80, Mrs. Snowden.—At Constantine, 86, Mrs. Harris.

WALES.

The Literary Society at Ruthin have presented Mr. Parry a silver medal, for an original air, composed agreeably to the modulations of the ancient British music; and the Carmarthen Cymreigyddion Society have advertised premiums for the best Welsh poems, on the "Winter Season," and on "Thunder;" to be sent to the society before the 1st of December next.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of Milford and Hakin, it was unanimously resolved to petition Parliament against the contemplated removal of the post-office steam-packets from their present station off Milford to Hobbs' Point, situated five miles higher up the haven, whereby the country would be put to an enormous expense in making roads over the mountainous, swampy, and almost uninhabited parts of Carmarthen and Pembroke, for an experiment which must eventually fail.

A large Devon bull, fed and bred by W. R. H. Powell, esq., of Maesgwynne, Carmarthenshire, was lately slaughtered, and sold in the neighbourhood of Llanboidy. It weighed 72 score 12lb.; tallow 16lb., hide 13lb., fat on the ribs three inches, and was fed with nothing but hay and Swedish turnips during the last winter.

At the Radnor assizes, Mr. Justice Nolan congratulated the grand jury on the progress in building a new court of justice. Seven prisoners only were for trial; one was recorded for death, one imprisoned, two acquitted, and against the three others no bills were found.—At Denbigh assizes, one prisoner was recorded for death, two were transported, and ten imprisoned; four of whom were poachers.

Died.] At Swansea, 79, Captain J. Dalton.—At Cwmynefin (Carmarthen) 98, J. Thomas, one of the Society of Friends.—At Cardiff, 78, Alderman Morgan.—At Tenby, Henrietta, wife of Sir William Strickland, bart.—At Aberystwith, 98, Mr. J. Evans.—At Llanbadurn-fawr, Rev. R. Morgan, perpetual curate of St. Michael's, Aberystwith; he was 75, and had performed the duties of minister at that place upwards of 40 years; he had likewise been a vicar of Llanychaeron, Cardigan, for many years.

SCOTLAND.

Business of every description still continues in a state of extraordinary depression. Several of the cotton works, it is feared, will be reduced to half time, unless the wages paid for spinning are materially lowered. Stocks are rapidly accumulating, and there is no prospect of an early market or better prices. The weavers are in a state of dreadful destitution. They are eking out a most wretched existence by incessant toil, and have not now a single ray of hope that their condition will

soon be bettered. The state of the industrious classes is well calculated to excite alarm. The distress, if possible, is increased. Men, who were long out of work, and expected to be employed in spring, cannot get a situation of any kind. The distribution of provisions, by the Relief Committee, having almost ceased, has thrown the dependants on that fund into the general mass of misery. It is allowed on all hands that retail business has been gradually worse since the beginning of the year, and may be said to have reached its lowest ebb. The shop-keepers and spirit-dealers, particularly in the suburbs, never felt such times—many of them are ruined by the poverty of their customers, and consequent bad debts.—300 individuals are now on board two vessels in the Clyde, waiting for a fair wind to sail for America.

Married.] At Edinburgh, Sir Thomas Wolleston White, bart., to Miss M. Ramsay.

Died.] At Edinburgh, whither he had gone from Durham to consult physicians, 65, the Rev. Dr. C. H. Hall, Dean of Durham.

IRELAND.

The Catholics in Ireland are signing petitions to convene a general meeting for again bringing their claims before Parliament during the present session, soon after the recess.

The calendar of prisoners for trial at the assizes for the county of Tipperary, enumerates not less than 365 prisoners, 85 of whom are for murder; and the state of the county is dreadful. During the assizes, an armed party of ruffians set fire to the house of a man named Tierney, near Cashel, and, on his attempting to escape, the assassins shot him dead. Another party set fire to the house of John Mannin, near Ballybough (apparently from motives of revenge), when his wife perished in the flames. At the above assizes the principal in the horrible murder of the Sheas was found guilty, and ordered for execution; and five of the murderers of Mr. J. Barry were sentenced to be hanged at the place where they committed the murder.

Our readers will recollect that the burning of the Sheas was committed on the 19th of November 1821, at Tubber; and that for a length of time, such was the enormity of the crime, such the secrecy that attended and followed its commission, that a general belief prevailed that the deaths were the result of accident. However, all doubt soon ceased, and a full and particular account was soon made public. When the house was attacked by an armed banditti, there were 27 inmates; it was set fire to, and every human being in it perished! Escape was prevented, and, for fear the fire should not do its duty, a constant firing of shot was kept up, and several bodies appeared to have been pierced by the shots.

The Emigration Committee, in their recent report, observe that no advantage can be expected "from any system of emigration which does not primarily apply to Ireland, whose population, unless some outlet be opened to them, must shortly fill up every vacuum created in England or in Scotland, and reduce the labouring classes to a uniform state of degradation and misery!"

Married.] At Dublin, Sir Robert Gore Booth, bart., to the Hon. Caroline King, second daughter to Viscount Lorton.—At Darralick, near Enniskillen, Mr. J. Campbell, 80, to Miss M. Maguire, 18.

Died.] At Beechmount, Tipperary, 83, John Godfrey, deputy-lieutenant, and the oldest magistrate in the county.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of March to the 25th of April 1827.

March	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	N 4 Pr. Ct. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols. for Acc.
26	—	—	82½	—	—	97½	—	—	59 60p	30 40p	82½
27	—	—	82½	—	—	97½	—	—	59 61p	40 42p	82½
28	—	—	82½	—	—	97½	—	—	61 62p	40 42p	82½
29	—	—	82½	—	—	97½	—	—	62p	40 42p	82½
30	—	—	82½	—	—	97½	—	—	61 62p	41 43p	82½
31	—	—	82½	—	—	97½	—	—	62p	41 42p	82½
Apr. 1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	—	—	82½	—	—	97½	—	—	63p	41 44p	82½
3	—	—	82½	—	—	97½	—	—	64p	43 45p	82½
4	—	—	82½	—	—	97½	—	—	65 66p	44 47p	82½
5	—	—	82½	—	—	97½	—	—	66 67p	45 47p	82½
6	203½ 204½	81½ 82	82½	—	87½ 88½	98½	19 1-16	—	67 68p	46 48p	82½
7	202½	81½ 82	82½	—	87½ 88½	98½	19 1-16	—	67 68p	46 47p	82½
8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9	203½	82	82½ 83	—	87½ 88½	98½	19 1-16	—	—	46 47p	82½ 83
10	202½ 203	82½	82½ 83	87½ 88½	87½ 88½	98½	19 1-16	—	69p	46 47p	82½ 83
11	203	82½	83½	89	88½	98½	19 1-16 3-16	—	69 70p	46 47p	83
12	203½	82½	83½	89½	88½	98½	19 1-16 3-16	216½ 247	68 70p	46 48p	83
13	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
14	203½	81½ 82½	82½ 83	—	88½ 89	98½	19 1-16	—	67 69p	46 48p	82½ 83
15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18	203½	82½	82½ 83½	88½	88½	98½	19 1-16	—	68p	46 47p	83
19	202½ 203½	82½	83½ 84	88½ 89	88½	98½	19 1-16 3-16	—	68 69p	46 48p	83
20	202½ 203½	82½	83	88½ 89	88½	98½	19 1-16	246½	68 69p	45 47p	83½
21	203	82½	82½ 83½	—	88½	98½	19 1-16	—	68 69p	45 46p	83
22	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
23	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24	202½ 203½	82½	83	88½	88½	98½	19 1-16	246½	68 69p	45 46p	83½
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. EYTON, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From March 20th to 19th April inclusive.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co., 50, High Holborn.

March.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20		☉	50	54	48	30 11	30 03	96	95	SW	W	Clo.	Fair	Clo.
21		☉	51	54	47	29 95	29 96	97	88	W	W	—	—	—
22		☉	57	58	46	29 95	29 97	86	87	W	W	Fair	Fine	Fine
23		☉	53	58	45	29 97	29 96	84	85	WNW	WNW	—	—	Clo.
24		☉	56	58	45	29 94	29 90	73	83	W	W	—	—	Fine
25		☉	51	52	35	29 85	30 03	83	75	W	WNW	—	—	—
26		☉	40	47	37	30 15	30 04	76	74	N	SW	—	—	—
27		☉	43	51	47	29 85	29 66	81	90	SSW	WSW	—	—	Clo.
28		☉	47	52	39	29 55	29 07	89	90	W	SW	—	—	Rain
29		☉	44	50	36	29 11	29 24	83	81	WSW	SW	Clo.	—	Fine
30		☉	42	49	39	29 30	30 61	83	92	WNW	NW	Fair	—	—
31		☉	45	50	41	29 93	30 04	78	78	N	NW	—	—	—
Apr. 1		☉	44	46	45	30 04	30 01	85	97	WSW	SW	Clo.	Clo.	Misty
2		☉	48	48	48	29 99	29 90	93	89	WSW	WSW	—	—	Clo.
3		☉	52	58	46	29 96	29 94	98	87	W	WSW	—	—	—
4		☉	53	49	49	29 98	29 97	87	77	SW	SSW	—	Fair	—
5		☉	58	61	51	29 97	29 92	77	78	S	ESE	Fine	Fine	Moon-lt.
6		☉	63	67	50	29 81	29 92	75	82	SW	W	—	—	Rain
7		☉	53	62	48	30 00	30 12	73	85	WNW	W	—	—	Clo.
8		☉	53	60	47	30 21	30 12	79	83	NE	E	—	—	—
9		☉	52	57	47	29 97	29 81	83	88	SSW	SW	—	—	Moon lt.
10		☉	53	57	43	29 74	29 77	78	78	WSW	ESE	Clo.	Clo.	Rain
11		☉	51	57	46	29 76	29 76	92	85	Clo.	SSW	—	—	Clo.
12		☉	52	55	42	29 67	29 74	87	90	S	SSW	—	—	—
13		☉	45	58	42	29 97	30 04	88	70	W	NNW	—	Fine	Fine
14		☉	52	58	47	30 07	31 01	72	77	N	NNW	Fine	—	—
15		☉	54	56	41	29 92	29 93	79	81	N	NNW	Fair	Rain	Clo.
16		☉	50	54	42	29 93	29 93	79	82	NNE	N	—	Fair	—
17		☉	47	54	41	29 91	29 88	86	87	N	SE	Clo.	—	Rain
18		☉	43	47	44	29 79	29 64	92	93	WNW	WNW	Rain	—	—
19		☉	47	52	39	29 63	29 56	85	88	NE	SE	Clo.	—	Fair

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

New Series.

VOL. III.]

JUNE, 1827.

[No. 18.]

THE NEW MINISTRY.

“ When I said I would die a bachelor, I did never think I should live until I were married.”

SHAKSPEARE.

ALL questions and all differences, public or private, during the last month, have been merged in the grand political question—Are the principles upon which the new Government has been formed defensible, and is that Government likely to continue? We think that the Government *is* likely to continue; and, without laying claim to a much greater share of foresight than belongs to ordinary people, we may afford to say that the arrangements which have lately taken place have done any thing rather than surprise us. The “impossibility” of a coalition between any two political parties would scarcely ever strike *us* as a very decided bar to their immediate junction and alliance. Indeed, we should rather be inclined, generally, as soon as we began to hear that such a connexion was “unnatural” and “unprecedented,” to conclude that it was known to be resolved upon. But, besides the ready and ordinarily available manner of effecting political alliances—the sacrificing “principle” to “place”—a means of reconciling differences perhaps more objectionable as unjustifiable in the parties using it, than as likely to be astonishing to thinking people at large—there was another course by which an alliance was capable of being agreed upon between Mr. Canning and the Whig members who have lately gone over to his support, which was no way degrading to either party as men of honour, and highly creditable to both as practical politicians and men of business;—the Whigs might agree to sacrifice—not “principle to place,” but angry recollections and party feelings to “principle;” and this is the course which, we think—upon cool examination—it will be found that they have adopted.

The abandonment of a “declaration,” however—even although it be an unwise one—is not a deed which can be performed with perfect impunity; and, indeed, at first starting, it commonly exposes the malefactor to almost as much attack and ridicule as the desertion of a principle could do.

M. M. *New Series*.—VOL. III. No. 18.

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And, unquestionably, it is a state of things extremely laughable, and a good fair illustration of the true value of political and party tirade and invective, to see Mr. Canning now supported, and lauded to the skies, by men who, for years past, have been almost nightly engaged in personal hostility with himself, and constantly inveterately opposed to the government with which he was identified. It is not only a fair subject for joke, but a sound lesson of the very cautious reliance which ought to be placed upon the declarations of men who speak and argue for a particular object, when we find the ministerial benches of the House of Commons filled as they are filled at present. When we find that Mr. Tierney, who swore that he "never would take office, unless subject to the grant of Parliamentary Reform," joining the government of Mr. Canning, who avows that, as long as he lives, that measure "shall have his opposition." When Mr. Brougham, who has a great deal more to answer for in the way of "pledge" even than Mr. Tierney, takes his seat behind that right honourable gentleman as First Lord of the Treasury, whom, as Foreign Secretary, he accused of "truckling for office," in such furious and unqualified terms, as induced the right honourable gentleman to retort, in other terms, better suited perhaps to his own warm and rather hasty temper, than to the gravity and decorum of the place in which he sat. And, again, when Sir Francis Burdett, who walked out of the House of Commons but a few years since, when the question of "Catholic claims" came on, because the "touching that question," unless ministers were prepared to "make a cabinet question of it," was no better than "a farce," now supports an administration which refuses to bring on the Catholic Question in any shape at present, and by which the fact that it is not meant at any time to be brought on, as a "cabinet question," is declared. All these retirements from, or disremembrances of, political "declaration" and "profession" expose those concerned in them, no doubt, to a certain quantity of obloquy in the first instance, and form a fair subject enough, under any circumstances, for quips and jests—except, perhaps, that it is not a very new one. But the difference between the abandonment of "words" and of "things" is one which we must not allow ourselves to lose sight of; and one, indeed, which we cannot very easily lose sight of, because it is quickly indicated in the result. The compromise of either, when it takes place, is equally sure to be laughed at; but the difference is that, where the waiver applies only to the first, with the momentary ridicule, the punishment inflicted ceases. Every man, although he laughs at the dilemma of the party, would think a serious accusation founded upon it a more laughable matter still; and is perfectly sensible of the difference that exists between the abandonment of party oaths of hatred and hostility, which were never worth intrinsically twopence, and the neglect or desertion of those practical and fundamental principles of general policy which the individual concerned had professed, and which it would be impossible for him, without degrading his personal character, and forfeiting the confidence of his country, to depart from.

Because—

"Qui n'aime Cotin n'estime point son roi,
Et n'a, selon Cotin ni Dieu, ni roi, ni loi!"

Who is there, not interested in the misrepresentation of such a question that is not aware that the war between two parties in the House of Com-

mons is—not a war “for love or money”—but for both!—war for the right—war for the wrong—war for any thing, or for nothing—but still “war to the knife!”—and always—war!

The creed of the member out of office lies in a nut-shell: “So long as the right honourable gentleman, Mr. A., and his friends, shall continue to sit on the Treasury-bench, so long will I, who sit upon the opposite one—so help me God, and the B. party—oppose every proposition that they bring forward!—unless it happens to be one so absolutely material to the safety and interests of the country, that I dare not, for my life and character, back out of supporting it.”—“I have two causes—sound and excellent—of Opposition:—I love my country’s good; and I want to displace the right honourable gentleman who is now at the head of his Majesty’s government”——“So long as he occupies that place, and enjoys the emoluments of it, I hate him—and every thing about him—from the buckle of his perriwig down to his shoe-tie!”——“Sitting where he does, on the right hand of the Speaker, what can he be—I ask the House—but a sycophant, a despot, a satrap, and a servile?”——“I see assumption and ambition even in the tone in which he blows his nose! He looks two ways at once—equivocation and double meaning—every time he puts on his spectacles! Let the House ask itself, when it sees him dip his finger and thumb into his snuff-box, how much oftener his whole hand is dipped into the public purse? How he ever pours out a glass of claret at a cabinet dinner amazes me, without seeing the spirit of ‘wronged and bleeding Ireland’ rising to put an empty whiskey-bottle into his hand! He never sucks an orange before he rises to make a ‘statement,’ but I think how his ‘minions’ are, ‘day after day,’ squeezing out the vitals, and property, and interests of the country! And every thump that he strikes, in the course of his two hours’ no-meaning speeches upon the ‘box’ of the House of Commons, or on the table—is a new blow given to the rights and to the ‘constitutional liberties’ of the people!”

This is the intent and spirit of two-thirds of that which is spoken in Parliamentary warfare. Violence, exaggerated profession, and ultra Utopian doctrine have been, since political memory, the admitted rights and properties of an “Opposition.” Practical men receive all that they say, with a deduction of sixty parts in the hundred, and a very cautious examination of the remainder. Perhaps an Opposition which took, upon the average, one tithe by its motions of that which it went for, would be successful beyond its own comprehension. But we should be disposed to go farther than this. The scope and limitation which we are describing here, we think, is by no means exclusively assumed by the parties in Opposition. The declarations which are now quoted—as so many pledges which they have deserted, and which they were bound to redeem—out of the mouths of the Whig party, were uttered in the heat of controversy—in the fury, very often, of personal hostility and debate—in long and laboured “speeches,” which were made at least as much for victory over the opponent, as for the truth and fairness of the question; and—that which is still more—made by men, who were aiming to dazzle as much as to convince; who were contending for the prize of wit—of eloquence—of intellectual superiority—far more than for the particular “bill” or “resolution” before the House—excited and urged on by the presence and plaudits of the first assembly in Europe—perhaps the first in all the world! And we believe we might lay it down as a truth not to be controverted, that there scarcely

ever was a "crack" oration—a two hours' speech, full of eloquence and brilliancy—made upon any side of the House of Commons, or upon any subject not purely and essentially, and in detail, one of commerce and "business!"—from the passionate and unrebuked appeals to the House of the honourable haronet, the member for Westminster—whose addresses of late years are so hasty and incoherent, that even the occasional streams of real eloquence and beauty which burst forth in them would scarcely secure their being listened to, were it not for the high constitutional English spirit with which they are imbued—and that the argument, rambling and disconnected as it is, has always the charm of being obviously fresh and unpremeditated;—from these wild and rash, but never rude or discourteous, cavalry *reconnoissances* of the member for Westminster, to the fierce, storm-menacing, mischief-raising, attacks of the learned member for Winchelsea!—whose war-cry, like the arms of the single soldier who captured his enemies by "surrounding" them, seems to threaten his antagonists always from forty points of the compass at once!—whose charge comes on with the sweeping rush of a cloud of light-armed Arabs, or a whole nation of tomahawk-armed American Indians—startling, overwhelming, irregular, and remorseless—careless of safety—incessantly various of weapon as of position—unsparing, unintermitting—from the morning, when the sword is first drawn, to the evening, when the scabbard is looked for (which was thrown away)—and always in attack!—whose fire seems to come upon the House, not by broadsides or discharges of platoons—not as the work of one man's will, or the dealing of one man's hand—but as the irregular exertion and independent imagination of twenty men at once—making the whole area of the House of Commons, as it were, one great field of battle, in which a two-edged sword is whirling round, dealing great gashes right and left—not to speak of a left hand betimes at work with a dagger, or throwing up rockets, shells, grenades, petards—no matter what—but always something of danger; and dealing all so carelessly or desperately, that allies had need to look sharp with shield and helmet, or they (as well as enemies) may chance of some mischief in the mellay!—and, again, from these extraordinary, almost semi-barbarous, displays of strength of Mr. Brougham—the splendour of which, combined with the eccentricity, renders them perhaps the *most* interesting that are to be witnessed in the House of Commons—to the more scholastic and courtly exhibitions of civilized gladiatorship of Mr. Canning!—whose style and temperament, though equally bold, and even more violent, than that of his honourable and learned late opponent and present colleague, has less, outwardly, of bitterness and seeming delight in misanthropic irony than that of the member for Winchelsea in it!—and who sets out in the battle always—not like a partisan, or a Croat or Pandour leader—but as a British general,—who has his self-command entire, and all his arrangements made, to a hair, before he enters the field!—his reserve posted—his power duly marshalled and distributed—his artillery in front, to meet the enemy's charge—his cavalry ready, to take advantage of their first moment of disorder—and then sounds trumpet to "advance!" as though he felt the eyes of Europe were upon him!—From the harangues of the first of these orators—who never thinks or cares what it is he says; to those of the second—whom opposition, the mere spirit of controversy and contradiction, will lead to say almost any thing; and, again, to those of the third, who is betrayed (where he does fail) by the excitation and triumph attendant upon success, and whose

imprudent friends may always do him more mischief by their cheers and encouragement, than his open foes will by the hardest and heaviest blows they can deal against him;—throughout the whole career of these three statesmen, from the first to the last, we should doubt if ever a very long and very striking parliamentary speech had been delivered by either which did not contain many statements which the speaker never could abide by:—many things which he would be very glad (the moment his speech was over) to retract—some which he must eventually—having no choice at all about it—abandon; and not unfrequently some, which, having uttered, he cannot retract, but which remain on record, to do mischief, both to himself and to the cause which he has supported.

This is the *real* state of discussion in the great legislative assembly of Great Britain. But, in the midst of all this mass of daily menace and profession, which means almost nothing, and which flies out, partly provoked by party spirit, partly by personal hostility or pique, but very often by the mere spirit of controversy, subject to which a speaker in Parliament must deliver himself,—in the midst of all this, there is still a declared and understood disposition always and opinion about every leading man on every side, with reference to practical questions and general principles of policy, from which no set of men can swerve without the loss of personal credit and political reputation. And the question is—Have those leaders or members of the Whig party, who have lately coalesced with Mr. Canning's administration, abandoned or swerved from any such general principles or practical opinions? We think that they have not.

The only point to which the country will look, and the only point really worth looking to, is this—Does that junction which has taken place between the Whigs and Mr. Canning tend to advance those general principles of policy which the Whigs have been in the habit of advocating; or is its tendency to stifle and retard them? It is impossible to answer this question, except by saying that such a junction does tend most materially to advance those principles—some of them, at least, if not the whole; and that it was the only visible arrangement by which they could be advanced, or even kept from retrograding. Upon the face of the affair, indeed, it seems almost absurd to suppose any doubt can exist as to such a question. Is a government, composed of Mr. Canning, Lord Goderich, Mr. Huskisson, and Lord Plunkett—supported by Mr. Brougham, Mr. Tierney, and Sir Francis Burdett (even supposing the two first of these gentlemen not to take office)—sustained and accredited by Lord Althorp, Lord Milton, Lord Nugent, Mr. Hobhouse, Sir John Newport, and Sir James Mackintosh—almost every individual of influence belonging to the Whig party in the House of Commons—not to speak of its support (which is pretty nearly, however, undoubted) from the same party in the House of Lords:—is such a government more likely to carry, for example, the question of “Catholic Emancipation,” than a ministry led by the late Lord Chancellor, Mr. Peel, Mr. Dawson, and Mr. Goulburn—persons, tooth and nail,—by every pledge that words or acts can give—even to the very resignation of office in preference to enduring it—opposed to such a measure? We repeat, that it seems almost like absurdity to put such a question. The argument of Sir Francis Burdett—of Lord Althorp (whose short speeches in the House of Commons contain more matter than many long ones); the argument of Mr. Brougham—of Lord Nugent—in fact, of the Whigs generally—is unanswerable. “If there was any doubt, on the commencement of the new

arrangements, as to which side the Whigs ought to take, Mr. Peel's own speech, on the first night when the House assembled, must have put an end to it." The confidence in Mr. Canning's "liberal" intentions, which compels you—the Tories—to go out, *must* make it our duty—the Whigs—to come in. Why have you—Mr. Peel and Lord Eldon—according to your own account, resigned? Why, but because you think the very measures certain to be carried under the new government upon which I—Sir Francis Burdett—have built my faith? Why, then, what contemptible apologists would the Whigs be for legislators! what claim could they ever set up again to the character even of sane and reasonable men, far less of statesmen! if, for the sake of a form, a manner, a ceremony, a degree—for the sake of the *words* in which they have urged their principles—they were to abandon those *principles* themselves!

To rest the case entirely upon this last point—which is, perhaps, the real one. What asses must men be to say,—“Because we cannot get twenty shillings in the pound for the debt (as we consider it) due to the country, therefore we will give up our claim entirely.”—“We cannot get the whole amount at once; and therefore we will not take fifteen shillings in cash—which is tendered to us—without prejudice to our recovery (whenever we can get them) of the other five.” No! as we cannot get all, we will have nothing. As we cannot get “Parliamentary Reform,” we will give up “Catholic Emancipation.” We will suffer the administration of Mr. Canning to break down, because he does not agree with us quite in every thing; in order to let in that of Lord Eldon, who coincides with us in nothing!

This is precisely the condition in which the Whig members who have joined government were placed; and upon that state of things we are content to take our stand for their entire justification. It is mere nonsense to talk of compelling any set of men, by a reference to *words*—and to words, too, taken in their *literal* signification and interpretation, which is very often the most unfair mode of reading them that can be adopted—to do *acts*, which would stamp them as ideots, or compromise their trust to the community. If we did put forth an exaggerated or impracticable opinion yesterday—why, let it be our offence; we will not act upon it to-day. The question is—not what has any body said—but what should be done now for the general advantage. The Whig party, not being able to get the whole of their measures supported, have embraced an opportunity which seems to promise the carrying of the most pressing of them; and the new government refuses to deal with the cause which it particularly desires to promote in that manner which would be quite certain to ensure its destruction;—this is the whole story of the “abandonment of pledge and principle.”

The new administration is not, it is said, to make Catholic Emancipation a cabinet question. Why, grant the fact:—the other parties (as Lord Althorpe very truly observes) *did* make it a cabinet question—“the wrong way.” The new ministers are not disposed to bring on the Catholic Question immediately. Surely not; they must be mad if they were: for they know that the policy of the old ministers, aided by the impatience and absurdity of the Catholics themselves, has made it utterly impossible that the question should be carried immediately. There exists no difference between the opinions which Mr. Canning professed as to the fit mode of treating the Catholic Question three years ago and that which he

gives at the present time. To Mr. Brougham's question in 1825,—“What had a minister to fear [upon the Catholic Question], with that House, those benches [the Opposition] and all England at his back?”—the right hon. gentleman replied by another question,—“What would a minister do with *only* those benches, and *no* England at his back?” Mr. Canning knew, or believed, in 1825, that, in the temper of the country, to carry the claims of the Catholics was impracticable. The Catholic cause stands far worse (in England) now than it did in 1825. In that year, a majority of twenty-seven carried the question through the House of Commons: not a month since, a majority of four in the House of Commons voted against it. The only symptom of reasonableness which we have observed for years on the part of the Catholics of Ireland—and it is a symptom from which we augur very favourably—is,—that they have not run away with the absurd supposition that the mere giving of the Treasury votes into Mr. Canning's disposition, could enable him suddenly to carry the question of their claims, in opposition—we state the fact without hesitation—to the feelings of the country.

Even a minister must work by “wit,” and not by “witchcraft.” “Great men” have “reaching hands;” but those hands cannot be all over a country at once, and at work on five hundred different parts of it at the same moment. The new government, whatever its wishes and dispositions may be, must have time to feel its way. A very moderately competent architect, every man knows, can build a church or a palace, if we give him time; but, if we discharge every architect who declines to build our church between sunrise and sunset, we run the hazard never to get it built at all. There must be time for the progress even of “corruption.” There must be time for the stream of patronage (which has hitherto run all one way) to change its course; and for bishoprics and silk gowns to float down rather to the friends of Catholic Emancipation, than to the known opponents of that measure. : Still more, of necessity, there must be time for the power that dispenses these favours to gain consistency—an opinion in the public mind of its duration: Wise men are cautious even of the patronage of a power, that did but come in yesterday—and may go out to-morrow. Time must elapse before sincere and steady opponents can be convinced, or neutralized, or removed. Some little time even before opinions which have been adverse can decently be changed. Perhaps even a whole year or two, before every tax-gatherer and petty placeman in the country—rather more than one out of every ten persons—and every clerk in office (without exception)—will feel himself as naturally becoming an advocate of Catholic Emancipation,—and with just as much understanding of the value or merits of the question—as he is now opposed to it. At least, this fact is most transparent and certain—Any impatience evinced on the part of the Catholic body now, can have no other effect than that of, at least, deferring the accomplishment of their hopes indefinitely—perhaps of destroying them for ever. Because, whatever their chance of success may be—good or bad—under the present ministers, that is the *only* chance they have. If the existing ministers do not exert themselves strenuously and zealously, with heart and voice, to carry their question, then they will be deeply and treacherously wronged, and their affected advocates will be disgraced; but they have no iota of ground—at least as yet—for suspecting the intentions of the existing ministers; and they *know* the opinions of their opponents.

Then, apart from that which seemed, a fortnight ago, the possible folly of the Catholics of Ireland—who might, by an act of desperate folly, have been led to draw their friends along with them into the pit, instead of giving time to the latter to draw them out of it—apart from this peril (which has gone by), of the stability of the New Ministry we should find it difficult to entertain a doubt.

For, unless we were to take in a Whig ministry entirely, — which would not be much more pleasing to the parties now in opposition than the existing arrangement,—where, if we dissolve the existing Administration, is the country to look for another?

It can scarcely be supposed that Lord Eldon, and Mr. Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Westmoreland, would ever consent to hold office with the present First Lord of the Treasury again. Their going out, as it seems to us, has done nothing but honour to their public principle and their private firmness. And the manner of it—for as to the motive there can be no question—no doubt they would have sustained their policy, and remained in office, if they could have done so, and it would be very new to impute any blame to them for such a desire—the manner of their secession has been most unfairly and scandalously misrepresented. As regards the late Lord Chancellor in particular, the secession of that noble lord has served to shew, that—however desirous he may have been esteemed to hold his place—that desire did not weigh with him one moment, when his political honour and consistency seemed to demand that he should resign it. But, still, for the high Tory party to come back *with* Mr. Canning is hardly possible, and would be hardly creditable; and of the high Tory party, without his assistance, it would scarcely be possible to form an administration which should satisfy the country. Mr. Canning is the best minister of *business* that the political circles of the day can furnish. We do justice to the talents of Lord Eldon, but he is a disciple of a school of politics that has gone by; and—that which is hardly less to the purpose—his lordship could hardly remain a great while longer available for public duties. The Duke of Wellington, we believe, has been most unfairly judged of—we are sure that he has been most unfairly spoken of—touching both his personal character and his claims upon the country. The affected depreciation which has appeared in some quarters of the noble duke's talents, we hold to be absurd; the obloquy that has been attempted to be cast upon his feelings and motives in his late secession, is mean and ungenerous. We think that he has a title—if ever any man had, or could have one—to speak, and in direct terms, of the services that he has rendered to this country;—but we do not think he could have filled the place of Lord Liverpool. In fact, the duke himself, we suspect, if we had the means of knowing his feelings, will be pretty nearly of this opinion; and we rely most confidently that he will never allow his opposition to go one point beyond that which he believes to be for the public advantage. It has been asked, by those who are hostile to the new administration,—“Could Mr. Canning, if a war should arise, after what has happened, expect the Duke of Wellington to accept employment?” We feel certain, not only that Mr. Canning, or any other minister for the time being, might expect this—but we are sure that he would not be disappointed. The Duke of Wellington will not fail to recollect, that, if he has some share of political and personal attack to complain of, yet still, in the main, ample and liberal justice has been done him by the country. Honours, and wealth, and offices have descended upon him, not in greater profusion than

his services merited, but still in very large and copious abundance. He has not, certainly, been personally popular with the country; but he will remember that a character decidedly military is never well calculated to be a favourite with the English people. They are better prepared always to do justice to its claims than to be in love with it. But, in his case, that justice has been most freely accorded. No grants or remunerations, whether in the way of pecuniary reward or rank, have been viewed with more pleasure, or with a readier sense of their fitness, by the people of England, than those which, from time to time, have been bestowed upon the Duke of Wellington.

But—to return to our argument—passing his grace the Duke of Wellington and the late Lord Chancellor, there is no one left on the high Tory side to do any thing with as a minister but Mr. Peel; and Mr. Peel, although he is a valuable man in the House of Commons, yet still he is not—say in experience alone—at all Mr. Canning's equal; and, moreover, his views and opinions upon some subjects have a touch of the fault belonging to those of Lord Eldon: they are of a school of policy that is (in our opinion) upon the wane. Lord Liverpool, the late Lord Chancellor, the late Marquis of Londonderry, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Sidmouth—these were a party of politicians formed to make a ministry of themselves. The Marquis of Londonderry's trust was in steel; in every emergency he was ready always to advise “strong measures;”—Lord Liverpool could reason upon them plausibly and ingeniously;—the Lord Chancellor, as a lawyer, would justify them; and the Duke of Wellington, at the head of the troops, would carry them into execution; and Lord Sidmouth—could write to the magistrates. No knot of men could have been better fitted than these, to uphold (as long as it could be upheld) a system of policy which the growing information of the age was every day more and more rapidly going on to undermine. But their scheme went to pieces as soon as their union was broken. The first blow it received was from the death of the Marquis of Londonderry: there was no man of equal tact and similar principle could be found to fill up his place.

In fact, the very circumstances which, in our view, render the existing ministry so unquestionably strong, go of themselves to make the formation of any other almost impossible. The present administration—between those who compose it and those who act with it—embraces almost all the leading talent of the country; and, under such circumstances, it becomes difficult to perceive how even passion and disappointment can lead any set of men to question its stability. The “Opposition” is nothing; and hardly can be any thing, because it cannot be united. The parties *out* are a few very stern and scrupulous Whigs, and a body of ultra-Tories—men who may not be able to coalesce with the government, but who can still less have any thought to agree with one another. Lord Grey says distinctly, that the Whigs *cannot* oppose. He says, “I am not, by any means, at all points satisfied with the ministry; but that I should act with the ‘Opposition’” (meaning the Tory party) “is impossible. I differ upon some questions, and on some very important ones, of policy, from Mr. Canning; but, from Lord Eldon, I am, on every point, ‘far as the poles asunder!’” In fact, the mere course of the debates in the House since Parliament has assembled, sufficiently shews what must be the event. The strength of the seceding party was tried, and found to be a reed in the beginning and it has been growing weaker and weaker every day. There were

four men whose voices commanded attention in the House of Commons the instant that they rose—Mr. Canning, Mr. Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. Tierney. All these men are now upon the ministerial benches: five-sixths of the second-rate talent of the House support them; and they are opposed, literally—the debates will shew it—by Mr. Dawson and Sir Thomas Lethbridge! Mr. Dawson is an acute, clever man, as a third-rate politician. Sir Thomas Lethbridge is a gentleman in his appearance and manners, and a man of the most unquestioned personal firmness and honour. But Mr. Brougham gets up, after their fiercest efforts—makes a speech rather for his amusement than troubling himself with the question—and laughs the whole phalanx—such “Opposition” leaders, and their supporters—out of the field.

This is the position of the high Tory party—which is not only a sufficiently embarrassing one, but one which is by no means likely to improve; because they are not merely weak in talent, and, as we believe, in numerical strength; but their hands are, in a great measure, tied—and they will discover this—by their recent different situations. The topic of “past declarations” will be found, we suspect, to form a far more serious obstacle in the way of the Opposition than it can be made (at least at present) in the way of ministers. The Catholic question, which they would give a hundred thousand pounds to bring on, they cannot bring on—because the object of their touching it would be too transparent. They would give their salvation to have the question tried; but they cannot bring it on merely in order to oppose it. So, again, the new ministry, like every ministry that ever existed, will have a certain number of jobs and shabby transactions to perform; but these otherwise golden occasions will do very little for the present Opposition; for all the first jobs to be done—the current and unfinished ones—will be those in which they themselves, not six weeks since, were personally engaged. And, still again, upon all the ordinary routine points that form the hope of an Opposition—the money questions, retrenchment, reduction of military force, colonies, taxes, embassies, pensions, sinecure places, and rewards—one eternal bar presents itself to the operations of the ultra-Tories; for, how can they open their mouths upon such subjects, without having their own justification of the very acts that they are impugning quoted against them; and thrust down their throats, amid the laughter of the very Treasury votes that formed their own majorities? And yet these are the people that are proposing to found themselves upon “recorded declarations!”

For these reasons it is, therefore—among a variety of others, which it would detain our readers too long in this place to describe—that we fully believe that the Coalition ministry (with all its sins upon its head) will stand its ground; and that it must be upon the future conduct of the parties who compose it, and not upon their past declarations, that the Opposition must find cause to attack it, before it can be attacked with any prospect of success or of advantage. Our own opinion is, moreover, that the public has reason to be well pleased in supporting this state of things; because, while we give full credit to the seceding party for their spirit and sincerity, we do believe that the principles professed by their successors are more consonant to the wishes of enlightened people in this country, and more decidedly those which the increased information of the country, and the altered and improving state of Europe, generally, demand. Unfortunately, to any departure from a system of policy which was highly advantageous

once, but which, we think, has now ceased to be so, the party that has gone out of power was fixedly and determinately opposed. What the new Ministry will do remains to be proved; but we have their professions, at least, in favour of the course which we think beneficial; and we repeat, that it is not their refusal to rush prematurely and precipitately into that course, which shall lead us hastily to question their sincerity. The ministry is entitled to time; and with time, we trust, it will be disposed to realize its pledges. That it will be able to do so, we hope; because one of those pledges—the carrying of the Catholic Question—we feel to be of the most vital importance to the interests and safety of this country. That the ministry will have a fair trial and a candid one—looking to the disposition which has been evinced by the independent members of the House of Commons generally—we do not doubt; and, certainly, if an administration, so constituted and supported, were to fall—(except by its own misconduct)—we should scarcely know what government could ever have a safe reliance. And that the “Opposition” will fall to nothing, we as fully believe; because an Opposition *cannot* stand, unless supported by the country; and it is upon a few passing prejudices of the people only—not at all upon those sound principles which are making progress among them—that the high Tory party has its hold. For the rest, we have rather to regret that, in some of the discussions which have recently taken place in Parliament upon this subject, a tone of more hostility has been occasionally adopted than either the state of affairs, candidly viewed, demanded, or the rules of civilized or courteous warfare should permit. Sir H. Hardinge’s reference to the old quarrel between Mr. Brougham and Mr. Canning, was not worthy of that officer’s general frank and manly character; nor was the monosyllable “Yes,” addressed by Mr. Canning, on the other hand, to Mr. Dawson, in the House of Commons, such an answer as a man of Mr. Canning’s mind, and sitting in his place, ought to have given to a gentleman who asked questions on the part of the Opposition. There are rules of forbearance and good breeding applicable to discussions, whether in or out of Parliament, which it is painful to see men of intellect and station allowing themselves to violate.*

* Since these sheets were at press, some changes have taken place in the arrangements of the administration; but as they are only of a nature which affirms the opinion which we have delivered, we feel it unnecessary, at greater length, to advert to them.

AD SCULPTOREM CELIAM EXPRIMERE CONANTEM.

FORBEAR, forbear! 'tis idly done;
 Why task in vain thy baffled art—
 Why madly dream to chiselled stone
 The charms of Celia to impart?
 Can bright expression's kindling strife—
 Sentient of love, and hope, and joy—
 Warm the damp clay with trembling life,
 Or fill the marble's rayless eye?

On man thy art be freely shewn;—
 Bid *his* stern brow, without control,
 Reveal, with thought's severer frown,
 The awful secrets of his soul.

There strive to print the lofty look,
 The freeborn glance of eagle pride;
 The deep resolve when Brutus strook,
 The patriot frown when Cato died.

Or bid, in mute and fixed distress,
 The princely mourner weep for aye;
 Or, stretched in infant loveliness,
 The storm-struck lily droop and die.

But let soft tints each grace disclose,
 That kindly melts, or fondly warms—
 When bright the blushing canvass glows
 With Woman's ripe and perfect charms.

O'er bust, or block, or statued stone,
 What lover's heart e'er fondly burned?
 Clasped the cold bosom to his own,
 And seemed to feel its throb returned?

But mark the youth with gaze intent,
 As o'er his *pictured* fair he bends,
 And to that brow so sweetly brent
 A thousand showering kisses lends!

* * * * *
 Go—view the quivering listlessness,
 The feebly-wandering, heart-sick eyes—
 The fading flush—which all express
 A Dido's parting agonies!

Or turn to Milan's matchless prize,
 Where pity, pride, and love contend!
 Lo! where the wretched Hagar flies,
 Without a home—without a friend!

In silence heard—the wife's command—
 Though her flushed cheeks the taunt confess—
 She clasps her Ishmael's gentle hand,
 And seeks the kinder wilderness!

Betrayed, heart-broken, lost, and scorned,
 With lowliest mien she wends her way;
 Her streaming eyes on Abraham turned,
 Yet weep their fond reproach away.

To scenes like these, thy happiest art,
 Unequal found, must stoop its pride!
 Struck by the bold attempt we start,
 But gaze unmoved, and turn aside.

THE PRAISES OF TOBACCO.

" The pipe that is so lily white,
In which so many take delight,
It breaks with a touch—
Man's life is but such :
Think of this when you take Tobacco.

" The Indian weed doth quickly burn—
So doth man's strength to weakness turn ;
The fire of youth extinguished quite,
Comes age, like embers dry and white :
Think of this when you take Tobacco."
Old Song.

" Long life to Sir Walter Raleigh, though he be dead ; and success to King James's counterblast, though it be overblown"—says some wit, who I have forgotten ; and had the royal declaimer known what fearful odds he had to encounter, probably he would not have ventured on an attack in which he was sure of being defeated. The unknown author of the two immortal couplets heading this article has done more, in recommendation of the fragrant Indian herb, than the regal eloquence and learning would have effected in its disparagement, even within the compass of a folio volume. The poet, whoever he be, is truly poetical ; he is also a moralist—a true smoker—who is always meditating over his pipe : indeed, the last of these stanzas is quoted by Sir W. Scott ; he has put it into the mouth of Justice Inglewood, whose character it very well suits. I think a pipe may, indeed, in some measure, be an interpreter of the thoughts which are passing in the mind of another. For, mark the smoker—how deep he is in meditation ! Notice the difference in the puffs he continually sends forth ! Now they issue slowly and regularly, indicating that some laborious train of thought is going on ! And mark that voluminous puff !—he has settled the point to his fancy, and is clearing his brains for an attack upon another section of his cogitations, whatever they may be. Notice those irregular puffs, accompanied by an unsettled expression of countenance !—he is tossing his ideas backward and forward on the seas of doubt. But see that somewhat impatient puff !—he has discovered a fundamental error in the process of his reasoning, and has dismissed it altogether. But enough of this : my pipe, which I now hold in my mouth, has set me rhyming against my nature.

TO THE LILY AND MY PIPE.

I.

Thou regal pride of Flora's power,
With which she decks the July bower,
When summer suns their radiance pour
O'er drooping nature !—

II.

I love thee !—though thou canst not give
The joys I from my Pipe receive ;
Thou canst not, if thou wouldst, retrieve
Thy withering beauties.

III.

When rising winds and drenching rain
Descend upon the thirsty plain,
And thy bright halls of silver stain
With golden pollen ;—

IV.

We mourn thy death—we mourn thy fall !
 For summer flowers, and glories all,
 Must pass away at winter's call,
 Though we lament them.

V.

But not so thou, my fragrant Pipe !
 For I can have thee in my gripe,
 When fields are green and fruits are ripe—
 Thou art always handy !

VI.

When dreary meads are wrapped in snows,
 Thou warm'st my mouth, and cheer'st my nose ;
 A lasting sweet—a winter rose,
 I deem thee truly !

VII.

Be with me every morn and night,
 My constant solace and delight ;
 And with thy help I will endite
 Thy ceaseless praises.

I do not know when I enjoy a pipe of tobacco most—whether it be on a winter's evening, by a blazing fire, surrounded by a knot of friends, busily engaged in discussing literary topics, and settling amongst ourselves the merits of this poet or that writer. I think we should not make a bad company for starting a new review. Suppose we call it the “Celestial Review,”—for all its *dicta* would be issued from the clouds. With what pleasure have I, at the beginning of every month, received the new number of the *Monthly* ! With what eagerness do I, accompanied by my pipe, peruse alternately your “Village Sketches,” and the epistles of your “Gentleman in Town !” I think I must be the “Gentleman in the Country,”—for I regularly smoke over his lucubrations, and live in the country. How should I like to seat myself in the chimney-corner of Hester Hewitt's establishment, and discuss a jug of her home-brewed and a pipe ! I have sat in many a hostel as remote and rustic as her's, and watched the departing rays of the setting sun, as it glanced and flickered through the thick foliage of the laburnums and lilacs which surrounded the garden, and piercing through the green curtain of geraniums and myrtles which filled the window-seat, and half-darkened the casement, illuminated the polished oak tables and sanded floor ; whilst the glaring colours of the pictures stuck against the wall—generally descriptive of the Life of Joseph, the Prodigal Son, &c.—shone with redoubled brightness. There have I sat, meditating and smoking, until the last rays of the sun and the last puff of my pipe were expended together ; and, as the clouds of evening gathered around without, and the noisy martins, under the eaves of the thatched roof, are going to sleep, so do I, in the clouds of my own rising, compose myself to a comfortable nap, and dream of woods and meadows, streams and deep lanes, screened from the heat by high and overreaching dog-roses and flowering hawthorns—until I am awakened by the entrance of my landlady to inquire “what the gentleman will have for supper ?”

Thus have I spent many an evening, cribbed from a life devoted to the study of an arduous profession ; and thus do I hope to spend many more.

Hayley wrote a poem on the triumphs of "Temper:" the triumphs of "Tobacco" would be a much better subject. I wonder no poet has attempted it: I suppose because no one found himself equal to the task. Phillips, the immortal bard of the "Splendid Shilling," seems to be the only poetical eulogiser of the Indian herb, of which he was a devoted admirer.

Suppose I sketch an outline for a poem on this sublime subject, leaving it to any one who can to fill it up. In the first place, let us begin with the "celestial machines," as Pope obligingly calls the gods, in his preface to the Iliad (for all things are full of Jove). Jupiter, viewing with compassion the miserable state of the lower classes all over the world, determines to effect something for their alleviation. Accordingly, he summons his heavenly conclave, and addresses them in a very neat and appropriate speech, commanding their assistance in the very important matter about to be debated, and requesting every deity to give his or her opinion of what means will most effectually promote his charitable purpose. Old Plutus first rises, and proposes to enrich and delight the commonalty by a "Guide to Wealth," in the shape of "Poor Richard's Almanack." This is opposed by Pallas, who observes that wealth is but a very secondary consideration in regard to happiness, and that wisdom is the principal thing. She accordingly submits, that the poor should be enlightened and rendered happy by means of mechanics' institutions and societies for the education of the poor.

Let Venus ordain Valentine's Day to come once a month. Bacchus wishes to build wine-vaults and erect breweries all over the world, and make the people drunk for nothing. Esculapius proposes to augment the sum of worldly happiness, by teaching the poor to physic themselves; and, accordingly, produces "Buchan's Domestic Medicine" from under his cloak, of which he says a very large edition is ready for the press. He also takes the opportunity to observe, that he has expatiated very largely under the heads "colic" and "pain in the bowels,"—which two disorders he expected would become very prevalent, now Bacchus's sour drink would be as plentiful as dirty water. Apollo wished to make folks merry by music and dancing, and by distributing Pan's pipes and tambourines into all countries. Ceres produces plans for erecting cottages and gardens, declaring it was of the most vital importance, in regard to the happiness of mankind, that each person should grow his own cabbage, potatoes, and onions; whilst Death's gloomy King thinks the most certain way of rendering men happy would be by destroying them altogether, and so putting an end to their misery. Let the subject be debated *pro* and *con*, until the vaults of heaven resound to the voices of all talkers and no hearers. Then let Jupiter close the discussion by throwing down his sceptre, and summing up the various speeches in this style. He observes, if he assents to the proposal of Plutus, the people would become too rich to be happy; if to that of Pallas, too wise; if to that of Venus, too idle. With respect to the proposal of Bacchus, it did not claim one minute's attention; and by obliging Esculapius, he should ruin all the doctors, which he was unwilling to do. If Apollo's scheme prevailed, all the birds would be frightened away; and shoes, which were high enough before, become extravagantly dear. With regard to the plans of comely Ceres, they would make a world of beggars. [Here the king of gods alludes to Ireland.] He also assures him of the winding-sheet, that, although he considered his as much the

most reasonable proposal, he did not wish to depopulate the world. He had a scheme of his own, which he had no doubt they would assent to: if they would not, he would compel them. [Here let it thunder in the poem]. He then produces a tobacco-box out of his pocket, and calling to Hebe, desires her to bring pipes, and, lighting one himself, fills heaven's high arch with its fragrant fumes. He then sends Mercury to distribute the fragrant plant all over the world. And let the poem close with hymns of thanksgiving to Jove, from all the inhabitants, for his inestimable gift.

O.

LOVE'S FIRST LESSON.

[From the French.]

COLIN, though scarcely turned fifteen,
Has fallen in love with Rose;
And Rose, though younger still, has been
Robbed of her heart's repose:
Two such young lovers ne'er were seen
As Colin and as Rose.

Strange fires, which Colin cannot smother,
Within his bosom move;
Rose looks on Colin as a brother,
Or something far above:
Colin and Rose love one another,
But dare not *say* they love.

Unconsciously, lone still retreats
They seek at evening's close;
And Colin's heart within him beats,
And so does her's in Rose:
He hears not when his pet-lamb bleats,
Nor she her own dove knows.

With timorous step he ventures nigh,
And then sighs tenderly;
And, listening to his heart-drawn sigh,
More deeply still sighs she:
"What ails you, Colin?" is her cry;
"What ails you, Rose?" asks he.

"Rose, my poor heart of feelings new
And wond'rous still doth drink;"—
"And in mine, Colin, strange thoughts, too,
Float to the very brink:"—
"Colin, I think that I love you;"—
"Rose, I love you, I think."

Then did they on each other turn
Eyes beaming like a star;
And, by their dewy light, discern
Their hearts' long-hidden scar:
Of all the lessons Love must learn,
The first's the sweetest far!

H. N.

TERRA INCOGNITA:

No. II.

THE Amazonian island, now known as Australia (Austral-Asia, contracted and euphonated), was called by its Dutch discoverer New Holland. It extends from the eleventh to the thirty-ninth degree of south latitude, and from the 113th to the 154th degree of east longitude; but, till about twenty-eight years ago, it was believed to extend four and a half degrees further south, including Van Diemen's Land, which, by the discovery of Bass's Straits, proved to be distinct from the greater island, or main land.

On the report of Captain Cook and Sir Joseph Banks, our government determined to form a penal settlement on the east coast of New Holland; and, taking formal possession of about three-fifths of the whole island (including Van Diemen's Land), named their part of it New South Wales; and, in the year 1787, sent thither a number of transports with convicts, under the command of Captain Phillip, who accompanied his charge in the *Sirius* sloop of war. Botany Bay, which is in latitude thirty-three and a half degrees, had been explored, and so named, by the great navigator, and the no less great naturalist, and was the destined haven of the transport fleet. Captain Phillip, however, on arriving there, was not satisfied with the site proposed; and, proceeding thence to explore Broken Bay, he stopped on the way to examine an inlet about half way between the two, that Captain Cook had noticed and named Port Jackson. His satisfaction equalled his surprise on discovering it to be the magnificent harbour it is; and, in the exercise of sound discretion, he chose the shores of Sydney Cove (which I have described as being within Port Jackson, and about eight miles from its mouth) to be the site of his capital, instead of those of Botany Bay, which are now as wild and almost as tenantless as they were in 1788.

Ten or twelve miles north of "the heads" (of Port Jackson), Broken Bay receives the waters of the Hawkesbury, which rising about forty miles south of Sydney, and not more than eight or ten miles from the sea, at first a shallow limpid stream, is called the Cow-pasture river. Meandering in a north-west direction, till it is between thirty and forty miles from the coast, it becomes navigable for boats, changes the name Cow-pasture for Nepean, and then, pursuing nearly a direct north course till it reaches Richmond, it there feels the tide, and, assuming its greatest consequence, flows on, with the name of Hawkesbury, through the most fertile land in the colony for about twenty miles, north-easting as it goes; and then the water becoming salt, the banks become barren, and it winds along almost due east, till it reaches the coast in Broken Bay. Several tributary streams and creeks join the Hawkesbury in its semi-lunar course.

That portion of the country, then, which is so nearly insulated by the Hawkesbury and the sea is the county of Cumberland—south of it is that of Camden—north (of Broken Bay and the river) is that of Northumberland—and on the west, the blue mountains, which rise out of the Hawkesbury and Nepean, border the county of Westmoreland.

It was not till the year 1804 that Van Diemen's Land was colonized—six years after the fact of its insularity had been ascertained. Differing in soil and climate, and consequently in productions from the mother colony

in New South Wales, Tasmania* has improved at no slower rate; and, as evidence of the consequence it has acquired, may be stated the fact of its having been lately established into an independent government.

The grossest ignorance appears to have prevailed, and indeed to prevail, in this country of the merits of the two colonies, and even of their separate existence. Many, otherwise well-informed people, have a confused notion of a place to which convicts are sent; and to it they apply indiscriminately the names Botany Bay, *South Wales*, and Van Diemen's Land. If you speak of Sydney in New South Wales,—“Ha! that is in Botany Bay, is it not?—very fine climate that of Van Diemen's Land, I believe!” Men who would be ashamed to acknowledge themselves ignorant of *rouge et noir* or *écarté*, unblushingly talk of the colonial dependencies of their own country as, a waiting-woman might of the Kamskatchan territories of the Emperor of Russia, or an Italian police-clerk of the cities of England,† I have actually met with individuals about to emigrate to one of the two colonies, who had clubbed the productions of both for the one they were going to—and were expecting to find the fine wools and rich fruits of New South Wales in the colder clime of Van Diemen's Land. Indeed, it is not very long since the London newspapers quoted the very high prices at which some of the best wool from the former colony was sold in London, as of wool from Van Diemen's Land. I may adduce another and more recent instance of the mistakes the newspapers fall into at times about these colonies. The Sydney papers received by a late arrival speak of the difficulty of getting bills on England, and state the intention of some merchants to send, as a remittance, a quantity of Mauritius sugar which they had on hand—believing that they should lose less by so doing than by giving the high premiums demanded for bills, even when they were to be had. Now, for some time past, they have begun to cultivate the sugar-cane a few degrees north of Sydney; but, as yet, if with success, not in any quantity. However, although the fact was clearly stated, I read with surprise in one of the first London newspapers, that *such was the extent to which sugar was cultivated in New South Wales, that two ships were about to sail from Sydney for England laden with that article, the produce of the colony!* I quote from recollection—but it was to that effect.

One of Governor Macquarrie's greatest faults was the comparative neglect with which he treated many of the free colonists, and those who were employed under government before his arrival—doling out to them pitiful grants of land, which were, at the time, hardly worth the fees for surveying,—whilst to have been transported was almost a passport to his favour. Characterless adventurers, too, were sure of handsome grants and numberless indulgencies. Many masters (captains!) of convict and other ships have had one, two, or three thousand acres given them; and then, not

* Jealous of the fine name *Australia*, the Van Diemen's-landers bethought them that Tasman, the name of the Dutch navigator who first surveyed their coasts, might be manufactured into *Tasmania*; and now they have “the Tasmanian” newspaper published in “Tasmania,” to rival the *Sydney Gazette*, which professes to be published (not like its contemporary, the *Australian*, in Sydney, but) in Australia!

† At some place in Italy, I forget where exactly, on crossing a frontier, the police-clerk found fault that in my passport I was described as an Englishman only; and said, that it was necessary for him to know the city or town I belonged to. “For example,” said he, “we always write Bolognese, Ferrarese, Romano—as the case may be.” I replied that we were not distinguished in that manner: that I was an Englishman, was enough. No, forsooth! he must have more: for, said he, “I know there are cities in England—*per esempio*—London, Gibraltar, and Malta!” Of course, I could not but admit such a plain fact, and desired him to set me down in his book *Gibilterrese*!

being permitted to sell outright, have made leases for 999 years, pocketed whatever they could get for their farms in that manner, and were seen no more! Individually, I do not know whether I should be obliged to his Excellency or not; for, if he had made my father such a grant as he had a right to expect, or had, long after, given me what any young man similarly circumstanced, but then arriving from England, would have had, it is most likely that I should have been "sitting under my own vine, and under my own fig-tree," or hunting kangaroos, at the antipodes, instead of bachelorizing in chambers, and hunting fortune, in London.

It was about two years after our arrival in the colony that my father was to have his farm measured. In the vicinity in which he had chosen it, several other persons had taken theirs, and among them our friend Mr. H—— of Parramatta; and as he had already occupied his—a hut being built, and stockyards made—it was constituted head-quarters. I proceeded in advance with one of that gentleman's sons, who was about five years older than me, and I was not more than between ten and eleven. It was my first bush-ranging excursion, and I enjoyed it highly. Our destination was about twenty-two miles from Parramatta, near the head of the south creek, which, branching off from the Hawkesbury near Windsor, stretches across the country nearly parallel to it, and is lost in a chain of ponds, very near the Cow-pastures.

Dense forests covered the ground in every direction—hills and vallies were alike wooded. What the pine-forests of Norway, or those of north America, may be, I know not; but of this I am confident—that the immense variety and magnificence of the native forests of New South Wales cannot be surpassed. On the banks of rivers, and on the richest soils, generally, the graceful and luxuriant cedar preponderates; about the creeks, and in the best of what is termed forest-land, the leafy and wide-spreading apple-tree grows in the greatest profusion, but intermingled with clumps of black and green wattle, which exude the finest medicinal gums; on arid, stony, and barren soils the many-coated tea-tree shoots abroad its grey and wiry-leafed branches. These characteristic trees are, for the most part, low and broad—like, and not generally larger than, the English oak; but with them, and among them, grow the majestic iron bark—hard as ebony, and flexible as whalebone—tall as "the mast of some great ammiral;" the stringy bark of equal size and of greater use, affording to the native its fibrous coat for his rude canoe, and ruder hut—and, to the civilized artizan, its solid trunk, which he may work to any purpose. With these, again, are the blue and red gums, and the mahogany-tree, of no less magnitude, and with deciduous bark; forest and swampy oaks, smaller in size, but not much less aspiring than their bulkier neighbours:—all these are long in the trunk, running from fifty to a hundred feet without a branch, and then throwing out leafy masses, which almost prevent the sun's rays from reaching the earth; but not to leave a meagre mass of trunks, like Brobdignagian umbrella-sticks. Smaller and more ramified trees—such as the apple-tree that I spoke of, and the wild cherry-tree, and others, down to the smallest shrubs—are commingled; and the ground below is covered with strong grasses or with ferns, stunted or luxuriant, according to the quality of the soil: I have met with them so high that a man could hardly see over them! Of course, of the larger species of timber, in every place, some one predominates; some like better the top of a hill, some its sides, and some the valley, and some delight in the level plain.

It is seldom that eight or ten miles can be travelled without meeting

with an overgrown mass called a brush: sometimes the brushes are within two, three, or four miles of each other. Ten, fifteen, or twenty square miles (though frequently much less than the lowest), will be completely grown over with a countless multitude of iron or stringy bark saplings, which run up to an immense height, but never grow large in the trunk. Among them stand representations of almost every tree the forests afford: the shrubbier sorts, of meagre growth; and from the ground springs a great variety of vines, which weave the trees into an impenetrable mass—impenetrable by man or beast, except the kangaroo, which in the brush finds safe covert from the hunter: the small brushes—which, perhaps, cover only a small valley, or the side of a hill—are distinguished as scrubs: in them the large forest kangaroo makes his home—the smaller varieties range the jungled brush.

From the application of names that belong to trees on this side of the world to those of New South Wales, it may be supposed that they are the same; but, so far from that being the case, I believe the fact to be, that not a tree or shrub indigenous to Australia is to be found in the northern hemisphere—embracing part of the theory of an intelligent friend (E. A. Kendall, Esq.) on the subject more generally, inasmuch as it corresponds with the result of my own observations.

The cedar of New South Wales is so called because its *wood* approximates *in appearance* the cedar of Europe; the apple-tree bears no fruit, and it is more like many trees than that whose name it usurps, though its distant resemblance is the only reason for calling it so, yet its size—being certainly not less than, and much more like to—the English oak, better would have warranted the application of that name to it. The mahogany is any thing but mahogany, and the oaks are any thing but oak—suffice it for this latter, that what in New South Wales is called forest-oak, is in England known as Botany Bay beef-wood! The tea-tree may or may not be like the tea-tree of China—but I know very well that its leaves are not tea. The iron and stringy barks, and blue and red gums, are more correctly named, and involve no contradictions.

The cortex of the iron bark is of a very dark brown colour, in uneven and unequal ridges outside, set on an inner coat, which is close, hard, and short-grained, and, by its texture altogether, well warrants the name it bears: the timber is fibrous in the extreme, and almost imperishable, and will prove invaluable for naval purposes, as a ball might pass through a plank of it without throwing a splinter;—the greatest objection to it is, perhaps, its great specific gravity: for bends, lower-masts, and the most trusted beams, no timber can surpass it. The stringy bark is a mass of fibres, which may be stripped off the whole length of the trunk—a looser coating of a dark bistre-colour gives it a rough shaggy appearance on the outside: the timber is used for flooring-boards, and in scantlings generally; but, except for the former purpose, it yields to the blue gum, which affords the finest timber in the colony, and, with the cedar, which, being lighter and softer, may be used for finishings, is sufficient of itself for every purpose of architecture, civil and military: it may be cut of the largest size, and of the greatest lengths that can possibly be required. I have seen the uncoppered bottoms of vessels that had been built of it as sound, after fifteen years' wear, as if they had not been built more than six months. The red gum is useless, except for fuel—for which purpose it is preferred to any other timber in the Australian forests. These trees are so called from the gummy or resinous mass that forms their core, and is, in the one species, of a blue

or rather purple tint—and, in the other, is red : their barks are very similar, and not unlike that of the ash ; but, like (I think I may say) *all* the indigenous trees of New South Wales, their leaves are not deciduous—but every autumn the gums shed a cuticular covering, that rattles and crackles in falling, and covers the ground like the leaves in a European park at the same season : that rind possesses the tanning principle in a considerable degree.

But to return to my story. It was, if I remember rightly, about the vernal equinox when I went first to Cabramatta (the head of the creek) ; and it was there I first slept under a roof of stringy bark, and on a bedstead of the same material. The rising ground on the left bank of the creek, for about a furlong square, had been cleared of timber, or rather the timber had been felled, and was partly burnt off. Sheep and cattle-yards had been made on the side of the hill, with close logs for the former, the better to guard against native dogs—and with a three-railed fence for the latter ; and just above was a hut, with matted and mud-plastered sides, and bark roof, comprising two rooms, which were surrounded with births, like the cabin of a ship, made by driving forked stakes into the earthen floor, on which were placed bearers, covered with sheets of stringy bark, forming a strong, sound, and wholesome bedstead. The outer room had a fire-place with a chimney, all made of wood, and it served for kitchen and sleeping-room for the shepherds, &c. ; and the inner room, generally occupied by the overseer, was vacated for our use and for that of the expected visitors. Our arrival was the signal for the death of a lamb—a quarter of which, with fresh earth-baked cakes, soon smoked on the board. Then down we lay—two boys, whose united ages did not make twenty-seven—in the midst of men who had been exiled from their country for their crimes, as free from danger as from fear, and slept till the rising sun called my companion to the duties his father had marked out for him—and me to try my maiden prowess against parrots, cockatoos, or any other birds that might happen to range within reach of my murderous aim—though I fancy that I returned to breakfast that day guiltless of the death of any. Unfortunate at fowling, I resigned the piece to my friend, and tried my hand at fishing in the dark waters of the creek, whence I hauled a bouncing perch, which, with the wild ducks my companion brought home, furnished us with a sumptuous feast at dinner.

In obedience to his father's instructions, my friend arranged to start on the second morning after our arrival at Cabramatta, to explore the country on the banks of the Cow-pasture river, where they were to have a grant of land, in exchange for a farm they had in another part of the country, and which the government required for its own purposes. Accordingly, we started—he and I—with three convict servants, and a horse to carry provisions ; and, after about two hours' march, we reached *Narrang Cobbedee*—a peninsular nook, containing just the quantity required, and of which, indeed, they had previous information. Winding almost round it, the river, which I then saw for the first time, formed a natural boundary, and insured, by its vicinity to every part, the good quality of the ground. A gentle acclivity on the isthmus offered an excellent site for the buildings and farm establishment, commanding a view of the whole area, and being out of the reach of floods.

I have since seen that hill covered with flocks and herds, and the valley before it yellow with ripened corn—when the stately gums had given place to green maize, and the wild and leafy apple-tree to the more useful peach,

when a commodious farm-house crowned the summit, surrounded with all the paraphernalia of a prosperous English farm. However, then we had to seek further, to see if any thing still more eligible might offer itself. The land beyond the river was reserved on account of the wild cattle, which ranged uncontrolled over thousands of acres of beautiful country; now they are all destroyed, and the land has been, I believe, located to settlers.

A very short time after the first landing at Sydney in 1788, by some accident, two bulls and four cows (all the horned cattle then in the country, except one cow) were lost, and it was thought that the natives had driven them off. Whether that were the case or not, was never determined; but, some years after, it was found that they had penetrated inland, and, crossing this river, settled beyond it, and had increased prodigiously. Still it is a moot-point, whether the government had a right of property in the cattle thus found; none could prove them descended from those which had strayed; and there were *wiseacres* who thought that it had as much right to prohibit the hunting of kangaroos as of the wild cattle: both were *feræ naturæ*.

After having pursued the course of the river for some time, we crossed it, and struck inland to see if we could find a forest kangaroo to take back with us the next day, as we were to sleep that night in the woods. Between a creek and a scrub, on a piece of beautiful open country, we desiered two fine ones grazing. We immediately drew towards the scrub to cut off their retreat, and then, throwing off, they took the direction of the creek, and two of the dogs (we had three with us) followed them in grand style. At the moment of alarm, however, one of the kangaroos dropped from her false belly, or pouch, a fine young one that was just of age to wean. The little creature sat on its haunches, looking at us with astonishment, as its parents bounded off: one of the men made a spring to catch it—but the third dog was before-hand with him, and had it by the neck before he could reach it. We rescued the little animal, and were glad to find it unhurt. Unfortunately, as none of us were mounted, we could not follow the chase; for the kangaroos leaped across the creek, and left us no chance of taking either of them;—so, calling off the dogs, we contented ourselves with the one taken alive. Such is the readiness with which these animals are tamed, that, on our return to Cabramatta, and on the second or third day after that on which it was caught, the little thing ran off from the house whilst all hands were busy at breakfast—but being observed, one of the men was sent after it; and, instead of making its escape to the woods, it no sooner saw him than it ran towards him, and allowed itself to be taken up in his arms without any effort: it fed out of our hands like a lamb, and grew fast. Ten days or a fortnight afterwards, it was taken to Parramatta, where it died in the course of a few months, in consequence of eating something that disagreed with it.

As the evening was fast closing in, when our brief chase was over, we sought a convenient place to pass the night in, and fortunately found, in a small valley, by a pond of water, a deserted native camp, which we soon broke up, and with the materials formed a hut large enough to shelter us from the dews of the night. The huts the natives make when overtaken by wet weather, are formed of a single piece of stringy bark, about six feet in length, and perhaps two feet wide. This is bent in the middle, and the two ends being brought to the ground, and fastened with little stakes, an isosceles triangle is made, into which one individual coils himself. With six or eight of these huts, we made a semi-circular one, open in front, and

there made a good fire of dry limbs of trees, which we had not to seek far. The fire we got by burning priming on a piece of wadding.

I was too much of a boy not to enjoy all this highly ; but, after we had taken our supper, and the party were all asleep but myself and one of the men, who had the first watch, and sat quietly smoking his pipe at one end of the fire, I could hear troops of native dogs (a species of wolf) howling dismally as they prowled the neighbouring scrub—and the wild cattle in the distance, not lowing, but roaring through the woods ; the hooting of the owl, and the twittering ghost-like shriek of the opossum ;—all these things, with the novelty of the situation, excited me to such a degree that I cried, and heartily wished for morning. I thought, too, of our poor little kangaroo, so rudely weaned, and imprisoned in a coarse sack, instead of being nestled at its parent's breast.

As I remember it now, our group made a fine painter's subject—a rude hut, in the midst of a thick forest, open in front to a fire, made of the limbs of trees, and occupying the foreground, behind which, in the centre of the hut, was my companion, a handsome sun-burnt youth of sixteen, wrapped in a boat-cloak, reclining on his arm, bareheaded, and sleeping soundly ; close to him I lay in a somewhat similar attitude, but wide awake, listening anxiously to every sound, and fancying all sorts of horrors, as I looked on the black masses of foliage before us, on the edges of which, a red flickering light fell from our fire ;—two of the men lay in one end of the hut with their feet to the fire, and their heads elevated by a log of wood which served them for a bolster, and the third, as I have said, sat on the ground smoking his pipe, or walked backwards and forwards before the hut ; all three had been convicted of some notorious crimes, and probably they had all been under sentence of death ; by my friend lay his fowling-piece, and a musket stood within reach of the man who kept watch, and the dogs were stretched at length on the ground before the fire, or sat couched (as greyhounds do), looking at the fire, and pricking up their ears at the rustling of the trees, or the leap of the fish in the neighbouring pond, though they heeded not (after the first half-hour) the howling of their canine brotherhood, nor the broken-winded bellows of a conquered bull, a beast that had assaulted us in the course of the afternoon, savage from recent defeat, and only went off on receiving a charge of slugs, which the man who was carrying the musket fired at him ; the next morning we saw him again, but another twenty-four hours would have made him food for the dogs.

The native dog of New South Wales is, I believe, indigenous ; yet its dissimilarity to any other animal found in the island would argue, that it must have been left there by some of the early navigators, though I am not aware that it does, or does not, resemble any of the species in the northern hemisphere, whence, in that case, it was most likely taken. I have seen them as large as a good mastiff—they are shaggy haired, and of the colour of a wolf ; they do not bark, but their nocturnal howlings are dismal ; and, from the sound, they appear to be gregarious ; but I never saw more than one at a time. I never knew an instance of their attacking a man, even in self-defence ; but in a sheep-fold they make terrible havoc : I have known fifty or sixty sheep to be killed in a night by one dog ; and to guard against them, every large proprietor has his flocks folded in a cluster at night, and employs a man to keep watch. Young calves have been killed, and the poultry yard robbed by the same thievish vermin. The natives, though fond of dogs, being now almost always accompanied

by a troop of yelping curs, of European breed, do not appear to have ever sought the companionship of the wolfish beasts that infest their forests; and attempts that have been made at taming, by rearing them from puppies, have only proved, that they want all the noble qualities of the dog, and possess not the daring prowess of the wolf.

Our men regularly relieved each other through the night (than which I do not remember a longer), and if I happened to doze from excessive fatigue, the words they would exchange, whilst rousing each other, would startle me to inquire how time went. At length the morning dawned, and the wild beasts (not lions, tigers, and the like, for there are none) and birds of night skulked in silence, and I feel asleep. They did not arouse me till the camp kettle was singing to breakfast, and a more beautiful morning never shone from the heavens than that on which I awoke, with air as pure as ever man breathed, on my lungs, to see the sun rising from behind a long range of hills in the distance, and lighting a primeval scene of such chaste and natural beauty, as can never be met with in the old world. The Alps and Appenines I have traversed—have seen the vine-clad hills of France—the chestnut forests, the trelised plains, and the irised cascades of Italy—the volcanic majesty, and the teeming vallies of Sicily—and the park scenes of my beautiful native land; but have never seen anything that supasses in beauty the scene that met my eyes, when I awoke, in a glen of the forest, on the cow-pastures of New South Wales.

According to custom, in such cases, our horse had been hobbled and turned loose to feed; he had not wandered so far during the night, but that one of the men found and brought him back in the course of half-an-hour. Our baggage was soon mounted, and we started to complete our survey of the country on the other side of the river. As we ascended the hill that bounded the valley in which we had slept, we saw a small lot of the wild cattle coming at a brisk trot along its summit, to descend, by the track we were on, to the pond to drink. They were in a line, and ran so blindly, that they had approached to within a few yards of us before they saw us—in a few seconds they were out of sight!—the second in the file noticed us before the leader, and pointed his attention to the stranger group, by a tremendous butt on the haunch—instantaneously they turned and went off at full gallop, in the same order in which they had advanced;—they were seven fine young bulls.

The next thing that attracted our attention was a family of kangaroos, grazing on a plain before us; one of them was the largest animal of the kind I ever saw. Unfortunately there was a brush close behind them, into which they made good their retreat, before the dogs could come up, and they, too, lay wide when we discovered them.

The kangaroo-dog is a fine, strong, and swift animal—a cross, I should think, between the stag-hound and greyhound. It is not so large as the former, nor so small as the latter, and seems to partake of both, in shape and qualities. At fair running it is too fleet for the game to give much sport; but in a country so much wooded, the latter has too many chances of finding covert for a slower dog to be preferred. When the kangaroo is hard pressed, it will take to the water if a pond be in its course, and the dogs never dare follow without a fair chance of being drowned, as it then stands at bay, and striking up with its hind legs at the throat of the dog, hooks the sharp and strong middle toe into the skin on the chest, and rips it off, or pulls him under water. If overtaken on land, the kangaroo will fight desperately in the same way; indeed, I do not remember ever to

have seen a dog that had killed a kangaroo, but its chest was seamed all over; the wounds are generally all received in the first engagement, for, after a dog has bought his experience at so high a price as a good kangaroo makes him pay, he will fight more warily; I have seen a young dog with the skin of his chest hanging down over his fore legs like an apron. In the early times of the settlement, when it was not allowed to slaughter cattle and sheep, the kangaroo was killed for its carcass, and, in later times, it has been murdered for its hide by men who made a trade of it; that is done, I believe, to the present day in Van Diemen's Land, but in New South Wales they are not sufficiently plentiful to make it answer, so that, perhaps, the greatest number killed now is for sport; many, however, are shot; yet they cannot last long; and as soon as the country gets a little more open, it will be necessary to introduce deer and hares, or there will be no game at all. I refer more particularly to the county of Cumberland, which contains the real population of the colony. There are a few red deer now in the country, near Sydney, but they are claimed as private property.

Among sportsmen, the fore-quarters and entrails of the kangaroo are the perquisites of the dogs; the loins, haunches, and tail, are eaten; as the kangaroo never secretes fat, its flesh is rather too lean to roast, but for a pasty it is excellent; the tail is fully equal to ox-tail for making soup.

While I am on the subject, I may add, that, besides the kangaroo, there is no other indigenous animal fit for hunting. The number of birds, too, worth shooting is very small—the emu may be either shot or coursed, but it is seldom found east of the blue mountains now;—wild pigeons may be had; they are very fond of the apple tree, and may be more frequently found in it than in any other; these, with teal, and wild ducks, which are found in large quantities on the lagunes, near the Hawkesbury, comprise almost all the edible game the country affords, except snipes, which are tolerably plentiful. Young cockatoos are as good as young rooks, but are much harder to get at, the old birds build so confoundedly high. The bays and rivers, connected with the sea, are well stocked with a great variety of fish, not generally known here, but the ponds and creeks, inland, boast of hardly anything but perch (frequently, however, very fine) and eels.

The banks of the Cowpasture river are high, and very steep; in some parts the whole bed is occupied by water to the depth of eight or ten feet, and there the current is slow; the ponds thus formed are frequently clogged up with branches and trunks of trees, which have fallen in from time to time; and sometimes one will be of sufficient length to reach from bank to bank, and form a perfect bridge; through the greatest part, however, the river does not occupy more than one half the width between the banks, and is seldom deeper than to a horse's knees; the same obstructions, of course, are occasioned by the falling of trees, as in the deeper parts. The banks of the river are composed of light rich loam and sand, and are covered with a sort of wild fetch, that has a very disagreeable smell, but of which horses are very fond—brambles, nettles, vines, and a variety of underwood are interspersed, and form an almost impenetrable thicket for some distance on both sides. During the spring and autumnal rains, the river in that part, as well as lower down, overflows its banks, and tends to fructify the soil within its reach; the banks themselves are so rich, that I have known water-melon-seeds to be merely put into the ground on them, with the finger, without any previous preparation, and

left to run riot, as nature might direct, and in the proper season to produce the most delicious fruit. The water-melon cannot be appreciated in this country; but in the climates that produce it nothing can be more grateful; I have eaten water-melons in Italy from the ice-tub, but not with the same *gusto* as when I have plucked them fresh and cool from the vine, in the Indian corn fields in New South Wales. Just as I now walk into a pastry-cook's, in June and July, to eat ices, I there, in December and January, adjourned to the garden, or to a field of Indian corn, (among which they are frequently planted) when it waved above my head almost to the exclusion of the sun's rays, and, sitting down on a dry stump, discussed a water-melon larger than my head. Rock and musk melons also grow to perfection there, but their firm pulp is not so grateful to the parched palate, as the crisp and melting mass of the water-melon, that flows down the throat in an edible stream.

The cant among people here, is to disparage the climate of this country, and cry up that of France and Italy. In New South Wales, where the climate parallels the finest in Europe, the poor expatriated souls cry out for the less fervid sun, and moister atmosphere, of England; love of the country they may never see again, and filial affection for their *fatherland*, effectually stifle all attempts at comparison in that or anything else, except to the advantage of "*home*."

I have experienced enough of almost every variety of climate, to know that every one has its proportioned advantages and disadvantages; and that if a parallel were drawn, an unprejudiced man would be at a loss which to choose. Having mentioned the term *home*, as used in an emphatic sense, it may not be amiss to say, that hardly any other is ever used throughout the colony for England, than that;—such an one has been *home*, or is going *home*. The children born in the country use the same term; indeed it is universal; and, in its strongest sense, *home* always means *England*.

On our return to Cabramatta, we found that the gathering had taken place, and that the deputy surveyor-general, who was of the party, had appointed the next day for measuring. As the distances to be traversed were not great, and the weather was very fine, I was thought man enough to accompany the expedition; but woeful for me was the mistake! I vowed before the day was over, that I would not follow the surveyor again, for the largest farm the governor could give. A dispute arose between my father and the gentleman whose farm was to come next to his, about a hill, which should have it; by running the chain straight from the creek, and parallel to the high road (or what was intended to be the high road) it came within my father's boundary, and by running a semi-circumferential line, it fell to the lot of his neighbour. The case was too clear to remain long undecided; however, the delay it occasioned was a respite for me, (we had already measured one farm, three miles off), and as they debated the point, I lay down on the grass, on the summit of the subject of dispute, and admired the beauty of the scenery about me.

It was a noble forest. Almost every variety of the finest timber the country produces stood interspersed; a good sprinkling of the wild apple-tree marked the quality of the ground, and the shrubby cherry-tree, the fruit of which grows at one end of, instead of around, the stone, added to the picturesque effect. The level ground—that came between the hill and the creek, was covered with the verdant oak, which grows there still, though the forest above has fallen under the blows of the woodman's axe,

and the fire has consumed it. It was our evening amusement afterwards, when we went to the farm at holiday time, to make fires at the roots of the stateliest trees, and with hatchets to wound their trunks, that our auxiliary might the better worm its way; and great was our joy when a creaking noise gave warning that our exertions were about to be rewarded, and loud were our huzzas when a tree fell, which it would with a thundering crash that might be heard for miles.

There is an art in felling timber when the intent is to destroy as much as possible—greater, perhaps, than when the intention is to throw a tree down without injuring it or any other. A skilful feller singles out the largest and heaviest tree to assist him in his operations; he notices the inclination it may have to fall one way rather than another, but if it be not more than half its diameter out of the perpendicular, he can make it fall which way he pleases, and so exactly, that he will take a number of others in a line with it, and cutting them half through on the side from the master tree, he at length cuts that one somewhat more than half-way through on the side he wishes it to fall, and then with a small notch on the back it falls headlong, and strikes down in its course those which have been prepared, and at which it has been directed. As the only object is to get the trees off the ground, and as cutting low would materially add to the labour of felling, without any benefit resulting, they are cut at about four feet from the surface, or breast high, so that the stumps remain for years after the ground has been converted into corn-fields, gardens, and orchards, and are only removed in the event of the proprietor becoming rich enough (the stumps still remain on my father's farms) and particular enough, to have them burnt out. When the trees have been felled, they are cross-cut into convenient lengths, and the logs are rolled together in heaps and ignited. Such bonfires never were made at the burning of heretics, or for the commemoration of a victory, as I have seen in the wilds of Australia. I can hardly imagine what must be the sensations of a stranger, travelling there for the first time by night, and coming suddenly upon an opening of two or three hundred acres, in the forest by which his road has been flanked, covered with hills of fire—not flame; for the wood being green does not blaze, but consumes with a white heat. A lurid glare falls on every thing around him; and if it be summer, the heat of the air is increased almost to suffocation. The rustling of the long grass that he hears is not occasioned by wind, but by the lizards and guanas, rushing from the ruin of their homes. It is not an endless black cord drawn across the path that he sees, but deadly serpents, hurrying from the nests that are made too hot for them. The fish feel the heat in the neighbouring creek—but the plashing is not made by them; the retreating shoals of reptiles take to the water, and go hissing through it like so many salamanders. These things came to me in detail, and not in the gross: I had been a party to minor exhibitions of the kind, before I had occasion to travel much by night in the new parts of the country.

I remember an industrious fellow, a government servant to Mr. H—, who kept three or four different operations going at the same time. His duty was to break up with the hoe a certain quantity of new ground every day; but he contrived, while he was doing that, to fell, cut up, and burn off timber, for which he was paid by the acre: his government work he could do, perhaps, in seven or eight hours—but, by stopping every half hour, and tending the fires he had at work, felling, &c., in twelve hours he could do his exacted task, and earn the wages of a free man besides. By

proper management, he could make fire eat into the trunk of a tree, and throw it down in a very short time. When down, he placed dry sticks on fire, in notches at certain distances, and so fairly cut the trunk into lengths. After his day's work was done, just for amusement, he rolled the logs into heaps, by the help of handspikes, and putting fire to them, kept it alive night and day till they were all consumed.

There is a great variety of snakes in New South Wales ; the largest of which, the black snake, seldom exceeds nine or ten feet in length, and indeed is not often so long as that. All are deadly poisonous ; but it is not often that accidents occur from them—and when they do, it is generally to the poor men who are employed at felling and burning off, and to the carters of wood into the towns for fuel. Sometimes, indeed, a snake has quietly emerged from a log of wood after it had been laid on a kitchen fire ; and they have been found comfortably coiled up in a bed ; but still accidents from them are infrequent.

When the dispute about the hill was decided, off went the surveyor as fast as he could run ; and off we all went after him. Strangely it puzzled me to know how it was that a little fat man could run so much faster than anybody else. Few men were better known throughout the colony than Jemmy M—— ; but he is almost forgotten now ;—for the generation of those who had their farms measured by him is passing fast away, and another has already sprung up of those who know not Jemmy. The places, though they change as fast as the scenes of a pantomime, do not change so fast as the persons who occupy them. I hardly remember one of any standing in the colony, whose head is not among the clods of the valley. Old Macgregor, the sexton at Sydney, whose name I at one time thought synonymous with that of his office, is fixed at last where I have so often seen him. The old man who tolled the bell on the green before the church at Parramatta, has been indebted to another for sounding his knell : from the gravedigger to the governor, all are changed. My earliest friends and playfellows—where are they ? Some are already patriarchs, and some are gone down to the silent tomb. He who first taught me the sports of the Australian forest—with whom I have wandered through them by night and by day—who was to me as an elder brother, and with whom I took sweet counsel—with whom, indeed, I made the bush-ranging excursion referred to in these pages—a blight fell on his youth ; and he is now, in the prime of life, with a broken constitution ;—he, who could “ turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,” is now too weak to bestride even a lady's palfrey !

I have never attended a farm-measuring since : that day so completely tired me, that I afterwards avoided every occasion of the kind. Even the measuring of my own “ Sabine farm ” (though very many years after), was not a sufficient temptation to me “ *renovare dolorem*.”

A LECTURE ON GIANTS.

Monsieur Louis.

THERE is something very singular in gaping at a man of extraordinary size or height—comparing his various dimensions—and treating him, in fact, like an animal whom you would very calmly measure from “the tip of the snout to the insertion of the tail.”

This thought would intrude itself when we went to see that most respectable figure, Monsieur Louis, seven feet and a half in height, with stoutness in proportion—a man, beneath whose extended arm a creature of six feet might walk comfortably. We were, in the emphatic language of Scripture, as “grasshoppers in his sight.” He received us with all the affability of his countrymen—being a native of happy France, where all are gay and *debonair*, without November’s dulnesses and most inscrutable fogs. “There’s a fist!” said the great and noble animal, propelling one which might have done justice to the glove of Entellus, and exulting in the bodily superiority in which he seemed to revel with fearful confidence. But as remarkable an appearance of this phenomenon as can be imagined, is when he emerges from an adjoining room. “Monsieur Louis will wait upon you directly,” says an obliging attendant; and forthwith, while you are fixing in your mind the spot on the door-post which his head may probably reach—slow, stately, and delving low beneath the lintel, advances the towering head, and rears itself, one would almost write, *jusqu’au ciel!* It is truly a *chose à voir et à vanter*, and, if properly appreciated, will lead to many useful considerations. This is said thus meditatively, because some people will be asking odd and irrelevant questions of these great personages, subject to a risk of being suddenly ejected from the room—which is reported to have happened under the directions of poor giant O’Bryan, of seven or eight feet memory. How a surgeon must rejoice in the idea of cutting up a vast hill of flesh, such as these *colossi* carry about with them! But we are straying from M. Louis, the wonder of Lorraine. It is most remarkable, that neither of his parents were elevated by Nature above the ordinary standard—his father being somewhere about five feet ten inches—his mother only five feet. Yet this son of their’s was not the only giant of the family; for the eldest brother, who died in the great frost at Moscow, measured six feet ten inches; and there was yet another—a giantess—who rose to six feet two—a very sufficient Brobdingnag lady, when petticoats are considered! The curious may like to be made acquainted with the weight of the magnificent giant above mentioned, and with some of his proportions. The former came to twenty-one stone and seven pounds; from the ground to his hip were four feet eight inches; from the end of his fore-finger to the end of his elbow (taking it, according to the cubit measure, inwards), two feet one inch; the length of his foot was fourteen inches; from the end of his fore-finger to the top of his hand, ten inches; from the ground to his knee, two feet four inches. The distinguishing superiority of this high personage is most visibly observed in his symmetry; for, respecting men of common stature, it is a just remark, where one overtops his fellow a few inches, that he has a great column to support—Nature having exhausted herself in the creation of shanks, conformably with her favourite principle of making her children equal in the middle of their bodies. The usually fine proportions, however, which strike the eye on beholding M. Louis, together with a certain soldier-like

carriage which he possesses, no doubt induced a very considerable Personage to pay the handsome compliment, that "he was the tallest and finest man he had ever seen."

But now that the writer of this has mounted the high horse, it is hardly fair to leave the subject without discoursing of other giants; for there have been yet bigger men very many centuries ago. And so, without saying any thing of the Swiss giantess—or of the new Lincolnshire giant—or of the Swedish prodigy, who figured many years ago near the Green Man, at Charing Cross—or of the Saxon, his contemporary—what may be said of those bulky individuals, of whom the Scripture historian has spoken?—"There were giants in the earth in those days;"—

"Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise;"—

of those sons of Anak, whose mien was so commanding as to create the well-known proverb—"Tall as the Anakims." Our nursery-tales, many of which are derived from the purest truth, banter us not when they speak of the giants. There was, indeed, once a land and valley of these great people—not to mention the Patagonians of this day.

Ammon and Bashan were the countries where the biggest seem to have dwelt; and Og, the king of the latter place, is said to have been the last. What sort of a man he was, may be judged by his occupying a bedstead of iron, fifteen feet long, and nearly seven broad: he was the last even "of the remnant," and was probably fifteen or sixteen feet high.

Goliath and his kindred, whose names occur next in history as monsters of prodigious size, were far beneath the ancient giants. Goliath measured about eleven feet, and had a coat of mail which weighed upwards of one hundred pounds—and a spear, the head of which exceeded twenty.

Sir Walter Raleigh thought, that the most ancient Rephaims, or people of vast height, were far beyond those whom Moses remembered in his days—that is, during his life; and Virgil—who, in common with other poets, has mixed up much truth with richly-embellished fictions—describes his Cyclops with all the vividness of the most probable traditions. These were brethren of the lofty Etna, posting their high heads unto the heavens—like the towering wood of Jove, or the grove of Diana. One of them, Polyphemus, having had his eye put out with a large spit of Æneas's crew, stalked after their boat, with most unconscionable strides, into the middle of the sea, which, nevertheless, did not even touch his side. Eye he never had but one; and, having lost that, he could do no more than follow the sound of the oars. Finding, however, that the bark outsailed him, and that he would be utterly unable to take up the rogues' vessel who had deprived him of his sight, and throw them against the shore, he set up a tremendous roar—so that the waves, the ocean, and the earth rung with it, and the great mountain itself bellowed again with the noise. This was about the year of the world 2284, when divers huge persons are said, on all hands, to have been in existence.

Now, as to the qualities of people that are bigger than others, are they generally good or evil? The author of an old book, called *The Giantomachia*, who denies that such people as giants ever lived, told the world when he wrote, that the reason of the term "giant" was, because there arose great oppressors in those ages, who were, therefore, likened to immense monsters. But how could the idea of a monster get abroad, unless somebody had seen one? And Raleigh—poor Sir Walter—that sensible, able, learned, unfortunate man, Raleigh—declares, that much

more likely was it that people were oppressors because they were giants, than that they should be deemed giants because they were cruel. This, however, is saying but very little for the excellencies of character attributable to the mighty; and it is allowed, in fact, that the old ones of all were very bad people. But come we to more modern times, and you really shall find your giant a remarkably civil man, to say the least—much to his credit, too—especially if all the rude boys of the village run after and hoot at him. Now, though to speak of the living is not the most polished act in the world, pray let it be said, that M. Louis is as courteous, obliging, and well-behaved a man as any little English grasshopper would like to see. It is really quite amusing sometimes to observe the placability and self-comfort of large men. On a stage-coach, now, this may be seen. You may notice a little dapper, dwarfish fellow giving himself prodigious airs, and rustling about the conveyance in a hundred ways; and, no doubt, without meaning it, he will touch, as roughly as his capacity will permit, some grave, huge barbarian (not in an obnoxious sense) on the side of him. The man of might will sit quiet as a lamb—not regarding in the slightest an action which might do great credit to an insect, or some small animal. Giant O'Bryan was a very polite, well-conducted giant, as far as one can learn from report; and, upon the whole, although seven or eight feet are not quite so much as fifteen or twenty, there is a sufficient difference between eight, and five feet two, three, or four inches, to make a great fellow highly pleased with himself—aye, and cruel, too—but that he has the good sense to adopt the manners and customs of his more enlightened age.

Perhaps some of the critics in giantships may not be particularly pleased that the Patagonians are not mentioned; but they must know that, in the first place, it is not respectful to speak of living characters; and, in the next, that there are two or three stories abroad already about these same Patagonians.

Most likely some of our voyaging authors saw persons not much above six feet, when they expected a tribe *cælo capita alta ferentes*;* and others—Byron, for instance—might have popped upon some pleasant-looking party of seven feet at a time, when he was indulging no idea of man beyond English pygmies; and when, moreover, he was perhaps shrunk much into himself for want of something to eat.

But you will say—*desine plura precor*—we have had enough of giants; what can be said of dwarfs?

“The lesse the subject, greater is the wit,
That undertaking for to treate on it,
Makes almost nothing something.”

Of Nature's “rarest gems in smallest cabinets,” this paper cannot be allowed to speak—for it must now be closed. In parting, however, let us indulge a gentle recollection of good Will Evans and poor little Jefferie Hudson: the first was King Charles the First's porter, and only seven feet and a half high; the other was his dwarf, of three feet nine inches, and owed his introduction at court to the delicacies of a cold baked pie, in which he was served up. This compendious little Sir had many squabbles with Master Will Evans, and was one day drawn forth out of the said big man's pocket at a masque—*pour faire rire*. Yet, goaded and pickled by

* “Bearing their high heads to heaven.”

every body as he was, he had a spiteful spirit belonging to him, which proved fatal to a certain Mr. Crofts. This young spark, who might have been bred up in the racy pleasures of impaling spiders, or pinning flies, perceiving an animal just fitted for his sport, fell in with the general baiting which poor Jefferie was so wont to suffer. But he hunted his game too hard; for, Hudson having challenged him, he came to the field with a squirt; and that exasperated little Ulysses so much, that he contrived to be hoisted on a horse, with a pistol, and his adversary having done the same, the aggressor was shot dead at the first fire. Little Lord Minimus was in the habit of stalking about, in rich silks and satins, with two tall men to wait upon him, and so drew upon his dwarfship the dangerous honour of being celebrated by the wits of the day. "The Jeffreidos; or, a Battle between the Corpusculum* and a Turkey-Cock," was sent forth by Sir William Davenant; and, "A New Year's Gift, presented by Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus, his Majesty's Servant," was among the incenses which were offered him. This last is dedicated to Evans, and begins—

"Will, be not angry; this small booke is read
In praise of one no bigger than thy head."

The address is entirely in praise of smallnesses:—

"You have seene, Sir," it says, "the commodity of little, and discommodity of great in others; take notice of them in yoursele: Had you beene bigge and great, ten to one you had never proved a courtier; 'twas onely your littlenesse preferred you."

It consoles the little man with proverbs:—

"Too much of one thing is good for nothing."

"A little of every thing is excellent in all things."

"All things are not as they seeme."

"Have you not heard of men that stumble at strawes, and leap over blockes."

"*Amore meum, et nihil meum,*" &c.

The Lady Parvula closes by wishing the "most perfect abridgment of Nature many merry new-yeares."—

And so you, whoever may please to read this, and whenever—*quocunque et quandocunque* (the Latins more neatly have it)—I wish you a merry season.†

* Little body.

† There has not been one-tenth part of the giants mentioned here, which people of different countries and times have written about. Goropius, the Dutch physician, who thought that Adam talked Flemish, says that he saw a girl ten feet high; and when bones have been found in fields, there have not been wanting *virtuosi* whose sedulous measurements have whipped up the respective heights to twenty, twenty-five, and even thirty feet. Why are we to be incredulous about our own magnificent species, when the world are content to believe—and very properly, no doubt—the grand stories of the *Icthyosauri*, *Plesiosauri*, and *Megatheria*?

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRUNKENNESS.*

“ There are more killed by the Vintners than are saved by the Physicians ”
Spanish Proverb.

NEXT to the Phenomena of Insanity, which, if there were not a sort of instinctive consciousness in men's minds that their examination is attended with a certain degree of danger, would long since have found abundance of commentators, beyond the mere medical writers who have considered them professionally, the peculiarities and symptoms attendant upon the minor mental malady of Drunkenness, have often seemed to us to form one of the most interesting subjects of study with which a speculative mind could occupy itself. Whether we look to the causes by which this destructive habit is brought on; to the extraordinary circumstances which attend its indulgence; to its effect, in a moral or physical point of view, upon its victim; or to the manner or possibility of its cure; the inquiry is still one of the highest curiosity; and one in which, unfortunately, there are few persons who have not, directly or remotely, a strong personal interest. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the subject should, at various times, have occupied the consideration of highly eminent men, both literary and scientific; and we think no apology necessary for bringing before our readers a very short pamphlet, published at Glasgow, which has come rather accidentally under our notice, but which appears to us to form the best essay upon Drunkenness which has been produced for a considerable number of years. The author (Mr. Macnish) states, in a very brief advertisement, that his pamphlet was written as an inaugural treatise, to be presented to the Members of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow—candidates for admission into that body being required to print their observations, on some subject connected with medicine or surgery, previous to their election. Its appearance before the public is said to have proceeded “ upon the suggestion of the publisher,” who conceived that it might be adapted to the perusal of a wider circle than that for which it was originally intended. We are, upon this point, of the publisher's opinion, and willingly (although Mr. Macnish is entirely unknown to us) lend our assistance to carry his suggestion into effect.

The author sets out by touching generally upon the “ causes of drunkenness;” and divides drunkards, in the first place, into three great classes—those who are constitutionally such from choice; those who become so from gradual habit or example; and those who are made such from the pressure of misfortune, or—as Mr. Macnish entitles them—the “ drunkards of necessity.”

The first class—the drunkards from choice—are the sort of persons who seem to have

“ An innate and constitutional fondness for liquor, and drink *con amore*. Such men are usually of a sanguineous temperament—of coarse, unintellectual minds—and of low and animal propensities. They have, in general, a certain rigidity of fibre, and a flow of animal spirits, which other people are without. They delight in the roar and riot of drinking clubs; and with them all the miseries [and probably the greater part of the pleasures] “ of life may be referred to the bottle.”

In an ensuing chapter the author observes, that “ the naval service furnishes a great many instances of toppers of this description;” and—without the slightest offence to the navy—he is perfectly in the right.

* The Anatomy of Drunkenness; by Robert Macnish. M'Phun, Glasgow.

The fact is, that the drunkards of this class—the “constitutional”—are not, constitutionally, drunkards *alone*, but men whose general round of animal propensities have either been left unreformed by education, or submit to its restrictions imperfectly only, and with difficulty. In most families, above a certain rank in life, where there are many sons, the *riotous* one—long before he has begun to think of “drinking”—is destined for the Navy. Such agents are capable of being controlled, and, from their powerful energy, become auxiliaries of the highest value where they are controlled; but they must be coerced with a discipline more stern and inflexible than that which society allows to be employed against its subjects in general. The abundance of this character, it is among our British soldiers and sailors, that—even while, perhaps, it renders their physical availability greater than that of any other fighting force in Europe—makes the means of enforcing strict and peremptory submission to command, indispensable in our naval and military services. It was with perfect truth observed, by Sir Hussey Vivian, in a late debate in the House of Commons, upon the abolition of corporal punishment in the army—that the soldier, who was the first, when in quarters, to get drunk and break over the barrack-wall, was also likely, upon an assault, to be first in the trenches of the enemy. Military writers, and speakers upon military discipline or operations, are apt enough to treat the soldier as a machine; but they forget to consider the rather necessary circumstance—that he should be a fighting one. Taking men—as we take them for soldiers—at hazard—the ferocious and combative spirit of the bull-dog, and the docility of the spaniel, are not found united in the same individual.

The second class of drinkers are the drunkards from misfortune :—

“The drunkard by necessity was never meant by nature to be dissipated. He is perhaps a person of amiable dispositions, whom misfortune has overtaken, and who, instead of bearing up manfully against it, endeavours to drown his sorrows in liquor. It is an excess of sensibility, a partial mental weakness, an absolute misery of the heart, which drives him on. Drunkenness, with him, is a consequence of misfortune; it is a solitary dissipation preying upon him in silence. Such a man frequently dies broken-hearted, even before his excesses have had time to destroy him by their own unassisted agency.”

The third, and most numerous class, are the drunkards from example and habit :—

“Some become drunkards from excess of indulgence in youth. There are parents who have a common custom of treating their children to wine, punch, and other intoxicating liquors. This, in reality, is regularly bringing them up in an apprenticeship to drunkenness. Others are taught the vice by frequenting drinking clubs and masonic lodges. These are the genuine academies of tippling. Two-thirds of the drunkards we meet with, have been there initiated in that love of intemperance and boisterous irregularity which distinguish their future lives. Men who are good singers are very apt to become drunkards, and, in truth, most of them are so, more or less, especially if they have naturally much jovialty or warmth of temperament. A fine voice to such men is a fatal accomplishment.”

The lower classes are said to be peculiarly addicted to liquor. The truth is that intoxication is, or has been, the cheapest and readiest gratification, always within their reach. Until within these few years there was hardly an instance in which a Bolton or Macclesfield weaver could read; and many thousands—the number is fortunately decreasing every day—are in that situation at present. Such a man had not, like the artisan of London, half-a-dozen different cheap spectacles, or theatres, to entertain himself at, after his work was over; and the public-house was his

only place of refuge. The mere adoption of any course which enables the lower orders to divert themselves, within doors, in some other way than by drinking—the enabling them to read (no matter to what purpose, or on what subjects) will every day tend more and more to wean them from the habit of intoxication.

“Ebriety prevails to an alarming degree among the lower orders of society. It exists more in towns than in the country, and more among mechanics than husbandmen. Most of the misery to be observed among the working classes springs from this source. No persons are more addicted to the habit, and all its attendant vices, than the pampered servants of the great. Innkeepers, musicians, actors, and men who lead a rambling and eccentric life, are exposed to a similar hazard. Husbands sometimes teach their wives to be drunkards by indulging them in toddy, and such fluids, every time they themselves sit down to their libations.”

All people who congregate much, and who travel much, are drinkers. A man who lives at houses of public entertainment *must* call for—and *pay* for—liquor. With such, its consumption can hardly be esteemed a matter of choice.

“Women frequently acquire the vice by drinking porter and ale while nursing. These stimulants are usually recommended to them, from well meant but mistaken motives, by their female attendants. Many fine young women are ruined by this detestable practice. Their persons become gross, their milk unhealthy, and a foundation is too often laid for future indulgence in liquor.

“The frequent use of cordials, such as noyau, shrub, kirsch-waser, curaçoa, and anisette, sometimes leads to the practice. The active principle of these liqueurs is neither more nor less than ardent spirits.”

This observation, though unsavoury in its character, is not the less deserving attention. The cases to which it applies are little heard of, because there is an interest, where they occur, in their concealment; but they cannot be too cautiously guarded against; for the ruin which attends them, where they do arise, is overwhelming.

Upon the question that “men of genius are often unfortunately addicted to drunkenness,” we should be induced rather to differ from our author, and to substitute the charge that they *were* so. The men whom we know as men of high talent in the present day are almost invariably sober men. The fact is, fashion alone has an immense power in a matter of this kind. Thirty years ago, a man could hardly go much into what is called “good company,” without drinking hard. Ill habits were acquired in early life, and especially at College, from the same cause. While such men as Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and a still greater personage—whom it would be irreverent now to remind of youthful follies—were understood to make it rather a point of emulation which should swallow the greatest quantity of liquor, and indulge in the strongest potations—to be a fine gentleman was to drink—a slight mis-statement of the circumstances made lads read—not that “to be a fine gentleman was to drink”—but that “to drink was to be a fine gentleman;” and the habit of drinking became one which every young man of rank, at his setting out in life, felt it his duty to acquire. The case is otherwise now.

The author, however, fairly says, in concluding this part of his subject—

“We need not endeavour to trace farther the remote causes of drunkenness. A drunkard is rarely able to recall the particular circumstances which made him so. The vice creeps upon him insensibly, and he is involved in its fetters before he is aware. It is enough that we know the proximate cause, and also the certain con-

sequences. One thing is certain, that a man who addicts himself to intemperance can never be said to be sound in mind or body. The former is in a state of partial insanity, while the effects of the liquor remain; and the latter is always more or less diseased in its actions."

The following description of the process of getting drunk is written with great truth and spirit:—

"The consequences of drunkenness are dreadful, but the pleasures of getting drunk are certainly ecstatic. While the illusion lasts, happiness is complete; care and melancholy are thrown to the wind, and Elysium, with all its glories, descends upon the dazzled imagination of the drinker.

"What are the sensations of incipient drunkenness? First, an unusual serenity prevails over the mind, and the soul of the votary is filled with a placid satisfaction. By degrees he is sensible of a soft and not unmusical humming in his ears, at every pause of the conversation. He seems, to himself, to wear his head lighter than usual upon his shoulders. Then a species of obscurity, thinner than the finest mist, passes before his eyes, and makes him see objects rather indistinctly. The lights begin to dance, and appear double. A gaiety and warmth are felt at the same time about the heart. The imagination is expanded, and filled with a thousand delightful images. He becomes loquacious, and pours forth, in enthusiastic language, the thoughts which are born, as it were, within him.

"Now comes a spirit of universal contentment with himself and all the world. He thinks no more of misery: it is dissolved in the bliss of the moment. This is the acme of the fit—the ecstasy is now perfect. As yet the sensorium is in tolerable order: it is only shaken, but the capability of thinking with accuracy still remains. About this time, the drunkard pours out all the secrets of his soul. His qualities, good or bad, come forth without reserve; and now, if at any time, the human heart may be seen into. In a short period, he is seized with a most inordinate propensity to talk nonsense, though he is perfectly conscious of doing so. He also commits many foolish things, knowing them to be foolish. The power of volition, that faculty which keeps the will subordinate to the judgment, seems totally weakened. The most delightful time seems to be that immediately before becoming very talkative. When this takes place, a man turns ridiculous, and his mirth, though more boisterous, is not so exquisite. At first, the intoxication partakes of sentiment, but, latterly, it becomes merely animal.

"After this the scene thickens. The drunkard's imagination gets disordered with the most grotesque conceptions. Instead of moderating his drink, he pours it down more rapidly than ever: glass follows glass with reckless energy. His head becomes perfectly giddy. The candles burn blue, or green, or yellow; and where there are perhaps only three on the table, he sees a dozen. According to his temperament, he is amorous, or musical, or quarrelsome. Many possess a most extraordinary wit; and a great flow of spirits is a general attendant. In the latter stages, the speech is thick, and the use of the tongue in a great measure lost. His mouth is half open, and idiotic in the expression; while his eyes are glazed; wavering, and watery. He is apt to fancy that he has often offended some one of the company, and is ridiculously profuse with his apologies. Frequently he mistakes one person for another, and imagines that some of those before him are individuals who are, in reality, absent or even dead. The muscular powers are, all along, much affected: this, indeed, happens before any great change takes place in the mind, and goes on progressively increasing. He can no longer walk with steadiness, but totters from side to side. The limbs become powerless, and inadequate to sustain his weight. He is, however, not always sensible of any deficiency in this respect: and, while exciting mirth by his eccentric motions, imagines that he walks with the most perfect steadiness. In attempting to run, he conceives that he passes over the ground with astonishing rapidity. The last stage of drunkenness is total insensibility. The man tumbles perhaps beneath the table, and is carried away in a state of stupor to his couch. In this condition he is said to be, *dead drunk*."

The above is the entertainment;—now comes the reckoning:

"When the drunkard is put to bed, let us suppose that his faculties are not totally absorbed in apoplectic stupor; let us suppose that he still possesses consciousness and feeling, though these are both disordered; then begins "the tug of war;" then comes the misery which is doomed to succeed his previous raptures. No sooner is his head laid upon the pillow than it is seized with the strangest throbbing. His heart beats quick and hard against the ribs. A noise like the distant fall of a cascade, or rushing of a river, is heard in his ears. Sough—sough—sough, goes the sound. His senses now become more drowned and stupified. A dim recollection of his carousals, like a shadowy and indistinct dream, passes before the mind. He still hears, as in echo, the cries and laughter of his companions. Wild fantastic fancies accumulate thickly around the brain. His giddiness is greater than ever; and he feels as if in a ship tossed upon a heaving sea. At last he drops insensibly into a profound slumber."

Mr. Macnish notices the fact that the giddiness of intoxication is always greater in darkness than in the light, but professes himself unable to declare the reason. We take it that, in general, the mind is less steady in its bearings, and less firm, in darkness than in the light.

"In the morning he awakes in a high fever. The whole body is parched; the palms of the hands, in particular, are like leather. His head is often violently painful. He feels excessive thirst; while his tongue is white, dry, and stiff. The whole inside of the mouth is likewise hot and constricted, and the throat often sore. Then look at his eyes—how sickly, dull, and languid. The fire, which first lighted them up the evening before, is all gone. A stupor, like that of the last stage of drunkenness, still clings about them, and they are affected by the light. The complexion sustains as great a change: it is no longer flushed with gaiety and excitation, but pale and wayworn, indicating a profound mental and bodily exhaustion. There is probably sickness, and the appetite is totally gone. Even yet the delirium of intoxication has not left him, for his head still rings, his heart still throbs violently; and if he attempt getting up, he stumbles with giddiness. The mind also is sadly depressed, and the proceedings of the previous night are painfully remembered. He is sorry for his conduct, promises solemnly never again so to commit himself, and calls impatiently for something to quench his thirst. Such are the usual phenomena of a fit of drunkenness."

The varieties of temper and conduct of drunkards are curiously pointed out:—

"Some drunkards retain their senses after the physical powers are quite exhausted. Others, even when the mind is wrought to a pitch leading to the most absurd actions, preserve a degree of cunning and observation which enables them to elude the tricks which their companions are preparing to play upon them. In such cases they display great address, and take the first opportunity of retaliating; or, if such does not occur, of slipping out of the room unobserved and getting away. Some, while the whole mind seems locked up in the stupor of forgetfulness, hear all that is going on. No one should ever presume on the intoxicated state of another to talk of him detractingly in his presence. While apparently deprived of all sensation, he may be an attentive listener; and whatever is said, though unheeded at the moment, is not forgotten afterwards, but treasured carefully up in the memory. Much discord and ill-will frequently arise from such imprudence.

"The generality of people are apt to talk of their private affairs when intoxicated. They then reveal the most deeply hidden secrets to their companions. Others have their minds so happily constituted that nothing escapes them. They are, even in their most unguarded moments, secret and close as the grave.

"The natural disposition may be better discovered in drunkenness than at any other time. In modern society, life is all a disguise. Every man walks in masquerade, and his most intimate friend very often does not know his real character. Many wear smiles constantly upon their cheeks whose hearts are unprincipled and treacherous. Many with violent tempers have all the external calm and softness of charity itself. Some speak always with sympathy, who, at soul, are full of gall and bitterness. Intoxication tears off the veil, and sets each in its true light,

whatever that may be. The combative man will quarrel, the sensualist will love, the detractor will abuse his neighbour. I have known exceptions, but they are few in number. At one time they seemed more numerous, but closer observation convinced me that most of those whom I thought drunkenness had libelled, inherited, at bottom, the genuine dispositions which it brought forth."

We do not entirely agree with Mr. Macnish upon this point. His principle that "in wine there is truth," has age to entitle it to respect; but we cannot admit that a man's "natural disposition" discovers itself in drunkenness; because, modified as our habits are in civilized society, by restraint and education, it becomes difficult to say often what *is* a man's natural, or what is his acquired, disposition; and, perhaps, the distinction is unimportant. As far as we can judge, we should say, that—naturally—there will not be a great deal of variety in the characters of men: they are savages, and have all, pretty nearly in the same degree, the passions and the vices of savages. "Naturally," we take it, man seldom sees more than one object of good—the immediate gratification of his desire; and this object circumstances may lead two different men to pursue in different ways; but, still, they do pursue it.

The first great lesson which education teaches a man—and the fact of which he has little idea in his natural state—is, that his present desire may be foregone for his future advantage. This is perhaps the grand lesson to which all civilization tends, and the inculcation of which it is sufficiently difficult to accomplish. Naturally, we apprehend there can be little doubt that every man has an inclination to possess himself of the house, the wife, the pocket-handkerchief of his neighbour. Small children, left in groupes together, instinctively take the sugar-plums, toys, &c., which are the property of each other. Man—naturally—is, under all circumstances (those occasional exceptions from which no principle is free, of course, admitted) tyrannous and cruel. The individual who finds his bodily strength superior to that of those about him will indulge his bad passions openly, and by quarrel and combat. He who feels that, in this sort of contest, he shall be worsted, changes his mode of warfare, and will have recourse to fraud. But each still pursues the same object, and by means equally—in the view of civilized society—objectionable or unworthy.

In fact, we may go farther than this. Man's wants apart, it cannot be doubted that there is about him, naturally, an appetite for cruelty and insult. An infant *strikes* as instinctively as it swallows. Observe a flock of sheep, driven through the streets of town: not a boy approaches but will go out of his way to hunt and maltreat them. A horse fallen and dying; an Italian child selling images, or shewing a marmot; any object which may be attacked, and put to pain with impunity, is sure to be seen surrounded with tormentors. This is not at all confined to the merely vulgar and uneducated: all *lads* are disposed to ferocity; and the urchins of Westminster or Eton require as severe a control—or perhaps more severe—than the boys of a lower degree, to restrain their temper; because they have a touch of the pride and insolence which arises out of the observance paid to their superior rank, without as yet any sense of that deference to public opinion, which forms some restraint upon their uncles or fathers.

Therefore, although, in society, "life," as Mr. Macnish says, may be "all a disguise," yet, the disguise, being universal—and worn from first to last—seems, in fact, to us to become (as far as we have practically any thing to do with the matter) the *reality*. We doubt very much whether it be a fair

inference to believe that a man, who is quarrelsome when he is drunk, is therefore what we should call "a quarrelsome man."

In another place, Mr. Macnish himself observes, that intoxication frequently produces all the effects of "temporary insanity;" and to this opinion—*i. e.* that it rather distorts the operations of the mind, than merely liberates them from the check of policy or judgment—we should be rather disposed to accede. Many men are always very religiously disposed when they are drunk (and at that time only); but it would be too much to infer that these persons had "naturally" any peculiar disposition to piety. For the comfort of those who may lapse into misdeeds when they are intoxicated, we repeat our opinion, that, supposing them then to exhibit their "natural" dispositions, we take natural disposition to be a matter of but little consequence. If a man's ordinary life be unexceptionable—whether that advantage arises from his restraining his temper, or otherwise, matters little. The fault that he commits, is not (in our view) the *having* bad dispositions, but the *exhibiting* them, and suffering them to offend his fellows: the fault is that *he is drunk*. Ten thousand soldiers, after carrying a town by assault, rob, burn, and massacre without mercy. There is no peculiarity in the dispositions ("naturally") of all these men; but the restraints—legal and moral—which have commonly operated upon them, for the time, are held to be removed. Some few there are who are distinguished, in these emergencies, by humanity and forbearance: these are those probably upon whom religious feeling and education has made such an impression as to correct savage and natural propensity more fully than in the rest. Some others, on the other hand, inured for a time to such habits of licence, cannot be restrained by fear, or a sense of fitness, from pursuing them where they cease to be permitted. But the examples, both ways, are few: the great mass are plunderers and man-killers where they are permitted to be so, and they return reasonably well to their ordinary habits and civil duties, when that permission ceases.

Experience, too, we should say, constantly shews us that men—as far as their natural dispositions can possibly be judged of—are thrown out of those dispositions when they are in a state of ebriety. Mr. Macnish says—

"There are persons who are exceedingly profuse, and fond of giving away their money, watches, rings, &c. to the company. This peculiarity will never, I believe, be found in a miser: avarice is a passion strong under every circumstance. Drinking does not loosen the grasp of the covetous man, or open his heart. He is for ever the same."

We disagree with Mr. Macnish as to this fact. Almost every man will have seen instances of persons—the most niggardly in their habits, and even sordidly unjust in their dealings—who make bargains with great liberality, or lend their money freely when they are drunk. Who shall determine what is the "natural" disposition of a man like this? whether his sudden and evanescent generosity be a temporary madness, or his avarice a passion acquired?

And again, upon the "natural disposition to drink," ascribed by Mr. Macnish to a certain class of persons in his opening—and repeated in several parts of his book—as in the case of the

"*Sanguineous Drunkard*.—The sanguine temperament seems to feel most intensely the excitement of the bottle. Persons of this stamp have usually a ruddy complexion, thick neck, small head, and strong muscular fibre. Their intellect is in general *médiocre*, for great bodily strength and corresponding mental powers

are rarely united together. In such people, the animal propensities prevail over the moral and intellectual ones. They are prone to combativeness and sensuality; are either very good-natured or extremely quarrelsome. All their passions are keen: they will fight for their friends, or with them, as occasion requires. They are talkative from the beginning, and, during confirmed intoxication, perfectly obstreperous. It is men of this class who are the heroes of all drunken companies, the patrons of masonic lodges, the presidents and getters-up of jovial meetings. With them, eating and drinking are the grand ends of human life. Look at their eyes, how they sparkle at the sight of wine, and how their lips smack and their teeth water in the neighbourhood of a good dinner: they would scent out a banquet in Siberia. When intoxicated, their passions are highly excited: the energies of a hundred minds then seem concentrated into one focus. Their mirth, their anger, their love, their folly, are all equally intense and unquenchable. Such men cannot conceal their feelings. In drunkenness, the veil is removed from them, and their characters stand revealed, as in a glass, to the eye of the beholder. The Roderic Random of Smollett had much of this temperament, blended, however, with more intellect than usually belongs to it."

We doubt here again the "natural" disposition to drink—which, we should say—as far as nature went—men in the same societies, and in the same climates, would have, pretty nearly all in the same degree—excepting those few who, from constitution, had their *stomachs* constantly affected by the liquor. Almost all savages are great drunkards, where they have the means; and the Turks, who are forbidden to use wine, have found out an indemnity in tobacco and opium. The difference between those persons who drink *habitually*, and those who *do not* drink, in a civilized community, seems to us to depend not much upon any *constitutional* disposition or indisposition for liquor—but rather in the inducements which the party in question may have to indulge, or forbear the practice. Thus, among the drunkards of habit, great numbers of persons drink inveterately; because a habit which, originally, did not prejudice them—take the case of soldiers—has grown into a habit too strong to be resisted. But, still, drinking as they do, to their own ruin, such persons will be found, in general, as it seems to us, to labour rather under a *general* inability to govern their natural passions, collectively, than under any peculiar constitutional love of liquor. Thus, in the case of women who drink—to which the author afterwards alludes—the women who here abandon themselves to a custom which society detests, will, in general, be found to be those who have held the strict rules of etiquette and decorum something at nought. A woman whose general habits have been those of reserve and guardedness, of industry and cleanliness—and such generally as are dictated by a desire to acquire or maintain high reputation in society—will seldom be found lapsing into the habit of drinking. This fault is seldom the first, and still less frequently comes alone.

The sketches of the melancholy, phlegmatic, and nervous drunkard are all good; but we have only room for one picture: it shall be that of the

"*Surly Drunkard*.—Some men are not excited to mirth by intoxication. On the contrary, it renders them gloomy and discontented. Even those who in the sober state are sufficiently gay, become occasionally thus altered. A great propensity to take offence is a characteristic among persons of this temperament. They are suspicious, and very often mischievous. If at some former period they have had a difference with any of the company, they are sure to revive it, although, probably, it has been long ago cemented on both sides, and even forgotten by the other party. People of this description are very unpleasant companions. They are in general so foul-tongued, quarrelsome, and indecent in conversation, that established clubs of drinkers have made it a practice to exclude them from their society."

The modifications of intoxication, with reference to the peculiar liquor or inebriating agent, are next considered :—

"Intoxication is not only influenced by temperament, but by the nature of the agent which produces it. Thus, ebriety from ardent spirits differs in some particulars from that brought on by opium or malt liquors, such as porter and ale.

"The principal varieties of spirits are rum, brandy, whisky, and gin. It is needless to enter into any detail of the history of these fluids. Brandy kills soonest : it takes most rapidly to the head, and tinges the face to a crimson or livid hue. Rum is probably the next in point of fatality ; and, after that, gin and whisky. The superior diuretic qualities of the two latter, and the less luscious sources from which they are procured, may possibly account for these differences."

The fact of the peculiar unwholesomeness of brandy is one which has not been generally known. Gin, however,—which Mr. Macnish holds among the least dangerous agents,—is esteemed, by some medical writers, to be highly pernicious, from its tendency to produce dropsy.

Drunkenness from wine is said closely to resemble that from ardent spirits :—

"It is equally airy and volatile, more especially if the light wines, such as champaign, claret, chambertin, or volnay, be drunk. On the former, a person may get tipsy several times of a night. The fixed air evolved from it produces a feeling analogous to ebriety, independent of the spirit it contains. Port, sherry, and madeira are heavier wines, and have a stronger tendency to excite head-ache and fever."

Malt drinks, however, in the author's opinion, produce that species of drunkenness which is most speedily fatal :—

"Malt liquors, under which title we include all kinds of porter and ales, produce the worst species of drunkenness ; as, in addition to the intoxicating principle, some noxious ingredients are usually added, for the purpose of preserving them and giving them their bitter. The hop of these fluids is highly narcotic, and brewers often add other substances, to heighten its effect, such as opium, *coccus indicus*, &c. Malt liquors, therefore, act in two ways upon the body, partly by the alcohol they contain, and partly by the narcotic principle. In addition to this, the fermentation which they undergo is much less perfect than that of spirits or wine. After being swallowed, this process is carried on in the stomach, by which fixed air is copiously liberated, and the digestion of delicate stomachs materially impaired. Cider, spruce, ginger, and table beers, though purposely impregnated with this air for the sake of briskness, produce the same bad effect, even when their briskness has vanished. The cause of all this is the want of due fermentation.

"Persons addicted to malt liquors increase enormously in bulk. They become loaded with fat : their chin gets double or triple, the eye prominent, and the whole face bloated and stupid. Their circulation is clogged, while the pulse feels like a cord, and is full and labouring, but not quick. During sleep the breathing is stertorous. Every thing indicates an excess of blood ; and when a pound or two is taken away, immense relief is obtained. The blood in such cases is more dark and sizzly than in the others. In seven cases out of ten, malt liquor drunkards die of apoplexy or palsy. If they escape this hazard, swelled liver or dropsy carries them off. The abdomen seldom loses its prominency, but the lower extremities get ultimately emaciated. Profuse bleedings frequently ensue from the nose, and save life, by emptying the blood-vessels of the brain.

"The drunkenness in question is peculiarly of British growth. The most noted examples of it are to be found in innkeepers and their wives, recruiting serjeants, guards of stage-coaches, &c.

"The effects of malt liquors on the body, if not so immediately rapid as those of ardent spirits, are more stupifying, more lasting, and less easily removed. The last are particularly prone to produce levity and mirth, but the first have a stunning influence upon the brain, and, in a short time, render dull and sluggish the gayest

disposition. They also produce sickness and vomiting more readily than either spirits or wine."

The various inebriating agents unconnected with alcohol are alluded to, and their effects described. The first is opium:—

"Opium acts differently on different constitutions. While it disposes some to calm, it arouses others to fury. Whatever passion predominates at the time, it increases; whether it be love, or hatred, or revenge, or benevolence. Lord Kames, in his *Sketches of Man*, speaks of the fanatical Faquirs who, when excited by this drug, have been known, with poisoned daggers, to assail and butcher every European whom they could overcome. In the century before last, one of this nation attacked a body of Dutch sailors, and murdered seventeen of them in one minute.

"Some minds are rendered melancholy by opium. Its usual effect, however, is to give rise to lively and happy sensations. The late Duchess of Gordon is said to have used it freely, previous to appearing in great parties, where she wished to shine by the gaiety of her conversation and brilliancy of her wit. A celebrated pleader at the Scotch bar is reported to do the same thing, and always with a happy effect.

"In this country opium is much used, but seldom with the view of producing intoxication. Some, indeed, deny that it can do so, strictly speaking. If by intoxication is meant a state precisely similar to that from over-indulgence in vinous or spirituous liquors, they are undoubtedly right; but drunkenness merits a wider latitude of signification. The ecstasies of opium are much more entrancing than those of wine. There is more poetry in its visions, more mental aggrandisement, more range of imagination. Wine invigorates the animal powers and propensities chiefly, but opium strengthens those peculiar to man, and gives for a period, amounting to hours, a higher tone to the thinking faculties. Then the dreams of the opium-eater—they are the creations of a highly-excited fancy, rich and unspeakably delightful. But when the medicine has been continued too long, or operates on a diseased constitution, these feelings wear away. The sleep is no longer cheered with its former visions of happiness. Frightful dreams usurp their place, and the person becomes the victim of an almost perpetual misery."

The operation of tobacco is extremely different:—

"Tobacco, when used to excess, may produce a species of intoxication. It does not give rise to pleasurable ideas. Its effect is principally upon the body, and differs widely from that of any other inebriating agent. Instead of quickening, it lowers the pulse, and produces a general languor and depression of the whole system. Persons often reel and become giddy, as in liquor, from smoking and chewing; and even from snuffing to excess. Excessive sickness and vomiting are consequences of an over-indulgence in tobacco."

The oil of tobacco, which is used by some dentists to check that horrible pain, the tooth-ache, produces all these sensations in the most violent degree.

The gas called nitrous oxide is also mentioned by Mr. Macnish, but with some caution as to the "theatrical attitudes," "stampings on the ground," and immoderate laughter, in which it causes those who inhale it to indulge. Mr. Macnish seems to think its reported effects, "in many cases, have been brought about by the influence of imagination." We go beyond Mr. Macnish: as far as our own experience has extended, we take the "possession" to be, in nine cases out of ten, pure humbug. In the madness of the *loups-garoux*—where persons imagined themselves to be wolves, and were violent and troublesome, accordingly, to their neighbours—we recollect an old French author records, that, after every other course of remedy had failed, the vigorous application of a *broomstick* never failed to restore the afflicted party immediately. We say nothing; but—"a

word to the wise!" If any reader of our's ever should be any where, where a gentleman is laughing himself to death from nitrous oxide, he may recollect this fact.

The *modus operandi* of opium upon the body is different from that of alcohol. The first acts principally by absorption—the latter, principally upon the nerves:—

"Alcohol taken in quantity produces instant stupefaction. It is no sooner swallowed than the person drops down insensible. Here is no time for absorption; the whole energies of the spirit are exerted against the nervous system. The same rapid privation of power never occurs after swallowing opium. There is always an interval, and generally one of some extent, between the swallowing and the stupor which succeeds. Another proof that opium acts in this manner is the circumstance of its being much more speedily fatal than the other, when injected into the blood-vessels. Three or four grains in solution, forced into the carotid artery of a dog, will kill him in a few minutes. Alcohol, used in the same manner, would not bring on death for several hours.

"In addition, it may be stated that a species of drunkenness is produced by inhaling the gas of intoxicating liquors. Those employed in bottling spirits from the cask, feel it frequently with great severity. This proves that there is a close sympathy between the nerves of the nose and lungs, and those of the stomach. From all these circumstances it is pretty evident that intoxication from spirits is produced more by the action of the fluid upon the nerves of the latter organ, than by absorption; an additional proof of which is afforded in the fact, that vomiting does not cure drunkenness, even when had recourse to at an early period; its only effect is to prevent it from getting worse."

Vomiting, however, under all circumstances, is esteemed beneficial after a violent debauch:—

"Generally speaking, there is no remedy for drunkenness equal to vomiting. The sooner the stomach is emptied of its contents the better, and this may, in most cases, be accomplished by drinking freely of tepid water, and tickling the fauces. After this is done, the person should, if his stomach will bear it, swallow some aperient, then go to bed and sleep off his intoxication. Cold applications to the head are likewise useful. In all cases, the head ought to be well elevated, and the neckcloth removed, that there may be no impediment to the circulation. Where there is a total insensibility, where the pulse is slow and full, the pupils dilated, the face flushed, and the breathing stertorous, it becomes a question whether bleeding might be useful. Darwin and Trotter speak discouragingly of the practice. As a general rule I think it is bad: many persons who would have recovered, if left to themselves, have lost their lives by being prematurely bled. In all cases it should be done cautiously, and not for a considerable time. Vomiting and other means should invariably be first had recourse to, and if they fail, and nature is unable of her own power to overcome the stupor, venesection may be tried. In this respect, liquors differ from opium, the insensibility from which is benefited by bleeding.

"There is one variety of drunkenness in which both bleeding and cold are inadmissible. This is when a person is struck down, as it were, by drinking suddenly a great quantity of ardent spirits. Here he is overcome by an instantaneous stupor. His countenance is ghastly and pale, his pulse feeble, and his body cold. While these symptoms continue there is no remedy but vomiting. When, however, they wear off, and are succeeded, as they usually are, by flushing, heat, and general excitement, the case is changed, and must be treated as any other where such symptoms exist.

"There is nothing which has so strong a tendency to dispel the effects of a debauch as hard exercise, especially if the air be cold. Aperients and diaphoretics are also extremely useful for the same purpose."

Where too large a quantity of opium has been swallowed, the course recommended is vomiting, bleeding, and the arousing the party, by every possible means, from sinking into stupor; with—*after* the opium is dis-

charged from the stomach—the free use of vegetable acids, such as lemon, tartaric acid, or common vinegar.

The extent of the extracts which we have already given compels us to pass over the “consequences of drunkenness;” which are described, however, very forcibly by Mr. Macnish, in a distinct chapter—the fifth; we believe—of the pamphlet.

The liver, the stomach, the eyes, the general health of the system, and, almost as commonly, the brain, become affected by this horrible practice.

Liquors (says the writer) have, from the earliest ages, been known to affect the liver:—

“Man is not the only animal so affected. Swine which are fed on the refuse of breweries, have their livers enlarged in the same manner. Their other viscera become also indurated, and their flesh so tough, that, unless killed early, they are unfit to be eaten. Some fowl dealers in London are said to mix gin with the food of the birds, by which means they are fattened and their liver swelled to a great size. The French manage to enlarge this organ in geese, by piercing it shortly after the creatures are fledged.

“Like the liver, the stomach is more subject to chronic than acute inflammation. It is evident that here the indurated state of this viscus can only proceed from a long continued slow action going on within its substance. The disease is extremely insidious, frequently proceeding great lengths before it is discovered. The organ is often thickened to half an inch, or even an inch; and its different tunics so matted together that they cannot be separated. The pyloric orifice becomes, in many cases, contracted. The cardiac may suffer the same disorganization, and so may the œsophagus; but these are less common, and, it must be admitted, more rapidly fatal. When the stomach is much thickened, it may sometimes be felt like a hard ball below the left ribs. At this point there is also a dull uneasy pain, which is augmented upon pressure.”

The affection of the eyes may be either acute or chronic:—

“Almost all drunkards have the latter more or less. Their eyes are red and watery, and the expression of these organs is so peculiar, that the cause can never be mistaken. The eye, and a certain want of firmness about the lips, which are loose, gross, and sensual, betray at once the toper. Drunkenness impairs vision. The delicacy of the retina is probably affected; and it is evident that, from a long continued inflammation, the tunica adnata, which covers the cornea, must lose its original clearness and transparency.

“Most drunkards have a constant tenderness and redness of the nostrils. This, I conceive, arises from the state of the stomach and œsophagus. The same membrane which lines them is prolonged upwards to the nose and mouth, and carries thus far its irritability.”

Again:

“Emaciation is peculiarly characteristic of the spirit-drinker. He wears away, before his time, into the “lean and slippered pantaloons” spoken of by Shakspeare in his “Stages of Human Life.” All drunkards, however, if they live long enough, become emaciated. The eyes get hollow, the cheeks fall in, and wrinkles soon furrow the countenance with the marks of age. The fat is absorbed from every part, and the rounded plumpness which formerly characterized the body, soon wears away. The whole frame gets lank and debilitated. There is a want of due warmth, and the hand is usually covered with a chill clammy perspiration.

“Malt liquor and wine drinkers are, for the most part, corpulent, a circumstance which rarely attends the spirit-drinker, unless he be at the same time a *bon vivant*. In drunkards, the first parts which become emaciated are the lower extremities: they fall away even when the rest of the body is full. This is a bad sign, and a sure proof that the stamina of the constitution are gone.”

Women who drink are constantly subject to hysteric affections:—

"Female drunkards are very subject to hysterical affections. There is a delicacy of fibre in women, and a susceptibility of mind, which make them feel more acutely than the other sex all external influences. Hence their whole system is often violently affected with hysterics and other varieties of nervous weakness. These affections are not always traced to their true cause, which is often neither more nor less than dram-drinking. When a woman's nose becomes crimsoned at the point, her eyes somewhat red, and more watery than before, and her lips fuller, and less firm and intellectual in their expression, we may suspect that something wrong is going on.

"There is nothing more characteristic of a tippler than an indifference to tea, and beverages of a like nature. When a woman exhibits this quality, we may reasonably suspect her of indulging in liquor. If drunkards partake of tea, they usually saturate it largely with ardent spirits. The unadulterated fluid is too weak a stimulus for their unnatural appetites."

Moreover—

"Drunkenness, according to the reports of Bethlehem Hospital, and other similar institutions for the insane, is one of the most common causes of lunacy; and there are few but must have witnessed the wreck of the most powerful minds by this destructive habit."

The methods of curing the habit of drunkenness, which occupy the last chapter in the author's book, and perhaps the most interesting of his subject, we seriously recommend to perusal; but our limits (which we have already strained to the utmost) compel us to pass them over very briefly. The great question in the writer's mind appears to be—should the habit be dropped by degrees, or at once? On this point, Dr. Trotter, in his excellent Essay on Drunkenness, is a favourer of the latter course: he thinks that the habit is a bad one, and the sooner and more completely we get rid of it, the better;—liquors should be given up *instantly*. Mr. Macnish, with much apparent reason, inclines rather to a contrary opinion; and thinks, with Darwin and Spurzheim, that even an unwholesome habit cannot be hastily abandoned, after it has once been confirmed, without danger. Much, as to this point, however, Mr. Macnish would admit, must depend upon circumstances; such as the age and constitution of the patient. Where absolute disease acquired has to be considered, there some slow process, we shall agree, may be necessary; but where there exists the mere habit of excessive drinking to combat—that is to say, where no inconvenience beyond the absence of an accustomed stimulus has to be cured—in all such cases, we should decidedly say, with Dr. Trotter—the thing must be done at once, or not at all.

The mere habit of drinking—where the party, in his sober moments, can see its utter ruinousness—amounts to a species of insanity. It is the strength of the will—not in any moment of passion, but constantly and habitually upon a given subject—defying the power of the understanding. The habit of falsehood, which some individuals are known to have, to a degree of folly and miscalculation;—another morbid disposition—the appetite for theft where there exist none of the ordinary provocatives to such crime;—both these are conditions of the mental system bordering upon insanity. It must be one effort that cures them for ever; they cannot be left off, or abstained from, by degrees. We agree that "the sudden deprivation of the accustomed stimulus," where the habit of intoxication has been inveterate, "may produce dangerous exhaustion." But we doubt the propriety of giving liquor again "in moderate quantities;" we should say, give some *other* stimulus. Give air, exercise, amusement, change of scene, where these can be procured. Where they cannot, give opium—

hemlock—what drug you will; but bar your patient from *the flavour of liquor*. Let him have no hopes—no cravings—for the arrival of the hour at which the “remedy” is to be administered.

The final point treated in Mr. Macnish’s book displays his desire—and, in a medical man, it is a fair and a wise one—to provide for all emergencies. He gives the following directions to those who will not be cured of drunkenness, how they may indulge their propensity with the least mischief to themselves:—

“If a man is resolved to continue a drunkard, it may here be proper, though somewhat out of place, to mention in what manner he can do so with least risk to himself. One of the principal rules to be observed, not only by him, but by habitually sober people, is never to take any inebriating liquid, especially spirits, upon an empty stomach. There is no habit more common or more destructive than this: it not only intoxicates readier than when food has been previously taken, but it has a much greater tendency to impair the functions of the digestive organs. In addition, drunkards should shun raw spirits, which more rapidly bring on disease of the stomach, than the same quantity used in a diluted state. The best form in which these fluids can be employed is, I believe, cold punch. This, when well made, is always weak; and the acid with which it is impregnated, has not only a bracing effect upon the stomach, but operates as a diuretic—thereby counteracting in a considerable degree the activity of the spirit itself. The next best form is that of grog; and warm toddy the third. The last, to be good, must be stronger than the two others; and the hot water with which it is made, increases the naturally stimulating qualities of the active ingredient.

“The malt liquor drunkard, unless his taste be irrevocably fixed to the contrary, should, as a general rule, prefer porter to ale—at least to that variety denominated strong ale. Herb ale and purl are pernicious; but the lighter varieties, such as table-beer and home-brewed, when used in moderation, are not only harmless, but occasionally even useful.

“As to the wine-bibber, no directions can be given. The varieties of wine are so numerous, that any correct estimate of their respective powers is impossible; nor, though it were practicable, would it be proper within our narrow limits. It may, however, be laid down as a maxim, that the wines which are most diuretic, and excite least head-ache and fever, are the safest for the constitution.

“Warm and cold bathing will occasionally be useful, according to circumstances. Bitters are not to be recommended, especially if employed under the medium of spirits. Where there is much debility, chalybeates will prove serviceable. A visit to places where there are mineral springs is of use, not only from the waters, but from the agreeable society to be met with at such quarters. The great art in breaking the habit consists in managing the drunkard with kindness and address. This management must of course be modified by the events which present themselves, and which will vary in different cases.”

—With which last extract we must take our leave of the author; assuring him, that we have been much pleased and interested with his pamphlet;—and our readers, that they will derive from its perusal no inconsiderable portion of amusement, as well as of instruction.

ON THE PERSONNEL, MATÉRIEL, AND SCIENCE OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

At this moment of the extraordinary depression of our country, we apprehend there are few subjects of greater moment than the condition of the navy of the state. On it our security depends; and, however our interests may fluctuate, it behoves us at all times to regard our floating batteries. We conceive, now that the command of it devolves on a Prince of the illustrious House of Brunswick, a fresh impulse may be given to the consideration of its affairs—which, indeed, we are disposed to think it requires. In our examination of this subject, we shall consider the number and character of our seamen—the number and qualities of our ships—the scientific information diffused among its members—and the economy with which it is conducted.

1. The *personnel* of our navy, from the native valour of Englishmen, is far superior to all others; and it is only by gross mismanagement that our fleets can fail of success in the day of trial. The stamina of Englishmen, *at present*, is good; and, without inquiring from what it proceeds, we think we may safely assert, that there is no nation of men so capable of defending themselves as the inhabitants of our isles: whether as soldiers or sailors, they possess those qualities of presence of mind and courage, in the day of battle, that render them, when properly conducted, equal to any men and almost any achievement.

The number of seamen allotted by parliament to the navy at present is 21,000, and the number of marine-soldiers 9,000—thus making a total of 30,000 men. The greatest number employed in the last naval wars was 145,000. Thus we perceive that, should a war suddenly burst upon us, as the American war of 1776 did, we should require above 100,000 men, in addition to what we have, to man the navy. About 50,000 of these ought to be good sailors: the others may be supplied by soldiers and landsmen, if they be headed by good officers. Now the question is—how are these men to be obtained? The number required is sufficient to equip 7,575 merchant ships on an average; for we find that the mean number of merchant ships since the peace, by the parliamentary papers, is 25,000 with 165,000 men. Thus, if they are to be taken from the merchant marine, one-third nearly of its fleet must be left without seamen. While speaking of the extent of our mercantile navy, we do not mean to affirm that the ships in the estimate are all sea-going vessels, and the men mariners; because we know that its calculations have been properly objected to, as including river vessels, lighters, and barges, that do not contain seamen;* but we are willing to take the utmost limit.

Our next consideration is, how are 50,000 seamen, in case of a naval war, to be obtained? Not by impressment, we hope. Arbitrary abduction of men, whether among the blacks or whites—call it slavery or impressment—is a disgrace to human nature. O, England! how long shall this law stain thy name? The conscription of Napoleon, though a tyrannical measure, was not equal to our *British* impressment. But it is not less cruel and barbarous than it is impolitic and unsafe. When we

* From the parliamentary paper, each ship has 6 $\frac{5}{8}$ men on an average. Now, as the East-Indiamen and other ships contain from forty to one hundred men each, there must necessarily be included in the estimate many small ships, barges, or boats, having only two, three, or four men in them.

examine into the causes of the mutiny in 1797, which had so nearly ended in the loss of one of the finest manned fleets the world ever saw, by its throwing itself into the hands of the enemy, we perceive a striking proof of bad effect of the ill-treatment of brave and high-spirited men. Happily, the government saw the justice of their demands, and ceded to them. The very commencement of the career of a British sailor, under the law of impressment, is quite sufficient to destroy all patriotism; and then, in the numerous cases in which force cannot control, what is to be expected? Numerous have been the philanthropists, in high station, who have advocated the cause of our ill-treated mariners; and, in our opinion, the success of their cause would be as desirable in a political as in a moral point of view. When we beheld British seamen fighting in the American frigates (and most of their best sailors were British), we beheld one of the lamentable effects of impressment and bad usage.

A question, then, arises—If the navy be not filled up by impressment, how are the men to be obtained? We answer, by enlistment, with sufficient inducement and privileges to recompence them for it, in a manner similar to the army. When recruits voluntarily enter the military service, they do not consider themselves enslaved; nor would sailors object to the royal navy, if much of its disgusting treatment were abolished.

While speaking of the treatment of the sailors, we are happy to say that considerable ameliorations have taken place in it since the mutiny. Undoubtedly many things remain to be remedied; but, speaking in contrast with former periods, the progress of the times has had its effect on the navy. The mitigation of its severe and useless discipline is a pleasing subject of reflection. It ought always to be remembered, that discipline is made for the good of the service, and not the service for the haughty domineering of officers—the contrary idea to which, many superiors appear to have strangely imbibed. The *suaviter in modo*, with the *fortiter in re*, is a good maxim on this subject, in opposition to a capricious and arbitrary tyranny. Flagrant cowardice must, for the sake of example, be punished with death; but the whole existence of a man should not be made miserable because foolish men mistake the subject. Nelson and Collingwood were not advocates for unnecessary torture; nor are men, brave in action, generally capable of cruelty.

Of experienced officers in the royal navy, it must be admitted there is no scarcity. At the conclusion of the war in 1814 and 1815, this was properly regarded, by extensive promotions of the midshipmen and lieutenants: the promotions of the former amounted to about 2,000. The list of the navy enrols the names of about 200 admirals, 700 captains, 900 commanders, and 3,900 lieutenants. A great number of rated midshipmen are also on the lists of the Admiralty. Warrant officers, who are the sergeants and corporals of the navy, have also been retained and provided for liberally.

We may safely say that the staff of the navy is excellent, and that, in the event of another war, they will present a most formidable phalanx of leaders. Foreign authors object to the great number of officers that have been promoted in our navy, as being profusively expensive; but we think that their exertions, during the last war, merited great reward; and the pay of naval officers, who are promoted for their services, is not disproportionate. In the cases in which they obtain rank, solely from favour and not from their services, unquestionably such promotions are injurious

to the service. Many of these evils have taken place; but we now expect happy alterations in this respect.

The sudden discharge of the seamen at the conclusion of the war; and then forcibly seizing them again at the commencement of hostilities, with the most brutal violation of justice in both cases, are the prominent evils that require to be remedied; and we are glad to hear that arrangements are spoken of for that purpose.

Commissions in the navy, unlike those in the army, are not to be purchased; nor are advancements in rank conferred in the navy otherwise than by seniority, after the post of captain. If a man attain to the rank of captain, if he live long enough he must be an admiral. Now all this we believe is good to a certain degree; but, perhaps, it may want some alteration. It is very different in foreign nations; but we think our own plan better than theirs, and it ought not to be deviated from without the strictest scrutiny and the best information.—Lord Howe's omission of promoting captains to the rank of admiral in their turn, produced much dissatisfaction; and it is very questionable whether it can be done with propriety.

2. The *matériel* of our navy next comes under our notice:—of which we shall first consider the number and size of the ships. By the last parliamentary papers, the navy consists of 113 ships of the line; 252 frigates, including the sixth-rates; and 134 gun-brigs, cutters, dock-yard craft, transports, &c.; making a total of 502. The abstract of the royal navy in 1805, in Derrick's Memoirs of it, p. 223, shews that it then consisted of 175 ships of the line; 246 frigates, including sixth-rates; 528 gun-brigs, cutters, &c.; thus making a total of 949 vessels. We, therefore, perceive that there are at present sixty-two ships of the line fewer than in 1805; an increase in the frigates of six, and a diminution in the gun-brigs, &c. of 394: thus making a total decrease of 440 ships. We are aware that the size of ships has increased since 1805; but, at all events, the difference of sixty-two ships of the line is a serious one.

This decrease of the navy is the more to be regarded, on account of the augmentation of the French and American navies. The last budget of the French minister presents a sum of about eight millions sterling, devoted to the service of the royal navy, for the present year, which is equivalent in its effects to twelve millions in this country: our own navy has not above one-third of this amount dedicated to its support, if we omit the disproportionate appropriations to the half-pay and pension list. The United States have also a navy of rapid growth: their force cannot be estimated at less than thirty ships of the line, of the ordinary force—as their frigates are of equal force to small line-of-battle ships: their two-deckers carry a hundred guns of the largest calibre, and exceed our largest ships in dimensions.

If the reader should wish a more particular account of our navy, we must refer him to foreign authors; for, unaccountably as it may appear, so little are the nautical sciences cultivated in this country, that we have scarcely a respectable work on the British navy. Dupin's "*Force Navale de la Grande Bretagne*," details all the particulars of our navy; but of this we shall speak more at large in our third head.

In 1780 the French nation had 125 sail of the line, of which Chamock gives the names of 105 that were known to be at sea, or otherwise employed in the war. The Spaniards had, at the same time, seventy-five

sail of the line. We, therefore, think that our own navy, at the present time, is too small to secure with permanency our immense colonies, and to continue the chain of communication with our numerous and distant posts: this remark applies with double force when we look at the resources of America. The incompetent fleet of Lord Sandwich, who succeeded Lord Hawke as premier of the Admiralty in 1770, was the cause of the loss of most of our West-India islands, together with the southern states of North America, in 1779. At that time (August 1779) the French and Spaniards rode triumphant in the Channel, and passed Plymouth, although we had 135 ships of the line.* At present, according to the Admiralty accounts, we have only 113 ships of the line, although we have double the extent of colonies to protect.

Ships are not to be built in a short time: the timber must be procured from abroad,—for our own forests are exhausted; shipwrights are not always to be procured; and naval stores, in general, especially hemp, can only be had, in great quantities, from the powers in the Baltic, which have often been, and may again be inimical to us.

We now proceed to speak of the sailing qualities of our ships of war, which are of the most shameful description. We quote, as proof of this, if proof be needed of what every body knows, a paragraph from Mr. Knowles's work "*On the Dry Rot*," Preface, p. 4: "Until recently" (alluding to the establishment of the School of Naval Architecture in Portsmouth Dock-yard) "the theoretic construction of ships has not been cultivated, or considered in this country a matter of sufficient importance; and to this may be attributed the practice of copying or imitating the lines of those constructed by foreign nations." We have no good ships of our own construction, except in the cases in which we have copied foreign vessels; and, as we have not copied any of a late date of construction, we are still half a century behind the rest of the maritime world. Indeed, our fears are so great with regard to the sailing qualities of our ships, that if a grand conflagration of them all were to take place, we should hasten to enjoy the spectacle, and rejoice to see our antiquated models replaced.

As this subject is of more importance than is generally conceived, we shall enlarge on it. As proof of the excellence of foreign ships, we need only advert to the fact, that all our frigates are copied from foreign models—thirty-five being taken from the *Hébé*, a French frigate; and twenty-three from the *Piedmontaise*, or French President. If we only refer to the following French and Spanish ships, which were the fastest sailers and best sea-boats in the navy, the most sceptical and prejudiced reader will be convinced that something must be done in this department of naval science:—San Josef, of 110 guns; Gibraltar, of 84 guns; Canopus, of 84 guns, from which we are building eight ships; Donegal, 80; Pompée, 80; Genoa, 74; Rivoli, 74; Impétueux, 74; Spartiate, 74; Implacable, now Duguay Trouin, 74. In the same manner, numerous other ships might be cited to shew the excellence of foreign vessels. In no one instance have the French copied from an English model. Whenever they have captured any of our ships, they have generally broken them up, as their bad sailing, when attached to their own ships, has placed the whole in danger, by the delay which they have caused—which, indeed,

* Vide "*Derrick's Memoirs of the British Navy*," p. 161.

has not unfrequently led to the capture of the whole of their rear division.

So superior are foreign ships to our own, that our captains in the navy universally covet them. Thus we find the gallant admiral, now at the head of the Navy Board, as comptroller, Sir Byam Martin, pursuing his active course principally in the *Fisgard*, which was the French frigate *La Résistance*; and in the *Implacable*, 74, mentioned previously. The former was captured in the river *Fisgard*, in Ireland; and the latter by Sir Richard Strachan, in 1805, forming one of Dumanoir's squadron, which had escaped from the battle of Trafalgar. In these ships Sir Byam Martin exhibited a fine specimen of what may be done by valiant seamen in fast-sailing ships. In the latter, particularly, the *Implacable*, by the velocity of his ship, when fighting in aid of the Swedes, in the Baltic, in 1819, against the Russians, he was enabled to overtake the opposing squadron, intercept and capture two of them, while the remainder of the Anglo-Swedish fleet were far behind. A natural inference from the occurrences of this encounter is, if the whole Anglo-Swedish fleet had been fast sailers, the Russian fleet must have been annihilated. It would be a pleasing task here to dwell on the feats of war performed by Sir John Borlase Warren, in *La Pomone* frigate, captured at the commencement of the revolutionary war. But this we must pass over; as we must also of *L'Egyptienne*, a large French frigate, similar to those of America, carrying thirty 24-pounders on the main-deck, which was taken in 1802; of the *Bonne Citoyenne*, &c. &c. In fact, every victory which reflects honour on our sailors, conveys a stigma on our ship-builders. It was not till the French had pointed out to us the advantage of increasing the dimensions of ships, that our *Caledonia*, of 120 guns, was built, and the sister class of ships. The French ordinance, of 1786, determined on 208 feet of length for their first rates; while our's were only 192 feet long.

The Danish ship *Christian the Seventh*, when commanded by Sir Joseph Yorke, had the first character in our navy as a man of war; and the *Danemark* and *Norge*, ships of war—and *Venus*, Danish frigate—alike shew that every small maritime power excelled us in ship-building. Our surprise is more excited at Denmark excelling us in ship-building than at the French nation, who have often had a fleet as extensive as our own, and have always aspired to dispute the domination of the seas with us; whereas the naval energies of Denmark have been circumscribed by various circumstances, and by its peculiar geographical situation.

But if our astonishment has been excited by an almost dormant maritime power, though of ancient date, like Denmark, excelling us in her ships, what shall we say at finding the infant maritime nation of the United States surpassing us by infinite degrees! If we refer to the last naval war of this country with the United States, we shall perceive that the superior character of only one class of vessels is sufficient to perform prodigies. From the surpassing celerity and windward qualities of their sixty gun frigates, our immense navy was not only eluded, but its very character, in a measure, compromised. In vain did we send out ships of the line to combat with them: there was not an instance of our being able to overtake them. In vain did we send out small squadrons of light ships to subdue them: they failed from the same causes. Blockading was at last resorted to, as the partial preventive to their extensive depredations on our commerce; but, on account of the vast range of coast and numerous

harbours, little was effected by it. Whenever the Americans were so unmindful of the advantages which they had in the sailing of their ships—which always enabled them to choose, as an antagonist, a vessel of inferior force—as voluntarily to join encounter with a ship of equal force, the issue was of a different nature; as may be seen by the Chesapeake accepting the challenge of the Shannon, and by the surprise of the Essex in a bay of South America. The capture of the President frigate by blockade, in which case ships were directed against her *on all points*, cannot be adduced as proof of the inferiority of her sailing qualities. But even in that case we are indebted to the French for the model of the Endymion—the Pomone, which was the chasing ship, and under whose fire she principally suffered; though, subsequently, the Majestic, a seventy-four gun ship, cut down expressly for the occasion, and the rest of the squadron, took part in the capture. Chiefly owing to the qualities of their vessels, did seven or eight American frigates wage war successfully with the British navy, and capture the Guerrière fifty-gun frigate; Java and Macedonia frigates; and the smaller sloops of war, Avon, Peacock, and Frolic; with about twelve hundred larger and smaller ships of the merchants. With great justice do the people of the United States attribute their success in part to their ship-builders; while, on the same score, we deplore the deficiency of ours.

We know that it is the opinion of many inconsiderate persons that the qualities of ships cannot influence the result of a naval war; but we can acquaint them that the most cursory perusal of naval history will convince them of their error. In how many actions, under Hughes, Rodney, Byng, and Barrington, have our gallant sailors missed gaining the victory solely by the *miserable* qualities of their vessels? the sailing of which ships may properly be compared to the floating of a haystack before the wind. Our best naval politicians affirm, that the adoption of coppered bottoms by the French, previous to its introduction into our navy (which, by keeping the bottom clean, improves the sailing), was a principal cause of their success under Suffrein in the East-Indies. Our wars with Hyder Ally, at that time, rendered the co-operation by sea doubly necessary.

3. On the *science* with which the navy is conducted must depend its efficiency in a great degree. There is a very foolish idea on this subject generally adopted—that practice is every thing, and that the study of the subject may, therefore, be neglected. Now, few assertions can be more childish than this; because every act ought to be examined before it is performed. Inferences must be drawn from former experience: these inferences must be compared; and the more account we take of our proceedings, the more correct will be our results. To blunder on without thought, is the worst of all modes. It is true that the greatest fool will learn something in *time*; but, if he had had his senses, he might have learnt a better mode of proceeding. We have before seen that our great practice in ship-building, during our long wars, taught our master shipwrights little, because they were unable, for want of education, to calculate and bring their experience to account: they were “obliged to copy foreign models, from not cultivating the subject,” as Mr. Knowles says. The experience of an educated man in the art is not less than another’s; but he brings his experience to better account. We must refer here to an article on “Naval Architecture and Nautical Economy,” in the last Journal of the Royal Institution: it is a review of a periodical work,

entitled "Essays and Gleanings on Naval Architecture,"*—to which we refer our readers with great pleasure; and we congratulate the country at large that this important subject is now coming under discussion; for, until the last year, the art of printing can scarcely be said to have been applied, in this country, for the improvement of ship-building. It is true that it has been attempted in a few instances; but, for want of patronage, the authors were soon hushed down by the clamours of envy and ignorance. An affecting instance of this is given by Mr. Knowles, in the preface to his work on the "Preservation of the Navy:"—"While the Dutch possessed and encouraged Witsen; the French, Bouguer, Du Hamel, Clairbois, Borda, and Romme; the Spaniards, Juan; the Germans, Euler; and the Swedes, the celebrated Chapman,—the English neglected the *only work* which they possess on this subject *that can lay any claim to science*,† and suffered its author, whom tradition represents to have been a man of the most amiable manners and correct conduct, to live and die a *working shipwright* in Deptford Yard!" The consequence of the treatment of this poor man was, that the subject became entirely neglected as to its scientific cultivation: his fate was a *beacon* to warn others from the unfortunate pursuit! Hence, *thousands and millions of money* have been thrown away in bad ships—lives have been lost—and we have been depending on foreigners for models!!! All the sympathies of our nature call upon us to aid the improvement of this important art: the safe navigation of the seas—the protection of our lives and families from the foe—and the diminution of our national burdens, by a wise economy in the expenses of the dock-yards, alike urge on us its cultivation.

An important subject next claims our consideration: what national institutions have we for this important art? And here it must, lamentably, be said, that a glaring deficiency exists. We have not even a naval library. Foreign nations have long, as just cited, by the wise encouragement of talent, produced men learned in the art. These philosophers, by ample rewards and inducements, have been devoted to the study of this important art; and other countries, and *our own in particular*, have reaped the benefit of it.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence has been pre-eminent in patronizing the study of naval architecture. As President of the "Society for the Improvement of Naval Architecture," in 1791, his Royal Highness evinced great solicitude for its advancement. It is to be regretted that the society failed in its object, by devoting its energies and funds to investigating the laws of the resistance of water.

Another more feasible plan has been suggested by Mr. Major, and approved by the Navy Board: it has received the sanction of many of our first scientific men, and it appears to be founded on a true philosophical basis. For further particulars of this plan, we refer our readers to the "Annals of Philosophy," for November 1825—Mr. Harvey's remarks in the same work for January—and, for further particulars on this interesting subject, to the number of that periodical work for last June. Mr. Major's views of naval architecture are also spoken of in high terms in last "Quarterly Journal of Science." From the peculiar calculations of the plan, it

* Published by Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper.

† A Treatise on Ship-building and Navigation, by Mungo Murray, 1754.

must produce the most valuable *data*; and, as our navy costs twenty millions sterling, we think no pains ought to be spared for its scientific formation.

We have before said, that, for a good account of our navy, we must refer the reader to Dupin's work, Moreau's, &c. &c. Though a Frenchman, Dupin shews himself intimately acquainted with every particular in the constitution of our navy, its construction, and resources. From being admitted, with an unsuspicious liberality, into all our grand public, and even into many of our private establishments, he has described every thing minutely. We have been told by a cotemporary journal, that such display to foreigners is politic, because it must inspire them with awe at our power. It is possible, however, that they may have feared us as much before our resources were explored, as after making those particular developments that enable them to imitate them. Quite an opposite policy exists in France; its naval arsenals are hermetically sealed against foreigners—more especially Englishmen. Dupin never details any thing in his works respecting his own country that may enlighten us; and, though he knows very well we are half a century behind the French in ship-building, he, with much policy, praises our hedge-carpenters' ships, without getting his country to adopt the models of them. We cannot help smiling that Dupin should affect to complain, in his "*Force Navale de la Grande Bretagne*," at a little *brusquerie* he experienced from the under-wardens of Portsmouth Dock Yard. It is not meant by this remark to hold up rudeness to foreigners; on the contrary, we think it highly reprehensible: but we conceive that M. Dupin must have been too much pleased and well occupied in beholding all that he did, to have really taken it so much to heart as he would make us believe. We think, in the face of such assiduous research on the part of the French naval engineers, of which Dupin is one, we ought to promote the like exertions among our English naval engineers—those of the School of Naval Architecture—and not repress their endeavours by every species of indignity and bad treatment. We understand they are only put over the house carpenters, caulkers, and blacksmiths; and that their first scholars are gone to America, where they are handsomely treated for their painful studies and valuable acquisitions, instead of being looked upon, as they are here (as noticed by Dupin), in the quality of *working bipeds*. Dupin has been made Baron of France, although of the class of mechanics: but when shall we be emancipated from gothic prejudices? The arts which contribute so much to the conveniences of life were honourable in ancient Greece: they deified Dædalus, the inventor of the saw. But so much has brute force and haughty prejudices usurped the empire of the mind, that now, when a nation has been supported through the most arduous struggle ever known by her arts and manufactures, the labourer is hardly thought worthy of his hire—totally putting out of the question gratitude and respect. We hope these things will be changed by our new governors.

AGRIPPA AND HIS DOG.

THERE are many men of the present day, who write as well, and as much, as Cornelius Agrippa did in the sixteenth century; who manage their affairs as badly, and plunge into as many scrapes and perplexities; who marry three times, and get disgusted with matrimony at the third trial; and, finally, who keep a dog—nay, even a black dog—and yet are thought—no conjurors. But it was the fate of Agrippa, notwithstanding the almost daily indications he gave of a want of even common, not to talk of supernatural, foresight—and the continual failure of his plans, and disappointment of his wishes—to be pursued and hooted at, both by the clergy and laity, the learned as well as the ignorant, as a magician of the most dangerous character. The hatred of the monks was first manifested after his lectures at Doie, in 1509, the subject of which was Reichli *De Verbo Mirifico*. After this, in place of endeavouring to allay the tempest that was raised against him, he had the imprudence to meddle with the matrimonial affairs of St. Anne, and to prove that, in place of three husbands and three children—the quantum of connubial comforts generally allowed her—that exemplary female had had but one husband and one child. He then, doubtless from a fellow-feeling, took up the cause of a woman accused of witchcraft, whose principles the Dominicans (who were at that time the principal directors of the Inquisition) were desirous of putting to the test of fire in an *auto-da-fé*; and concluded the chapter of his clerical offences by disappointing the holy fathers in that pious and most Christian intention. His political crimes were not of a much lighter dye; and, in particular, his refusal to inform the Emperor Constantine's mother what turn affairs would take, by means of his astrological science, had well nigh ruined him *in toto*. His knowledge of alchymy, too, which one might suppose would have been a fortune to any man, only served to endanger his liberty; for the princes of that period would have thought it neither sin nor shame to lay hold of a transmuter of metals, if they could, and force him to spend his life in making gold for their own behoof. His principal literary accusers are Paul Jovius, Thevet, and Martin Del Rio; but many other authors even go out of their way to have a fling at him. “He darkened Burgundy,” says Thevet, “in such a manner, with the smoke and mist of his black art, that if he had not fled for it, it is to be feared they would have enlightened him with fire nearer than he desired.” And Del Rio tells us plainly, that when he travelled, although the money he paid to his hosts appeared like good and lawful coin, yet, in a few days after his departure, it became pieces of horn, shells, and other worthless substances. These, however, it will be observed by the judicious reader, are mere assertions—they may be true, or they may not; but the strongest cause of suspicion—the most material witness against Agrippa, and whose testimony it will be the object of this essay to narrate—was a black dog. This black dog, it was affirmed, was a familiar spirit, incarnated, by his magical power, in the canine form, and compelled to follow and assist him in all his operations. It is needless to dilate on the important parts performed by dogs—and, more especially, black dogs—in supernatural history; to repeat, for instance, the well known fact, that De Melac, lieutenant-general of the French armies, was constantly victorious when his dog was with him, and as constantly beaten when he had left him behind; or the thousand other stories to the same effect. It will be more to the purpose, if I point out here a very remarkable coincidence, which I have discovered between the

external character and form of the individual of the species possessed by Agrippa, and those of the spirits which are compelled to appear, according to the best writers on magic, when summoned under the sign Mercury—the planet; as I am led to think, which governed the destinies of the very mercurial genius of whom I am discoursing; and, to shew that I have no inclination to twist matters to my own purpose, I will consent to receive the description of the dog from the pen of John Wierus, Agrippa's own servant, who did every thing in his power to prove that he was simply a dog, and nothing more. But let me, in the first place, caution the reader who has not entered deeply into these controversies, not to be too hasty in pinning his opinion to the sleeve of John Wierus. That John enjoyed a better opportunity than most people of ascertaining the truth of the matter, I readily allow; but he had also a more cogent reason for disguising it. He was not merely the domestic of Agrippa, but also his scholar, and studied frequently at the same table with him; and, setting feelings of affection and gratitude aside, had his master been burnt for a wizard, is it not something more than probable that John would have been at least scorched by the fagot? “I was intimately acquainted,” says he, “with this black dog, who was of a middle size, and called by the French name of Monsieur. He was a real dog; and his master gave him for a companion, in my presence, a bitch of the same colour, size, and kind, called Mademoiselle.” Now let us compare this with the description in the fourth book of the “Occult Philosophy,” supposed by some, and denied by others, to have been written by Agrippa himself—but, at any rate, the work, undoubtedly, of a master-hand—under the head,

“*Familiar Forms for a Spirit of Mercury.*”

“They appear in a body of *middle stature*—cold, liquid, and moist; their motion, *silver-coloured clouds*; for their sign they bring *fear and horror* to him that calls them;” and among the forms enumerated—“*a dog.*”

Here we find it agreed, that the form of Agrippa's companion and that of a spirit of Mercury, the star of his nativity, was a dog—and a middle-sized dog—and a water-dog (for this is proved, on the part of Monsieur, by the manner of his death, as I shall afterwards shew); while, by the words “cold, liquid, and moist,” as applied to a dog in the Occult Philosophy, we can understand nothing else. As for the motion, or mode of appearance, when called by magical incantations, and the fear and horror they bring for a sign to him that calls them, we shall come to these anon. The colour of the canine apparition not being mentioned, signifies nothing; for those who are in the least acquainted with the art, are aware that a dog-devil must be black. A white dog is quite another thing, as St. Bernard's mother knew, to her great happiness, when she dreamt, immediately before his birth, that she was delivered of one. But, while thus giving the reader to understand my private opinion on the controversy,—*viz.* that Agrippa was in reality a magician, and had, by arts unknown to common men, overstepped the usual bounds of human knowledge and dominion, as they existed in that age,—it is necessary to enter into some explanation of the words I use.

Bodin defines a sorcerer, “*Sorcier est celui qui par moyens diaboliques sciemment s'efforce de parvenir à quelque chose;*”—while Plato tells us that, “the art of magic is the art of worshipping God.” Magic and sorcery are thus very different things; almost as different as the treatises on

the former science which I have read—those strange commixtures of sacred and human learning—and the villainous speculations of the stupid and savage Bodin. Had Pliny been acquainted with this fact, the thirtieth book of his “Natural History” would never have been allowed to come down to us in its present state. The Persians called their god *Mayê*. But the plain matter-of-fact is, that a magician, according to all intelligent men, is simply one who has already attained, or who is searching for, a higher degree of knowledge than is possessed by the great majority of mankind. A magician is “*divinorum cultor et interpres* ;” and his search is after what he terms, in his own mystical language, “*virtutes in centro centri latentes*.” Their names, throughout the ancient world, varied according to the language and the genius of the different nations who bestowed them. Thus, with the Latins, they were *sapientes*, or wise men ; with the Greeks, philosophers ; with the Egyptians, priests ; with the Hebrews, cabalists ; with the Babylonians, Chaldeans ; and with the Persians, magicians. Whether Agrippa had really attained to any remarkable degree the object of his search, or was as yet only a wayfarer in the journey, it is not my province to inquire ; but, if I may believe even the authors who looked upon his art as unlawful and damnable, and whose neighbourhood to the age in which he flourished gave them every opportunity for investigation, he certainly must have been no novice in the occult science. In human learning, he knew eight languages, as he himself informs us ; he studied the art of war seven years in the Emperor Maximilian’s Italian army ; he was a doctor of law, and a doctor of physic ; and either was, or ought to have been, a doctor of divinity. He was, besides, complete master of the Mirror of Pythagoras ; and knew the entire secret of extracting the spirit gold from its body, in order to convert the baser metals ; he was able, as we are informed by the most credible testimony, to remain alone for weeks in his study, and yet know all the while of every transaction of importance going on, at home or abroad ; and he entertained a black dog, called by the French name of Monsieur, who was believed, by the best-informed people, to be a familiar spirit. It is in vain, however, to look to himself as a witness either *pro* or *con*. Taken as literary productions, his works are only so-so, and his style is somewhat loose and washy ; but then he says expressly that these mystical things must not be written with a pen, nor committed to the fidelity of paper, “*Sed spiritu spiritui paucis sacrisque verbis infunduntur*.” It is difficult, indeed, to understand how the secret could be communicated by words at all ; for the operator in his work, he informs us, is neither matter, nor does it come from heaven nor from hell : “*In nobis, inquam, est ille mirandorum operator—nos habitat, non tartara, sed nec sidera cœli. Spiritus in nobis qui viget, illa facit*.”

These questions, however, were very little agitated among the good people of Louvain, where Agrippa had his abode at the time the black dog took up his testimony. That Agrippa was a magician, and the dog his familiar spirit, was a thing settled and set by ; and where there is no difference of opinion, there can be no argument : and yet, probably owing either to the cowardice or supineness of the clergy, neither the man nor the dog were any more molested than if the devil had been out of the bargain altogether. The people of Metz had taken a very different part some time before—the unhappy philosopher being actually hunted, like a beast of prey, out of that city, which, in consequence, stands stigmatized

to all posterity in his writings, as "*omnium bonarum literarum virtutumque noverca*." His family at Louvain consisted of his wife, Paulina; Louvet, a student of divinity, who boarded with him; John Wierus, his domestic; an old woman, whose name has not come down to us; Monsieur, the black dog; and Mademoiselle, the black bitch. Paulina was his second wife, whom he had newly married: she was young and beautiful, and *enceinte* for the first time—a state which it appears she relished so much, that she brought the philosopher four children in the first three years after their marriage, one at a birth. It is surprising, by the way, that the demon-hunters should not have suspected something amiss here; although it is reasonable to suppose that Agrippa himself might have been more inclined to think his third wife (whom he divorced) a devil. As for John Wierus, he is ready known to the learned; the old woman is not worth talking of; Mademoiselle was simply a female dog, although Moreri affirms that she was a demon as well as the male; but as for Louvet, the boarder, and Monsieur the black dog, we must not dismiss them so easily. Louvet, a young and lively Frenchman, had come from some country village, where his education had been hitherto conducted, to attend the lectures of the celebrated Cornelius Agrippa; and had, soon after, the good fortune to obtain entrance into the philosopher's house as a boarder. I do not know whether his attention had been previously directed to the fashionable studies of the period—alchemy and magic; or whether the very atmosphere of the house, where so potent a master of these arts resided, had been able of itself to produce a thirst in his naturally ardent mind after mysterious and forbidden knowledge; but so it was, that he had not been long domiciled at Louvain, when his buoyancy of spirits entirely forsook him: he avoided the society of the other students, and relinquished the pleasures and exercises peculiar to his age; he shut himself up in his little closet for whole days together, poring over the ponderous tomes of the mystics, and losing himself in their daring and romantic speculations. Like St. Augustine, in his search after knowledge of another kind, "he went out of himself to seek it in all things." Agrippa, in the mean time, was too deeply involved in the intrigues and speculations that occupied so great a portion of his eventful life, to pay much attention to his pupils. At this period, especially, he seemed to be more than usually busy, and spent a greater part of his time in his inner study, his *sanctum sanctorum*,—which no other—not even John Wierus—was allowed to enter. His manner was filled with gloom and reserve—not the studied reserve which implies suspicion of others, and caution against one's-self—but rather a total forgetfulness of the things and persons that surround the soul with their palpable realities, and chain it to the world; he walked through the house and through the streets like a person in a dream, and mingled with his family—and, though seldom, with society—like one with them, but not of them. Louvet gazed on his master with a veneration and curiosity almost boundless. To hear his voice—to be addressed by him even with a common-place inquiry or command—made the blood rush tumultuously to his heart; to touch his clothes as he passed, or his finger when handing him a book, sent a sudden thrill through his frame, which it was impossible to refer either to pleasure or pain. Even Paulina, in consequence of her connexion with this extraordinary man, attracted a portion of his interest, which her youth and beauty would have failed to inspire. She was taller than the generality of women, and of a grave and lofty demeanour; pride sat enthroned on her

high forehead; but it was chastened by a shade of melancholy, almost deep enough to be termed gloom—indicative, perhaps, as the physiognomists of a later period would have said, of this doom.

“the doom”

Heaven gives its favourites—early death.”

He had now been some time in the house, and had heard many stories from the students respecting the canine familiar whose earthly name was Monsieur, but as yet had never so much as seen the mysterious animal. At length an opportunity of gratifying his curiosity on this point was afforded him. One day, when passing through the hall, he observed the door of his master's study ajar, contrary to the usual custom; and, overcoming his timidity by a sudden and violent effort, stole quickly to the spot, and looked in. Agrippa was reclining on a couch, engaged in reading, and, as Louvet thought, alone; but presently the trembling scholar observed a black paw stretched upwards to the book—and, afterwards, a black snout. Agrippa took no notice of the interruption; and the next moment a dog, black all over from head to foot, with a bushy tail and fierce sparkling eyes, jumped upon his knees. The philosopher now laid down his book, though apparently not too well pleased at the invasion; and, taking the intruder in his arms, began to fondle and caress him, as one does an infant. He even kissed the dog's lips, drawing his paws round his neck, and suffered him to mumble his ears, laughing all the while like a tickled child, and replying to the inarticulate sounds of the animal by imitative cries. At this frightful scene, the student could not help allowing an ejaculation of dismay to escape him; and Agrippa, on the instant, starting up, cried to the dog, “Get thee gone, Sir!”—and walked hastily to the door. Louvet had the presence of mind to invent some excuse for his interruption; and his master, as if on purpose to shew him that he had nothing to conceal, invited him into the room, and began to ask him some questions relative to his studies. The perplexed scholar, however, made no great figure during this examination; his mind was even more occupied with the dog than with his master, and his eyes sought every corner of the chamber for the place of his retreat. But the dog—if it be lawful to call him a dog—had vanished. There was no place of concealment that he could discover: the table, the sofa, and a couple of chairs comprised the whole of the furniture; and these were the only things in the apartment that had more than two legs. It would not be easy to describe the state of mind in which Louvet left his master's presence; but, when the storm of agitated and complicated feelings, which seemed almost ready to overwhelm the very faculty of thinking, had subsided, hope and joy remained uppermost. One step had been gained: he had witnessed the private moments of Agrippa in the solitude of his study; he had received evidence of the most indubitable nature of his power over the spirits of darkness, and his curiosity had escaped without punishment. But where was the benefit, if he were to stop here? He had already devoured every volume in the occult science which his means permitted him to procure; he had constructed innumerable diagrams of the stars; he had made himself master of the most approved pentacles (or signs and characters used in magic); he had exhausted his slender funds in the purchase of virgin paper for his Secret Book, of the identical sort which Robert Turner, Phil. Med., the translator of the fourth book of the Occult Science, informs us in the margin is to be had at Mr. Rook's shop, the Holy Lamb, at the east end of

St. Paul's—and all in vain. There was something still wanting : he had all the *matériel* of the art—but the *morale* was absent ; he had constructed, as it were, the outward form of a human body—but knew not where to find the soul. His resolution, however, was now taken. All things are lawful in the pursuit of knowledge : to steal wisdom is no crime. Not even the punishment of our first parents had power to scare him from his purpose ; for, like a true disciple of his master, he denied that their curiosity, in itself so laudable, could have been the object of Almighty proscription and vengeance—holding that their unchaste love was the only crime for which they suffered. He had observed, when in the study, a small panel-door, which doubtless led into the inner chamber where the magic book was kept ; and he determined, during one of the long absences of Agrippa, to obtain entrance either by fraud or violence, and to possess himself at once of that secret which so many sages had sought in vain. An opportunity was not long wanting of executing his project ; for Agrippa, the very next day, announced publicly his intention of going into the country for some time. Louvet saw him deliver, according to his custom on such occasions, a bunch of keys to Paulina, and overheard him caution her in a low voice to admit no one into his study. He had scarcely turned his back when the impatient student went into the room where the lady was sitting at work ; and, after a good deal of hesitation, besought her to lend him the keys for an instant, that he might go to seek a book which his master had ordered him to read, but had forgotten to leave out. Paulina refused, at first coldly, and then with anger ; but seeing the student persevere, she laid down her work, and looking at him with a mournful smile, “ Go, then,” said she, “ thou foolish boy !—seek what thou shalt not find ; search after the light, and obtain blindness ; sow in wisdom, and reap folly. Do what thou wilt, or what thou must—but do it quickly ; and, having reached the wall, beyond which there is no passage, turn back speedily—neither in shame nor yet in scoffing—but with meekness and moderation of spirit ; and so thy young life shall not run away in a dream.” Louvet, uttering a thousand promises and thanks, without having heard a syllable she said, seized the keys, and in a moment found himself in Agrippa's study. He tried one of the keys to the lock of the panel-door ; and, as if by instinct, stumbled at the first on the right one. He then entered the secret chamber of the magician, and, as is meet in such places, shut the door after him. It was a good-sized room, being nearly five yards square. There were two windows in the end opposite to where he had entered, and two at each of the sides ; but these having been built or boarded up very nearly to the top—and, besides, having a curtain hanging down from the roof to the floor, afforded but little light. The floor and the panels along the walls, by dint of frequent and laborious cleaning, had received a polish which made it seem as if they had been formed of some rich and curious wood ; and, indeed, every thing in the apartment bore token of the utmost nicety of attention, on the part of the proprietor, to cleanliness and neatness. On the floor were three circles, drawn at regular distances, one within the other, the outermost about nine feet in diameter, and the whole inscribed with names and words of potency. At the upper end of the room there was a table raised like an altar, and set towards the east, covered with white cloth of fine linen. On one corner of it there hung a robe, also of white linen, and in fashion like a priest's garment ; close both before and behind, with a veil of the same colour and substance, —and a girdle of black leather, having a plate of gold set in the middle ;

inscribed with the omnipotent name "Tetragrammaton." There were, besides, various little earthen dishes, containing perfumes and other substances—as red sanders, aloes, pepper, mastic, saffron, peppermint, and sulphur; also pieces of wax and metals, blood, bones, milk, and honey: a two-edged sword, with a sharp point, lay at one of the sides; a censer for burning the perfumes, and a flask of oil. The only other objects which caught the attention of the novice were two wax lights, set at each end of the table, ready for use, and something in the middle, wrapped in a clean white towel, which he knew to be the treasure he sought—the magic book—for one peep into which he had thus dared the wrath of Agrippa, and the malice of all the fiends of hell. When he would have stretched forth his hand, however, to seize it, a sudden faintness came over his spirit, and he was constrained for some moments to lean against the altar. Perhaps the closeness of the room, from which every breath of the outer air seemed to have been sedulously excluded, together with the smell of the different perfumes, had sickened him; or, it may be, the errand on which he had come, rendered more awful by the profound silence which reigned in this chamber of mystery, and the doubtful twilight in which every thing was enveloped, had unnerved him at the moment when courage was most wanting. Summoning all his energies, however, to his assistance, and fortifying his resolution by several hearty ejaculations from the most pithy texts of the Holy Scriptures, he suddenly started up from his reclining posture, seized on the mystical treasure, and, undoing the towel, placed the book before him. At the side at which it should be opened there hung various pieces of parchment, impressed with seals, and inscribed with mystical characters, which formed a sort of index of reference to its contents, and, at the same time, served to guard the reader against the danger of opening it in a wrong or unexpected place. Louvet paused in perplexity; for he knew enough of magic to be aware of the danger of calling up in ignorance a spirit whose services he had not science sufficient to make use of; and whose absence, when once called up, he had not power enough to command. But the time was flying; and making his election, at a venture, at the sign of the planet Mercury, he opened the book. At this moment a sudden knocking at the wall broke the dead silence of the apartment; but Louvet read the first line without turning his head: at the second, the knocking was repeated louder than before, and attended by a noise of growling and gnawing: at the third, a heavy panel fell from the wall with a tremendous crash, and the novice turned round in *fear and horror*. At first he could see nothing but a mass of dust and mortar, which surrounded the opening, and, brightened by the beams of the sun behind, assumed the appearance of *silver-coloured clouds*: but the next moment the black dog darted through the wall, and, with a furious howl, sprung upon the student. "*In nomine Patris!*" cried Louvet—"O God, I shall be strangled!—*Fili!*—holy Jesus! what will become of me?—*et Spiritu Sancti!*—I am lost!" continued he, intermixing the dead and the living languages, and struggling as lustily with the arm of the flesh as with that of the spirit. The only reply of the fiend, however, was a growl and a gnaw, to each word of his victim; and the scholar had recourse to other conjurations.

"By the might of the name Adonai," said he, "*exorciso te!*"—"Bow, wow, wow!" answered the fiend, tearing down his mantle to the skirts.

"By El,—and Elhoe,—and Elohim——"—"Ugh, agh, ogh!" said the fiend, worrying on the scholar's arm.

"Zebaoth,—Escherchie,—Jah,—Sadai,—Tetragrammaton!" groaned Louvet, waxing faint with the unequal strife; but the incarnate spirit of darkness was unmoved.

"By the name Schernes Amathia, which Joshua called on, and the sun stood still!" Even this would not do.

"By the name Primeamadon, which Moses named, and the earth swallowed up Corah, Dathan, and Abiram!" But the fiend snapped at his throat.

"In the name of thy master, then, take this!" cried Louvet, hurling, with a last effort, the fatal book at the head of his adversary. The beast received the gift with an unearthly yell, which resounded through the chamber, and the tyro of philosophy sunk fainting under his jaws upon the floor.

Martin Del Rio, in relating this story in his *Disquisitiones*, says that the fiend actually strangled the scholar; and that Agrippa, coming in soon after, being in fear of the impression which such an accident, happening under his roof, might make on the public mind, caused the destroyer to enter into the body of his victim, and walk out into the court before the scholars; where, as the evil spirit left him at the word of command, the lifeless body of Louvet fell down, to all human appearance the victim of apoplexy. Martin Del Rio is mistaken. The conjurations of the novice, although not potent enough to reduce the fiend to obedience, were yet sufficiently so to preserve his own life. When he recovered from his swoon, he made what haste he could out of the house, and through the court; but, in passing along, he met the black dog, who, at the sight of his enemy, took to flight and hunted across the area; while Louvet himself, no less dismayed, sunk into a second fit before the scholars. When he recovered from this also, he did not stay to contradict the report of his death which had already gone abroad, but hied him home to his village as fast as he could, renouncing for ever his search after the philosopher's stone, and relinquishing all claim to dominion over the powers of the air.

The reader may here ask what authority I have for this version of the story; but I inquire, in turn, what evidence does Martin Del Rio produce for his? However the facts may be, the affair made so much noise in Louvain, that Agrippa was fain to leave it in a few days after, followed, as usual, by the black dog. It appears, however, according to Paul Jovius (see *Elog.* c. 91), that the persecution he sustained by all Europe on this subject made him resolve at length to get rid of his companion; for, one day, walking on the banks of the Saone, he took off the dog's collar, which was inscribed with mystical characters, and, throwing it into the river, said to him, "Go, unhappy beast, who art the cause of my *eternal* ruin!"—when the obedient Monsieur immediately leaped in after it, and was swept away by the torrent. It is needless to add, that the word *eternal* is an interpolation of the accusers of Agrippa—persons who had not sense enough to distinguish the difference between a magician and a sorcerer.

NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

The leading feature of the last month, and in the higher circles almost the exclusive one, has been party politics. The spectacle of *Peter Wilkins* has brought some full boxes at Covent Garden Theatre; but the people at Astley's complain terribly, "that the members of the House of Commons don't come over now to see M. Ducrow ride and wait for the "Division," this present session, as they used to do. All bye questions, too, are giving way—or have given way, almost without exception—to the main one—Who or what party shall govern the country? The Duke of Clarence—who three months ago could not get a vote of addition to his income as heir presumptive, without difficulty, has got the place of High Admiral (over and above the "grant"), with a thumping salary at the back of it, without any difficulty at all. Mr. Brougham rather deprecated Mr. Alderman Waithman's motion, the other night, as to the affairs of the "Devon and Cornwall Mining Company;" and, from what transpired on that occasion, we rather suspect there will be no proceeding founded, in the previous case, upon the report of the "Arigna" Committee. Lord Charles Somerset's Cape of Good Hope Inquiry, too, is not very likely to be closely pressed, since the parties who urged it most strenuously, have got "a place at court." And even Sir Francis Burdett's motion about the water companies—and Mr. Wright's account of the Grand Junction Dolphin—is heard no more of, and the people of Westminster must go on "even to be poisoned!"—for the honourable baronet who represents (and was to have redressed) them, has now higher matters to attend to. In the interim, there will be amusement for some time, in seeing how cleverly the new allies of government will back out of all the minor questions that they were used to be riotous upon. And how the old ministry—which will be out of its senses to see them so escape—will not be able to say a word to cut off the retreat. For the measures which the Whigs now will only refrain from attacking, are exactly those which the ministers themselves were the advocates of, and the most fiercely defended.

Lord Wharncliffe's bill for the amendment of the Game Laws, has been lost in the Upper House by a majority of one. A defeat like this, to the particular measure, is victory to the principle. Colonel Wood's bill, in the House of Commons, to legalize the sale of game, "for a period only of two years," will probably be assented to; and in that case, the main question may be considered as disposed of. In fact, the making it a question at all, whether the whole demand for an article of constant and general consumption, should be supplied *exclusively* by robbery! does seem a proceeding almost too absurd to be believed, against any sane and sober (far less against any legislative) assembly!

A Sunday paper states, that the number of individuals who have conformed to the Established Church since the converting system has been operating in Ireland, amounts to more than three thousand. This is a fortunate hearing, if another fact stated by the *Westmeath Journal* is equally true;—that, of one hundred and ninety-five prisoners for trial for that county, at the last assizes, one hundred and ninety-three were Catholics;—and the charge against the two others was "*a conspiracy*."

Mr. Cobbett and Mr. Hunt—"coalition" being the order of the day—formed an alliance on the 16th of May, and attempted to call a meeting in Westminster to abuse the new ministry. The proceedings were opened by that unctuous patriot, Mr. Pitt, of the Adelphi; who "*lost his watch*;

chain, and seals," &c. on the occasion.—N.B. There was no "subscription" to "indemnify." Patriotism is not so ready in the pecuniary way as it used to be. Mr. Pitt was carried to Bow-street, as a rioter; but nothing else of interest occurred: the meeting was altogether a failure. Cobbett, in fact, has been very weak indeed upon the whole business of the change of ministers; worse, almost, than ever we recollect him.*

Mr. Wilmot Horton moved for papers in the House of Commons on Friday night the 18th of May, preparatory to the discussion of Sir Rufane Donkin's charges against Lord Charles Somerset, for misconduct in the government of the Cape of Good Hope. The value of Sir R. D.'s accusations will not be determined by any reference to the spirit in which they are brought forward; but that circumstance cannot be altogether dismissed from notice in their examination; and it seems quite clear that, on the part of Sir Rufane Donkin towards Lord Charles Somerset, there does exist very decided personal pique. The explanation of Sir R. Donkin (given in the "postscript" to his pamphlet) is not discreetly written, as it touches this matter.

According to Sir Rufane Donkin's statement, when Lord Charles Somerset returned to the Cape of Good Hope, after an absence of two years, during which Sir R. Donkin had officiated as acting-governor, Lord Charles treated him (Sir R. Donkin) with a coldness bordering upon, if not amounting to, disrespect; and of this conduct Sir R. Donkin (in his postscript to a late edition of his pamphlet) complains in the following terms:—

"During *two whole years* I had been heaping on Lord Charles Somerset's two sons, and on all the friends he had recommended to me, every kindness in my power. When the frigate entered Table Bay, I felt quite sure that Lord Charles Somerset's first words to me would be the words of thankfulness and regard for all I had done for him. I expected a warm and cordial embrace—but, instead of this, the staff officer, whom I had sent on board to say that my carriages were waiting Lord Charles Somerset's orders on the beach, and that dinner would be ready as soon as he and his family landed, was sent back to me without one word of answer!—no message!—no communication to me at all!—but simply an announcement that Lord Charles Somerset would land early next morning. He did so land—and entering the Government House, while I was just going out to receive him, he sent me the note which is printed at page 97."

Now, assuming that no cause (here unexplained) operated to influence Lord Charles Somerset's conduct, this was a mode of treatment certainly something cavalier. And if Sir R. Donkin's patronage had been so freely dispensed as he describes, it would seem almost to have been something ungrateful. But the circumstance which immediately occurs to the reader is this—Sir Rufane Donkin appears to be acquainted with all the facts which, he says, in a letter afterwards, would "astonish and shock" Lord Bathurst, and "plunge Lord Charles into utter ruin," prior to the time when he "heaps upon Lord Charles's sons," and "*all* the friends he recommended" to him, every kindness in his power—and "provided dinner"—and expected a "warm and cordial embrace,"—and "sent his carriages, &c. to the beach:"—His charges are not brought forward until *after* the "dinner and the carriages" are declined, the "embrace" not proffered, and no acknowledgment made of the "heaps of favours," by the governor returning to the exercise of his authority! This fact does not alter the value of Sir R. Donkin's charges, whatever they may be; but it will induce people to accept no point of them without distinct and unquestionable proof. 11

* The exhibition which took place, at the Crown and Anchor dinner, was a more signal failure still.

The Courts of Law have afforded nothing very interesting, except the trial for "conspiracy" in Mr. Auldjo's affair (the gambling case); in which a verdict was given for the defendants, without any evidence or indeed explanation, on their parts, being gone into. There can be no doubt that the verdict was strictly correct. There was no approach to any evidence to found a verdict of "conspiracy" upon. But the following facts were in evidence—for the benefit of the parties—prosecutor and defendants—generally. It appeared that Mr. Auldjo had the honour of being admitted into the Marquis of Clanricarde's carriage (the first time that he ever set eyes upon his lordship in all his life); that he went down with his lordship, and some other persons of "fashion," to dine at an inn at Richmond! and that, after dinner, he sat down, at this public inn, to cards, where he paid for the honour of his new connections and introduction, by losing *Six Thousand Pounds*. A Mr. Boland, who had originally made Mr. Auldjo's acquaintance, and introduced him to the "fashionable world," did not win a single sixpence of these six thousand pounds, for, rather than run the chance of doing so, he *left the party*, after going to Richmond—and *took a walk*! And Mr. Auldjo, in conclusion, thinking that it was not sufficient for a man to lose his money on such an occasion, bounteously made the world a present of another commodity into the bargain! for—he did not question the fairness of the transaction; but—with £40,000 in his possession, entreated the winners to use some consideration, and accept *Two* thousand pounds instead of *Six*! We hope that all the parties to this "fashionable" affair feel quite comfortable: that they have every reason to do so—upon the state of facts—there cannot be a doubt.

"*Equal Rights*."—The *Examiner* of last week contains the following paragraph:—

"If any one should think it impossible that forty thousand persons, of forty different modes of faith—Jews, Christians, Mahomedans, and Pagans, could be found living together under the same government, and in the same town, each worshipping the Deity after his own manner, all tolerated—nay, protected, by one presiding nation, and all tolerating each other, without hatred, malice, or uncharitableness on the score of their religious opinions, let the sceptic go to Astrachan—there he will find Russians, Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Hindoos, Calmucks, Cossacks, Mongols, Chinese, Bucharians, Turcomans, Poles, Germans, Italians,—in short, representatives of every country upon earth, living in religious harmony and good fellowship."

If this lesson be meant for a hit at the "No Popery" people, it fails altogether of its mark. For these Jews, Christians, Calmucks, and so forth, live in the same town; but there is no mixture of parties in the government that they live under: not to advert to the fact, that that government is of a character to put an end to any little dissensions, with (no matter from what cause they may arise) surprising facility. The Highland Captain, in the last volume of "*The Heart of Mid-Lothian*," who proposes to convince a "sincere dissenter" by towing him for a mile or two at the stern of his sailing barge, affords an example for curing "doubts" of all kinds, which could hardly be surpassed, perhaps, by the Astrachan government; but it is not every country in which circumstances admit of its being put into execution. Nobody doubts, (that ever we heard of) that people of various nations, and callings, and religious persuasions, can live together in the same town; though if any person had such a doubt, we are not entirely certain that it would be worth while to take the

Examiner's prescription and travel as far as "Astrachan," to have it removed.

The English Newspapers of February last contained a short notice of an unfortunate exhibitor of wild animals, of the name of Drake, who was killed at Rouen, by the bite of a rattlesnake. The particulars of the affair have since been duly "reported," and discussed, in the *Académie des Sciences* at Paris; and the French *Globe* gives the following not uninteresting account of the proceeding:—

"Bite of the Rattlesnake: the late Accident at Rouen.—M. Dumeril makes his report upon the papers relative to the death of the Sieur Drake, forwarded to the Academy by the Minister of the Interior.

"Several newspapers have already published this deplorable event, which took place at a public-house at Rouen, on the 8th of February last. An Englishman of the name of Drake, about fifty years of age, residing in the "Galerie de Bois du Palais Royal" at Paris, was bringing from London three rattle-snakes, and several young crocodiles. In spite of all the precautions which were taken to keep them from cold on the road, he perceived, with regret, on arriving at Rouen, that the finest of the snakes was dead, and accordingly took it out of the cage with a pair of pincers. The other two, which looked weak and languishing, were carried in the cage into the dining-room, and placed close to a fire. While they were in this place, the Sieur Drake, in touching them with a twig to try if they were recovering, fancied that a second of the three was dead. Upon this, he had the imprudence to open the cage, and, taking the snake by the head and tail, carried it to the window to make sure whether or not it was still alive; while he was examining it with this object, the reptile suddenly twirled itself round, and fixed one of its fangs in the flesh of the outside of his left hand. The wounded man gave a cry, and *wishing to prevent any further mischief*, did not *let go* the snake, but *returned it to its cage*; but in doing this he was again bitten in the palm of the same (the left) hand. M. Drake instantly ran out into the yard of the inn calling for a physician, and for water; and not finding the latter readily, he rubbed his bitten hand with the ice (it was freezing hard) which lay here and there about him. About two minutes afterwards, he laid hold of a cord, and tied his arm tightly with it, as with a ligature, just above the wrist. While he was yet in great alarm and uneasiness, Doctor Pihonel, who had been sent for, arrived: Drake's courage then returned; and a chafing-dish and irons being procured with all celerity, the actual cautery was applied to the wounds. After this, the patient swallowed half a glass of olive oil, and for a short time appeared tranquil; but at the end of only a few minutes, the most fatal symptoms began to appear, and destroyed all hopes of saving his life. He died exactly eight hours and three quarters after the accident.

"The papers presented, consisted—1st, of the foregoing memorandum of the manner of the accident, and the nature of the medical assistance given.—2d, of an account of the opening of the body after death.—3d, of the suggestions of medical men at Rouen for preventing similar accidents in future.

"The opening of the body presented very little that was worthy of notice. All the interior organs appeared sound and healthy; and the operators noticed with astonishment, that neither the brain nor the spinal marrow was in any degree altered; the membrane that covers them merely was slightly reddened. The veins exhibited no trace of inflammation; and the only morbid appearance was, that a considerable quantity of blood was collected in clots in the veins on the side on which the bite was received.

"To avoid similar accidents, the physicians of Rouen advise—that those who carry about rattle-snakes for shew, should be compelled to take out their fangs (which are the poisonous teeth in biting), and that they should constantly be provided with instruments proper for cauterization, in case of exigency.

"The commission (of the Academy) is of opinion, that these measures might properly be adopted; but observes, that the eradication of the fangs should be repeated every two or three months, as the lapse of that period is sufficient to re-produce them. It desires also that the immediate sucking of the wound, in case of accidents, should be recollected among the remedies—the suction of a

wound made by the bite of a rattlesnake, being not dangerous, provided that the mouth and throat and the commencement of the alimentary canal present no scratch or ulceration.

"M. Magendie is of opinion, that the above list of precautions is not complete. The ligature, properly applied, he takes to be of the highest importance in preventing the absorption of the poison. He thinks that the ligature made by Mr. Drake, must have been, from his alarm and agitation, incomplete.

"Several members suggested whether it would not be advisable to prohibit the exposure of poisonous animals altogether, in the way of public exhibition.

"M. Geoffroy states, that the rattlesnake which bit the Sieur Drake having died, and been sent to the Museum for dissection, one of the preparers happened to scratch himself eight days after with the scalpel which he had used in the operation: this slight wound was followed by painful consequences—a swelling of the hand, and a painful enlargement of the glands of the arm-pit.

"M. Coquebert Montbret states a new reason for absolutely prohibiting the exhibition of rattlesnakes. These animals can live and breed in our climate. It may fairly be dreaded then, that if any should escape, by accident, they might propagate their species.

"M. Dumeril remarks, that the consequences which followed the bite of this snake at Rouen, do not at all resemble the effects of such accidents in America: there the results are far less rapid and less terrible.

"M. Bosc confirms that opinion. He is most surprised at the accident of Mr. Drake, and at its consequences. He has seen more than thirty persons bitten by rattlesnakes, not one of whom died. He recollects a case, however, in which a horse died from being bitten in the tongue.

"On the motion of M. Magendie, a note was read from M. Delille, "corresponding member of the society," upon the treatment of the bites of venomous animals. The author particularly relies from his experience (with M. Magendie) upon the efficacy of the ligature."

It is a curious example of the indifference which men acquire to those dangers that belong regularly to their trade—the fact that poor Drake—after he is bitten by the rattlesnake—"to prevent any *further mischief*"—that is, the destroying of a valuable piece of property (the snake)—does not throw the animal—as Achilles himself would have done—upon the ground, but is bitten a second time in attempting to put it into its cage again. But the apprehension of M. Coquebert Montbret, lest France should become overrun with rattlesnakes, by the escape of those which are carried about for shew, is admirable! What would the learned gentleman say to the situation of London, in case a fire were to happen at Exeter Change.

Mr. Martin, the highly ingenious and well-known illustrator of Milton, has published an engraving on steel, from his famous picture of—"Joshua commanding the sun to stand still." The original painting will be in the recollection of every body, as one of the most fortunate which Mr. Martin's bold and peculiar pencil has produced. The success of the plate, which is a most spirited as well as elaborate performance, has been even greater than that which attended the production of "*Belshazzar's feast*." No admirer of Martin's style and genius ought to omit seeing it.

Speaking of dramatic affairs, the John Bull, of last Sunday, notices, that a "Mr. Charletan" or "Charlatan," who prints a French newspaper somewhere near Cranbourne-alley, has abused, in very gross terms, a French actress of the name of St. Leon, who is now playing in the little theatre by Tottenham-court-road. This individual, whose name is Châtelain, (not "Charlatan") had his bones broken a short time since at the Opera-house, for some very foul abuse of Madame Caradori: and, although we in general disapprove of the *baculinic* style of abating criticism, we are forced to confess that the impudence with which some of

the minor French writers treat the unlucky "acting" people that they review, is perfectly ridiculous. The abuse of M^dle. St. Leon is very vulgar and impudent; and she is, in truth, rather a pretty girl, and a clever actress; but a stout chambermaid, with a mop and pail—or other such domestic weapon as the habits and tastes of such an operator might suggest—would be the more proper "physical means" to employ—if castigation be absolutely necessary. Corking-pins, and not cudgels—the bod-kin—we should say—should be looked to rather than the bastinado! The culprit might be tossed in a flannel petticoat; or stoned to death by barbers, with empty rouge or pomatum-pots; but certainly not beaten with any weapon heavier than a slipper. It is not the least ridiculous part of the affair, however, that any people should be found to buy the wretched trash that these Anglo-French newspaper-mongers publish, at the very impudent price demanded for it. The whole of the paper in question—the *Mercure* does not contain one-half the quantity of matter—such as it is—that would go into one of our two-penny publications; such as "The Mirror"—"The Hive"—and others; and the publishing price of the rag, if our memory does not fail us, is a shilling!

The French periodicals of the last month contain some curious extracts from the "History of the Peninsular War," by the late French General Foy; a work of considerable magnitude, which is in the course of publication. The specimens given shew undoubted talent in the author; and the comparison drawn between the regime and discipline of the English armies and those of France, exhibits a spirited, if not at all points a just, delineation, of the peculiarities of our national character.

"The world sees no troops better disciplined than those of Great Britain; and yet one of the first causes of that excellence of discipline is a system and state of things which, applied to the armies of France, would lead to results of a nature diametrically opposite. So true it is, that, according to the character or condition of the material on which we operate, we must employ different means to attain precisely the same end.

"The soldiers and officers of the English army form two classes, which are separated from each other by a barrier almost impassable. This is the effect of the common institutions of the country. An army raised by conscription, chuses its officers from its own ranks, because in those ranks it finds the best citizens of the country, and because the country owes to its children a fair and open career for their fortunes, in whatever situation it has found it necessary to place them. An army recruited by bounties of money, has a right only to the performance of the engagement which is made with it; and the halbert of the serjeant is understood to be the *nil ultra* of the English soldier's ambition when he enlists. In such an army, the soldiers are passive instruments; wheels merely, which it is necessary to clean up and and grease abundantly, in order that the machine may always be ready for action."

The general omits to remember here, that the species of military force which he last describes, is the only standing army that can ever be maintained without danger to the liberties of a country. Nine-tenths of the soldiers of an English army, would always be pleased—five-sixths of them charmed—with the prospect of being disbanded. This force is a defence, therefore, which serves our purpose perfectly, while its aid is required; and which we can get rid of without difficulty, when we want it no longer. But the moment you get a large army together, in which the private soldiers have an interest, and a "career" to look forward to, in their profession, you have a force embodied which may be disposed to *continue itself*; and which—like the spirit raised by the magician's scholar—having raised it, the means are not quite certain how you are to put it down again.—But we continue.

"This distinction of classes established in both, produces some resemblance between the English army, and the armies of Russia; for the principal strength of the last lies in the fact, that great masses of ignorant men suffer themselves blindly to be led forward by people more enlightened than themselves.

"The British soldier is stupid and intemperate. A discipline of iron crushes some of his natural faults, and makes others available. His body is robust, from the strong exercises to which he is accustomed from his youth: his spirit is vigorous, because, his father has always told him—and his leaders repeat to him incessantly—that "the men of Old England—fed upon roast beef and porter—are able to beat three to one of the pigmy races that vegetate on the continent of Europe." Though of a sanguine disposition, his vivacity in the charge is not extraordinary; but he stands fast; and, properly put on, he goes forward. In the action, he looks very little to the right or left: the example of his comrades does not much increase his courage; their fall may damp, but it never extinguishes his determination. When men like these fall back, it is by dint of sheer hard blows, and it is not a lucky word that rallies, or recalls them to the charge. To the French, it is always necessary to talk: to the English, never. The last form no plan of the campaign; they combine nothing; and still less suggest any thing. Their passions are only lively within a narrow circle. They have but one manner of expressing the sentiment—whatever it is—that they feel; and the "Hurra!" with which they receive a favourite general in the camp, or on the field of battle, is just the same cry of brutal encouragement that the populace of London shouts to the boxers who divert them on feasts and holidays.

One lion, the fable says, is worth three foxes. And notwithstanding the strictures of General Foy upon our single "hurra!"—we rather suspect—though this may account, perhaps, for the dislike expressed—that it was always to French troops the most unwelcome sound in an action that ever greeted them. And, for our want of vivacity, it should be recollected, that there are conventional circumstances and feelings which make men less oriental in their declarations in one country than they are in another. An Englishman always feels it necessary to have some intention of *executing* that which he promises or threatens.

"It is not characterizing the English properly to say, that they are brave at such or such an enterprise. They are always brave when they have slept, drank, and eaten. Their courage, which is physical rather than moral, requires to be maintained by a substantial treatment. Glory would never make them forget that they were hungry, or that their shoes were worn out. Every soldier receives new clothing every year. The lowest pay in the army is a shilling a day" [there is no pay so low]; "and, after all deductions for rations, clothes, and appointments, there remains twopence-halfpenny a day at the disposal of the individual. This pay, which is but moderate in England, on account of the high price of commodities, becomes, on the Continent, equal to more than double that of the Germans or French. In England there is no such thing known as stoppage of pay, or illegal detention of arrears. The English soldier eats a great deal—especially of meat. He drinks still more than he eats. At home, his drink is beer: abroad, they give him wine, when the country supplies it. In camp, he cannot dispense with spirituous liquors; and the rum comes apropos to rally his spirits in the moment of danger."

This last line is a little libellous of the late general, and not quite true. The English seldom, if ever, have been known—we believe there is *no* instance on record—to make an attack in a state of intoxication. The French have done so constantly. We say nothing about the fitness of the practice; but let the use of it stand in its right place.

The author then observes upon the contrast which the two nations display in their personal economy, and habits of domestic military life:—

"Observe the French troops arrive at their place of bivouac, after a long and harassing march. The moment the drums have ceased to beat, the knapsacks, ranged in rows behind the piled arms, mark out the ground on which each party

is to pass the night. The clothes are thrown off; and, covered only with their long cloaks, the soldiers run in search of provisions, wood, water, straw—whatever is wanting. Fires are lighted; the pot is soon on, and boils; trees brought in from the forest are rudely fashioned into huts, and the air rings with the fall of the hatchet and the cry of the labourers. While the meat is dressing, the men, impatient of inactivity, repair their clothes and shoes, and clean their arms and accoutrements. The soup is presently ready, and it is eaten. If there is no wine, the conversation is calm, without being sad; and an early retirement to sleep ensures the recovery of strength against next day. If, on the contrary, liquor is to be obtained, the evening is prolonged. The veterans relate to the recruits, drawn round their watch-fires, where—here or there—the regiment of each has acquired its glory. They start up with joy even at the recollection of—how the Emperor, at such or such a place, when he was supposed to be far off, suddenly appeared in front of the grenadiers, mounted upon his white horse, and followed by his Mameluke. “Oh! how we should have cut up the Russians and Prussians, if the regiment on our right had fought that day as we did!—if the cavalry had been ready at the moment when they began to give way!—if the reserve had behaved as the vanguard did—not one of the ragged rascals—not one of them would have escaped!”

The above is the French side of the field. We now come to the British:—

“Now turn your eyes upon the opposite camp. See the English, fatigued, ill-tempered, and almost immovable. They seem to wait, like the spectres of the Turkish armies, till slaves set up their tents and prepare their dinners. And yet they have only made a short march; and it is but two hours after noon when they reach the ground upon which they are to pass the night. Bread and wine is served out to them. The sergeant distributes the work and the various duties. He shews where the water is and the wood, points out which trees are to be cut down, and even the place where every stick is to be used. Notwithstanding all which, the work goes on slowly, clumsily, and is very incomplete when it is done. What has become, then, of the industrious, enterprising spirit of this nation, which surpasses all others in the mechanic arts? It is that the soldiers are used to do nothing but that which they are commanded. Once put out of their routine, all is embarrassment to them and disappointment. Once liberated from the control of discipline, they abandon themselves to excesses which would disgust even Cossacks: they get drunk with all possible expedition; and their intoxication is cold, apathetic, and stupefying. Subordination is the *sine qua non* of the existence of an English army. It is composed of men who are incapable of moderation in abundance, and it would disband in a time of scarcity.”

“The excellent general has a partisan’s and a patriot’s title to speak favourably of his own countrymen and fellow-soldiers; and he has not let this privilege lie idle. Nothing can be more true than the superior address of the French soldier in hutting himself and foraging. Some consideration, however, should be made as to the last point, from the circumstance that he is accustomed to supply (in the campaign) *all* his daily wants by plunder—a habit which, in the British army, is not permitted. But, with the admission of his superior dexterity in these operations, and of his superior gaiety and good manners, our agreement with the general ceases. The “amiable simplicity” in the French soldier, which he so strongly contrasts with the indolent sluggishness and ready love of intoxication peculiar to our jolter-headed English, will be a little too much for the patience of those of our military readers who have lived among the French, either as allies or prisoners; or who have even merely known their habits by passing over a country which they have possessed and abandoned. The English soldier is like a bear—heavy enough in appearance, and dangerous when baited; but the Frenchman is like a monkey, who, with a constitutional, amusing sort of mischievous grimace, has even more of ferocity than his growling opponent, and fifty times more of dirt, and obscenity,

and malice. There is a decency about the feelings of the English soldier—peasant as he is—which the Frenchman never approaches. The first has the manners and tastes of a ploughman, or a journeyman carpenter; the last, the vices (with the address) of a marker at a billiard-table, an inferior actor, or broken-down Bond-street swindler. A French army is full as terrible to its allies in the city, as to its enemy in the field. The order and discipline of an English force is as perfect in one position as the other. But this is taking the question up upon trifles; because the superiority (moral) of the English lower classes over the French, in all matters of real importance, is no less decided than the advantage of the latter over the first in all minor circumstances of demeanour and of good manners. The English boor is coarse; but there are duties which habit or teaching has taught him to respect. The Frenchman is as cavalierly free from “the prejudice of education,” as he generally is from religious feeling. But, for an illustration of the decencies, and taste, and feeling displayed by the French troops—at least as they were at the period during which General Foy speaks of them—we will refer our readers to the new novel called *Cyril Thornton*—and especially to that part of it which treats of the advance of the British troops, after the retreat of the French out of Portugal, preparatory to the close of the Peninsular war.

A singular turn of address was performed at Bath the other day by a chevalier of industry, who found himself, on the sudden, in want of a pair of boots, and also in want of money to purchase them. Having some doubts probably, although he was living at an inn of respectability, as to the faith of the tradesmen of Bath, after the rude shocks which it is so constantly receiving from parties who make it, during “the season,” their place of abode, he called upon two shoemakers in opposite quarters of the city, and desired to have some boots sent to the White Lion for his inspection. The first dealer, who was a resident in Milsom-street, came according to order, and found his customer at breakfast; and, after some trouble, fitted him with a neat pair of “Wellingtons;” which the party fitted was just taking out his purse to pay for, when—walking two or three times up and down the room to try the “effect” of them—he found that “the left boot was tighter rather than he liked it.” The right “fitted perfectly well;” but “the left wanted stretching across the instep.” Accordingly, the offending equipment was drawn off, and the maker desired “to take it back, and put it upon the tree for a couple of hours,” at the end of which time it would fit completely. The Milsom-street boot-maker went away, leaving his customer with one boot on and one slipper; and of course, leaving the affair of “payment” until he returned with the fellow-boot “at two o’clock;” and he was scarcely out of sight, when the artist from “Crescent-street” arrived, and found Captain C—— still at breakfast, in his slippers. The last dealer—unconscious of the ceremony which had taken place prior to his appearance, tried on all the boots that he had brought; but not a pair would fit, except one pair of “Wellingtons;” and these had the fault, that “the *right* boot pinched a little across the toe,” and required “putting upon the tree for an hour or two.” The second maker departed as the first had done, and was gratified with an order to “bring up an assortment of morocco slippers with him at the same time when he brought the “right boot,” as Captain C—— had been recommended to him, and was determined to give him “an order” worth having. It is hardly necessary to add, that the *right* and *left* boots which had visited the “trees,” were brought home regularly at two o’clock; but their *fellows* had disappeared some hours before, in company with the

excellent "captain." Dinner was ordered at "eight;" and the ceremony of laying the cloth instructed the waiters that two table spoons were missing; but the "captain" did not return.

Two Ways of looking at a Question.—When thanks were voted a few nights since to the British troops in India for their services in the late war, Mr. C. Wynne took occasion, in eulogizing the services of Sir Archibald Campbell, particularly, to speak of the "generosity" of that officer, who, being within two days march of the capital city of the Burmese, at the conclusion of the war, had consented to stop the progress of his arms; and foregoing all the immense plunder which he would have derived from the sack of Ava, had made a treaty precisely on the same moderate terms as had been offered at the commencement of the contest. Mr. Hume, in reply, bore full testimony to the services of General Campbell; but suggested, that the praise bestowed by Mr. Wynne, should have been given to the gallant general's "discretion," rather than to his "generosity." For, being, at the time specified, left, with only two thousand troops, and no chance of a reinforcement, opposed to fifty thousand inhabitants, whom he would have found in Ava, exclusive of the large Burmese military force, it was more than possible, that—had the general advanced—instead of having to enrich himself with the plunder of the capital city in question—not a single man of all his host would ever have escaped alive, even from the fury of the washerwomen of it.

This Burmese reminiscence reminds us of an anecdote in Major Snodgrass's book on the conduct of that war, which is strongly characteristic of the fact, how little the quality we call "wit," is the result of acquirement or education. When the British army was pushing on with great spirit towards the capital of Ava, and beating the Burmese forces at a majority of ten or a dozen to one, the two chiefs in command—we forget their names—"The Lion Eater"—and "The Invulnerable"—or some persons of that portentous sort of denomination—demanded an armistice. This request was acceded to by General Campbell; and terms of treaty were drawn up, which were to be forwarded by the Burmese to the Court of Ava for execution; but two or three days elapsed, during which no answer arrived from Ava; and the English commander got an inconvenient suspicion that he was being trifled with. Application being made for dispatch, the Indian chiefs invented a variety of excuses; protesting, in the most solemn terms, by every tie of honour and religion, that the messengers had been dispatched to their court, and from hour to hour; could not fail to arrive; but, in the end, Sir A. Campbell, convinced that the Court of Ava at least was negotiating only to gain time, charged the Burmese so furiously, that the "lion eater" in person scarcely escaped; his tent, with a large booty in specie and jewels, was captured; and in it was found—the identical treaty drawn between his greatness and Sir A. Campbell, five or six days before—which had never been sent to Ava—or dreamt of being sent there—at all. On the day after this assault, the two armies being, the one in retreat, the other in pursuit, Sir A. Campbell sent a flag to the "lion eater" with "his compliments," and the *treaty* "which had *been sent*" to Ava, that the Indian might be aware that his treachery was understood. The latter received the message with the most perfect coolness, and returned for answer—"his compliments to Sir A. Campbell, for the paper (the treaty), and he had also, in the hurry of his departure, left in his chest—with it—a bag, containing rather a considerable sum of money—which he doubted not the British general would *also* take an early opportunity of returning."

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

The History of the Reformation of the Church of England, by Henry Soames, M.A., Rector of Shelley, in Essex. Vol. 3. Reign of Edward VI; 1827.—The reception Mr. Soames's former volumes met with, has, it seems—as was indeed to be expected—induced him to pursue the story of the English Reformation to its completion, in the commencement of Elizabeth's reign. The bulky volume before us contains the church history of Edward's reign; and in another volume—two at the least—his design, he says, may be accomplished. Very slight encouragement generally proves to be stimulus enough for prosecuting to conclusion a career, the chief difficulties of which attend the commencement, and which difficulties have been surmounted with tolerable, though not very flattering credit. No man likes to lose his labour; but that he is sure to do, if he abandon an unfinished performance—such performance, unless it have strong redeeming qualities, is sure to be thrown aside—whereas, by persevering, he may mend in skill and efficiency, and make his last exertions contribute to float the first and sinking ones again—he may convert defeat into triumph.

Of any remarkable encouragement the publication before us had received—though on the whole not ill executed—we should little expect to hear. It might have been thought a superfluous undertaking. Burnett's has not yet lost all its credit; it is still in every body's hands, nor likely very soon to become obsolete; and the additions, or the corrections, which Mr. Soames's researches furnish, were scarcely sufficient to demand a new history. Burnett's chief fault is prosiness; and though prosiness be not so much the characteristic of Mr. Soames's work, yet he is occasionally far too circumstantial, while the general tone of sentiment is feeble, and the mass of his work, before he has done with it, will at least equal that of his predecessor.

The Reformation, on Henry's death, was greatly in arrear of the advances made in other Protestant countries. His own mind had all along wavered, and he seemed disposed by his will to keep the minds of his subjects in the same indecisive state. The sixteen guardians, whom he left for his infant son, were divided in their theological views; nor was it at all apparent, at first, which party would predominate. The chances seemed rather to favour the Catholics. Wriothesley, the chancellor, and Tunstall, bishop of Durham, were avowedly and actively the supporters of Catholic principles. Wriothes-

ley's ambition, however, overleaped itself, and his very first measures ruined his authority for ever. The Earl of Hertford, the king's maternal uncle, was named protector, and Cranmer's influence in ecclesiastical matters, seconded as they zealously were by the protector's authority, carried all before him. The young king was educated by Protestants, and his mind thoroughly imbued with a detestation of popery, and reverence for the reformers. The child's real influence was of course nothing; but his name was used on all occasions, and was, as usual, a tower of strength. The grave face with which the progress of the Reformation is ascribed to this child's zeal and intelligence, by Protestant writers, from his own days even to ours, and by the writer before us, is all but ridiculous. Cranmer is the man to whom the whole is to be attributed. Ridley and Hooper, with the foreigners, Martyn and Bucer, were all manifestly working in subservience. They might suggest, advise, adopt, but he was the effective performer. His is the visible hand in the political institution of the Protestant Church.

We have said, English reformers, on Henry's death, were greatly in arrear. This is evident from many circumstances, but especially from the fact that it was not till this year (1547) that Cranmer and Ridley's own sentiments were at all shaken on the question of transubstantiation; and throughout Edward's reign, transubstantiation was the grand topic of discussion—the fortress which the reformers attacked, and the Catholics defended. On this point it was that Gardiner, and Bonner, and Tunstall were deprived, and for which heretics were harassed by interrogatories, or burnt at the stake. So much did Mr. Soames feel this to be the leading feature of the polemics of this reign, that he has thought it indispensable to trace the history of the question from its earliest sources; and the extent to which this tracing has carried him, he alleges as the chief cause of the extreme bulkiness of his volume. His view of this subject is, if not one of the best parts of his book; at least the one about which he has taken most pains; and he has actually brought together materials that were not before assembled.

Very early, even in the second century, extraordinary respect was paid to the consecrated elements. It quickly became the practice to carry them to the sick, and this soon came to be done with augmenting tokens of reverence, and something of parade. By and by, the elements could be consecrated only in churches,

and the ceremonial became more and more complicated, and an air of deeper mystery was thrown over the rite. Imperceptibly the sign and the signification were confounded. Some such confounding is observable in the fifth century, in the sentiments of Eutyches; but it was not till the year 787 that the second Council of Nice gave its sanction, as essentially it did, to this novel doctrine. It was not yet called transubstantiation. The Council of Constantinople, as a reason for renouncing the use of images, had alleged, that Christ left no image of himself, except the sacramental elements, which represent his body and blood. This declaration of the divines of Constantinople, the Council of Nice decided to be wrong—the consecrated bread and wine not being, they said, types, but truly the body and blood of Christ. This decision, however, failed of producing any general acquiescence in Western Europe. Charlemagne—or some one rather in his name—in an epistle to Alcuin, expressed his belief that the sacred elements are figures of Christ's body and blood; and, for any thing that appears, in this belief he continued, whatever might be that of the Church of Rome.

Early in the ninth century, the attention of the learned at least was drawn particularly to the subject by the circulation of a work by Paschasius Radbert, abbot of Corbey in Picardy, in which he maintained a doctrine, corresponding pretty closely with what was afterwards defended by Luther, that is, consubstantiation rather than transubstantiation. This however met with little favour in France; and Charles the Bald employed a monk and priest, of the name of Ratram, or Bertramus, of the same abbey, to reply to Radbert. This work is still extant, and there is an English translation of it. It is a document of considerable importance, as shewing incontrovertibly, that in the ninth century a distinguished member of the Church of Rome, uncensured, inculcated opinions, utterly irreconcilable with the doctrines of modern popery; and that so far were his sentiments from giving offence, they were expressly approved of by almost every cotemporary name of any theological celebrity, as Rabanus Maurus, the archbishop of Mentz; Agobard, archbishop of Lyons; Claudius, bishop of Turin, John Scot (Erigena), and Druthmar. In our own country, too, Elfric, the grammarian, who was abbot of Cerne, in Dorsetshire, in the tenth century, and probably afterwards archbishop of York, in a sermon of his, written in Saxon, affords incontestible proofs that transubstantiation was not the doctrine of the English Church.

The following age produced a powerful

patron of the new doctrine in Lanfranc, afterwards abbot of Caen; and among the lower classes of life, it had by that time spread far and wide; but among the learned there were still opponents, among whom the most distinguished was Berenger, archdeacon of Angers. A letter of his addressed to Lanfranc on the subject fell into the hands of the Pope, Leo IX., who forthwith excommunicated the author. A synod was held at Verceil, and Berenger's opinions were peremptorily condemned. The consequence was a violent ferment in France. Another synod was held at Tours; but the partizans of the court of Rome prevailed; Berenger appeared and submitted. Of this submission, however, he quickly repented, and republished his sentiments. But resolute as he appeared to be on paper—not being born with the spirit of a martyr—he again submitted; and again repented; and a third time proclaimed the same opinions. Of so little influence, however, were these efforts of his—exerted with so little firmness—that he was at last left in peace, apparently in contempt. Even in the twelfth century there were Catholic writers expressing the same sentiments—Peter Lombard for instance. As an article of faith, indeed, transubstantiation seems not to have been enforced till 1215, by Innocent III. Cardinal Langton, a favourite of Innocent's, when he became archbishop of Canterbury, was the first who took any official measures towards the establishment of this doctrine in England; Peckham, archbishop of the same see, about half a century afterwards, followed them up vigorously, and with considerable effect. Yet even to the close of the thirteenth century, it was found necessary to press upon the English clergy the necessity of assiduously teaching this doctrine. For a time, and among a few in the following century, Wickliffe preached up the old belief; and then, for nearly two centuries, no more was heard of it in England. In 1524 Zuingle discussed the question, and revived the doctrines of Berenger and Wickliffe. Luther halted midway between the two opinions; and it was not, as we have said, till 1547, that Cranmer and Ridley shook off their prejudices.

Throughout Edward's reign Cranmer was indefatigable in prosecuting the progress of reform. Generally his measures were conspicuously judicious—precipitating nothing—taking one thing at a time. He had much to do. He began with forbidding certain ceremonies—perhaps the most hazardous step he ever took—such as carrying candles in procession on Candlemas-day, ashes on Ash Wednesday, palms on Palm Sunday; creeping to the cross, taking holy water, &c. Then fol-

lowed an order of council to remove images from the churches—the publication of a common prayer in the English language—homilies—articles—canons. But amidst all these advances appeared a proclamation for the rigid observance of Lent—the main motives for which appear to have been, not of a spiritual, but a political nature—Cranmer, we may suppose, must have been overruled—an apprehension of diminishing the stock of cattle, and of ruining the fisheries. Meat was strictly forbidden the profane multitude—it was not *then* so superfluous as such a prohibition would be now; little difficulty was however made in granting licences, to be paid for of course, by which individuals might choose their own diet at all seasons; and in some cases, says Mr. Soames, these grantees were even allowed to entertain guests in their own way on days when their less favoured neighbours were interdicted from dealings with the butchers. Among the applicants was Roger Ascham—whose letter on the occasion is given in the text, but for which, though curious and characteristic, we have no space. In the following year these injunctions were enforced by an Act of Parliament, in the preamble of which it is alleged, that divers of the king's subjects have abused their improvement in knowledge, turned epicures under better instruction, and broken the fasting days of the church. The penalties were, for the first offence, a fine of ten shillings, and an imprisonment of ten days, without a mouthful of butcher's meat; for the second offence, the penalties were to be doubled, and so on in geometrical progression, we believe.

In all that was really good, in all that forwarded the reformation, Cranmer was the great agent; and in all that was bad he either took an active part, or must be allowed to have yielded with a cowardly and compromising spirit. Seymour's death, and Jane Boacher's and Van Parr's burnings can never be forgotten. Mr. Soames has an excuse for every thing, while professing not to excuse.

Wallenstein, a Dramatic Poem, from the German of Schiller. 2 vols.; 1827.—This splendid tragedy of Schiller's is not new to the English reader. Coleridge, some years ago, published a translation of it, and one of so much general excellence—so vivid in the version, and free and English in the language, that any second attempt seemed perfectly superfluous. The author of the translation before us never, it seems, saw Mr. Coleridge's version, but adventurously undertook a task of surely no common difficulty—without troubling himself—not unwisely perhaps—to ascertain how far there was any real occasion for the undertaking itself—seeing he was,

for some reason or other, thus blindly resolved to execute it—contenting himself with the report that Coleridge's translation was made from a manuscript copy, in which Schiller was known or believed to have made material alterations. And alterations it appears the author really did make; but the account itself of the translator is—not worth calling suspicious perhaps, but surely childish: if the story be indeed true, it would have been quite as discreet to say nothing about the matter. We prefer the reason that will satisfy every body—the translator's belief he could do better.

In some respects the translator *has* done better. His work is more equable, nearer to the sense, though farther from the spirit; he has spent the same degree of care upon the whole, the good and the bad; while Mr. Coleridge only worked up the passages that found an echo in his own soul—careless often whether he was expressing Schiller's or his own sensations, and leaving, apparently, the connecting parts—the mere prose—to take its own chance, and stand in a naked rendering.

Schiller's object was it seems to dramatize some grand national event. That of the thirty years war—the decisive struggle between the Catholic and Protestant powers of Europe—naturally presented itself. He had already surveyed its history, with the elegance of a poet, and the research, and perhaps the philosophy, of an historian. The character of Wallenstein—the leader of the imperial forces—had enough in it of the heroic and commanding—there was besides something of mystery about him—a general unacquaintance with the details of his character—to be readily fitted to his purpose. The central point, as Wallenstein was, around which the whole events of that memorable war seemed to revolve—it presented the author with abundant opportunities for exhibiting the effects upon society of war, religious controversy, and ambition. The subject however proved too mighty for the grasp of one drama. Three were demanded to give full expansion to his swelling conceptions—and these he entitled the Camp of Wallenstein, the Piccolomini, and the Death of Wallenstein.

The CAMP, neither Mr. Coleridge nor his rival has ventured to translate. It is merely introductory—written in a coarse kind of provincial dialect, with fantastic rhymes and double endings, and exhibits a picture, says the new translator of Wallenstein, of the military life of that discordant horde, which, after fifteen years of warfare, had sat down like locusts upon the plains of Pilsen; men of all religions, or of none; wanderers on the earth, with no home but the garrison and the camp—no relationship but the brotherhood of

arms—no property but the universal sun. The Uhlan, the Croat, the Walloon, the Spaniard, and the Italian, are seen mingling among each other, drinking, laughing, cooking, singing, or gaming; here a peasant and his son arranging their schemes of roguery against the new comers from the Saal and the Maine—or a sharpshooter cheating a Croat of his plunder; there a quarrel about a market-girl, or a young recruit strutting in his military garb, and already, in anticipation, a colonel of cuirassiers—while the whole is crowned by the sermon of a capuchin, delivered in the midst of the riotous assembly, stuffed with puns and perverted texts, and seasoned with severe reflections on the audience and their officers, &c.

THE PICCOLOMINI, and the DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN, can be regarded only as one drama, divided into ten acts instead of five; neither is at all complete without the other, and therefore it is quite absurd to speak of them as two. The first part, however, traces the progress of those intrigues, by which Wallenstein, long wavering between loyalty and ambition, is at last impelled to revolt and ruin—developing very ably the characters of his principal officers—his friends, instruments, and rivals. The incidents of the piece are still of a cold and prosaic character, consisting chiefly of the schemes of Octavio Piccolomini, Wallenstein's pretended friend, to undermine his influence, and betray his rash confidence to the emperor; the counsels, banquets, and intrigues of these chiefs; the mission of Questenberg, empowered to deprive Wallenstein of the command, and invest Piccolomini with it; and the defence of Wallenstein's measures; but the dryness is relieved by the animation spread over the youthful eloquence of Piccolomini's son, and the loveliness and artlessness of Thekla, Wallenstein's daughter. The younger Piccolomini is Wallenstein's bosom friend, and knows neither of Wallenstein's aspirings, nor of his father's treacheries. He is of a noble and elevated character, and the discovery rends his soul with anguish. He is enamoured of Wallenstein's daughter—that daughter whom the father destines for a diadem. The contentions of duty, and friendship, and affection, when he does learn all, give occasion to the best scenes of the drama.

It is in the last piece that the character of Wallenstein breaks upon us in all its vigour. In the "Piccolomini" he is nothing but the wily politician, calculating every chance, and providing against every emergency—irresolute and close—rather indeed revelling in the thoughts of greatness, than resolving on the attempt. He is at last pushed into action by the arts of Piccolomini and other officers. The

energy of his character is all along—too much perhaps—impressed upon us, indirectly, by the influence he is represented to possess over high and low—by the awe and veneration with which he strikes the stormy spirits around him. The soldiers see, not the irresolute politician, but the conqueror of Mansfeld, and the rival of Gustavus. The interior view, to which we are admitted, of his plans and purposes, fail of commanding present respect; but the latent energies of his mind, we know, are great, and we expect with confidence their full development. Nor are these expectations disappointed. It is, says the translator, when all his friends begin to despair—when the blow, which would have paralysed less vigorous minds, has fallen—that Wallenstein becomes himself again. Betrayed by his friend—deserted by the army—proscribed, and almost forsaken—he retires to Egra, still confident in himself and in his fortune. Omens and dreams unite to shake his mind; and the remembrance of the younger Piccolomini, the friend whom he has lost for ever—in whose youthful enthusiasm he had delighted to retrace and revive his own—presses on his heart with an ominous despondency. But he summons his energies to his aid; he despises the prognostics of his attendants; and retires to that rest from which he is destined never to awake, in confident anticipation of the speedy rising of the higher flood which is to follow on this ebbing of his fortunes.

It requires ample quotations to give any fair conception of Schiller's powers; and that luckily is not our present business. The translations are more easily dealt with—a specimen or two will suffice.

Compare the following—the one exhibiting the cold correctness of study—a translation; the other reflecting the glowing energies of poetry—a transfusion.

Wallenstein's sister is expostulating with him:—

Trust? Inclination? they had need of thee.
The infortunate counsellor, necessity,
That laughs at empty names and dazzling out-
sides,
That calls for actions—not the show of action;
That ever seeks the best and greatest out,
To place him at the helm; although she seek him
Among the lowest;—she it was restored thee
To thy fit place, and wrote thy proud commission.
For ever, while they may, this selfish race
Works by the aid of patient slavish drudges;
But when extremity draws near at last,
And hollow arts avail no more, they fall
Into the stronger hands of Nature's nobles,—
The giant spirits, who obey no master;
Acknowledge no allegiance, and subdue
All laws and all conditions to their own.

Now look at Coleridge's:—

Affection! confidence! they *needed* thee.
Necessity, impetuous remonstrant!
Who not with empty names, or shows of proxy,
Is served; who'll have the thing, and not the
symbol,

Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,
And at the rudder places *him*, e'n though
She had been forced to take him from the rabble—
She, this Necessity, it was that placed thee.
In this high office; it was she that gave thee
Thy letters-patent of inauguration.
For, to the uttermost moment that they can,
This race still help themselves at cheapest rate
With slavish souls, with puppets! At the ap-
proach

Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
Is found a hollow image, and no more,
Then falls the power into the mighty hands
Of Nature—of the spirit giant-born,
Who listens only to himself, knows nothing
Of stipulations, duties, reverences,
And, like the emancipated force of fire,
Unmastered, scorches, ere it reaches them;
Their fine-spun webs ———.

The same difference of spirit is observ-
able in the rendering of these beautiful
conceptions:—

O, never will I smile at his belief
In starry influence and ghostly might.
'Tis not alone man's *pride* that peoples space
With visionary forms and mystic powers;
But for the *loving* heart, this common nature
Is all too narrow, and a deeper meaning
Lies in the fables of our childish years,
Than in the truer lore of after life.
The lovely world of wonder 'tis, alone,
That echoes back the heart's ecstatic feeling,
That spreads for men its everlasting room,
And with the waving of its thousand branches
Rocks the enchanted spirit to repose.
The world of fable is love's home; he dwells
Gladly with fays and talismans, and gladly
Believes in gods, for he himself is godlike.
The fairy shapes of fables are no more;
The deities of old have wandered out;
But still the heart must have a language, still
The early names come back with early feelings;
And in the starry heavens we seek those forms,
That friendly once in life have walked beside us.
Still from yon sky they smile on lovers down,
And all that's *great* on earth even now is sent us
From Jupiter, from Venus all that's *fair*.

Now Coleridge:—

Oh never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's *PRIDE* that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of *LOVE*
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.
For Fable is Love's world, his house, his birth-
place;
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,

The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring;
Or chasms, and watery depths; all these have
vanished—

They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language; still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down; and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whatever is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair.

The Gold-headed Cane; 1827.—The
widow of Dr. Baillie presented to the Col-
lege of Physicians a gold-headed cane,
which had been successively in the pos-
session of Radcliffe, Mead, Askew, Pit-
cairn, and Baillie, whose several armorial
bearings are engraved on the head of it.
This circumstance suggested the little
publication before us, which is simply a
sketch of the lives of these eminent men,
interspersed with notices of other physi-
cians, from Linacre downwards.

Χρυσόκεφαλος ipse loquitur. Of Radcliffe
the most remarkable circumstance related
is the very large professional income he
made. He had not been in practice a
twelvemonth before he got twenty guineas
a day. He was physician to William,
Mary, and Anne. William paid him
splendidly; besides allowing him £200 a
year beyond his other physicians, he gave
him 500 guineas for curing Bentinck and
Zulestein; and once, when Radcliffe went
to the camp before Namur to attend on
Albemarle—remaining one week—Wil-
liam gave him an order on the treasury
for £1,200, and Albemarle himself added
400 guineas. Daudridge, the apothec-
ary, patronised by Radcliffe, died worth
£50,000. Allowing for difference of no-
minal and real value of money, who makes
any thing like this sum now? But talk-
ing of fees, Mead relates one received
by Hamey, a great benefactor of the Col-
lege:—

It was in the times of the civil wars when it
pleased God to visit him with a severe fit of sick-
ness, or peripneumonia, which confined him a great
while to his chamber, and to the more than ordi-
nary care of his tender spouse. During this afflic-
tion he was disabled from practice; but the very
first time he dined in his parlour afterwards, a
certain great man in high station came to consult
him on an indisposition—*ratione vagi sui amoris*—
and he was one of the godly ones too of those
times. After the doctor received him in his study,
and modestly attended to his long religious pre-
face, with which he introduced his ignominious
circumstances, and Dr. Hamey had assured him of
his fidelity, and gave him hopes of success in his
affair, the generous soldier (for such he was) drew
out of his pocket a bag of gold, and offered it all
at a lump to his physician. Dr. Hamey, surprised

at so extraordinary a fee, modestly declined the acceptance of it; upon which the great man, dipping his hand into the bag himself, grasped up as much of the coin as his fist could hold, and generously put it into the doctor's coat pocket, and so took his leave.—It may be said, continued Mead, that this was an extraordinary case, and the fee a most extraordinary one, which the patient paid as the price of secrecy; but the precaution was unnecessary (as it ought always to be in a profession whose very essence is honour and confidence), for—(a curious *for*, by the way) the name of the generous soldier is never once mentioned in the life of Hamley (written by himself), though I have good reason to believe he was no other than Ireton, the son-in-law of Cromwell.

Radcliffe left £40,000 to found a library at Oxford, and £5,000 to enlarge or repair University College. He was not distinguished for professional learning, or any other learning, but was a man of sound judgment, accompanied with good tact, and blunt manners. His great improvement in practice, and on which he piqued himself, was the cooling treatment of small-pox—a treatment which he enjoined upon Mead, and ultimately adopted by him.

The Gold-headed Cane comes next into Mead's hands. Radcliffe had once said, "When I am dead, Mead, you will occupy the throne of physic in this town." "No, Sir," says Mead, "when you are gone, your empire, like Alexander's, will be divided among many successors." This was very happily said, but the fact accorded with Radcliffe's prediction. Mead was a man of far higher attainments. He was the framer of the present quarantine laws, which some adventurous persons of our days are eager to repeal—the introducer of inoculation, not meaning to depreciate Lady Mary Wortley's merits—and the inventor of bandaging patients after tapping—many it seems had died for want of this obvious precaution. Gartli, Frend, Arbuthnot, are introduced as Mead's cotemporaries and acquaintance. Frend was in parliament—a tory—implicated in Atterbury's plot—and during a suspension of the Habeas Corpus was sent to the tower, and confined for some months. Mead exerted all his influence to procure his release, in vain. At last, Walpole, being unwell, sent for Mead. Mead seized the opportunity to plead for Frend, urged with great warmth his general excellencies, his real loyalty, his services as an army physician, his excellent qualities, his learning, his skill, &c., and finally declined prescribing for the minister unless Frend was set at liberty. Walpole—it was in one of "his happier hours" we suppose—yielded to Mead's importunities, got his prescription, and we hope a speedy cure.

A lively sketch of Linacre follows, the founder of the college. He visited Florence, and was distinguished for his

Greek; read lectures in that language; and was physician and tutor to Prince Arthur, and successively physician to Henry VII., VIII., Edward, and Mary. He was marked for his prognosis in the case of Lily, the grammarian, as well as for the method by which he relieved Erasmus in a painful fit of the gravel. A few years before his death he took orders. It was said of him, that upon some occasion reading the sermon on the mount, he threw the book away, and swore that it was either not the gospel, or we were not Christians.

Of Harvey, it is said, that after the publication of his discovery of the circulation, such was the general prejudice against him as an innovator, his practice as a physician considerably declined. To be sure, says the Gold-headed Cane, he might look upon himself as recompensed for the ingratitude of the public by the regard of his royal master. This is loyalty with a witness—worthy of our own best tory days. It is said of Mead, "That, of all physicians who had ever flourished, he gained the most, spent the most, and enjoyed the highest fame during his life, not only in his own but in foreign countries."

We have no more space—but the accounts of Askew, Pitcairne, and Baillie, are very scanty. Physicians began to leave their gold-headed canes at home. We find Baillie's reply to his fantastic and importunate patient—"Pray, Doctor, may I eat a few oysters?" "Yes, Madam, shells and all, if you please."

English Fashionables Abroad. 3 vols. 12mo.; 1827.—This is not an ill-written book, but it will be no hit, it will win no popularity. It does not tell specifically enough of the class the title announces; fashionable or unfashionable, the accounts would be much the same; and, what is worse for the object the writer has in view, the characters will not be recognized, either as portraits or caricatures. It is simply a tour, under the mask of a tale. Every thing now-a-days seems accomplishable by tales—sermons and polemics—morals and politics—and now we have a tour. This will not last, or at least another course must be taken. We cannot serve two masters. If a writer deal with a story, that story must engage his main attention. To make it the vehicle of another purpose, defeats that purpose, and with it breaks down the conveyance. If the writer must have another object than what the interest of his incidents involves, he should sedulously keep it in the back ground. It must work indirectly, and take its chance of indirect effect.

As a tour, the "English Fashionables Abroad" is miserably incomplete—as descriptive of the state of certain societies

at Rome and Naples, sometimes very good; but as a novel again it fails, and of necessity fails. It moves at too slow a pace. The breaks are frequent and provoking. The interest, were it of a much keener kind, with such interruptions, must flag. The novel reader will pursue the thread of the story, and cut the rest as all *de trop*—that is, he will read about a third of the volumes; and the reader, who wishes for the description he is taught to expect, does not want to be encumbered with new acquaintance.

As to the story, we have an aunt, a peeress of the realm, touring in quest of antiquarian lore, an ignorant pretender, nothing but a stiff, stupid, prejudiced, foolish old woman—with a niece, entirely dependent upon her and her humours, young, lively, accomplished. These are first met with at an inn on the Appenines. At the same place arrive two young men of high family, and one of them of higher expectations, who happens to know the aunt very well, and something of the niece, though nothing of their relationship. The parties travel on to Rome together. One of the young men, Lord Vanderville, makes violent love to the niece, Emily Sternheim; the other, Mr. Myrvin, something very like love, but soberly, respectfully, remotely. The young lady, who is of a gay and frank spirit, is pleased with the open attentions of the one, and struck with the implied admiration of the other. The young men had been going forthwith to Naples; Mr. Myrvin to join his cousin, a young lady of brilliant endowments, for whom he is supposed to have a *penchant de cœur*; and Lord Vanderville accompanies, for want of something better to do. Miss Sternheim proves to be metal more attractive. Lord Vanderville suffers his friend to proceed by himself, and remains behind to press his suit upon Emily. He soon comes to terms with the wealthy aunt, and the young lady herself has no very decided dislikes—she only begs time for better acquaintance. By and by the parties all go on to Naples. Here the young lord meets with his friends, feels at ease with regard to Emily, and grows careless. She takes fire, and peremptorily dismisses my lord.

Now come Mr. Myrvin and his fair cousin—the cousin, to whom he was supposed to be engaged—on the scene. By degrees it appears no such engagement exists. Mr. Myrvin's admiration for Miss Sternheim becomes now more conspicuous; and he is almost on the point of declaration, when, unluckily, a veturino delivers to her a letter in Myrvin's presence from one Sir Willoughby Martin. This Sir Willoughby is known to Myrvin; he is just now under a cloud; has been extravagant, is deeply in debt, and obliged to play at

hide and seek. Miss Sternheim colours scarlet; she takes the letter, puts it in her bosom, and implores Myrvin to conceal the circumstance from her aunt. This is death to his hopes, and dispersion to the high conceptions he had formed of her character and integrity—she had, on dismissing Vanderville, expressly said, her affections were free. The intercourse is, however, kept up; and the charms of the lady overpower the lover's suspicions. She conquers and triumphs in spite of the dark appearances, and exults in that triumph. He makes a tender of his affections—and she, without rejecting, reminds him of Sir Willoughby—tells him Sir Willoughby is the arbiter of her fate; but promises to explain all the next day. That night, however, Myrvin learns more of Sir Willoughby—enough to convince him of Emily's duplicity. He renounces all further connection with her; flies from Naples in agony, and leaves the poor lady in despair. All, however, as the reader will anticipate, eventually clears up. Willoughby is her own brother. He had offended the aunt, and had been prohibited all intercourse with his sister. Myrvin is satisfied; the parties are happy; he in due time succeeds to a dukedom, and she becomes a duchess.

The writer has power enough to set a tale on its own legs. He may take our experience; no body will read his topographies or his antiquities.

Reminiscences of Thomas Dibdin. 2 vols. 8vo.; 1827.—Once more—and probably, not positively, for the last time—have we the story of the stage and its votaries for the last thirty years, neither better nor worse than Kelly's, O'Keefe's, and Reynolds's, but a mixture of them all, eternally and intolerably the same. The same names are perpetually recurring, the same circumstances, the same subjects, all but the same events—the whole population of the scenes, from stars and sweepers to scribblers and proprietors, with their pitiful quarrels and jealousies, their successes and failures, enlivened by nothing of any universal interest—the stage has long ceased to be a matter of general regard—and presenting nothing about which any soul breathing beyond the precincts of the green-room cares a straw. The style and cast of the sentiments are still of the same fatiguing description—the same inflictions of quotation, the same torturings of jokes, and scrapings of Latin, the same laborious pursuit of a pun—the same tuft-hunting propensities, with the semblances of lofty pretensions,—exhibiting altogether a taste and spirit, neither intelligible nor congenial to any but a brother of the sock.

And yet, though all we have said be true to the letter, we may be too severe—

the tone may be somewhat too harsh. In the case of the writer before us there are redeeming virtues. The manifest kindness of his nature, the elasticity of his spirit, the resolution with which he encounters difficulties, and the readiness he shows, when defeated, to return to the charge, the perseverance, and ardour, and tact he displays—worthless as are many of the objects on which these qualities are exerted—command something like respect, and, in spite of our sterner judgments, we cannot but regret the want of success with which so much energy has been attended.

As an actor, Mr. Dibdin has been little distinguished. It is as a scribbler he has won his notoriety; and indeed for thirty years he has worked, and still works, one of the most prolific pens the age—abounding in such materials—can produce. He is the author of nearly two hundred dramatic pieces, of one, two, three, and five acts—not one of *four*; of nearly two thousand songs; of countless epilogues and prologues, of essays, tales, leading articles for magazines, papers, &c., to an amount of which himself has long lost count—the whole of which were written on the spur of pressing occasions, and for temporary purposes, and which, with the exception of a farce or two still keeping the stage, have, as he would himself phrase it, “left not a rack behind.” Of such a man’s evanescent career, why should the forgotten particulars be retraced? To gratify the taste of the day for notoriety. Tom Dibdin has known and been known to numbers; he must have something to tell, and all must be sure that what he knows he will tell. The two bulky volumes will be glanced at by those who expect to find themselves or their acquaintance figuring for good or for ill—the ridiculous will of course be most sought for—no matter whether the object of ridicule be myself or my friend—no matter, we are talked of. Mr. Dibdin had two volumes of given dimensions, by contract with his publisher and tempter, to fill; and how was he to fill them, but by gossiping of those who moved in the sole circle of the green-room?—and nine times out of ten such gossiping was little likely to be creditable to either party. Still there is no want of blarney.

Mr. Dibdin—for we must give our readers a glance of his career—was the son of Charles Dibdin—the Orpheus or Tyrtæus of the navy; his mother, and grandmother, and all his line to the flood, perhaps, were theatrical; and he himself, at four years of age, appeared as Cupid to Mrs. Siddons’s Venus, in the Shakspeare Jubilee, 1775. At eight he was placed in the choir of St. Paul’s, and seemed inevitably destined for a singer. By some

singular interference with this destiny, he was apprenticed to an upholsterer in the city—the well-known Sir William Rawlins—by whom he thought himself treated with severity, and who, seeing his apprentice’s stage predilections, which were quite irrepressible, was perpetually predicting *he would do no good*. In the course of his Reminiscences, Dibdin recurs many times to Sir William, evidently to prove how much the knight was mistaken. Sir William however was a shrewd fellow, and his predictions seem not to have been very wide of the mark. At the end of three or four years—unable any longer to resist his histrionic longings, he took French leave of Sir William, and on board a Margate ‘hoy’ made his debut in a popular song of his father’s, to the assembled crew, who rewarded his efforts with such shouts of applause, as confirmed him in his purpose, and opened visions of future celebrity. An opportunity quickly presented itself; and on the coast he enlisted in a small joint-stock concern. His powers were at once acknowledged, and their extraordinary versatility added something to the miserable fractions of his share of the profits. He sung, and played, and painted, and fiddled, and scribbled himself to such a degree of reputation, that in a few months he was actually enrolled a member of one of the regular Kent companies. Here he laboured in all the varieties of his vocation for some years, till at last came the supreme felicity of treading the London boards. In London, however, he soon gave up acting—finding scribbling and stage-management the more profitable employments. Then, still soaring, he became successively prompter, half-manager, and sometimes whole manager of the royal theatres, and finally lessee and proprietor of minor theatres, sometimes of Sadler’s Wells, and then of the Surrey—all the while scribbling indefatigably, seizing upon all public occasions, and bringing out piece after piece, at the rate of half a dozen or even a dozen in the season.

“A rolling stone gathers no moss,” and this seems to have been poor Dibdin’s fate. His friends never found him long in the same position. With reason, or without, he was for ever changing. Though neither extravagant nor profligate—in the common acceptation of these terms, he was, what comes to the same thing, *improvident*—living from hand to mouth—spending freely, what sometimes came flowingly—reserving nothing for a rainy day—neither dreading, nor calculating on resources; but fagging on, and confiding in good luck and ultimate success. At the end of thirty years, he finds himself driven to the insolvent courts. Not to feel for a man so labouring, and so failing,

is impossible. The very precariousness of his employment—and his was eminently so—is but too apt to betray into carelessness; and a temperament that tempts a man to trust to his good fortune, is not likely much to mend the matter. On his own shewing, he is a domestic man, and attached to his family; and has aided his father and mother in their declining days—let him learn prudence, and he will not yet be forsaken. The present publication will do him but temporary good—he has given his pen too much liberty.

As we turned over the leaves we marked a few passages. They may amuse our readers as they did ourselves. The first concerns a fête given by the Princess Elizabeth on the recovery of her sister Amelia from a dangerous illness, affording a memorable instance of the estimate of literary labours formed among the great only a few years ago. The story is much too long to quote; we must be content with the pith of it, though after all the thing will hardly bear stripping of circumstances.—While on a visit at a friend's house in the country, Dibdin received a letter from Mrs. Mattocks, earnestly begging him to come forthwith to town, and call on her in Soho Square. No time was lost in posting to town, and great was Dibdin's delight on being informed that he had been selected by the Princess to write a sort of vaudeville farce, to be performed at a fête projected by her royal highness. Only three principal parts were required, to be acted by Mrs. Mattocks, Quick, and Elliston; Mrs. M. entreated him to pay particular attention to the part assigned to *her*, as she had need enough, God knew, of every assistance a writer could afford, while Quick, she said, was such a favourite of his majesty, he would be able to make *any thing* tell. "And Mr. Elliston, Madam," inquired the anxious Dibdin; "he is a gentleman I know little of; in what does his forte consist?" "O, my dear Sir," replied Mrs. M., "the king has seen him somewhere at Weymouth or Cheltenham, and rather likes him—so he he will do well enough as—a sort of a—the gentleman of the piece." During the conference came in Quick, who, upon Dibdin's taking leave, insisted on seeing him down stairs, and with the street door in his hand, and the richest comic expression in his eyes, whispered—"take care of me, and don't let that woman have all the cream." To work goes Dibdin, and in a day or two communicates the details of what he proposed to do, which received the royal approbation. He was urged to proceed with all diligence, and, to save time, was to get somebody to copy the parts. All was done according to order; when, to his utter confusion, he was told the remuneration

was to be—*three guineas*. Two had been spent upon transcription. The disappointed author begged now to decline all remuneration, but the pleasure of contributing to the amusement of the august party. This proposal, however, it seemed, *could not* be accepted; and Mrs. Mattocks undertook to get the matter settled to his satisfaction, and screen him from all offence. In a few days came *FIVE* guineas, which his friends advised him to pocket, and say no more about the matter—recommending, another time, a previous stipulation. The advice was good. About a twelvemonth afterwards, Mrs. Mattocks met him in the green-room—"I've got you another job." Not so eager now as before, Dibdin begged a few days consideration, and then stated, that as a one-act farce at Covent Garden would produce fifty pounds, he hoped he was not presuming in naming thirty pounds as the price. No answer was received:—

The reader will observe, says Dibdin—[to remove offensive impressions we suppose]—I have not complained of the *price* (horribly vulgar word) given me; but that I was refused, by certain agents, the alternative of presenting my work gratuitously, and compelled to accept what I did. I have no doubt but that a certain sum was liberally assigned by her royal highness, in certain quarters, to certain conductors of the fête on their own scale, and that the less they expended, the more remained for themselves.

All fudge—besides, the "no answer" settles the fact.

Not long before this curious affair, a very popular song of Dibdin's, called the "Snug little Island," was sold by him to Longmans, Cheapside, for fifteen guineas, by which song the said Longmans actually cleared £900. What was Dibdin the better for this? The publisher begged him to consider as his own a piano-forte he had on hire; which was, however, subsequently returned—as the gift could not be sanctioned by the assignees. So much for the liberality of the *trade*.

We have heard a good deal of Cumberland's jealousies. Here is another specimen. While at Tunbridge, Dibdin, at Dowton's request, wrote a farce called the Jew and the Doctor. Cumberland hearing of this performance wished to read it, to see, as he said, in what manner Dibdin had *trod in his snow*. When Dibdin called for his MS. a few days afterwards, Cumberland returned it, regretting he had not had time to read it. The Duke of Leeds also requested to see the MS., and published aloud his high opinion of it. On hearing of this, Cumberland—now more at leisure—begged a second loan of the piece, and quickly returned it with his perfect approbation—only requesting Dibdin to alter the sum fixed for the marriage portion of the heroine, which happened

to be the exact amount of the fortune Mr. C. had given the lady of his comedy of the Jew.

Something more of Cumberland:—

Cumberland invited me, says Dibdin, to his lodgings, to hear him read Joanna of Montfaucon before it went to rehearsal, and asked me to play in it. The reason why he wished me to appear, arose from his having put into the mouth of an opposite character, addressing himself to me,—“O you have no genius, not you!” which, said Mr. Cumberland, “being taken by the audience in the contrary sense, will not fail to occasion three rounds of applause.” With all deference to the venerable bard’s opinion, I could not exactly coincide with it in this instance, and respectfully declined the experiment.

Mr. Dibdin gives a specimen or two of the licencer’s execution of his office—though not equally impertinent. While at Covent Garden, says Dibdin, I wrote, in a season of monopoly, and much artificial scarcity, a farce, which I named the *Two Farmers*, and which Mr. Harris highly approved and accepted. Poor John Moorhead composed the music, and the piece was put into rehearsal. Munden and Emery were the two farmers; one a narrow, and the other a liberal minded fellow; the former was named Mr. Locust:—

When the farce was nearly finished, the licencer stopped its further progress, and at the desire of Mr. Harris, I waited on him, to inquire what were his objections to it. Mr. Larpent would hardly deign to listen to a word I had to say; and told me, that if the farce were to be acted, no respectable farmer would be able to pass through the streets, lest people should cry out—“there goes an old locust.” I humbly submitted to the great man, that it would not be to *respectable* farmers such an epithet could, by any chance, be applied; but he turned a deaf ear to all I could say; and the £100 I had agreed for, and calculated on receiving, for successful ridicule of monopoly, were lost by the sensitive apprehensions of Mr. Larpent.—On another occasion, the run of my opera of *11 Bondocani* was stopped in its career on the thirty-third night, because, being just at the period of Mr. Pitt’s quitting office, there happened to be a line in a song sung by Fawcett, which said—“When fairly kick’d out, I but call it resigning;” which said line had been written five years before the opera was acted. The *Orange-boven* was prohibited, because two or three songs were thought too personal against Buonaparte.

We alluded to Mr. Dibdin’s embarrassment—he has himself done so—and therefore we quote the following statement relative to a subscription for a monument to his father’s memory:—

Through the kind and unremitting zeal of that most amiable and benevolent friend, the late Mr. John Young of the British Institution, a large subscription was procured, and several highly respectable public meetings were held (Admiral Sir Joseph Yorke presided at the last) for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of our

national lyrist—Dibdin’s father; but what arrangements have been made since Mr. Young’s lamented death, or when the subscribers are to be informed of the destination of their liberality, or to whose care the funds are entrusted—my brother and myself, as well as our personal friends, remain equally uninformed.

The persons who thus contributed are probably many of them the very persons who have been most amused by the younger Dibdin’s thousands of efforts. We prefer the benevolence that relieves the living, to that which is so often ready to honour the dead; and therefore we recommend these sums to be handed over to the autobiographer.

The Prairie, a Tale, by the Author of “The Spy, Pioneers,” &c.; 1827.—The scenes of these vigorous and not uninteresting volumes lie far away beyond the limits of civilization, to the west of the American settlements, beyond even the “father of waters,” amidst the wild and howling wastes, the world of *Æolus*, unskreened by the forests and mountains of the north, succession of hill and vale endless and countless, like the heaving waves of ocean on the first subsidence of a storm—the hunting grounds of hostile tribes—countries yet undescribed—to describe which is the writer’s main object, and one which he successfully accomplishes. The characters of the drama consist of a family of roaming whites retreating before the advance of “clearing” and settlement;—a solitary old man, who, though born by the sea-side, has weathered eighty winters among or near to the Indians, and in habits and sentiments is himself an Indian, except that he has a dash of Christianity in him—the Scout of the “Mohicans,” and Leather-stocking of the “Pioneers,” grown with his age more emphatical in manner, and garrulous in fact; add to these the red-skin chiefs of the Siouxes and the Pawnees, and you have all the personages worth speaking about. Out of these raw materials to make a narrative calculated, if not very deeply to fix the reader’s sympathies, yet capable of carrying him onwards to the end, implies no ordinary powers. Mr. Cooper has deservedly won the title of American novelist. The field is all his own; no European at least will contend the palm with him.

The story, if story it can be called, is of very loose construction. A man of the name of Ishmael Bush, of a rough and resolute cast, unaccustomed and unable to bear the restraint of society, quits the borders of Kentucky, as the clearings advance, to penetrate into the far interior—accompanied by a numerous family of sons and daughters, and a young woman, called Ellen, someway connected, who has seen something of civilized life, of considerable

beauty, activity, and resolution. He has with him also his wife's brother, a kidnapper by profession, a deep-dyed scoundrel; and an American naturalist, whose purpose is to skim the cream of the virgin territory—a mere caricature. Ishmael's motives for advancing some hundreds of miles beyond the remotest settlement are but obscurely developed, but by degrees we learn he has with him also the daughter of a wealthy Spanish settler of Louisiana, kidnapped by his respectable brother-in-law.

At the first resting for the night, after our introduction to the party, he encounters an old man, a trapper, with a rifle and his dog. From him some information is gathered of the state of the country, and things appear to be not in the securest state. A party of marauding Siouxes are near, and precautions must be taken against surprise. This old man plays a very conspicuous part through the whole piece. He knows perfectly the country, the inhabitants, their characters and manners, and from this perfect knowledge he is enabled at all times to draw the truest conclusions from the doubtful signs—almost prophetically. His aged hound is scarcely less prescient.

By degrees assemble two or three others, particularly a bee-hunter, a random reckless fellow, between whom and Ellen exists a clandestine attachment, and for her sake it is that all of a sudden he appears in the neighbourhood of Ishmael's caravan. Then comes a young American captain, the husband of the kidnapped lady, who is traversing the Prairie in search of his bride. He has got scent of Ishmael, and he and his men, a small party of dragoons, are chasing in all directions. He encounters the old trapper, the bee-hunter, and the naturalist; and a plan is laid to surprise Ishmael's entrenchment in his absence. They succeed; discover the bride, snatch her from thralldom, and fly with her to some place of concealment—Ellen also accompanying them. Scarcely were they out of sight when Ishmael returns. He believes himself betrayed by the old trapper, and prepares for vengeance—he had with him seven stout sons—one just murdered, as he believes, by this same old trapper.

In the meanwhile the fugitives, seeking for shelter, are surprised first by one party of Indians, and then another; and after a variety of marvellous escapes, chiefly through the trapper's sagacity, particularly from a circle of fire, which the Indians had kindled around them, they, together with a Pawnee chief, whom they had conciliated, all fall into the

hands of the ferocious Siouxes. Here are new perils. The men—except the old trapper—are all bound for instant torture and death; and the ladies, the chief destined for his brides. The Pawnee chief, at the moment when death seems inevitable, hears the far-off war-whoop of his tribe, and by a desperate effort kills his tormentor, breaks through all obstacles, and joins his friends. A fierce conflict ensues between the hostile tribes. In the meanwhile the old trapper cuts the bonds of the captives, but before they are capable of using their benumbed limbs, up comes Ishmael and his party, and they are bound again.

The battle over, old Ishmael proceeds very gravely to the summary trial of his prisoners. The captain and his lady are first generously dismissed, and a safe conveyance offered; but the captain has now his own men at hand and declines the honour. More difficulty is made with the bee-hunter and Ellen—the one he hates, the other he loves; but on her avowing her attachment for the bee-man, he dismisses them both. Then follows that of the old trapper, whom he believed to be the murderer of his son. The murderer, however, proves to be the old kidnapper—and *his* execution is therefore determined upon. At first the rifle is raised for the purpose; but eventually he is kindly put into such a position on the top of a rock, with the branches of a lofty tree impending, that he can conveniently hang himself—which the desperation of his circumstances soon compels him to do.

The favourite character is the old trapper; he is one of nature's master-pieces; untarnished by the vices of society; unenlightened, or rather unobscured by the fancies of speculation; and indebted for his wisdom solely to his sheer experience, and a reasoning brain. He is at times exceedingly prosing—associating so long as he has done with Indians, he might have learnt to condense his thoughts a little closer. Though sententious enough, he is very far from laconic. His debates with the naturalist, who is a mere philosopher on system, an atheist, and gambler, though meant to put philosophy to shame, completely fails, and solely from his making the representative of philosophy an ass. The chiefs of the two tribes are pieces of vigorous painting—the lines all too broadly marked: but with all the writer's efforts to exhibit, *en beau*, the delights of freedom, and the absence of the shackles of society, the only effect is to make us bless ourselves in our own security.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

April 11.—A paper, by Colonel Beaufoy, was read, containing his observations of eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, from 2d January to 15th May 1826; together with some observations of occultations of stars by the moon.

A paper was also read "On the Longitude of Madras, as deduced from Observations of Eclipses of the first and second Satellites of Jupiter, taken between the years 1817 and 1826. By John Goldingham, Esq., F.R.S."

The eclipses stated in this paper are ninety-six in number, being immersions and emersions of the first and second satellites only. Of these, eleven are directly comparable with those of Colonel Beaufoy, made at Bushy Heath, viz. eight of the first, and three of the second; and their mean result, which of course is independent of the errors of the tables, is stated by Mr. Goldingham at $5^{\circ} 21' 9.3''$, being the longitude of Madras, east of Greenwich. The remainder, consisting of thirty-four emersions and thirty-five immersions of the first satellite, and twelve emersions and four immersions of the second, are not directly comparable with Colonel Beaufoy's. Mr. Goldingham endeavours, however, to render them so, or at least to eliminate the errors of the tables, by determining the latter from Colonel Beaufoy's observations made nearly about the same time, and then applying it to the results of a comparison of his own with the Nautical Almanack as a correction, and, in this way, deduces a conclusion agreeing almost exactly with the foregoing.

This is not the place to enter into any discussion on the legitimacy of the process pursued by Mr. Goldingham for this purpose, or of its general applicability in the present state of the tables. The end of this abstract will be better answered by presenting in one view the results of these several classes of observations as obtained separately, by direct comparison with the Nautical Almanack, *uncorrected* by reference to Colonel Beaufoy's or any other observations, which may be stated as follows:

Madras, east of Greenwich.

By thirty-four emersions of the first satellite observed at Madras, and compared with the Nautical Almanack . . . $5^{\circ} 21' 6.5''$

By thirty-five immersions of ditto, similarly observed and compared . . . $5^{\circ} 21' 12.4''$

Mean longitude of Madras $5^{\circ} 21' 9.4''$

Difference of immersions and emersions . . . $5.9''$

By twelve emersions of the second satellite, similarly observed and compared . . . $5^{\circ} 21' 0.5''$
By four immersions of ditto . . . $5^{\circ} 21' 33.1''$

Mean longitude . . . $5^{\circ} 21' 16.8''$
Difference of immersions and emersions . . . $32.6''$

The latter series has, however, only the weight of four double observations, and is therefore no way to be put in competition, with the former, corroborated as it is to minute precision by the results of the comparative observations; so that, on the whole, we may take $5^{\circ} 21' 9.35''$ as the true longitude of the Madras observatory.

Mr. Goldingham states the difference of longitudes between the observatory and Fort St. George at $2' 21''$ (of space), the latter being to the east; so that the longitude of Fort St. George, Madras, is $5^{\circ} 21' 18.7''$.

Immediately after the conclusion of the ordinary meeting of the society, a *Special General Meeting* was held, pursuant to a notice to that effect, for the purpose of distributing the honorary medals awarded by the Council to Mr. Bailly, Mr. Stratford, and Colonel Beaufoy—a ceremony accompanied by a most able and eloquent speech from the president.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The Anniversary Meeting of this Society took place on Saturday; the Marquess of Lansdowne President, in the chair. The meeting was very numerously attended. Amongst other distinguished supporters of this establishment, we noticed Earls Spencer, Malmesbury, and Carnarvon, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Marquess Carmarthen, Lord Auckland, Sir Everard Home, Sir Robert Heron, M.P., Sir T. D. Acland, Bart., Sir J. de Beauvoir, Mr. Baring Wall, M.P., &c. &c. &c. The president having adverted with much feeling and effect to the vacancy occasioned by the lamented death of the late president, and his own accession to that office, reported to the meeting the progress of the society during the last year; from which it appeared that the Museum had been enriched by numerous and valuable donations; amongst the most conspicuous of these was particularized a female ostrich from his Majesty. The magnificent collection of the late Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, consisting of mamalia, birds, reptiles, insects, zoophytes, &c., has also been transferred to the society. The president further informed the meeting, that the works in the Regent's Park are rapidly advancing: the walks have been laid out and partly executed, and some pheasantries and aviaries, with sheds and enclosures for some of the rarer animals belonging to the society, are in active progress. It is expected that the gardens will possess

sufficient interest to authorize the opening of them during the ensuing autumn. The president then announced that the number of subscribers exceeds 500; and that the list is daily increasing; he also gave a highly favourable report of the funds of the society, which, after defraying all charges attending upon the various works in progress, leave a considerable and increasing balance in the bankers' hands.

MEDICO BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

9th February, 1827.—The chairman announced that H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence had inserted his name as a patron in the signature book, and that H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge had also honoured the society, by allowing his name to be added to the list of honorary patrons. Aucco oil, the produce of an East-India plant, termed "Jaum," was presented by Henry Thomas Colebrooke, Esq., F.R.S. Dr. Sigmond, professor of Toxicology, delivered his introductory discourse.

The society's anniversary dinner, which had been postponed from the 16th January, in consequence of the death of the Duke of York, was celebrated on Saturday, February the 10th, at the Thatched House Tavern, Sir James McGrigor, K.T.S. president, in the chair.

9th March.—His Grace the Duke of Wellington, having signified the pleasure he would feel in belonging to the society, was immediately ballotted for, and declared unanimously elected an honorary fellow. Dr. Sigmond delivered his second lecture on poisons.

4th April.—The chairman, John Frost, Esq., informed the meeting, that he had been honoured with an audience of the Duke of Wellington, who had inserted his name in the signature book. A letter was read from the Right Hon. Robert Peel, announcing His Majesty's gracious acceptance of the society's address on the death of their lamented patron, His late R. H. the Duke of York. The Dukes of Somerset, and St. Alban's, Lords Kenmure, and Nugent, and the Right Hon. Charles W. W. Wynn, were elected into the society. General Neville, Sir John Scott Lillie, Benjamin Hawes, Samuel Reid, William Loddiges, and T. B. Mackay, Esqrs., with several others, were proposed as members. A paper, on the *Materia Medica of the Chinese*, by John Reeves, Esq., F.R.S. of Canton, was read, and some interesting remarks on the *materia medica of Demerara*, communicated verbally by M. C. Frend, Esq., F.R.S.—The Meeting adjourned to 11th May.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Notice regarding an Advertisement of an Assurance Company, inserted in the last Number of the *Edinburgh Review*.—Questions respecting assurance upon life are of such vital importance to the community—while, at the same time, the subject is of such difficulty for the generality of readers, and so imperfectly understood, that the gratitude of the public for any correct and judicious information on this head must be as unlimited as their indignation at all who mislead them. The first is the due reward of Mr. Babbage's labours. The writer in the *Edinburgh Review* who criticised his work is unquestionably entitled to the second. We do not say that the latter has intentionally misled the public; but as it is occasionally supposed that the contributions of a mere sciolist would not be admitted into that erudite miscellany, the world must either impeach the knowledge of the editor and author, or suspect their integrity. As for ourselves, we do nothing but rectify error, and point out misrepresentation: of motives, we presume not to judge. If we offer an opinion, it is that the article in question is to be considered as an advertisement, and, remembering the fate of Mr. Sedgwick, we hope—that it was paid for accordingly. Now, before we enter more fully into the subject, we may quietly hint that assertion is not proof; and that, when the reviewer asserts that "the impression made upon the minds of ninety-

nine persons out of a hundred will probably be, that the premiums of the Alliance and Sun, at every period of life, are exorbitant," he had not read the book he was presuming to condemn, or, having read, did not understand it—a table at the end thereof [Table 7] being adapted to prevent this insinuation; and when the reviewer also (page 484) denies that "the experience of the Equitable is supported by the experience of the other offices," let us inquire if this communication is to be regarded as official. If so, let him state to what office he belongs, instead of allowing it to be inferred from the tenor of his paper. Let him avow the institution into whose arcana he has been permitted to pry; and the world will thank him for his valuable communication. As it is, we do not see why his unconfirmed, anonymous assertion is to be received in opposition to what really are official documents. "The most palpable error, however, contained in the book," observes the reviewer, "is perhaps to be found in the following extract:—'If two companies both offer to return one-half of the profits to the assured, and one of them has a capital of 200,000*l.*, although their profits may be the same, if one of the offices deduct out of them an interest for the shareholders before the division is made, the results to the assurers will be very different. Let the divisions of both offices be made septennially, and let them each amount in the gross to 100,000*l.*, &c. &c.'"

In one case, the assurers will divide among them 15,000*l.*; in the other, they will share 50,000*l.*; and yet the proportion allotted to them is nominally the same.' Here one office is supposed to have a capital of 200,000*l.*, and the other no capital. But when Mr. Babbage comes to state the matter in his table, he *drops out* the simple quantity of 200,000*l.* from the calculation, as of no value, and charges the interest for the proprietors entirely on the profits. But what does he think the office does with this capital? Does he think, &c. &c. Mr. Babbage's account, accurately stated, would, on this supposition (that a capital of 200,000*l.* might be disposed of at ten per cent. annuity interest), stand as follows:—*Office with capital*—Profit of seven years, 100,000*l.*; interest on capital, at ten per cent. compound interest, for seven years, less 5 per cent. simple interest to shareholders, 47,635*l.* 17*s.* 1*d.*" This is too absurd! According to the reviewer's statement of Mr. Babbage's meaning, the interest on a capital of 200,000*l.* at ten per cent. is 20,000*l.*; the interest, at five per cent., to be deducted for shareholders, is 10,000*l.*, leaving 10,000*l.* to accumulate annually, at compound interest, during seven years, which, at ten per cent., amounts to 94,871*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.*, or precisely double the sum the reviewer allows. So that reasonings, founded on a gross miscalculation, and adapted to mislead the public on a topic which comes home to us individually, are admitted into a journal professing exclusively to enlighten the public on every question which concerns them, in contradiction to the legitimate demonstrations of a highly-talented *uninterested* individual, endeavouring to supply a popular view of so important a subject. Is this negligence, design, or incompetence? But "the most palpable error" is not of the author, but the reviewer: the former supposing the gross sum divided by each office septennially to be the same; the latter going on an opposite supposition. If it be asked, what *ceteris paribus* can occasion so great a difference in the profits, we will answer the question by supplying at least one item in the account. The Alliance Company give, for example, 200*l.* per annum a-piece to twenty directors, and 300*l.* per annum to four vice-presidents; another institution divides ten guineas among all the directors who attend at each weekly board; thus effecting a saving, in the cost of directors alone, of 4,680*l.* As integrity in responsible situations is to be insured only by high salaries (at least there is an axiom to that effect), we cannot doubt the vaunted honour of the former of these establishments, and hope they find that talent and ability may be purchased at the same rate. There is one more topic to which we wish to call the public attention, and, for the benefit of our country readers especially, insert the following extract from Babbage on Life Insurance, page 136:—"A clergyman, in order to provide at his death for a numerous family, succeeded, by

great economy, in saving from his income sufficient to assure his life for 2,000*l.* Being unacquainted with business, he unfortunately trusted the choice of the office at which he assured to the attorney whom he had been in the habit of employing. The attorney effected the policy at one of those offices which make no return of any part of the profits, and which, notwithstanding, charge the same prices as the Equitable. During about twenty years he received a commission of five per cent. from the office, which was paid out of the annual sum with difficulty spared from the scanty income of his employer; and, on the death of the clergyman, his seven surviving orphans received from the office the original sum assured, 2,000*l.*, instead of about 3,200*l.*, which they might have received from the Equitable, had not the bribe (a little more than 50*l.*) held out by the other office been too great for the integrity of their father's solicitor. In contemplating with scorn the mercenary agent who betrayed, for so trifling a sum, the confidence reposed in him by his client, whose distressed family were thus deprived of 1,200*l.*, ought not some portion of our indignation to be reserved for those who tempted him to this breach of trust?" &c. &c.

On this becoming exposure of the evils resulting from commission allowed to solicitors, the reviewer observes, that "it is a little out of place. It is obviously one of those absurd results of competition which must manifest itself as long as human nature remains what it is; and its removal, though devoutly to be wished, is very little to be expected.... Where it is openly acknowledged and publicly advertised, and freely acted upon by nearly all the assurance companies, there seems little room for just exception. The practice being universally known, its injurious effects are greatly mitigated.... But an attorney, now-a-days, has very little temptation to lead his client astray in this direction, as there are companies, we believe, of every class, which give the same commission of five per cent."—(*Ed. Rev.* xc. p. 500, note). "The height of competition has induced some offices to grant to solicitors bringing business to their agents, a handsome extra commission; so that a great part of their country business is charged with a still further reduction on the gross premiums."—(*Ed. Rev.* xc. p. 501). As these two passages contradict each other, and as we have already shewn the incompetence of this writer, to his reasonings we shall pay no farther attention: but we would point out the loose morality of the above note to general reprehension. Life assurance is a subject which has been most studiously mystified by the agents, *secretaries*, and actuaries of the various companies engaged in it, which, in the mean while, have been accumulating and sharing immense profits (the triumphant result of the abuse of science over vulgar credulity), in which the various subscribers to these institutions were entitled to participate.

A person whose talents and attainments enabled him to raise the veil, boldly states the claims of the different assurance societies to general confidence, and exposes the numerous arithmetical sophisms by which they have deluded the public, and have been hoping to execute future depredations. One journal (the Quarterly), hitherto supposed to be adverse to the diffusion of knowledge among the people, confesses the obligation they are under to this writer, and endeavours to forward his views of enlightening the community by a still more popular exposition of the subject. Another journal (the Edinburgh), hitherto supposed to be the organ of truth, the standard of accuracy, and the inveterate foe of all that is corrupt and mysterious, stands forward to condemn Mr. Babbage for presuming to assail what he (Mr. Babbage) proves to be corrupt; advocates some of the worst abuses in the system of life assurance, of such vital importance to this nation at large; and, by a series of miscalculations and unsupported assertions, endeavours again to mystify the public. Why should the advocate of the people's rights and instruction now labour to deceive them? We hope the answer is not to be found in the ill-gotten wealth of the societies whose cause he advocates, and in the frailty of human nature.

Improved Hygrometer.—Until Mr. Daniel's very valuable invention, no hygrometer existed which could be considered in any other light than as an instrument of comparison, the positive value of the zero point being undetermined. By a very simple but ingenious contrivance, M. Arago has so far perfected the hair hygrometer, that, by ascertaining the value of the extreme points, by a direct comparison with Mr. Daniel's instrument, the intermediate degrees may be known with great accuracy. The principle of his machine is this: the wheel, instead of being moved by the expansion and contraction of a single hair, is regulated in its motion by the joint effect of several hairs, connected together by small slips of ebony, resembling and acting as splinter-bars to a team; and a correct idea may be formed of the nature of the instrument by describing on paper the manner in which horses are harnessed to the pole of a carriage, only substituting for the pole itself the silk band which embraces the periphery of the wheel of the hygrometer.

Scientific Trifles.—We have heard of "splitting straws;" and, in fact, there is a little contrivance for the purpose; by no means a diminutive limb of the law, but a small cheap machine, for enabling our workmen to perfect the manufacture of straw hats. A very ingenious gentleman has recently invented an engine, to be moved by steam or any other adequate power, for cutting, splitting, and binding fire-wood into bundles. This happy illustration of the old adage of "breaking a gnat upon a wheel," is, we learn from Newton's Journal, the subject of a patent—a useless waste of money, the cost of the machine being sufficient to supply all London

with manual-cut, split, and bound fire-wood for years, if not for ages. This last, however, is far surpassed by "another perpetual motion, by Sir W. Congreve," contrived, no doubt, for the benefit of the numerous mining companies in which the baronet was so large a proprietor; inasmuch as it is a sort of water-wheel, to be worked by the force of capillary attraction, accumulating a weight of water greater on one side than on the other, and that sufficient, *he believes*, not only to overcome the friction of the wheel, but to afford a surplus of power for any required purpose. Sir W. Congreve may believe he could thus neutralize the friction of his wheel; others know that he could not: but he is a great projector.

Situation of Benares.—The exact situation of Benares, so celebrated in the history of Hindu astronomy, and containing such stupendous but rude instruments of observation, has been recently determined by Messrs. Cracroft and Prinsep: the latitude of the observatory is $25^{\circ} 18' 33''$ N.; the longitude is $82^{\circ} 35' 52\frac{1}{2}''$ E. of Greenwich.

Barometrical Measurements.—Although the corrections applied to formulæ in physics are, in very many instances, carried much too far for all practical purposes, still, where modern discoveries suggest modifications which are likely to produce any sensible effect upon the result, we think they should receive all possible publicity; and, therefore, present the following formulæ for determining heights by the barometer—the result of a long dissertation of Mr. Anderson, inserted in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal:—

$$h \text{ (the height in fathoms)} = 10000 \left\{ 1 + 0.002086 \left(\frac{t + t'}{2} - 32 \right) \right\} \left(1 + \frac{f + f'}{b + b' - f - f'} \right)$$

$$\log. \left(\frac{b - \frac{1}{2} f}{b' - \frac{1}{2} f'} \right).$$

t and t' represent the temperatures of the air at the lower and higher stations; f and f' , the elastic forces of the vapour at these stations; b and b' the heights of the barometer, the second being reduced to the temperature of the instrument at the lower station. The temperature is expressed in Fahrenheit's scale.

A Hint to Florists.—The impetuous career of modern research has led to the neglect of numerous discoveries, if not always of general utility, at least frequently pleasing in their application. In one of the volumes of the Philadelphia Transactions, a method of preserving or of recovering flowers when culled for ornament is recorded—for the insertion of which our London readers, at least, will feel indebted to us. It is the substitution of camphorated for plain water; and if this be frequently changed, a flower must be very far gone if it do not return to its original vigour, although it may require a longer or a shorter time. We have recently seen the experiment tried with two slips of lilac, which

were allowed to become perfectly flaccid: one of them was then immersed in a vessel of plain water, the other in one of camphorated water. The former became more and more languid, and soon died; while the latter, after an apparent struggle of several hours, entirely recovered, and, in a day or two, displayed two additional leaves.

Perkins's Steam-Engine.—The following testimonial regarding the merits of Mr. Perkins's steam-engine, signed by several respectable engineers, has been published by Mr. Newton; and containing as it does the most recent information respecting this admirable invention, we doubt not that our readers will be interested in its perusal. They state that, having made themselves practically acquainted with Perkins's high pressure safety steam-engine, they do not hesitate to state, that he has established the following new and important facts in the construction of his engine:—1. Absolute safety; 2. Greater economy in fuel than in any other engine hitherto invented; 3. The removal of all the reaction of the steam and atmospheric air on the eduction side of the piston, without the necessity of an air-pump; 4. A new and simple flexible metallic piston, requiring no oil nor lubrication whatever; 5. A reduction of three-fourths of the weight and bulk, by very much simplifying certain complicated parts of steam-engines, and substituting a very simple eduction-valve for the one commonly used both for eduction and induction;—by which means a reduction is made in the size of the engine, a saving of power is effected and a diminution of friction, less wear and tear occur, and less destructibility of materials; and, lastly, the joints, by Mr. Perkins's peculiar mode of connecting, are more easily made secure and tight, even with the steam at a pressure of one thousand pounds to the square inch, than the joints of the low pressure condensing engines.

Salt Springs at Salina.—The following is an abstract of an interesting account of the salt springs at Salina, in the state of New York, which was published at the end of last year in America, and has not, we believe, been noticed by any English journalist. The salt springs in question are situated near the lake Arondaga, 130 miles to the west of Albany: the lake is six miles in length, and one broad, and, although surrounded on every side by copious salt springs, its water is not in the least affected by a similar taste, at least at the surface. The sides of the lake are marshy, and at Salina the marsh is of a con-

siderable extent. The salt water there issues from a black earth, through small orifices, and is collected into reservoirs for evaporation. The valley of Arondaga is many feet below the level of the adjacent plains: on the surface is found a black stratum of very muddy earth, from three to four feet in thickness; then follows a bed of marl, varying in depth from three to twelve feet, and containing many organic remains. According to the analysis of Mr. Beck, the salt water consists of, for 1,000 parts of water, of carbonic acid, 0.77; sulphuric acid, 2.46; muriatic acid, 69.20; lime, 4.50; magnesia, 1.12; soda, 77.00.

Mineral Waters in India.—Upon an analysis of the medicinal waters of Bridhkal Kund, the same as those of Benares, we learn from the last volume of the Asiatic Researches, Sir James Prinsep found that 1,000 parts of the water contained, of carbonate of lime, 1.33; sulphate of soda, 0.75; muriate of magnesia, 0.94; muriate of soda, 2.10; nitrates of potash and of soda, 2.46: total, 7.40.

The eleventh anniversary meeting of the governors of the Royal Dispensary for diseases of the ear, was lately held, when it appeared that, since the establishment of the charity in 1816, upwards of 6,540 patients have been received, 2,620 cured, and 1,930 relieved. Out of this number 200 persons, afflicted with nervous deafness, who were out of employment, have been cured or relieved, and thereby rendered capable of following their various avocations.

At this meeting, Mr. Curtis, the surgeon of the institution, remarked, how little attention had been paid to this important organ, in consequence of its mechanism being so extremely complicated, and little known; but observed, that it was only by a knowledge of its anatomy, joined with daily experience in practice, that its physiology and diseases could be thoroughly understood; hence these considerations should be a powerful incentive to its study; for, had medical men rested satisfied with what was formerly known of the complex mechanism of the heart, the great discovery of the circulation of the blood would never have taken place, for it is only by persevering investigation that we can arrive at our object; and he assured the governors, from the liberal encouragement that he had received, nothing should be wanting on his part to extend the knowledge of acoustic surgery.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Miss Roberts's long-expected work is on the eve of publication; it is entitled, *Memoirs of the Rival Houses of York and Lancaster, Historical and Biographical; embracing a Period of English History from the Ac-*

cession of Richard II. to the Death of Henry VII. The author has been at considerable research, and report speaks very favourably of the performance.

The MS. *Herbal* of Jean Jacques Rousseau is, we understand, for sale in London. It consists of eight volumes in 4to., containing

about 800 different sorts of Plants, in a high state of preservation, with their various descriptions, in the hand-writing of J. J. Rousseau. It is extremely curious.

A very superior edition, in 6 vols. 4to. (the price not to exceed 6 guineas), of Matthew Henry's Commentary on the Old and New Testaments, with an Introduction by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, Assistant Minister of Wheler Chapel, author of Scripture Help, &c., is in the press, and will be speedily published.

Early in June will be published, *Rambles in Madeira and Portugal* in the early part of 1826, with an Appendix, illustrative of the Climate, Produce, and Civil History of the Island, in post 8vo.

Also, *Views in the Madeiras*, executed on stone, by Westall, Nicholson, Villeneuve, Harding, Gaucé, &c.; from drawings taken on the spot, illustrating the most remarkable scenes and objects in the islands.

A new and copious General Index to the edition of Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible, in 5 vols. 4to., edited by the late Mr. C. Taylor, is in the press.

A Vocabulary to the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, with the derivation and composition of the Words, with References and Explanations, by George Hughes. M. A., is nearly ready.

Mr. Butler, of Hackney, has in the press his *Questions in Roman History*.

Messrs. Christ and Co. (late of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and now of London), have discovered a method of enamelling cards, and printing on them in ink, gold, silver, and other metals. These enamelled cards for visiting, invitation, and other purposes, have an extremely elegant appearance, and for painting on they answer all the purposes of ivory. A card lately printed for Messrs. Treuttel and Wurtz, in gold, is very beautiful.

Mr. W. B. Cooke announces *Thirty Views in Rome*, drawn and engraved by M. Pinelli, of Rome, and printed in gold, by the newly-discovered process.

A History of the Cities of London and Westminster, the Borough of Southwark, and Parts adjacent, is in course of publication, in weekly numbers. By Thomas Allen, author of the History of Lambeth, &c. &c. Illustrated by numerous engravings of Rare Plans, Antiquities, Views, Public Buildings, &c.

Mr. W. I. Thoms announces, in continuation of his series of Early Prose Romances, which he is publishing in a very agreeable form, that very rare and curious fiction, which treats of the "Life of Virgilius and of his Death, and of the many Marvayles that he did by Whyche-crafte and Negromancy, through the help of the Devils of Hell."

A Solemn Appeal to the Common Sense of England, against the Principles of the Right Hon. George Canning, and his Associates, by an English Protestant, is on the eve of publication.

A member of the University of Cambridge
M.M. New Series.—Vol. III. No. 18.

has in the press, *The Elements of Euclid*, containing the first six and the eleventh and twelfth books, chiefly from the text of Dr. Simson; adapted to elementary instruction by the introduction of Symbols.

Mr. J. P. Neale will, in the course of the ensuing autumn, resume the publication of his work of Noblemen and Gentlemen's Seats, which has been suspended for a few months, in consequence of the time required to collect views and information relative to the respective mansions.

Mr. Elijah Galloway announces a History of the Steam-Engine, from its earliest invention to the present time; illustrated by numerous Engravings from original Drawings.

Some Account of Llangollen and its Vicinity, including a Circuit of about Seven Miles, is in the press.

The Rev. Dr. Russell will shortly publish, in 2 vols. 8vo., the *Connexion of Sacred and Profane History*, from the Death of Joshua until the Decline of the Kingdoms of Israel and Judah; intended to complete the works of Shuckford and Prideaux.

Mr. W. Harvey announces an Account of Hayti, from the Expulsion of the French to the Death of Christophe.

A volume of Original Prose Fictions, by various authors, entitled, *Tales of all Nations*, is in the press.

The Poetical Works of Collins, with ample Biographical and Critical Notes, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, is nearly ready. Also, the Dramatic Works of John Webster; now first collected, with Notes, by the same Gentleman.

The *Angelo Anecdotes*, containing Memoirs of the celebrated Fencing Master, Angelo, from the middle of the last Century to the present time, with a multitude of Contemporary Notices, will be shortly published.

The first number of a Series of Lithographic Views in the Brazils, together with Scenes of the Manners, Customs, and Costume of the Inhabitants, from Drawings by Maurice Rugendas, a German artist, is on the eve of publication. It will be accompanied by letter-press description, under the superintendence of Baron Humboldt.

A new work of the celebrated Le Brun, on Comparative Physiognomy, is about to be offered to the public. It consists of thirty-seven large Designs in Lithography, by Engelmann and Co., developing the Relation between the Human Physiognomy and that of the Brute Creation; with a Dissertation on the System.

The third number of *Views in Scotland*, from Drawings by F. Nicholson, Esq., will be shortly published.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

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The Elements of Plane Trigonometry, designed for the Use of Students in the University. By John Hind, M.A., late Fellow

and Tutor of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Price 10s. 6d.

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To Henry Knight, of Birmingham, clock-maker, for his invention of a machine apparatus, or method for ascertaining the attendance to duty of any watchman, workman, or other person, which machine apparatus or method is also applicable to other purposes—28th April; 6 months.

To John M'Curdy, of Cecil-street, Strand, Esq. for an invention of certain improvements in the process of rectification of spirits—28th April; 6 months.

To John Browne, and William Duderidge Champion, of Bridgewater, for a certain com-

position or substance, which may be manufactured or moulded either into bricks or into blocks of any form for building; and also manufactured and moulded to, and made applicable for, all internal and external ornamental architectural purposes, and for various other purposes—5th May; 2 months.

To David Bentley, of Eccles, Lancaster, bleacher, for an improved carriage wheel—8th May; 6 months.

To Thomas Patrick Goggin, of Wadworth, near Doncaster, for a new or improved machine for dibbling grain of every description—19th May; 2 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in June 1813, expire in the present month of June 1827.

5. Charles Wyatt, London, for his method of facing brick and other buildings with stone.

— Richard Witty, Kingston-upon-Hull,

for additional improvements in steam-engines, and in tools for making them.

15. William Cooke, Greenwich, for improvements in the art of making and working ploughs.

26. Charles Goodwin, London, for an improved self-adjusting socket for candlesticks, with a self-extinguisher.

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— Charles Wilks, Ballincolly, Cork, for improved naves of wheels for carriages, and centres of wheels for carriages, and machinery.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS KING OF SAXONY.

Frederick Augustus, King of Saxony, eldest son of Frederick Christian, Elector of Saxony, was born on the 23d of December, 1750. At the age of thirteen he succeeded his father, as elector; the administration being intrusted, during his minority, to his eldest uncle, Prince Xavier. In 1768, when he assumed the government, Saxony was still suffering from the consequences of the seven years war; but, under the rule of the young prince, directed by his minister, Gutschmidt, it soon attained a comparatively flourishing state. In the course of a few days, bank paper, which had been greatly depreciated, rose above its nominal value.

In 1769, Frederick Augustus married Mary Amelia Augusta, sister of the elector, afterwards King of Bavaria. The only offspring of the marriage was one daughter, Mary Augusta, born in 1782, and married in 1819, to Ferdinand VII. King of Spain.

In the early part of Frederick's electoral reign the ancient Saxon code, notorious for its severity in criminal cases, was greatly meliorated, and the torture was abolished. In 1776, a plot was formed against the elector's person; but, through the information of the King of Prussia, it was discovered in time to prevent mischief, and Colonel Agnolo, a Transalpine, the chief conspirator, was arrested. The electress dowager, dissatisfied with her political nullity in the state, was supposed to be implicated in this affair. The sincere attachment to the elector, at this period, evinced by Marcolini, an Italian, belonging to the household, subsequently procured for him the rank of minister.

Maximilian, elector of Bavaria, the last male branch of his house, died, in 1777. The nearest heir to his personal property was the mother of the elector of Saxony; and, to en-

force his claims, as her representative, that prince allied himself with Frederick II. of Prussia, in opposition to Austria, which, after a brief contest, withdrew her claim, and Frederick of Saxony became possessed of half a million sterling of the personal effects of the deceased elector.

By locality of situation, as well as by political connexion, the elector of Saxony was induced to join with Prussia to watch, if not to overawe Austria. He was also one of the first to accede to the alliance of princes, projected by the king of Prussia, ostensibly to support the neutrality of the secondary states of the empire, but virtually to operate against the schemes of Austria.

In 1791, Frederick of Saxony magnanimously declined the offer of the crown of Poland, proffered to him in the name of the Polish nation. In the same year, the memorable conferences, between the emperor Leopold and the king of Prussia, were held at Pilnitz, one of Frederick's country houses. The elector of Saxony was unable to avert the projected war against France; but he entered into the coalition against that power with great reluctance. In the ensuing year, when the French troops invaded the Netherlands, and the districts on the Lower Rhine, he was compelled to furnish, for his own protection, as a prince of the empire, his contingent of troops to the general army. For four years he adhered to the allies; but when, after the treaty of Basil, between Prussia and France, the French General Jourdan in 1796, penetrated into Franconia, he proposed an armistice, and acted on the principle of neutrality. During the congress of Rastadt, from 1797 to 1799, he exerted himself to the utmost to preserve the integrity of the empire. In the contest between France and Austria, in 1805, he remained neutral; but, from his con-

nexion with Prussia, he was under the necessity of granting to the troops of that power a passage through Saxony, and also to furnish, in the following year a body of 22,000 auxiliaries. The victories of Jena and Auerstadt laid open his territories to the French: the respect due to his personal character proved serviceable to his people; but, as the price of the elector's neutrality, Buonaparte subjected Saxony to heavy requisitions, and to a contribution in money of 1,000,000 sterling. To relieve his subjects, the elector made great advances to France, out of his own personal treasury, and from his own personal estates.

In consequence of the treaty signed at Posen, in December 1806, the fortifications of Dresden were levelled with the ground. Saxony, however, was constituted a kingdom; and, as a king, the elector acceded to the confederation of the Rhine. The subsequent treaty of Tilsit conveyed to the new king certain provinces detached from Prussia in various quarters. Frederick was, on the other hand, bound to maintain a body of 20,000 men to be at the command of Buonaparte for the defence of France. Consequently in 1809, he was compelled to march his troops against Austria; but it was evident that the proclamations which he issued from Frankfort, whither he retired whilst his states were occupied by the Austrians, were dictated by his French connexion.

The king of Saxony was obliged to quit Dresden on the approach of the Russians, in the beginning of 1813; but he was restored to France after the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen; and afterwards, his country became the seat of war. Numerous were the disasters by which its utter ruin was threatened. Ultimately, the king of Saxony was conducted to Berlin, while a Russian general commanded in Dresden. In October 1814, the Russian officer delivered up his charge to the Prussians, a transfer supposed to have been long previously arranged. Against this arrangement Frederick made a most energetic protest, positively refusing his consent or acceptance of any indemnification whatsoever. At length, in February 1815, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, determined that the King of Saxony should relinquish to Prussia a tract of valuable country, containing 164,000 inhabitants—that he should lose his share of Poland—that he should cede tracts of land to Saxe-Weimar and to Austria—and that his remaining territory should be reduced to an extent of country, inhabited by only 1,128,000. Soon afterwards, Frederick Augustus united his contingent of troops to the allied armies, and they formed a part of the army of occupation on the frontier of France. His efforts were henceforward sedulously employed in healing the deep and dangerous wounds of his kingdom. Through the influence of the King of Prussia, he, on the 1st of May 1817, acceded to the Holy Alliance.

His Majesty, the King of Saxony, expired at Dresden, on the 5th of May, after an illness of two days. His successor, the present king, is his cousin, of the same name, the son of his uncle, Maximilian, and Caroline Mary Theresa of Parma. He was born on the 18th of May, 1797. He accompanied the Saxon troops to France in 1815, and he was then contracted with a daughter of the Emperor of Austria.

THE DEAN OF DURHAM.

The Very Rev. Charles Henry Hall, D.D. Dean of Durham, was the son of the late Dean of Boeking. He was born about the year 1763; the early part of his education was received at Westminster; whence, in 1779, he was elected a student of Christ Church, Oxford. In 1781 he gained the Chancellor's prize for Latin Verse; took the degree of B.A. May 9, 1783; and, in the following year, he obtained the prize for the English essay on the Use of Medals. He became M.A. January 26, 1786; B.D. June 30, 1794; and in 1798 was appointed to preach the Bampton Lectures. He took the degree of D.D. Oct 23, 1800; and, in 1807, on the resignation of Bishop Randolph, he was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity. In 1809 he succeeded Dr. Cyril Jackson, as Dean of Christ Church; and, in 1824, he was appointed to the Deanery of Durham. Having proceeded to Edinburgh for medical advice, he died at an hotel there, from a violent accession of fever, on the 16th of March.

LORD CREMORNE.

Richard Thomas Dawson, Baron Cremorne, of Castle Dawson, in the county of Monaghan, was a descendant from the Dawsons of Spaldington, in the county of York, one of whom married into the family of Henry Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of Ireland, &c. and thus obtained considerable property in the counties of Armagh and Tyrone. Thomas Dawson was created Baron Darbrey in 1770; advanced to the dignity of Viscount Cremorne in 1785, and made Baron Cremorne in 1797. The nobleman whose decease this notice records, was born on the 31st of August, 1788. He succeeded his granduncle, Thomas, Viscount Cremorne, in the Barony, on the 1st of March, 1813, when the titles of Viscount Cremorne and Baron Dartrey became extinct. His Lordship married, in 1815, Anne, third daughter of John Whaley, of Whaley Abbey, in the county of Wicklow, Esq. (by Anne, eldest daughter of John Meade, Earl of Clanwilliam.) He had a son born in December, 1815, who died an infant, and another son, his successor, born in September, 1817. His Lordship died on the 21st of March, at Dawson Grove, in the county of Monaghan.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

Those derangements of the biliary system which were described in the last communication have continued to shew themselves during the month now elapsed, and in most instances they have been accompanied by fever. To so great an extent indeed have complaints of this nature prevailed, that the reporter, if called upon to name the most generally diffused disorder of this period, would designate it by the title of *gastric fever*. This term is of French origin, and of recent introduction into medical phraseology, but it will probably become soon naturalized in our language, from its being so admirably fitted to convey an idea of the essential features of a very common and very distressing malady. A sense of weight, tightness, uneasiness, or of actual pain at the pit of the stomach, accompanied with headache and giddiness, and the usual evidences of febrile excitement, viz. languor, lassitude, alternate flushes and chills, and weakness of the back and limbs, are the characteristic symptoms of the disease. With these are generally associated an uneasiness in breathing, commonly described under the name of a *catch in the breath*. The practitioner of experience will readily distinguish this from the *painful* respiration which attends inflammation of the serous lining of the ribs and lungs, and the difficult or laborious breathing which results from the deposition of extraneous matter, whether solid or fluid, within the thoracic cavity. The pathologist will at once refer it to some cause extraneous to the chest; and he will easily perceive how a weakened, and consequently a distended stomach opposes the free and naturally insensible descent of the diaphragm, and occasions the act of breathing to be attended with a constant, and therefore unpleasant, consciousness. To these *pathognomonic* characters of gastric fever various others are superadded, depending principally upon the constitutional tendencies of the individual suffering under the attack. Thus in young women they will be found associated with the globus hystericus, a disposition to syncope, and a weak tremulous pulse. In persons more advanced in life, who take their daily allowance of wine, and use exercise but sparingly, the decided evidences of flow of blood to the head will probably manifest themselves.

This may serve as a sketch of the prevailing malady of the present month. No particular difficulties have been experienced in the management of it. Where the strength of the patient's habit was such as to admit of the operation of active remedies, the union of calomel and antimony has proved singularly serviceable. The heightening of the effect of particular drugs by combination is a principle well known to physicians, and admirably exemplified in the instances of Dover's Powder, and Cathartic Extract. The principle is equally well illustrated in the case of calomel and antimony. This union of two powerful drugs supplies us with an evacuant remedy of very extensive operation, influencing indeed the whole series of the natural functions; and it will be found highly efficacious in all those cases of fever which are of fortuitous origin. Within four or five hours after being received into the circulation, its influence will become apparent. The liver is perhaps the first to feel it, and the biliary ducts are emulged. If the stomach be at all irritable, vomiting now takes place. In a short time afterwards the bowels are relieved. A second dose, administered the following day, will in many cases complete the cure, by further relaxing the skin and the kidneys. By assuming this as the *basis* of treatment in gastric fever, it is not meant to infer that other remedies will not afford effectual aid. In many cases indeed they are indispensable. Leeches to the pit of the stomach are often a valuable preparative, and the stimulus of æther and of camphor is frequently required to support the system under the exhausting effects of so powerful a medicine.

Disorders of the respiratory organs have been very generally met with during the preceding month, but not more perhaps than the season would warrant us in expecting. An English spring is proverbially variable, and the Meteorological Register for the last month, so faithfully kept by Mr. Harris, will satisfy the reader that hitherto our climate has no disposition to improve in this respect. Coughs, and asthmas, and spittings of blood are abundant. There has been perhaps less of the acute pleurisy than is usual at this season, and the lancet, therefore, has been less in requisition; but to compensate this, leeches and cupping glasses have been largely resorted to, and the benefits which they confer will bear out the pathologist in all his speculations concerning local congestion, and irregular distributions of blood. Few practitioners perhaps have sufficiently turned their attention to that curious doctrine in physic, the limitation of diseased action in internal organs, a doctrine than which we know none admitting of a wider or more practical application.

Among contagious and epidemic diseases, hooping-cough has been the most generally diffused. The reporter has himself met with many instances of it in children; and he has heard from others of grown up persons who have lately passed through it with no inconsiderable degree of severity. One of those cases, which fell under his own care; was extremely violent, and affords a fine illustration of the varied dangers to which the little sufferer in this disease is too often exposed. Permanent difficulty of breathing was the first untoward symptom, and the engorgement of the lungs was with difficulty restrained. The brain suffered next, and an attack of convulsions was sufficient to create alarm. This danger was scarcely obviated, when hectic fever developed itself, under the daily attacks of which the child is now suffering and wasting. The cough still continues, and will probably

yield only to the genial influence of time. The favourite specific of the present day is well known to be a combination of carbonate of soda and cochineal powder. Its real influence is very small, and probably on a par with that of the once vaunted, but now forgotten, remedies of a former age, tincture of castor and paregoric elixir.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, Upper John Street, Golden Square, May 24, 1827.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE Lenten seed season for all the various crops, corn, pulse, and seeds, seems to have generally concluded with the month of April; and if not the earliest finish, it may safely be averred that the spring lands were never sowed in better order, or under happier prospects for a crop. The early sown and forward crops, which received a check from the prevailing easterly winds, accompanied in the north with frost and snow, have recovered, from the succeeding warmer temperature and genial rains, and have now, from generally concurring accounts, a most luxuriant and promising appearance. The wheats on all good lands, or those in good heart, never appeared stouter or finer, having advanced rapidly within the last two or three weeks; in the meantime, those on poor light lands have a very inferior aspect, and some have failed; no uncommon occurrence, since the "golden crop" is ever one of considerable risk on lands naturally poor and light, or any lands already exhausted by cropping. In Scotland, the wheat crop has not so good a report as in the south. All the grasses, natural and artificial, lucerne, rye, winter tares, have pushed forward during the present month with the utmost luxuriance, and the expectation of a good crop of hay is sanguine throughout the country. These crops, however abundant they may prove, will assuredly not overtop the demand, which probably has never been more urgent; for winter fodder, indeed provender of all kinds, were so completely exhausted, in the chief cattle districts, by Lady-day, that the stock, from necessity, was turned out to pick what little they could find upon the then bare pastures. This anticipated consumption of the grass crop must necessarily reduce the crop of hay, indeed affect the quantity of keep throughout the summer. We had occasion to advert in a late report to the improvident risks to which stock-feeders have ever been prone to expose themselves, by the insufficient culture of the well-known cattle crops for winter and early spring subsistence; and the present spring has afforded us a most pregnant and practical evidence of the truth of our allegations, and the soundness of the advice, which we have obtruded periodically upon those so materially interested, through a long course of years. Let that stock-farmer who, with his herds and his flocks, his couples, ewe and lamb, was at last Lady-day without sufficient provender for them, and reduced to all kinds of shifts—sale, putting out to keep, starvation at home, immense immediate loss, with no hope of future reimbursement—but contrast such a ruinous situation with the cheering and fortunate one of plenty, and the thriving and prosperous condition of his animals, and surely he will not again feel bold or presumptuous enough to encounter the risks of winter, without a supply in proportion to the extent of his stock, both of roots, of *mangold wurtzel* particularly, so greatly productive, and of green food—winter tares, rye, lucerne, where the land may be adapted to it, &c. Let him weigh seriously the probable loss which may result from having too great a growth of these articles in a mild winter, against that of his having too little in a severe one. Those flock-masters, who at this time have sufficient breadths of the green food just mentioned, for the support of their couples, are indeed fortunate, their ewes being enabled to milk largely, to the forwarding their lambs, and the natural grasses being spared for an abundant hay crop. The old practice, formerly called "sheeping the wheats," that is, grazing them down with sheep, has in course, from necessity, been much resorted to during the present spring. It is bad and slovenly farming, and at best not without danger to wheat crops on light and poor land. A great part of the land laid down to grass last year failed from the excessive drought, the severe frost, subsequently, being unfavourable to it. Much of it has been ploughed up and sown with spring-corn crops; that which has been risked, appears thin and weak, and bare in patches, and seems to require the harrowing in of fresh seed; or oats might have been advantageously dibbled upon such lands for a green crop, a month since. The spring tilths were forward for every purpose, and potatoe planting commenced with the present month. The use of potatoes as a cattle crop has increased much within these few years, as the least liable to risk. Rutabaga and mangold wurtzel are getting into the ground with much expedition, and the seed is in request and dear. With respect to the latter, its great produce, and its success on lands too heavy and wet for turnips, are its chief recommendation. In nutritive power it is far inferior to the carrot and Swedish turnip, perhaps even to the best white turnip; and has had dangerous effects on cattle, being given to them in the autumn, previously to its having gone through its sweat by keeping. The risk is great to leave it in the field, since a single night's frost may corrupt and render it quite useless, indeed hurtful; and in storing it from poachy soils, great care is required to lay the roots by as clean as possible. Every cattle-feeder should store at

least a *part* of some root crop; and upon light lands, the carrot, that most profitable of all for both cattle and horses, is strangely neglected. Part of the forwardest pea and bean crops have been hoed a second time. The grub and wire-worm have been particularly active in some districts, and have thinned the young barley. Oats are full and large, and promise a crop. Some apprehend that early frosts are productive of blight and smut in wheat; but in all probability such effects are not produced until later in the season, and a more advanced state in the plant. Among the smaller farmers, the horses are observed to be in a weak state, and much below their work, from being kept so low during the winter season; a misfortune still more extensive in Scotland, where great numbers of miserable animals have perished through mere want, and where the poor starved ewes have deserted their offspring, leaving them to perish upon the land, for want of milk wherewith to nourish them! Of hops little can yet be said; the vines being blighted by the easterly winds, the blight insect, or flea, appeared in considerable numbers, and little amendment has yet succeeded. The farm-yards, with the exception of those of the largest cultivators, are said to be nearly cleared of wheat-ricks; but from the extent of the two last crops, there must yet be a considerable stock of English wheat somewhere. This precious article now bears a good price, and the finest samples are no doubt worth 72s. in Mark-lane; and but for the expected change in the corn laws, and the release of the bonded foreign wheat, the price might have been at this moment 92s. and the London loaf 11d. Thus far have our free-trading politicians advanced on the road to a supply of cheap bread. The allowance of per centages at audits is become somewhat general. The motive is obvious, and equally deceptive. Oak timber and bark are in request. The late easterly winds, with sudden atmospheric changes, could not fail to injure the fruit blossoms in some degree; an occurrence to be expected in most seasons in our fickle climate; but the apple-trees are said to have escaped with little damage, and to appear very promising.

According to some of our letters, the wool-trade is even worse, and a full two years clip remains in the farmer's hands. Fat cattle and sheep are everywhere bought up eagerly at from 7d. to 9d. per pound by the carcass. As we have often observed, meat must be dear throughout the present year. In some of the grazing counties, store beasts are scarce and dearer, in others, plentiful, poor, and cheap. Dairy cows near calving, and good barreners for grazing, sell readily at considerable prices; pigs also, both store and fat. In short, all fat things, indeed all country produce, wool excepted, obtain a price which would seem to leave a very considerable profit. Further importations of cart-horses from Flanders, and of coach-horses from Holstein, which are selling at the Horse Bazaar. All horses cheaper, even those of the highest quality.

Smithfield.—Beef, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 6d. and upwards.—Mutton, 4s. 8d. to 6s.—Veal, 5s. to 6s.—Lamb, 6s. 6d. to 6s. 7½d.—Pork, 4s. 8d. to 6s. 4d.—Raw fat, 2s. 6d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 50s. to 72s.—Barley, 38s. to 46s.—Oats, 24s. to 42s.—Bread, 9½d. the 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 80s. to 120s.—Clover ditto, 90s. to 140s.—Straw 36s. to 49s.

Coals in the Pool, 30s. to 36s. 6d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, May 21, 1827.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—Owing to the prevalent easterly winds, sugars have been remarkably scarce in the market, particularly the stronger sorts for refiners, which have advanced full 2s. per cwt., and fine sorts 1s. per cwt. The stock in dock is upwards of 9,000 hogsheads, and the demand brisk.

Cotton.—The purchases have not been extensive, but the price of cotton is firm, from the favourable reports of the manufacturing districts; lately at public sale, Bowed sold from 6½d. to 8½d. per lb.

Coffee.—The coffee market is very dull—Domingo, 41s. to 45s.—Jamaica, 41s. to 48s.; and other sorts in proportion.

Rice.—Carolina rice is held firmly at 38s. per cwt.; Bengal at an advance of 1s. to 1s. 6d. per cwt. upon last sale price.

Rum, &c.—Old Jamaica Rum, 32 to 33 per cent.; over proof, 4s. per imperial gallon.—Leeward Island, 2s. 1d. to 2s. 2d. per ditto. In Brandy and Hollands little has been done, and is without variation.

Indigo.—The indigo market remains firm, but few sales; 6d. per pound advance is demanded on sale price, but refused.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The great reduction in the stock of tallow, now under 18,000 casks, arising from the large quantity delivered for home consumption, has had a considerable effect both on the prices and in the demand for tallow; the lowest quotation is 37s. to 38s. per cwt.

Saltpetre.—At public sale, saltpetre sold at 22s. to 22s. 6d. per cwt.

Tobacco.—The sales for tobacco have partly subsided, and there have been none worth reporting.

Spices.—Are dull and heavy, and in no demand for export at this season of the year.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 7.—Antwerp, 12. 6.—Hamburg, 37. 6.—Altona, 37. 6.—Paris, 25. 85.—Bordeaux, 25. 85.—Berlin, 7.—Frankfort on the Main, 154½.—Petersburg, 8½.—Vienna, 10. 21.—Trieste, 10. 24.—Madrid, 34½.—Cadiz, 34½.—Bilboa, 34½.—Barcelona, 34½.—Seville, 34½.—Gibraltar, 33.—Leyhorn, 47½.—Genoa, 48½.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 38½.—Palermo, 114½.—Lisbon, 48½.—Oporto, 48½.—Rio Janeiro, 48.—Bahia, 48.—Buenos Ayres, 43.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3, 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 6d.—Silver in bars, standard 3s. 11d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 295l.—Coventry, 1200l.—Ellesmere and Chester, 100l.—Grand Junction, 305l.—Kennet and Avon, 25l. 10s.—Leeds and Liverpool, 387l. 10s.—Oxford, 680l.—Regent's, 35l. 10s.—Trent and Mersey, 1,800l.—Warwick and Birmingham, 280l.—London Docks, 83l.—West-India, 199l.—East London WATER WORKS, 123l.—Grand Junction, 62l.—West Middlesex, 64l. 0s.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE.—1 dis.—Globe, 151l.—Guardian, 187l. 10s.—Hope, 4l. 18s.—Imperial Fire, 92l.—GAS-LIGHT, Westminster Chartered Company, 57l.—City Gas-Light Company, 0l.—British, 17½ dis.—Leeds, 195l.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 21st of April and the 21st of May 1827; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Baum, J. Hackney-wick, victualler
Brearley, R. Oakenrod, Lancashire, flannel-manufacturer
Butler, J. R. Bruton-street, turner
Cade, T. Shalford, Surrey, schoolmaster
Eburne, F. Ryton-upon-Dunmore, Warwick, miller
Ford, R. late of Sutton, Surrey, dealer
Fussell, J. Stoke-lane, Somersetshire, paper-maker
Hughes, J. J. Birmingham, victualler
James, R. Conderton, Worcestershire, horse-dealer
Kimber, C. Lambour Berks, brewer
Ogier, P. and J. Phi lllips, Bishopsgate-street With-out, linen-draper
Proctor, S. Pudseyback lane, Yorkshire, clothier

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 145.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Anthony, C. and J. Devonport, grocers. [Sole, Aldermanbury, Sole, Devonport
Appleton, M. Knaresborough, Yorkshire, flax, dresser. [Alderson, Chancery-lane; Alderson and Co., Hull
Andrews, W. Louth, Lincolnshire, grocer. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Burgess, I. Crosstown, Cheshire, victualler. [Bover and Co., Warrington; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Barlow, W. Mattersley, Nottinghamshire, miller. [Allen and Co., Carlisle-street, Soho; Bradshaw, Workop, Notts
Bishop, R. T. Birmingham, woollen-draper. [Sharpe and Co., Bread-street, Cheapside; Parkes, Birmingham
Bray, W. H. Brighton, draper. [Osbaldeston and Co., London-street, Fenchurch-street
Burton, B. Fanshaw, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer. [Haxby and Co., Wakefield; Taylor, Gray's-inn-square
Burt, J. Northover, Somersetshire, miller. [Murray, Crewkerne; Holme and Co., New-inn
Briggs, I. Barksland, York, dealer. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Scatterdell, Halifax
Brown, J. W. Cook's-row, Pancras, picture-dealer. [Watson and Broughton, Falcon-square
Bull, L. Eastnor, Hereford, farming-bailiff. [Beverley, Temple; Gregg, Ledbury
Cotterell, J. Birmingham, brass-founder. [Heming

and Baxter, Gray's-inn-place; Bird, Birmingham
Cooper, W. Weston-super-mare, Somersetshire, grocer. [Jones, Crosby-square; Saunders, Bristol
Capes, G. Epworth, Lincolnshire, money-scrivener. Oxley, Rotherham; Cartwright, Bantry
Cale, M., late of Sackville-street, Piccadilly, tailor. Jackson, New-inn
Charlesworth, T. Clare-street, Clare-market, tea-dealer. [Clark, Newgate-street
Cox, J. Leadenhall-street, victualler. [Hall, Great James-street, Bedford-row
Cooke, E. J. Gloucester, corn-dealer. [King, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street; Abell and Co., Gloucester
Cooper, R. Ledbury, Herefordshire, innkeeper. [Higgins, Ledbury; Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane
Dyer, R. Exeter, druggist. [Turner, Bedford-street, Bedford-row; Turner, Exeter
Davis, J. Devonshire-street, Queen-square, surgeon. [Score, Lincoln's-inn-fields
Dawes, H. Great Malvern, Worcestershire, maltster. [Wall, Worcester; Lowndes and Co., Red-lion-square
Drew, J. Stourport, Worcestershire, carpenter. [Curtler, Droitwich; White, Lincoln's-inn
Dickins, J. and J. Warrick, Plymouth, earthenware-dealers. [Baron, Plymouth; Horton, Furnival's-inn
Dalton, J. H. Leicester, apothecary. [Fisher and Norcutt, Gray's-inn
Elden, T. Manchester, straw-hat manufacturer. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hampson, Manchester
Errington, G. Lower Edmonton, brick-maker. [Finch, Coleman-street
Eccles, J. Wednesbury, Staffordshire, victualler. [Smith, Walsall; Wheeler and Co., John-street, Bedford-row
Elmsley, T. Great Horton, York, worsted-stuff manufacturer. [Singleton, New-inn; Barrett, Otley
Frith, J. J. Banner-square, hardwareman. [Panton, Bow-church-yard, Cheapside
Fletcher, J. Manchester, calico-printer. [Back, Gray's-inn; Lingard, Heaton Norris
Greatley, E. Myrtle-street, Hoxton, flour-factor. [Hill, Gray's-inn

- Glassbrooke, W. Stourport, Worcestershire, corn-factor. [Robeson, Droitwich; Fladgate and Co., Essex-street, Strand]
- Ganton, J. Castle Donnington, Leicestershire, builder. [Snelson and Co., Austin and Co., Raymond-buildings, Gray's-inn]
- Gibbons, T. Cheltenham, plumber. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn-square; Parker, Bristol]
- Giles, J. Vauxhall, dealer. [Vincent, Clifford's-inn]
- Gregson, E. Habergamheaves, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. [Hampson, Manchester; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane]
- George, T. Newport, Monmouthshire, coal-merchant. [Platt, Lincoln's-inn]
- Green, R. Cambridge, cabinet-maker. [Tabram, Cambridge; Nicholls, Stamford-street, Blackfriar's-road]
- Hedges, T. Birmingham, grocer. [Chester, Staple-inn; Hinde, Liverpool]
- Hawkins, J. Middlesex-street, Somer's-town, builder. [Smith, Basinghall-street]
- Ham, J. senior, Skinner's-street, Snow-hill, watch-maker. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane]
- Hammond, T. Whiskin-street, Rosamond-street, Clerkenwell, carpenter. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Shorne, Yorkshire]
- Handsford, R. Weymouth, Dorsetshire, grocer. [Mansfield, Dorchester; Rhodes and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Hole, W. Edgeware-road, wax-chandler. [Smyth, Red-lion-square]
- Hoskins, Mary, Falmouth, dealer in earthenware. [Darke and Co., Red-lion-square; Jones, Swansea]
- Harrison, H. Lower Peover-cottage, Knutsford, Cheshire, merchant. [Capes, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn; Smith, Manchester]
- Hobson, E. Shoreditch, and of Southampton, linen-draper. Hardwick, Lawrence-lane, Cheapside
- Heill, G. Compton-street, Clerkenwell, baker. [Hudson, Winkworth-place, City-road]
- Howitt, M. High Holborn, ironmonger. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]
- Harris, T. Newent, Gloucestershire, innkeeper. [Smallbridge, Gloucester; Watson and Co., Falcon-square]
- Hill, B. Streatham, yeoman. [Long, Croydon; Chester, Parsonage-row, Newington]
- Haynes, J. Gutter-lane, baker. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle]
- Hudson, W. Stamford, ironmonger. [Jackson, Stamford; Hadgate and Co., Essex-street]
- Harris, N. Shaftesbury, Dorset, innkeeper. [Galpine, Blandford; Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields]
- Hardy, T. Cowley, Middlesex, builder. [Watson and Co., Falcon-square]
- Jessurun, E. Falcon-square, ostrich-feather and flower-manufacturer. [Elias, Bury-street, St. Mary-axe]
- Jones, W. Tredegar iron-works, Monmouthshire, shopkeeper. [Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Gregory, Bristol]
- Jellicoise, J. Manchester, warehouseman. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Higson and Co., Manchester]
- Judge, R. W. Temple Tysoe, Warwickshire, cattle-salesman. [Loveday, Warwick; Wortham and Co., Holborn]
- Jarvis, T. Seuloates, Yorkshire, builder. [Swan and Co., Hull; Butterfield, Gray's-inn-square]
- Jones, T. Pether-lane, tavern-keeper. [Williams and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Jones, R. E. Jones, and G. Hulme, Manchester, iron-founders. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Kershaw, Manchester]
- Jones, R. Ledbury, maltster. [Beverley, Temple; Gregg, Ledbury]
- King, R. Wargrave, Berks, stage-coach-master. [Rhodes and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Kimber, H. Worcester, dealer. [Parker and Co., Worcester; Cardale and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn]
- Kilbington, W. H. High-street, Southwark, hop-merchant. [Piercy and Oakley, Three-crown-square, Southwark]
- Kirkland, W. Ripley, Derby, brewer. [Hall and Brown, New Boswell-court; Gervase, Alfreton]
- Lawton, J. Saddleworth, York, merchant. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Whitehead, Oldham]
- Levitt, G. Pinner's-hall, Old Broad-street, merchant. [Thompson, George-street, Minorities]
- Leyburn, G. Leadenhall-market, provision-merchant. [Noy and Co., Great Tower-street]
- Leonard, C. Warren-mews, Fitzroy-square, farrier. Hallett, Northumberland-street, Mary-le-bone
- Lavanchy, F. F. and J. R. Air-street, Piccadilly, warehouseman. [Freeman and Co., Coleman-street]
- Lomas, J. Hales Owen, Shropshire, stationer. Hayes and Co., Hales Owen; Long and Co., Gray's-inn
- Lowe, J. Basinghall-street, jeweller. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane]
- Lambert, T. Chapelthorpe, Yorkshire, tanner. Cuttle, Wakefield; Wiglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn
- Lawton, J. John's-mews, Bedford-row, iron-manufacturer. [Hume and Smith, Great James-street, Bedford-row]
- Macleod, T. Chichester, draper. [Gates, Lombard-street]
- Moore, W. South Dawton, Devon, cattle-salesman. [Rhodes and Burch, Chancery-lane; Sanders, Exeter]
- Moseley, F. Leeds, innkeeper. [Robinson, Essex-street; Ward, Leeds]
- Mitchell, M. G. Quadrant, Regent-street, tavern-keeper. [Robinson, Walbrook]
- Marsh, A. C. Great Scotland-yard, navy-agent. Fynmore and Co., Craven-street, Strand
- Millar, J. late of Nuneaton, Warwickshire, ribbon-weaver. [Allen and Co., Carlisle-street, Soho; Opan, Kenilworth]
- Myer, H. Louth, Lincolnshire, cabinet-maker. [Willis and Co., Tokenhouse-yard; Woolley, Hull]
- Mitchell, J. Lockwood, Yorkshire, clothier. [Fenton, Huddersfield; Wiltshire and Co., Old Broad-street]
- Mac Neill, W. senior, Charles-street, Middlesex-hospital, coach and harness-maker. [Pinero, Charles-street, Middlesex-hospital]
- Mincher, E. Birmingham, patten-tye-maker. Parker and Co. Birmingham; Holme and Co. New-inn
- Mahon, J. Nelson-square, master-mariner. [Pontifex, St. Andrew's-court, Holborn]
- Mill, W. Fore-street, woolen-draper. [Tanner, New Basinghall-street]
- Mousley, T. Hanley, Stafford, scrivener. [Dove, Carey-street; Smith, Rugeley]
- Nash, E. Denham, Buckinghamshire, miller. [Webb, Dyer's-buildings, Holborn; Walford, Uxbridge]
- Noakes, J. Ludlow, miller. [Hammond, Furnival's-inn; Anderson and Downes, Ludlow]
- Ord, J. Old Kent-road, cheesemonger. [Bousfield, Chatham-place, Blackfriars; Mould, Great-Knight Rider-street, Doctor's-commons]
- Obee, T. Weymouth-street, Mary-le-bone, carpenter. [Jones and Co., Great Mary-le-bone-street]
- Olvers, W. Broadway, Blackfriars, victualler. [Ellison and Co., Lincoln's-inn]
- Oldfield, J. and V. Edgeware-road, coach-maker. [Crosse, Surrey-street, Strand]
- Pooley, T. Norwich, corn-merchant. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Dye, Norwich]
- Page, W. Cheltenham, glass-seller. [Jenkins and Abbott, New-inn; Grazebrook, Stourbridge]
- Paterson, J. Butt's-buildings, Camberwell, dealer. [Sheriff, Salisbury-street, Strand]
- Pullen, T. Great Charrb-street, New North-road, Hoxton, carpenter. [Ashley and Co., Tokenhouse-yard]
- Pennell, G. Fludyer-street, Westminster, picture-dealer. [Darke, Red-lion-square]
- Parker, G. and H. Paine, Birmingham, merchants. [Swaine and Co., Old Jewry; Webb and Co., Birmingham]
- Phillips, W. G. Oxford-street, linen-draper. [Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard]
- Preston, J. Barton-upon-Humber, Lincolnshire, brick-maker. [Brown and Son, Barton-upon-Humber; Hicks and Co., Gray's-inn-square]

- Phipps, W. Shoreditch, straw-hat-manufacturer. [Addington and Co., Bedford-row]
- Penyman, F. junior, Berwick-street, Soho, carver and gilder. [Price, Adam-street, Adelphi]
- Paul, J. Newport, Isle of Wight, miller. [Hodgson and Co., St. Mildred's-court, Poultry]
- Perkins, W. Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, upholsterer. [Wright, Bucklersbury]
- Pollard, W. Manchester, tailor. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Potter, Manchester]
- Roberts, J. Newport, Shropshire, liquor-merchant. [Hewings and Co., Gray's-inn-place; Stanley, Newport, Shropshire]
- Rewell, W. Monmouth, skinner. [Jennings and Co., Temple; Powles and Co., Monmouth]
- Rivenall, A. Turnmill-street, Clerkenwell, victualer. [Price, St. John-square, Clerkenwell]
- Robinson, J. Tenbury, Worcestershire, scrivener. [Lloyd, Furnival's-inn; Lloyd, Ludlow]
- Beddish, T. Stourport, Cheshire, corn-dealer. [Tyler, Pump-court, Temple; Harrop, Stockport]
- Richardson, T. Sowerby, Yorkshire, money-scrivener. [Stocker and Co., New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn; Parnell and Co., Knaresborough]
- Rumball, S. Upper Park-place, Dorset-square, St. Mary-le-bone, coach-maker. [Wilson and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
- Roberts, J. Minchin Hampton, Gloucestershire, surgeon. [Cornthwaite, Dean's-court, Doctor's Commons]
- Robinson, J. H. Liverpool, tailor. [Rawson, Prescott; Chester, Staple-inn]
- Roach, M. Hotwell-road, near Bristol, victualler. [Cary and Co., Bristol; King and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
- Sherwin, J. T. Hordley, and J. Sherwin, Shelton, Staffordshire, engravers. [Avison, Liverpool; Addington and Co., Bedford-row, London]
- Swan, J. Alsop's-buildings, coal-merchant. [Rice and Co. Great Marlborough-street]
- Slingsby, J. Manchester, warehouseman. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Higson and Co., Manchester]
- Stubbs, J. Pantion-street, Leicester-square, jeweller. [Noy and Co., Great Tower-street]
- Smith, otherwise Smyth, G. Henry-street, Waterloo-road. [Platt; Church-court, Clement's-lane]
- Stacey, J. Newcastle-street, Strand, tailor. [Jes-sop and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields]
- Stubington, P. T. T. Winchester, builder. [Lampard, Winchester; Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn]
- Smith, J. Cheltenham, timber-merchant. [Packwood, Cheltenham; King, Hatton-garden]
- Thorogood, C. New Church-street, Lisson-grove, Paddington, builder. [Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane, Causton-street]
- Thompson, R. Nettlestead, Kent, cattle and sheep-salesman. [Lane and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields]
- Taylor, B. Almondsbury, Yorkshire, clothier. [Bat-tye and Co., Huddersfield; Jacques and Co., Coleman-street]
- Vaux, J. High-street, Islington, baker. [Head-land and Co., King's-road, Bedford-row]
- Wrigley, R. senior, J. Wrigley, R. Wrigley, junior, T. Wrigley, W. Rockliff, and S. Wrigley, Liver-pool, blacksmiths. [Blackstock and Bunce, London; Ramsbottom and Roberts, Liverpool]
- Wilkinson, J. Leeds, scribbling-miller. [Strange-ways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Scott and Co., Leeds]
- Wilson, J. Leeds, Yorkshire, confectioner. [Robinson, Essex-street, Strand; Ward, Leeds]
- Weddell, J. Sutton, Yorkshire, paint-manufac-turer. [Frost, Kingston-upon-Hull; Rosser and Co., Gray's-inn-place, Holborn]
- Woodward, G. Birmingham, plumber. [Arnold and Co., Birmingham; Long and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Weffen, W. Gibson-street, Waterloo-bridge-road, plumber. [Holmer, Bridge-street, Southwark]
- Wells, C. Bottisham, Cambridgeshire, surgeon. [Tabram, Cambridge; Nicholls, Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road]
- Whitfield, W. Bow-lane, tavern keeper. [Hodgson and Ogden, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry]
- Wardle, J. Carnaby-street, carpenter. [Goren and Price, Orchard-street]
- Wincombe, W. Bristol, builder. [Pearson, Tem-ple; Daniel, Bristol]
- Wheeler, J. Fleet-street, tailor. [Tanner, New Basinghall-street]
- Youell, W. Cranbrook, Kent, brewer. [Dyne, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Willis, Cranbrook]
- Young, R. Marshall-street, Golden-square, tailor and draper. [Tanner, New Basinghall-street]

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. T. Kempthorne, to the Vicarage of Wedmore, Somerset.—Rev. J. T. James, to the Bishoprick of Calcutta.—Rev. C. R. Smith, to the perpetual Curacy of Withiel-florey, Somerset.—Rev. P. Glubb, to the Rectory of Clannaborough, Devon.—Rev. J. T. Becher, to the Vicarage of Farnsfield, Notts.—Rev. T. Stacey, to the Living of Galligaer, Glamorgan.—Rev. A. Bayley, to the Rectory of Edgecott, Northampton.—Rev. G. F. Tavel, to the Rectory of Great Pakenham, Suffolk.—Rev. G. Montagu, to the Rectory of South Pickenham, Norfolk.—Rev. W. Mayd, to the Rectory of Wethersfield, Suffolk.—Rev. T. Bradburne, to the Rectory of Toft, with the Vicarage of Caldecotte, Cambridge.—Rev. H. A. Beckwith, to the Vicarage of Collingham, York.—Rev. S. Lane, to the Vicarage of Holme, Devon.—Rev. G. Deane, to the Rectory of Bighton, Hants.—Rev. G. D. St. Quintin, to the Rectory of Broughton, with Chapel of Bossington annexed, Hants.—Rev. Dr. Jenkinson, to the Deanery of Durham.—Rev. W. A. Musgrave, to the Rectory of Emmington, Oxford.—Rev. J. Allgood, to the Vicarage of Felton, Northumberland.—Rev. J. Dodsworth, to the Chapelry of Roundhay, Leeds.—Very Rev. Sub-dean Keene, to the Prebend of Wiveliscombe, Wells.—Rev. J. G. Copleston, to the Vicarage of Kinsey,

Bucks.—Rev. G. S. Weidemann, to the perpetual Curacy of St. Paul's Church, Preston.—Right Rev. Dr. J. Kaye, installed Bishop of Lincoln.—Rev. W. Norris, to the Rectory of Warblington, Hants.—Rev. G. Hall, to the Vicarage of Tenbury, Worcester, and to the Rectory of Rochford, Hereford.—Rev. J. C. Jervois, to be Chaplain to the Bath General Hospital.—Rev. R. Holberton, to the Rectory of St. Mary's, Bridgetown, Barbadoes.—Rev. W. P. Spencer, to the Rectory of Starston, Norfolk.—Rev. T. Mercer, to the Rectory of Arthingworth, Northampton.—Rev. W. Harrison, to be Minor Canon of Chester Cathedral.—Rev. T. Baker, to be Canon Residentiary of Chichester Cathedral.—Rev. A. A. Colville, to the Curacy of Hampton, Worcester.—Rev. T. Byrth, to the perpetual Curacy of St. James's, Latchford, Cheshire.—Rev. W. Hutchesson, to the Rectory of Ubley.—Rev. I. Carne, to the Vicarage of Charles, Plymouth.—Rev. G. Wilkins, to the Rectory of Wing, Rutland.—Rev. G. Swayne, junior, to the Vicarage of South Bemfleet, Essex.—Rev. I. Nance, to the Rectories of Hope and Old Romney, Kent.—Rev. I. Griffith, to be Chaplain to the Lord Chancellor.—Rev. J. F. Fine, to the Vicarage of Tirley, Gloucester.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The King has appointed the Right Hon. G. Canning to the offices of Chancellor and Under Treasurer of His Majesty's Exchequer.

The King has also appointed the Right Hon. G. Canning, Earl of Mount Charles, Lord Francis Leveson Gower, Lord Eliot, and Edmund Alexander Macnaghton, Commissioners for executing the offices of Treasurer of the Exchequer of Great Britain and Lord High Treasurer of Ireland.

The King has granted the dignity of a Viscount to the Right Hon. Frederick John Robinson, by the title of Viscount Goderich, of Nocton, in the county of Lincoln; likewise the dignity of Baron unto James Earl of Fife, by the title of Baron Fife, of the county of Fife; also to the Right Hon. Sir Charles Abbot the dignity of Baron, by the title of Baron Tenterden, of Hendon, in the county of Middlesex; and to the Right Hon. W. C. Plunkett the dignity of Baron, by the title of Baron Plunkett, of Newtown, in the county of Cork.

The King has appointed the Right Hon. Lord Forbes High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The King has appointed the Dukes of Devonshire, Portland, and Leeds; the Marquis of Anglesey; Viscount Dudley and Ward; Lord Plunkett; the Right Hon. Sir A. Hart, W. Lamb, Sir S.

Hulse, and Sir G. Cockburn, to be Privy Counsellors; the Lord Lyndhurst, to be Lord High Chancellor; and the Duke of Portland, Keeper of the Privy Seal. His Majesty has likewise appointed Lord Dudley and Ward, Lord Goderich, and W. Sturges Bourne, Esq., to be the three principal Secretaries of State; the Marquis of Anglesey, to be Master of the Ordnance; and Sir John Leech to be Master of the Rolls.

The King has appointed the Duke of Devonshire Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, and Sir S. Hulse, Vice-chamberlain; the Earl of Stamford, Chamberlain of the County Palatine of Chester; the Hon. J. Abercromby, Advocate-general; Earl of Carlisle, W. D. Adams, and H. Dawkins, Esqrs., Commissioners of His Majesty's Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues; Right Hon. G. Tierney, Master and Worker of the Mint; Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynne, Viscount Dudley and Ward, Viscount Goderich, Right Hon. W. S. Bourne, Right Hon. G. Canning, Baron Teignmouth, Right Hon. J. Sullivan, Sir G. Warrender, Dr. Phillimore, and Sir J. Macdonald, His Majesty's Commissioners for the Affairs of India. Sir James Scarlett is appointed Attorney-general, and Sir Nicholas Tindal, Solicitor-general.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

April 29.—His Majesty presented Lord Eldon with a magnificent silver cup and cover, with this inscription,—“The gift of His Majesty King George the Fourth to his highly valued friend, John Earl of Eldon, Lord High Chancellor of England, upon his retiring from his official duties, in the year 1827.”

30.—The foundation stone of the London University was laid by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, attended by the committee and stewards, who afterwards dined together with the patrons at Freemasons' tavern, H. R. H. in the chair, supported by the Dukes of Norfolk and Leinster, Lords Lansdowne, Auckland, Carnarvon, and Nugent, Messrs. Brougham, Hume, Hobhouse, &c. The mallet used on this occasion was the identical mallet used in laying the foundation of St. Paul's, and was presented by Sir C. Wren to the Masonic Lodge of Antiquity.

May 1.—The first foundation brick for St. Catherine's Docks was laid.

4.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence held his first levee as Lord High Admiral of Great Britain and Ireland.

8.—Thanks of the House of Commons were voted to Lord Combermere, and to the officers and men under his command, for their services and conduct in the Burmese war.

9.—Letters received at the Admiralty from Captain Beechey, of the Blossom frigate, detailing the particulars of the voyage of that ship into Bahring's Straits. Officers and men all well; but could not obtain any intelligence of Captain Franklin; ship suffered some damage from the ice.

10.—The anniversary festival of the Sons of the Clergy at St. Paul's Cathedral. The collections

at church, and at the dinner, at which the Lord Mayor presided, and the Duke of Sussex attended, amounted to £1,070.

—His Majesty held at St. James's a chapter of the Order of the Garter, when the Dukes of Leeds and Devonshire, and the Marquis of Exeter, were invested with the insignia of the order, in consequence of the deaths of the Earl of Winchelsea, and the Marquises of Hastings and Cholmondeley. Same day the Earl of Warwick and Lord Aboyne were invested members of the Order of the Thistle.

14.—The House of Lords passed a similar vote to the House of Commons, thanking the army of India relative to the termination of the Burmese war.

—A meeting of the inhabitants of Westminster took place, when an address was voted to the King, congratulating His Majesty on his firmness in choosing his prime minister, but regretting that His Majesty's choice should have fallen on one who has already declared his hostility to Parliamentary Reform. The address to be delivered to the King by Messrs. Hunt, Cobbett, Pitt, and Dr. Tucker.

15.—A general meeting of the operatives of the metropolis was held at the Mechanics' Institute, J. Hume, Esq., M.P., in the chair, when a congratulatory address was voted to His Majesty, for calling to his councils such persons as appeared best qualified to advance the interest of the nation. The address is to be delivered to the King by Mr. Hume.

17.—The foundation stone of a new school and other buildings, for the use of the Caledonian Asylum, was laid by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, attended by a number of Scottish gentlemen clad

in the national costume. The company afterwards dined at Freemasons'-tavern.

18.—The water broke into the Thames Tunnel with dreadful violence between six and seven o'clock in the evening. The men escaped with difficulty, but not one is missing, and it appears the injury is not irretrievable; the manager of the works feeling confident (in his Report to the Director says), from the means he has adopted, that the work will in a short time be resumed.

23.—A splendid entertainment was given at the Goldsmith's-hall to His Royal Highness the Lord High Admiral, Duke of Clarence, when the freedom of the company was presented to the Royal Duke in a gold snuff-box.

The Recorder of London made a Report to the King of 54 prisoners lying under sentence of death in Newgate; when 4 were ordered for execution on Tuesday the 29th instant, and the other 50 respited during His Majesty's pleasure.

MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, W. H. Cooper esq., only son of Sir W. Cooper, bart., to Miss Anne Tynte; the Marquis de Mervé, to Selina, daughter of Lady Morris Gore.—At Chelsea, Rev. G. D. St. Quintin, to Georgiana Henrietta Louisa, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Dr. G. Wellesley.—At Enfield, James Bacon, esq. to Miss Laura Frances Cook.—At St. Mary-le-bone, Rev. H. K. Bonney, archdeacon of Bedford, to Miss C. Perry; Major A. Dashwood, to Miss Marian Still; C. L. G. Berkeley, esq., to Miss A. E. Leigh, of Stoneleigh, Warwick.—At St. James's, W. Carling, esq., to Miss E. Green.—At Clapham, W. Kettlewell, esq., to Miss M. Cattle.—At St. Stephen's, Walbrook, E. S. Howell, esq., to Catherine Emily, daughter of General Sir John Murray, bart.

DEATHS.

At Totteridge-park, 85, E. Arrowsmith, esq.—At Much Hadham, 90, the Rev. F. Stanley.—At

Barnet, the Rev. Dr. Garrow, son of Mr. Baron Garrow.—In the Adelphi, between 70 and 80, Mr. Rowlandson, one of the most eminent artists of his day.—In Edward-street, Miss A. F. Moore, daughter of Peter Moore, esq., M.P. for Coventry during 25 years.—In the Strand, 65, E. Antrobus, esq.—At Balham-hill, 69, E. Moberley, esq., of St. Petersburg.—At Lambeth, Mrs. Dyson.—In Bedford-square, Miss Bell.—At Albury-park, Henry, the eldest son of Henry and Lady Harriet Drummond.—At Turrey, the Rev. Leigh Richmond, rector of that place.—At Bushey-heath, 63, Colonel Mark Beaufoy, F.R.S.—At Rickmansworth, J. Magnay, esq., fourth son of the late Alderman Magnay.—At Wormley-lodge, Mrs. Hare, widow of the late J. Hare, esq., M.P., and sister to Sir A. Hume, bart.—At Hammersmith, 81, W. Keene, esq.—At Chatham, Major-general D'Arcy, of the Royal Engineers.—Late of Clapham, 90, R. Prior, esq.—In Somerset-street, 84, Mrs. Stracey.—In Montague-square, Anna, daughter of Colonel G. Harper.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Paris, at the English Ambassador's Chapel, T. W. P. Molesworth, esq., to Miss Anne Fawcett.—At Brussels, at the British Ambassador's, G. Wyndham, esq., Dinton, Wilts, to Miss Margaret Jay, of Brussels.—At Naples, at the English Minister's House, the Chevalier de Dupont, to Miss Douglas, daughter of the late Sir A. S. Douglas.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Como, the celebrated natural philosopher Volta.—At Pera (Constantinople), W. Mair, esq., of Therapia.—At Meré (Normandy), F. H. Dickenson, esq.—At Tours, Miss A. Lynn.—At Quilon, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Woodhouse.—82, The Dowager Princess of Anhalt Zerbot.—77, Frederick Augustus, King of Saxony.—At Montignan, 78, Larive, the celebrated French tragedian.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

A considerable improvement has recently been made on the Hexham road, by the formation of a fine level line of turnpike to the left of the bridge at Corbridge, in order to avoid the steep hill of the old road, a little beyond that town; the distance is much shortened, in addition to the relief thus afforded to the horses.

In recently carrying into effect certain alterations and improvements at the eastern end of Durham Cathedral, an old oaken coffin was found, containing the remains of some distinguished personage—believed to be no other than the patron saint, St. Cuthbert, "whose restless body in the three hundred and ninth year after his first burial, was with all funeral pompe enshrined" in "the white church" at Durham, in the year 995, or 832 years ago! The skeleton was found to be remarkably perfect, and enclosed in the remains of robes, richly worked with gold, a large and bright gold ring, having a crucifix, apparently of silver,

appended, was found lying on the breast, and below it the remains of a book.

Married.] At Stockton, T. H. Faber, esq., to Miss Grey.—At Bishopwearmouth, J. T. Wawn, esq., to Miss Emma Horn.—At Whitworth, W. Harland, esq., to Miss Shaito.

Died.] At Bishopwearmouth, 71, Jane, relict of J. Smithson, esq.; she was a lineal descendant of the ancient family of Bowes of Streatham-castle, Durham.—At Gateshead Low Fell, 90, John Gardiner; he was one of the early members of Wesley's early establishment, his methodist chapel, and continued an ornament to the society for nearly 70 years.—At Newcastle, 78, Ralph Atkinson, esq.; the last male descendant of an ancient family in Northumberland, and cousin to Lords Eldon and Stowell.—At Bradley-hall, Jane, the infant daughter of E. Beaumont, esq.—At Houghton-le-spring, the Rev. W. Rawes, late head-master of Kepler grammar-school.—At Bishopwearmouth, Jane, relict of J. Smithson, esq.—At the Red-barns, near Newcastle, T. Shadforth, esq.—At Seaham, the Rev. R. Wallis.—At Newcastle, W. Pinkerton, esq.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

Married.] At Ambleside, G. C. Vernon, esq., to Miss M. A. Carleton.

Died.] '88, Mrs. Adamthwaite, of Ravenstonedale.

YORKSHIRE.

On the 13th, some boys playing in Kirkstall-abbey, discovered a stone coffin in the wall of the building, about six feet from the ground, containing the skeleton of a full-grown man. The coffin was so accurately fitted into the wall as to appear a part of it; and there is another stone of precisely the same shape alongside of it, which is probably a coffin. From the place and manner of their burial, these remains doubtless are those of some man of rank, probably one of the Abbots of Kirkstall; and it is certain that they have been interred some centuries, as that abbey was dissolved, with the large monasteries, in 1540.

April 19, 1826, Mr. Donn, at the Botanic Garden, Hull, planted a vine without either ball or earth attached to its roots; and it has now produced the prodigious number of 200 bunches of grapes, above 130 of which remained on a few days back.

A silver penny of Edward I. was lately found in the area of Baynard-castle, Cottingham, where that monarch kept his court in 1268. It has been deposited in the museum of the Hull Literary Society.

A gentleman named Janatt is about to build a church at Doncaster at the expense of £10,000. The corporation have voted him an address on the occasion.

Married.] At Whitley, C. H. Wells, esq., to Miss Simpson.—At Hull, W. Burton, esq., to Miss Walker.—At York, the Rev. C. H. Eyre, to Miss Foulis.—At Sessey, R. Toes, esq., to Miss Barker.—At Cottingham, J. H. Coulson, esq., to Miss Thornton.—At Lockington, G. L. Woolley, esq., to Miss Taylor.—At Knaresborough, Mr. B. Caw, to Miss Shawe.—At York, the Rev. J. H. Bradney, to Miss Preston.

Died.] At Beverley, J. Lockwood, esq.—At Knottingley, Mrs. Bedford.—At Seaton-grange, Mrs. Paull.—At York, the Rev. G. Briggs.—At Railborough, the Rev. P. A. Reaston.—At Leeds, the wife of J. Murphy, esq.—At Swarland, N. Sykes, esq.—At Beverley, P. Acklow, esq.—At Howden, Valentine Frederick, youngest son of R. Wirsop, esq.—At Scarborough, T. Parkin, esq.—At Stamford-bridge, Mrs. Ridley.

STAFFORD AND SALOP.

The magistrates assembled at Stafford sessions have passed an unanimous vote of thanks to the Right Hon. Robert Peel, for his distinguished services in improving the administration of criminal justice.

At-Tixall, the coming of age of Sir Clifford Constable was lately celebrated by his tenantry, whose hilarity was rendered doubly effective by the announcement that at the next audit fifty per cent. would be deducted from their rents.

A beautiful and magnificent ox is now feeding at Eyton, near Wellington, Salop. His weight last year was 28 cwt., nearly one ton and a half. The supposed weight by judges is 26 score per quarter; the fore quarters are judged to weigh 30 score each. His height is 6 feet 6 inches; length from nose to tail 11 feet four inches; girth near the fore legs 11 feet; width of the bosom 3 feet within one inch.

Died.] At Shrewsbury, J. Mason, esq.; he had devoted his time to literature, and had written several works. At Oldington, 34, a man-servant

to Mr. Worrall; he had been servant on the same farm for 60 years!—At Colebrookdale, 72, Mrs. Luckcock; she was a member of the Society of Friends.

LANCASHIRE.

An increased demand for cotton goods has been visible for several weeks past at Bolton. A fortnight since, one of the respectable houses advanced their weavers 6d. per cut; and this week the principal houses in the fancy trade have advanced their wages on various fabrics from 8 to 15 per cent. Employment on the 6-460 reed cambric, which has been worked as low as 6s. 6d. per cut. At Chorley, we are informed, a slight improvement in wages has taken place. At Preston business is extremely brisk, and an advance of wages is shortly expected. At Ashton-under-Line, a general advance of 10 per cent. in weavers' wages has taken place, and in some particular instances as much as 25 per cent.

We are gratified to find that the accounts from Manchester, also Liverpool, Blackburn, and other great manufacturing towns, fully confirm the decided improvement in the trade of the country. The weavers have constant employment at increased wages. The calico-printers are said to have their hands so full of work that they refuse to take further orders. Large shipments of goods are now making for Hamburg and the Baltic. The stock of manufactured goods on hand is considerably reduced, and a great many buyers are in the market. We are told that the low prices at which the British goods have been sold, beat down and nearly destroyed the foreign manufacturers. From an increased trade we shall no doubt derive an increasing revenue.

Died.] In Lancaster castle, 80, W. Green; he had been confined 11 years for a debt of £1,000, and is said to have died worth £40,000.

NOTTINGHAM AND LINCOLN.

Some weeks since a tiger escaped from the menagerie of an itinerant showman, and was at large in the forest. The animal has been destroyed, after having committed ravages amongst the sheep-flocks in the neighbourhood; above a hundred have been preyed upon by the furious beast since he made his escape; and the farmers agreed to subscribe a sum of money, to be paid to any person who should destroy it. In consequence of this, seven resolute fellows armed themselves with guns, and went in pursuit of it. He had been seen in the vicinity of Farnesfield, and thither the tiger-hunters repaired, and without any danger or difficulty succeeded in destroying him by fire-arms.

Died.] At Staunton, 77, Rev. J. Mounsey; he had been curate of Staunton and of Flamborough half a century.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

A meeting of the working classes has been held at Leicester, for the purpose of voting an address to His Majesty relative to the late change in the administration, when the address was voted and signed by the chairman. One of the speakers said, in describing the situation of himself and his fellow workmen: "That when they looked around them and beheld the beauties of the season—when they saw the brute creation in the full enjoyment of that which nature had so amply provided for

them—when they saw the feathered tribe hopping from twig to twig, and heard them chaunting forth their melodious notes, as if in grateful acknowledgment for the benefits they received, and when they contrasted this with the condition of the labouring classes; when they saw, and by sad experience knew, that they alone of all the creatures of this kingdom, were debarred the means of procuring that support for themselves and children, which a beneficent Creator had so abundantly provided for them, could they, or ought they to restrain themselves from inquiring into the cause of a state of things so cruel and unnatural? What then, he asked, was the cause? Why, principally, the defective state of the Representation in the Commons House of Parliament."

Married.] At Great Glen, T. Bryan, esq., high sheriff of Rutland, to Miss E. Hames.

Died.] At Wanlip-hall, 56, Sir C. T. Palmer, bart.—At Ashby-de-la-Zouch, 84, Mrs. Blenkharne.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

The Rugby School Anniversary took place in April, and about 400 persons were present in the school-room; but we did not hear that the poor aged men belonging to part of that excellent establishment had yet received the additional *eighteen pence* per week, decreed to them by the late Lord Chancellor, to make their old age comfortable!!!

April 23.—At Stratford-upon-Avon, a gala festival in honour of the natal day of our immortal poet, Shakspeare, commenced, and lasted during the two following days. It was conducted on the plan of Garrick's jubilee in 1769, and the town was extremely full. It is to be celebrated every third year on the same grand scale; in addition to the grand pageantry, there were public breakfasts, dinners, concerts, masquerading, &c.

The good effects of occasional recourse to the Court of King's Bench and corporation law, is manifested in the reformed conduct of the corporate body of the borough of Warwick, who, since the legal proceedings against them, and notice of other motions in the ensuing term, have filled up their numbers, and revived the popular part of the corporation, which had been extinct for nearly a century and a half; we mean the long-extinct body of the assistant burgesses. The publication of the charter, and revival of the rights of the burgesses in the election of mayor, passing of accounts, &c., with the criminal information, have convinced the managers of this corporation of the expediency of respecting the provisions of the charter; and the approach of Trinity Term has quickened their apprehension. We trust the gentlemen who have so honourably achieved these reformations, and restored the rights of this ancient borough, will not stop here, but will examine into the state of the charities, and the institutions for the education of the rising generation of the town. Indeed it is now become the duty of the whole country to inquire into their own particular local establishments, and to free them from their present disgraceful dilapidations.

At a numerous meeting, lately held, of the inhabitants of Birmingham, it was unanimously resolved, that in consequence of the great depression of manufactures and commerce, petitions be presented to both Houses of Parliament, praying them to repeal the discriminating duties on East-

India productions; for extending the private trade to India, and for granting to British subjects the carrying on such portions of the trade to and from China, which is now exclusively enjoyed by foreign nations, particularly by the Americans.

Married.] At Newbold-on-Avon, W. W. Hume, esq., son of A. Hume, esq., of Bilton-grange, to Lucy, daughter of T. Towers, esq., of Bilton.

Died.] At Stratford-upon-Avon, 77, J. Lord, esq.; he had been thrice mayor of that town.—At Wicken, Emily Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Charles Fitzroy.—At Baginton-hall, Caroline, the wife of the Rev. W. D. Bromley.—At Northampton, 73, Mr. Alderman Osborn, father of the corporation; 74, Rev. J. Horsey; he had been 52 years pastor of the congregation at Northampton, which was formerly under the care of Dr. Doddridge.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

We have much pleasure in stating, that the glove trade, and the branches connected with it, have experienced some improvement.

At the last special general meeting of the Governors of Worcester Infirmary, the report of the committee was made, and resolutions passed for forming a new wing uniform with that now erected, and thereby giving an additional ward.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

The new road from Cheltenham to Cirencester has been recently opened. It will save a mile and a half in distance, and has been accomplished at the expense of £16,000.

April 19, the beautiful stone pier at Beachley Old Passage was completed, and is now ready for the steam packet. The pier is 600 feet long, and 30 wide; and we cannot but congratulate the public on the superior accommodation they will now receive in crossing the Severn at the Old Passage.

April 27, the opening of the Gloucester and Berkeley Canal took place, when a vessel of 300 tons burthen made her grand entrance along the canal into the city and port of Gloucester, amidst the firing of cannon, bands of music playing, and the plaudits of an immense multitude of spectators, anxious to witness one of the most important and magnificent achievements of human art. A grand dinner was given upon the occasion. The length of the canal is 16½ miles, the width from 70 to 90 feet, depth 18; there are 15 swing bridges over it, besides those of the locks; and it has cost £450,000. Six Acts of Parliament have also been found necessary for completing this emporium of the West.

The produce of the late Stroud Bazaar for the sale of ladies' work, amounted to full £160, in aid of the charity schools.

The men who have been so long disputing with their masters, in the Monmouthshire collieries, have again resumed their work at the masters' prices; and all the collieries are now in full activity.

Married.] At Dodington, H. Peyton, esq., only son of Sir H. Peyton, bart., to Georgiana Elizabeth, daughter of Sir B. Codrington, bart.—At Gloucester, H. H. Wilton, esq., to Miss H. Jones.

Died.] At Cheltenham, 69, F. Twiss, esq., father to F. Twiss, esq., M.P., Wootton Bassett.—At Clifton, Mrs. Adderley, relict of the late C. C. Adderley, esq., Ham's-hall, Warwick.—At Stroud, 82, Mr. J. Hyde, during 60 of which he was occupied in the instruction of youth.—At Old Castle-court, 80, Mr. J. Griffiths.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At Oxford, 88, Mr. T. White; he had been bed-maker to All Souls' College upwards of 75 years! He was known to the public by the name of *Uncle White*.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

The Commissioners at Brighton have at length given notice that they are ready to receive plans for erecting a town-hall, assembly-rooms, and a new market.

The importation of cart horses has again commenced in Sussex and Kent, and 100 two and three year olds have been lately landed.

Married.] At North Stoneham, Captain St. Leger, to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Dashwood King, bart., M.P.

Died.] At Southampton, 59, the Right Hon. Sholto Henry McClelland, Lord Kircubright.—At Chichester, 98, Mrs. Lover.—At Brighton, the Right Hon. Lady Calthorpe.—At Hastings, Robert Earl Ferrers, Viscount Tamworth; his lordship was thirteenth in lineal descent from Prince Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of Edward III.—89, Mrs. Adams, relict of H. Adams, esq., of Bucklershard.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

April 26.—The Old City Charity, the National, and Sunday Schools of Norwich, assembled at the cathedral of that city, to the number of 2,000, attended by their respective teachers, when a sermon was preached by the Hon. and Rev. Lord Bayning. It was a most delightful spectacle, rendered more gratifying by the reflection that the number had been nearly doubled since last year. After the service they returned in procession to St. Andrew's-hall: and as they left it, each boy and girl received a large plum-cake. The friends of the charities dined together, when the mayor presided.

Married.] The Rev. F. Calvert, rector of Whatfield, to Miss Sarah Hicks, of Chattisham-place.—At Wortham, J. C. Cobbold, esq., to Miss L. Patteson.

Died.] At Norwich, 82, Mr. D. Clark; he had been employed in the commercial establishment of Messrs. Ives and successors, for 70 years!—At Harleston, 66, Mr. R. Paul, late of Starston, well known to agriculturists for several ingenious inventions, and for his interesting inquiries into the natural history and habits of the turnip-fly and the wire-worm.—At Clenchwarton, 83, Sir Charles Brown; he was of high literary attainments, and many years physician to the king of Prussia, who conferred upon him the order of the Red Eagle.—T. B. Evans, esq., deputy lieutenant for Norfolk, and high sheriff in 1791.

DORSET AND WILTS.

The corner stone of the new church at Fleet has recently been laid with the usual ceremonies on such occasions; and with the pleasing accompaniment of regaling not only the workmen with a dinner, but plentifully supplying all the poor of Fleet with beef, bread, and beer. The late old church was destroyed by the dreadful tempest of 1824.

Died.] At Poole, 102, Elizabeth Godwin; she retained her faculties till a few days before her death, and could see to read without glasses till within the last two years.—At Hettleton, Dr. Bain; he was for many years the tried friend of the brilliant but unhappy Sheridan, whose last hours were consoled by his attentions.

SOMERSET AND DEVON.

In the summer of 1826, as some workmen were

quarrying stones in Uphill-hill, they crossed a fissure containing a quantity of bones. In the course of further search were discovered bones of the elephant, rhinoceros, ox, horse, bear, hog, hyæna, fox, pole-cat, water-rat, mouse, and birds. Nearly all the bones of the larger species were so gnawed and splintered, and evidently of such ancient fracture, that little doubt can exist that it was a hyæna's den, similar to Kirkdale and Kent's Hole. The bones and teeth of the extinct species of hyæna were very abundant. The more ancient bones were found in the upper region of the fissure, firmly imbedded; further down, in a wet loam, there was an innumerable quantity of birds' bones only, principally of the gull tribe. These Professor Buckland supposes to have been introduced by foxes. The cavern extends about 10 feet from north to south, varying from 14 to 6 feet east to west. At its entrance the floor was found covered with sheep bones, and on digging into the mud and sand of which it consisted, several bones of the cuttle-fish were found, and the pelvis and a few bones of the fox. The fissure is vertical, about 50 feet deep from the surface to the mouth of the cave, and is situated at the western extremity of Mendip, in a bold mural front of limestone strata. The greater part of the bones have been presented to the Bristol Institution; Mr. Buckland has a few specimens, and the Geological Society of London a few more. These relics possess a high degree of interest to the geologist, and they are indubitable evidences of a world long since past.

A meeting has been held at Newton Abbot of the subscribers to the Newton Canal, and a committee formed, in order to commence operations as soon as possible, as its completion will prove highly beneficial to the town of Newton Abbott, Newton Bushel, Ashburton, and vicinity. £5,000 are the estimated expenses; £4,000 have already been subscribed.

The first anniversary has lately been celebrated at Bath, of that munificent establishment for gentlewomen in reduced circumstances, Partis's College. The bishop of the diocese, with the trustees and the foundress, attended the chapel, with the thirty ladies who reside in the college. The trustees afterwards dined together at a splendid repast provided by the foundress, who has sustained all the expenses of the establishment without touching upon the ample fund designed for the purposes of this princely charity. Thursday, in Easter week, is fixed for the annual commemoration for ever.

Married.] At Salcombe, F. B. Beamish, esq., to Miss Catherine Savery de Lisle de Courcy.

Died.] At Polden-hill, 100, Joseph Sully; a fortnight previous to his death he walked 12 miles in one day.—At Bath, Rev. H. F. Mills, chancellor of York Cathedral.—At Exeter, the Hon. A. A. Preston, son of Lord Gormanston.—At Torquay, the Hon. A. E. Flower, daughter of Viscount Ashford.—At Stoke, 85, Mr. C. Foster.

CORNWALL.

The improvement of the great road from Exeter to Falmouth is at length begun; by the cutting a new line on the moor at Temple, and the removal of some houses at Bodmin, the dangerous entrance to that town will be widened from 11 to 30 feet.

The number of blocks of tin coined at Penzance in the last quarter was 4,089; and the whole number in Cornwall during that period was 6,900.

WALKS.

The Corporation of Pembroke having disposed of their right to the toll of the new market at Pembroke Dock to government for £3,000, it is expected that it will be immediately opened.

A respectable meeting has been held in the metropolis, composed chiefly of gentlemen resident in London, born in the principality, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of protecting the interests of the Welsh peasantry, who have been permitted to erect habitations on, and take into cultivation parts of, the common and waste lands of the principality, and who have been or might be ejected under the authority of bills of enclosure, without compensation for their tenements or their labour. The proceedings had reference to some bills of enclosure, by the operation of which serious disturbances were created amongst the Welsh peasantry a short time ago, and more particularly to a Bill brought into Parliament by some land owners in Carnarvonshire, for the enclosure of some common lands in the parishes of Llanwndda and Llandwrog. A petition to Parliament was ordered to be prepared, and a subscription was entered into for defraying the expenses. Too much of what is now attempting to be done in Wales has been done in England. Our Enclosure Bills have converted all our hardy and industrious cottagers, with their one or two cows each on the commons, into squalid paupers. The landowners, either by purchase (for the poor are improvident) or by the original provisions of the Enclosure Bills, have swallowed up all the rights of their poor neighbours. These latter, once the pride and strength of England, are now come upon the parish, and the very possessors of their property complain at maintaining the late owners out of the rates. The land formerly maintained the little occupants of the cottages which were built upon it, in decency and comfort, without the intervention of the rates, or the necessity of applying to an overseer. We understand this attempt to injure the Welsh peasantry has been finally frustrated, owing to the firm opposition with which it has been assailed.

The expenditure for the county of Glamorgan, from Easter 1826 to Easter 1827, as published by Mr. E. P. Richards, treasurer, amounts to £5,258, 11s. 11d. One of the items is for building a new house of correction at Swansea, £1,500.

Progress is making to facilitate the communication through Herefordshire and the neighbouring counties in Wales. The hills which separate Kingston from Hay having been long complained of by travellers, the commissioners have resolved upon making a new road.

The friends of Mr. Davies, of Rhyseg, Radnor, have presented him with a most elegant silver gilt vase, value 100 guineas, having a finely-modelled and executed ox on the cover, and a sheep engraved on one of the medallions on the body, with the following inscription on the reverse side:—"To Mr. John Davies, of Rhyseg, for his undeviating and honest conduct as a sheep and cattle-dealer for the space of 40 years, this token of respect is presented by the gentlemen and yeomanry of the counties of Radnor and Brecon."

M.M. New Series.—Vol. III. No. 18.

Died.] The Rev. Dr. Crawford, archdeacon of Carmarthen.—71, Mr. W. Brown, of Bryncock, Montgomery.—At Holyhead, 100, Mrs. M. Williams, late of Tymawr-farm; she retained her faculties till the last.—At Aberdare, 78, Rev. T. Jones, perpetual curate incumbent for 40 years at Aberdare and Lanwonn.—At Penegoes, Montgomery, Rev. H. Thomas; he had been chaplain on board the fleet at Lord Howe's victory, June 1794.—At Dolgelly, 75, Mr. D. Richards, generally known among the bards and the admirers of Welsh poetry by the assumed name of *Dafydd Jonawr*, and author of *Cywydd y Drindod*, and other pieces.

SCOTLAND.

The quantity of foreign grain which is daily pouring into the port of Leith is very great, and has not been equalled for these 16 years past; the east dock is quite crowded with Prussian, Swedish, and other foreign vessels.

At a meeting of the freeholders, &c. of the county of Fife, it was unanimously resolved to present a petition to Parliament in favour of the bill to increase the breed of salmon, and for regulating the salmon fisheries throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

At a dinner given in the Assembly-rooms at Glasgow, upwards of 200 gentlemen sat down to testify their esteem and admiration of the literary genius of the Lord Rector (Mr. Campbell). After a variety of toasts, Professor Sandford proposed "The brightest gem in England's crown, that would diffuse education to thousands yet unborn, The London University."—Mr. Campbell said, "When that brilliant gem in the University, which had now addressed them, was appointed Professor of the Greek Class, he clapped his hands, and said it was all over with Oxford now. He disregarded all the detractions of malice; but, before the company, he would invoke the lightnings of heaven to strike him dead, if the first idea of the London University did not proceed from himself. He, however, confessed that he could not have proceeded three steps without the aid of great and powerful friends; in particular, of his great, nay, he might almost call him his omnipotent friend Mr. Brougham, who had wielded the proud aristocracy of England to be favourable to the design. If he had committed an error in being intoxicated with their favour, he hoped they would at least acknowledge his claims as being the founder of the London University."

A great many muslin weavers at Glasgow have begun to weave silk, which is now a thriving trade there.

Married.] At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lord Erskine, to Miss Philadelphia Stuart Menteath, eldest daughter of C. G. S. Menteath, esq., of Closeburn-hall, Dumfriesshire.—George Dempster, esq., of Skibo, to Joanna Hamilton, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. R. Dundas, of Arnis-ton, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

Died.] At Grant's Braes, near Haddington, 67, Mr. Gilbert Burns, brother to the celebrated poet, and author of many celebrated works.—At Dundee, 104, Janet Findlay; she married at 88 a youth of 25, and the last 12 years she was supported by charity; her faculties were very little impaired, and her death was occasioned by a fall.

IRELAND.

Emigration to America, through Waterford, continues to an extent quite unprecedented. The *Bolivar*, of Waterford, of 385 tons register, burden about 800 tons, lately sailed for Halifax, with about 330 passengers.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,
From the 26th of April to the 25th of May 1827.

April.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols. for Acc.
26	203½	82½	83½	88½	88½	98½ 99½	19 1-16	247	67 68p	43 45p	83½ 83½
27	203½	82½	83½	88½	88½	99 ½	19 1-16	—	68 69p	44 45p	83½ 83½
28	203½	82½	83½	—	88½	99 ½	19 1-16	—	70p	44 45p	82½ 83½
29	203½	81½	82½	—	88½	98½ 99½	19 1-16 18 15-16	—	70 71p	44 45p	82½ 83
30	203½	81½	82½	—	88½	98½ 99½	19 1-16 18 15-16	—	70 71p	44 45p	82½ 83
May											
1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	203½	81½	82½	88½	87½	98 99	18 7 19	245 246	70 72p	45 46p	81½ 82½
3	202½ 203	81½	82½	87½ 88½	87½	98 99	18 15-16 7	244½ 245½	71 72p	46 48p	82½ 83½
4	202½ 203	81½	82½	87½	87½	98 99	18 13-16 15-16	—	73 75p	47 48p	81½ 82½
5	202½	81½	82	87½	87½	98 99	18 13-16 15-16	244 ½	73 75p	47 48p	81½ 82½
6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7	202½	81½	82 ½	—	87½	98 99	18 13-16	243½	74p	46 48p	81½ 82½
8	—	82½	82½ 83½	88½	88½	98½ 99½	18 7 19	246	75 76p	47 48p	82½ 83½
9	—	81½ 82½	82½	88½	88½	99	18 7 19	244 245	—	47 49p	82½ 83
10	202½ 203½	82	82½	88½	88½	99½	18 15-16 7	244 245	76p	48 49p	82½ 83½
11	202½ 203½	81½ 82½	82½ 83	88½	88½	99½	18 7 15-16	—	76p	47 49p	82½ 83½
12	—	82	82½ 83½	—	88½	99½	18 15-16 19	—	73 75p	46 48p	82½ 83½
13	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
14	203½	82½	83½	88½	88½	99 ½	18 15-16 19	—	76 77p	47 48p	83½ 84
15	203½	82½	83	88½	88½	99 99½	18 15-16 19	245	76 77p	48 50p	83½ 84
16	—	82½	83½	89 ½	88½	99 99½	18 15-16 19	244½	76 77p	49 50p	83½ 84
17	203½	82½	83½	88½ 89½	88½	99 99½	18 15-16 19	245	76 77p	49 50p	83½ 84
18	203	82½	82½ 83½	89	88½	99 99½	19	—	77p	49 50p	83
19	—	82	82½ 83	—	88½	99 99½	18 15-16 19	244	76 77p	49 50p	82½ 83
20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
21	—	82½	82½ 83½	—	88½	99½	18 15-16 19	245	76 77p	49 50p	83 ½
22	203½	82½	83½	89 ½	88½	99 100	19	—	76p	49 50p	83 ½
23	—	82½	83½	89½	88½	99 100½	19½	—	78 80p	50 52p	83½ 84
24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	203½	82½	83½	89½	89½	99½ 100	19½ 3-16	246	79 80p	52 55p	83½ 84

E. EYTON, *Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From April 20th to 19th May inclusive.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co., 50, High Holborn.

April.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20			44	50	44	29 53	29 47	96	90	ENE	E	Clo.	Clo.	Clo.
21			45	49	41	29 39	29 49	98	98	ENE	ENE	Rain	—	—
22			43	45	37	29 56	29 66	88	82	NE	NNE	Clo.	—	—
23			42	45	36	29 61	29 53	77	81	N	S	—	—	Fair
24			45	47	34	29 40	29 52	87	80	SSW	SW	—	—	—
25			47	50	36	29 63	29 84	74	75	SW	SW	Fair	Sleet	—
26		☉	44	53	38	30 00	30 15	77	70	W	SSW	—	Fair	—
27			53	57	42	30 18	30 10	68	80	SSE	E	—	Fine	—
28			54	64	46	29 98	29 91	85	80	E	E	—	—	—
29			58	71	52	29 90	29 93	81	76	E	E	—	—	—
30			61	74	57	29 93	29 91	79	72	WSW	W	—	—	—
May														
1			63	72	50	29 91	29 91	80	87	W	S	—	—	S. Rain
2			53	63	53	29 90	29 84	95	96	ESE	ESE	Clo.	—	Clo.
3			60	68	53	29 81	29 88	82	76	W	W	Fair	—	Fair
4			58	66	53	29 86	29 67	81	83	WSW	SW	Clo.	—	Clo.
5	65		58	58	52	29 53	29 37	90	95	SW	SSW	—	Rain	—
6			55	56	44	29 21	29 34	95	92	SSW	NNW	Rain	—	Rain
7			49	55	37	29 55	29 57	72	80	E	ENE	Clo.	Clo.	Fair
8			46	50	39	29 72	29 76	78	75	NE	E	—	—	Clo.
9			45	52	42	29 70	29 67	80	80	ENE	ENE	—	—	—
10		○	53	56	43	29 65	29 64	76	78	ENE	ESE	—	—	Fair
11			52	59	42	29 66	29 83	78	81	ENE	E	Fair	Fair	Clo.
12			50	57	40	29 96	29 97	75	81	ENE	ENE	—	—	—
13			50	58	45	29 84	29 75	79	77	NE	NNE	—	—	—
14	10		54	54	46	29 70	29 66	82	91	NE	NW	—	Clo.	Rain
15			50	57	46	29 64	29 61	88	85	WSW	SE	Clo.	Fair	Clo.
16	17		60	64	48	29 44	29 31	82	92	E	SE	Fair	Clo.	Rain
17	35	☉	58	66	53	29 45	29 49	78	92	SSE	E	—	Rain	—
18			55	66	55	29 52	29 67	87	78	SW	W	—	Fair	Fair
19			65	67	55	29 80	29 90	75	71	NW	W	—	Fine	—

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= 8 DEC 1949







